

THE NEIGHBOURS' KID

BY ARGUS

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One

Connie lay in bed for a long time waiting for sleep which wouldn't come. She was naked beneath the blankets, waiting for Peter to get home. He was working late tonight, something he'd been doing more and more often as he concentrated more of his attention on his job and less on her.

This had made an already difficult situation almost unbearable. Connie and Peter had been married for nineteen years now. They'd been high school sweethearts and he was the first and only man she'd ever had. She'd been a naive young virgin when they'd married at seventeen, ignoring the advice of her mother to wait. Peter had been kind and gentle, and everything she could have wanted in a man.

Except that, to her astonishment, she had quickly found that she loved sex, that it brought out something wicked and wild and thrilling in her. She had developed a very high sex drive. Peter, unfortunately, seemed to lose interest after the first few months, and try as she might she had not been able to do a thing to bring his almost non-existent sex drive closer to her own.

At first she had satisfied her urges with simple masturbation, but as time went on she had woven more and more elaborate fantasies and even, daringly purchased, through the mail, a number of sex toys, including dildos, vibrators, and odd shaped devices that twisted, turned and pumped.

She had had a child, partly in hopes that it would help quench her frustrating sex drive. The girl, Dawn, had been a beautiful baby, and still was, but had done nothing to help her control her sexual impulses. They had, in fact, continued to grow, and with it frustration and anger.

The sheet was cool across her body, a body she was justifiably proud of. She lay on her back and let the familiar sensual images slide through her mind. Her nipples began to harden against the thin sheet, pushing upwards to make neat little pinpricks in the material. She lifted her hands and let them slide up her belly and over her breasts, squeezing lightly and fingering her stiff nipples, then slid a hand down between her legs and ran it up and down along the outside of her sex lips.

She heard noises downstairs and felt her hopes rise. Perhaps, if she played him right, Peter might be in the mood tonight. She stroked her full, lush body, her hands sliding over her full breasts and down between her warm thighs.

She moaned low in her throat and slid a finger along her soft, bare slit, then curled it and eased it down into her warm, damp sex, pumping it lightly in and out. There were more noises from downstairs, then the door opened, light streaming briefly into the room as Peter came in, then quenching as the door closed.

He undressed in the dark, as was normal, then settled into his half of the bed with a grunt. She reached tentatively towards him, sliding a hand through his hair. He gave a startled oath and turned to her.

"You're still awake?" he asked redundantly.

"Uh, huh."

"You shouldn't have waited up."

"I didn't mind." She slid her hand down onto his chest.

"Not tonight, Connie. I'm tired and I have an early meeting."

"But..."

"Don't be such a nympho, Connie," he grumbled peevishly.

She sighed and pulled her hand back. She waited until his breathing was even, then slipped out of bed and padded naked across the room to the bathroom. She closed the door and turned on the light, then stood before the mirror.

She backed away, throwing her hands up above her, grabbing the curtain rod and pushing out her chest as she posed for the mirror. Her breathing quickened. Why didn't Peter want her? She was as, well, maybe not as beautiful as when they'd first made love, but then she'd only been fifteen.

Still, she was a beautiful woman. Her silky brown hair fell in delicious loose ringlets down around her shoulders, half covering her face when she pulled it just so... She had an exercise room, and exercised passionately to keep herself in safe - and to ward off her sexual frustration. Her body was firm, slim and trim. She was tall and slender, with good sized breasts that were round and full and hardly sagged at all. Her legs were long and smooth and well sculpted, causing men to crane their necks whenever she wore a short skirt.

She stooped and pulled open the bottom drawer beneath the counter, the one where she kept her feminine aids, the one Peter would never go near.

The devices she pulled out would have shocked him if he'd seen them. One was a white plastic tube rounded at the top. The other was a long, thick rubber phallus, very realistic looking, right down to the veins and ridges on it. She sat on the toilet, spreading her legs wide apart.

She put her right foot up on the side of the tub as she slid the vibrator against her slit and turned it on. A low buzzing sound filled the room and the vibrator purred against her flesh. She closed her eyes and sighed, rubbing the tip up and down her pink slit.

She slouched lower on the seat, bringing her left foot up off the floor, bringing her knees back against her chest, then spreading them as wide as she could. She rubbed the dildo against her pussy, then

began to dip it in and out, the thick head of the rubber cock pushing her pussy lips wide, forcing its way through, then retreating.

She ground the vibrator against her clitty, twisting and rubbing it as her pussy juices began to seep out through the narrow slit and coat the plastic and rubber devices. She applied more pressure to the dildo, pushing it deeper into her moist pussy tunnel as she moved the vibrator over her clit.

She pumped the dildo in and out, using only the first three or four inches as she slumped lower and lower on the toilet, until her head was pressed hard against the toilet tank and her back was on the seat. She had drawn her knees back against her so her puss and bottom were thrust up into the air and she could look down between her thighs.

She pushed the dildo deeper into her warm centre, thrusting it a good eight inches through her soft, resisting flesh as she began to rock excitedly on the seat. Her groin burned with heat and her body began to pulse with sexual fire. She whimpered and moaned in pleasure, her pussy sending thrumming sexual heat into her quivering belly.

She used her left hand to pump the long dildo in and out, in and out, in and out as her right hand rubbed the tip of the vibrator around and around the edges of her swollen clitoris and her breathing grew shorter and harsher. She let her knees fall wider, feeling the tension in her thighs as the tendons stretched. She pumped the dildo in deep now, thrusting harder, grunting at the little ache inside her as she thrust the long, thick plastic cock up into her belly.

At the same time she let the tip of the vibrator play up and down over her clit, touching it only briefly each time, circling it, sliding it down to play against her wrinkled anal opening, then up to tease her nipples.

Within two minutes she came, her body lurching and jerking on the toilet seat as she plunged the dildo down deep into her moist hot pit. She felt her body flaring with heat, felt a tight climactic energy burst that set her pussy spasming around the pumping dildo.

She continued to thrust it into her pussy, hardly slowing after the first cum. She worked the dildo even deeper into her tight sex, mashing the rounded head into the back walls of her burning little pussy sheath.

Her head rolled from side to side against the toilet tank as she churned the dildo down deep into the pit of her belly. Her eyes were narrow slits as she stared down at her hands working the two tools against her moist, glistening wet sex.

Her mind seemed to float free from her body and she imagined herself to be someone else, watching the groaning, sighing woman on the toilet. She imagined taking the dildo and vibrator and thrusting them down into the hapless, helpless woman, bringing her to orgasm after orgasm.

She closed her eyes, trying to imagine that someone else held the sex toys that worked away at her throbbing pussy, trying to pretend she was being used hard, used roughly, even raped, that her holes were being brutally violated. She pulled the dildo out of her hot, sucking sex hole and stuffed the vibrator inside, thrusting it deep into her burning slit, gasping at the ache as she drove it deep.

She reached up to the sink counter beside her, her hand fumbling among the jars and cans until she found what she wanted. She squeezed down on the hand lotion with her thumb and let the slick liquid fall into her hand, then rubbed it over the tip of the dildo. She rubbed her slippery fingers against her anus,

circling her puckered hole, then prodded at it, slowly easing her finger inside and pumping it in and out.

She drew it back and pushed the head of the dildo against her anus, bringing more and more pressure to bear against the crinkled little hole, twisting and turning it. She consciously loosened her anal muscles as she forced the dildo down into her rectum, pumping it in and out, drawing it up and thrusting it down. Her belly felt bloated around the twin cylinders inside her.

She pushed the dildo deeper, twisting it around as she tried to force her rectum open. She pumped the vibrator faster and faster in her oily sex tube, still pretending it was someone else using the sex toys on her. Her legs bounced in mid-air, her feet up above her head now.

She forced the vibrator all the way into her pussy, until only the base poked out between her moist sex lips. She left it there as she concentrated on the dildo. She put both hands on the long dildo, pumping it steadily in and out of her anus.

She'd never had a cock in the anus. Peter would have been shocked and appalled if she'd ever suggested it. She pushed the dildo deep into her rectum, using both hands to pump it faster and harder into her tight round hole. The vibrator continued to buzz away in her sex, and she let her fingers rub occasionally at her clitty and push the base of the vibrator towards it.

She slid a hand down onto her plump right breast and squeezed hard, then moved her finger up against her clitty, pressing it hard against the buzzing vibrator. She nearly fainted as the sensations redoubled. Her knees, spread wide, began to rise and fall rhythmically as she whined and whimpered in sexual fever.

She came, her body thrashing so violently she almost fell off the toilet. Her head rolled back and her eyes glazed over and she grunted repeatedly, pumping the dildo furiously, mashing her clitty against the vibrator with almost cruel force. Her body felt like it was shaking apart as the orgasm continued to rip through her.

Her breath caught in her lungs and her body stiffened a final time before subsiding into trembling quivers and spasmodic twitches.

Finally it was over and slowly, her back aching, she straightened up, dropping her feet back to the floor and pushing herself back on the toilet. She put the dildo and vibrator away, then slowly made her way back to bed, at last able to sleep

If she hadn't decided to clean the curtains the next day her life might have turned out different, very different. She thought later on how odd it was how such a small decision could throw a life on a completely different track. But though she'd postponed it many times already, that afternoon she was in the guest bedroom upstairs, slowly and carefully pulling the curtains down from the rod.

She glanced out the window idly, for it was a very nice day. The sun was shining and it was quite warm, though the air conditioning kept it comfortably cool in the house. The sunlight reflected off the calm blue water of their swimming pool, and tempted her to go for a dip. She turned her head resolutely away though, steeling herself to get the job done.

That was when she saw Ashley.

She'd seen Ashley many, many times before of course. The girl lived right next door after all, and was one of Dawn's friends. But something changed inside her, something visceral seemed to twist around

inside her as she looked down at the girl.

She'd never liked Ashley, though of course she kept that to herself. But she considered the girl a spoiled little brat, snotty and arrogant and impertinent. But as she gazed down into her neighbour's yard she wasn't thinking about little Ashley's temperament.

Little Ashley. Well, she was a small girl, barely over five feet tall and not likely to get much taller now. Still, she was hardly to be pitied, not with the full, lush body she'd been blessed with. It might have been undergrown in one dimension, but the Lord had been generous in all the others.

She had a sweet round face with big puppy dog blue eyes, long silky blonde hair and perfect, unblemished skin. Connie could see much of that perfect skin from her vantage in the upstairs window. The teenager was lying on her back in her yard next door, stark naked as she tanned.

Connie could not help but admire the perfect symmetry and form of her full rounded breasts as they sat atop her slender chest. Nor could she ignore the girl's hourglass figure with its almost impossibly narrow waist and wide, womanly hips.

Ashley's arms were spread back above her head, and her breasts lay like two overturned bowls atop her chest, bowls which almost covered her small chest, the skin stretched taut across them. A small puckered areola sat in the middle of each breast, with a tiny pink nipple at its centre. Ashley's legs were parted slightly, and Connie was slightly surprised to see she had no pubic hair at all, her shaved sex was amazingly visible.

The sight of that neat, tight little slit brought a quite definite stirring within her. She felt her breathing getting harsher, strained. She'd never before been attracted to a woman, yet Ashley seemed so - so luscious, so innocently sensual as she lay there in all her natural glory, that it touched something deep within her.

She knew then that she had to have her. The notion shocked her to the core of her being. She had never been tempted by a woman before but this gorgeous, naked little nymphet affected some part of her being that had responded with violent passion.

A thought hit her and she hurried away from the window, almost running down the hall to the master bedroom, to her camera. Photography was one of many hobbies she had tried. She was good at it. She liked it. But it was not the substitute for a real life she was searching for.

She hurried back and moved to the corner of the window, bringing the expensive camera to her eye. The girl's body glistened in the sun, covered in an oily layer of suntan lotion. She snapped a picture, then another. She zoomed in and sighed inwardly as she snapped a picture of Ashley laying on her back from the waist up, then zoomed out to get her from head to toe. She zoomed in on that sort little slit, admiring it as she snapped a picture, then raised the camera to the girl's soft face, eyes closed.

Ashley turned, rolling to her side, and she snapped several pictures. She rolled onto her stomach and the camera moved up and down her body, zooming in and out. She lay back down, and the camera caught her from the side, noting the soft, full breast pillowed out beneath her chest.

Connie waited, her hand sliding down into the front of her pants, stroking herself. Ashley started to move and she hurriedly brought the camera to her eye again. Ashley got up, and the camera snapped again and again, catching her on all fours, those breasts hanging down below her. And then, gloriously, the girl searched for something - and empty glass. Her body turned and the camera caught her from

behind, catching that lovely, glistening ass and the soft little mound between her thighs as well as that neat little slit with just a bit of pink showing.

Connie's breathing quickened as the girl rose to her knees, then stood up. The camera whirred again and again as the girl carried the glass into her house and disappeared.

How many boys had seen her from behind like that, she wondered. She imagined Ashley on all fours, a boy behind thrusting away, riding her like the bitch she was.

She waited, and Ashley came back out, the glass full. The camera whirred again and again as she sat down and oiled herself up again, catching the firmness of her breasts as Ashley's hands moved up across them.

Connie longed to feel the girl's soft body against her own, to feel those firm, fat breasts in her mouth, against her hands. She wanted to slide her fingers through the long silky hair, and down into the tightness of the dark slit between her shapely thighs.

More. She wanted - she wanted the girl's head between her own thighs, wanted the girl's mouth, her tongue against her own pussy. She panted, her breathing groaning harsher as she imagined the girl kneeling between her splayed legs, lapping at her hot gash, sucking out her juices.

This was insane! Ashley was little more than a child, barely out of high school, not much older than Dawn. What if Dawn found out? What if Ashley's parents found out? Besides which the girl was a snotty little bitch.

Maybe a little spanking would clear that up.

She didn't know where the thought had come from but her body flushed with heat at the thought of Ashley across her knees, those round buttocks under her hands. Her hand slid into her pants and began to rub against her clitty as her mind whirled with ideas.

Her fingers moved faster and faster as they rubbed against her clit. She pushed her hand deep into her pants, sliding it right down between her legs to cup her pussy from beneath and squeeze upwards. She imagined herself and Ashley in lewd, obscene lesbian embraces, like the ones she'd seen on cable TV.

The idea was shockingly perverted, disgusting, and yet it filled her with excited lust. She wanted the girl desperately. How could she get her? She had little contact aside from when Dawn brought her over.

Then it hit her. It had been only weeks ago that Dawn had asked, on behalf of Ashley, whether the blonde girl might make use of their swimming pool even when Dawn wasn't there. She'd refused of course, not being at all fond of the little snip.

Now - yes! Perhaps they could sunbathe together, help rub suntan lotion over each other, and then perhaps...

Now! She would start now! She ran downstairs, then stopped and ran back up. She stripped and quickly donned the string bikini she'd purchased months ago. It was sleek and tight, with a high cut thong bottom. She'd bought it to excite Peter, who had merely frowned with disapproval and ordered her never to wear except in their back yard.

If Ashley was naked, Connie was willing to bet her parents weren't home. She knew just how prudish Barbara and Dave were. It was why Peter approved of them.

She slipped on a robe then hurried downstairs and out the front door. She went across the lawn to the Cooper's and for forms sake rang the bell, just in case Ashley could hear it from out back. She didn't wait long, trotting around back and going through the gate.

"Well hello there." she said, trying to make her voice sound silky. Her voice caught and she had to clear it.

Ashley gave a yelp and twisted quickly onto her belly, grabbing the towel she lay on and jerking it over her naked behind.

"Sorry to interrupt, honey. Thought you'd be at school."

"What the hell are you doing just walking in like that?"

"I rang the bell and there was no answer."

"Well then, why didn't you leave?" Ashley glared, her face red.

Snotty little - Connie repressed a sharp retort, smiling instead. "I came to see if your mother wanted to come over to my yard and work on her tan." she said, fingering her small thin robe.

"She's not here."

"No. I guess she isn't if you're lying around like that."

Ashley got red again. "I was... I was just trying to get a tan without any tan lines." she grumbled.

"I know."

"You won't tell, will you?"

"Tell who?"

"My Mom. She's kind of - . "

"Prudish. Yes, I know. Don't worry about it, dear. I won't tell. I sunbathe in the nude myself sometimes."

"You do?"

Ashley was shocked. Connie was, after all, an old lady, the mother of her friend. Mothers, as teenage girls all knew, were ancient and decrepit.

"That surprises you?"

"Well... I mean, you're - . "

"What? Old?"

"No, just sort of... well... boring."

"Boring?" Connie glared.

"You know, Motherly, housewifey."

"You don't really know me all that well, Ashley."

"I guess not."

"Besides, adults aren't as embarrassed about their bodies as you kids are."

"I'm not a kid." Ashley glared.

You're a spoiled little bitch, Connie wanted to say.

"If you say so dear. Anyway, tell your Mom I was by. I guess I'll go swim alone."

"Rub it in, why don't you?"

"Pardon?"

"Just because you have a pool and we don't?" the girl said sullenly.

"You've spent enough time in our pool, Ashley."

"But you wouldn't let me use it when Dawn wasn't around."

Connie gave a long suffering sigh and shook her head.

"If you want to you can use the pool, Ashley. All right?"

"Really?"

"Yes, really. You can even sunbathe in the nude. It doesn't bother me."

She turned to leave.

"Uh... Mrs Jackson?"

"Yes?"

"Could I... I mean, could I use the pool now? If you're using it - ."

"It's a big pool, Ashley. Come over and have a dip."

"Uh, thanks."

The girl was clearly wondering at her change in attitude, but being self indulgent, wasn't going to

look a gift horse in the mouth for long.

To Connie's disappointment though, when Ashley came over she wore a bikini. She kept her own on and didn't make any approach at all towards the girl. The two lay apart on the deck, swimming occasionally, but not at the same time. Connie had to fight herself hard but knew that moving too fast would never work.

The next afternoon Ashley was back, and Connie let her have the place to herself. The day after that she went out and joined her, lying down close but not right beside the girl, who again had a bathing suit on.

"Not afraid of lines?" she teased.

Ashley blushed a little.

"You're wearing a bathing suit." she accused.

"I didn't want to embarrass you. I know how shy you young girls are about your bodies."

It was a deliberate provocation and Ashley wasn't the brightest girl. She took it up.

"I'm not shy," she said indignantly.

Connie raised her head and shaded her eyes, looking at the blonde. Ashley looked back, still frowning, then, somewhat hesitantly, and swallowing a couple of times, reached behind her and unfastened her bikini top. It slipped down and her big round breasts pushed out into the light.

Connie stared, then caught herself and pulled her eyes away. Ashley was a little red in the face.

"You should have done that days ago." Connie said, her voice husky. "Look how white they are compared to the rest of your skin."

Ashley looked down and frowned in dismay. "Shit!" she said.

"Never mind, honey. Just use the oil carefully. They'll tan fast."

She sat up and removed her own top, showing the little blonde her own nicely tanned breasts. Then she rolled over onto her belly and undid the string holding her bottoms together, then pulled them off. She didn't look to see what Ashley did, carefully pretending indifference.

It was incredibly hard restraining herself. She'd done so many things with the girl in her fantasies over the past few days that lying here naked within a few yards of her was making her pussy bubble and stew. It was all she could do to keep from crawling over and jumping the teenager.

She didn't though. In fact, she kept her head turned away for a good ten minutes. Then she casually rolled over onto her front. Ashley was naked, and a sharp thrill ran through Connie's body at being so close to her.

Still, she did nothing. Ashley started whining, as she always did, complaining about her parents and their rules, about how unreasonable they were, how mean. Usually she gave her complaints short shrift. Now however she offered words of encouragement and sympathy, and didn't even ask why the girl

didn't have a summer job now like Dawn did.

Then again Dawn was going to university in the fall. As far as she knew from Ashley's parents Ashley hadn't decided what she wanted to do, aside from not going to college or university.

The next day Ashley came and lay down near her as she was sunbathing, and stripped off her clothes with hardly a second thought. She oiled up her lush young body, completely ignorant of the carnal lust boiling away within the older woman's system.

Again she complained about her parents and how they wouldn't treat her as an adult, wouldn't buy her the kind of car she wanted, etc. Ashley was such a complainer even Dawn, a patient soul, found her annoying at times.

But again, Connie sympathised, growling at the little snort under her breath, irritated that anyone so pampered could act so hard done by. The girl was supposed to be an adult, but was acting like an adolescent. If I had you, you snotty little bitch, I'd teach you gratitude, she thought.

She sighed and shook herself, tearing her eyes away from the oblivious teenager's naked body. The girl looked so gorgeous, so luscious this close, her oiled body glistening in the sun. She wanted to hurry. Dawn had been out of town for a week at her grandmother's, and would be back in a few days. Her presence would make seducing the blonde all but impossible.

"Want a drink?" She asked.

"Yeah. What've you got?"

"What do you want?"

"A beer would be nice." Ashley smirked.

"Okay."

Ashley's eyes opened then narrowed as if wondering whether she was being made fun of. The drinking age was 21 after all.

Connie walked naked into the kitchen and pulled out a couple of Canadian beers. They had, as she knew, a higher alcohol content than most American beers. She was taking a bit of a chance, but she knew that Ashley's parents, for all the privileges they gave her and all the toys and gifts and money, paid very little attention to her otherwise. As long as she didn't get the girl completely sloshed, they'd likely not notice.

She went back outside, carrying the two bottles. Ashley took one gratefully, her face showing her surprise.

The next day Ashley didn't show. That was annoying but not terribly so. It was the following day, a Friday that Connie wanted her over. She'd gone over to her house earlier with a pair of ballet tickets for her parents, claiming that Peter had suddenly learned he wouldn't be able to make it. Barbara had accepted gratefully, and so Connie figured she and Dave would be out late Friday night.

Friday morning she looked out into the yard to see Ashley lying naked by the pool. Her eyes lit up. She waited a bit, then wandered out fully clothed to greet her. As she'd expected Ashley asked for a

beer. She went in and got one, then left her alone for a little while. She went out again with another couple of beers about thirty minutes later and stripped naked.

"Are you planning on tanning forever?" she asked, jokingly.

"I'll get a job - eventually," Ashley frowned and pouted. "I don't know why I should, though, just because my parents keep nagging. I'm gonna have a lot of money soon and it won't be because of working."

"How is that?"

"None of your business. I just will."

They sat in the hot sun drinking beers while Ashley told her how her rotten parents were leaving her alone all evening and yet had forbidden her to have anyone over, as if she was still a kid or something. Connie sympathised. She went out and got another beer, then gave it to Ashley.

"Your back's getting dry, honey. Want me to put some lotion on?"

"Yeah, thanks."

Connie knelt beside her and carefully oiled up the girl's back. This was to be the day. She'd even carefully switched their regular suntan oil with an edible oil she'd bought in one of her many efforts at arousing Peter. She was almost trembling with excitement at the softness of Ashley's skin beneath her fingers. She worked her hands into the girl's shoulders, massaging the muscles, feeling the warm slickness of her skin. She slowly worked her hands down to the swells of her buttocks, then, barely hesitating, slid her hands downward over them.

Ashley didn't seem to notice. Connie rubbed the oil carefully, acting as natural as possible, then sat back and lay down, feeling faint. After a while she got the girl another beer. It was very hot and Ashley was drinking them down quickly.

She rolled over onto her back and Connie closed her eyes briefly, then after a few minutes she sat down cross legged beside the blonde and picked up the suntan lotion, pouring some into her right hand. She slid her hand down onto Ashley's right shoulder, carefully working the oil around and around against her shoulder and upper chest, avoiding the breasts.

She poured more oil and coated Ashley's smooth, concave belly, then slid her hand down the front of the girl's thighs to her knees. She oiled up Ashley's hips, then, acting as natural as she could, as though it were just another part of her anatomy, she slid her oil covered hands onto the rounded hillocks of Ashley's breasts.

Her hands glided across the soft skin, coasting higher as she moved onto the centres of the firm young breasts. Connie felt a bolt of pure lust stab straight up into her groin as she gently massaged Ashley's breasts. As casual as she appeared on the outside, on the inside she was a ravenous sexual animal.

Ashley was watching her with a peculiar, anxious look, her eyes flicking from her hands to her face. Her eyes blinked rapidly and her breathing grew faster. Connie's hands slowly circled the twin mounds, and she felt the growing hardness of the young blonde's nipples against the palms of her hands.

She moved her hands down off the full, straining breasts, down Ashley's belly and onto her thighs. Gently, she parted Ashley's legs, massaging the oil into the insides of her thighs. She rubbed higher, stroking the soft skin with short, deft movements, avoiding the prominent little cleft directly at the centre of her groin.

She looked up at Ashley's face. The girl was staring down at her own groin, at Connie's hands. She looked nervous, and ill at ease, but she was staring with utter fascination. Then Connie's right hand slid directly onto her pubic mound and stroked across the young slit.

She both saw and felt Ashley's body tense up, but continued to stroke her hand over the girl's sex. Ashley's legs were apart, but they suddenly twitched wider, then, as if she realized what she were doing, the blonde brought them back towards each other.

Connie's hand rubbed up and down the slit, her ring finger pressing downwards to push right between the soft plump lips and slide along against her pink crack between. She felt the swollen little lump of the girl's clitoris as she rode back and forth over it.

Ashley's body was rigid, and she seemed to almost be holding her breath. Then she jerked her legs together and sat up abruptly, her eyes wide. "I-I have to go!" she gasped.

Connie felt a sudden surge of desperation and heat. She grabbed the girl's thick hair and pushed her back down, dropping down beside her, half atop the young woman's oil slicked body. Her right hand was still cupping Ashley's sex and she pushed her ring finger into the slit, searching briefly, then finding her little slot. She thrust the finger into Ashley's pussy tube, wriggling it deep.

"S-Stop!" Ashley gasped. "No! Mrs... Mrs. Jackson! S-S-S.. uhhhh!"

Connie crushed the small girl's lips with her own, forcing her tongue through the teenager's reluctant lips as she added a second finger to the one inside her tight sex tunnel. Her thumb rolled Ashley's clit around in circles, her nail scratching lightly at it as she ground it down. Ashley was gasping and moaning, most of her words muffled by Connie's mouth and tongue.

Her right arm was pinned under Connie, while her left was trying to pull Connie's hand away from her hair. The blonde wriggled beneath her as Connie sawed her fingers in and out of her pussy entrance and deftly manipulated her clitty.

Then Ashley gave a low sigh of either acceptance or resignation and stopped her struggles. She began to kiss back, her tongue hesitantly moving against Connie's. Connie rolled over fully atop the younger woman, her hips flat against the teenager's inner thighs.

She gripped both of Ashley's wrists with her strong hands, holding them together above her head, jammed against the ground as she held her upper torso high above the girl. She stared down at the young blonde, holding Ashley's wide blue eyes with her own. She felt the teenager shaking beneath her, trembling like a leaf.

She dropped down onto her then, pressing their breasts tightly together as their lips slid back and forth against each other. She ground her hips into Ashley, grinding against the blonde, then shifted her hold on the girl's wrists to just one hand. She reached down with the other, forcing Ashley's left leg open, and slipped her leg between them, jamming her pussy in against Ashley's naked sex.

She rubbed up and down on the girl, their oily bodies massaging each other, their glistening breasts, swollen with sexual passion, mashed and pillowed together slickly. Ashley's head rolled, her body trembling and shuddering as Connie ground her thigh down into the girl's sex, rubbing her own sex down on Ashley's thigh.

Connie twisted the girl's head to one side and growled like a beast, locking her lips against the side of her throat and sucking frenziedly as she nibbled and chewed and kissed. Ashley gave a cry of numbed excitement, her eyes round and staring up sightlessly as Connie ground her body down against her.

"Oh Gooooooodddd!" Ashley gasped.

Connie brought her hand between their pussies, folded in a fist. She placed it between their pussy slits and started grinding down on it, mashing the knuckles of her fist against Ashley's pussy. Ashley gasped and quivered, her chest heaving as she felt the pressure mounting within her body.

The young blonde continued to stare upwards, hardly making any conscious movement at all. Connie's mouth made little bites as it travelled down onto the girl's big left breast. She chomped her teeth down on the centre of the breast, sucking in the nipple and areola and licking excitedly.

Ashley's legs had come far apart, splayed out to either side as she lay trembling beneath Connie...

"Ohhhh! oooohhhh! uuuhhhhhh!" Ashley's voice was soft, shaken and guttural.

Connie reversed her fist, bringing the knuckles against her own sex, opening the fist, or at least, opening the two middle fingers, thrusting them into Ashley's sex hole. She humped down against Ashley, pumping the fingers in the girl's hole as she massaged her clit.

Ashley stiffened. Her hands began to twitch on the ground beside her and her feet jerked from side to side. Her eyes were closed tightly and her jaw slack. Then she heaved upward, her back arching violently as she cried out in helpless, shattering release.

Connie was almost thrown off as the girl shuddered and bucked beneath her. She locked her teeth around the girl's nipple and bit down hard, on the verge of cumming herself as she felt and heard the little blonde's desperate cries of sexual ecstasy.

Then, as Ashley calmed, and her trembling slowed, Connie lifted her teeth from the oiled breast and in a desperate need, grabbed Ashley's hand, jerking it down between her legs. She pressed the girl's flat hand onto her own quivering sex and began to rub it hard against her seeping pussy opening.

The feel of the small soft hand over her cunt sent her into a shattering climax. She ground frantically

down against the hand, her own hand forcing it harder against her crotch as he brought herself to glorious release.

When she could see straight again Ashley was looking up at her through bleary eyes, panting and gasping for breath. Connie brought her lips down onto Ashley's, kissing softly but passionately. She lay on the girl for long minutes recovering, enjoying the close heat of the teenager's naked frame.

"You're not a virgin, are you?" she breathed.

"I've... never done it with a woman before."

"And with a guy?"

"A lot of times."

"Slut."

She began kissing the girl again, kissing her cheeks, her lips, her throat, her chest. She licked and kissed her way down onto the big round breasts, sucking each nipple softly. Then she slid down further, bringing her mouth down over the slim young belly, down over the matted little thatch of blonde pussy hair, and over the delicate little slit.

Her fingers slid down onto the girl's slit and into it, slowly prying the lips apart so she could see the gleaming pink flesh within.

Ashley gasped in embarrassment, gulping in shock as she felt her sex hole pulled open and watched the woman staring down into it.

She felt dazed and numb by the astounding turn of events, and now felt a growing arousal, combined with the shock of exposure as Connie looked right into her open pussy. Nobody had ever done that before. She knew guys could eat a girl just like she sucked cocks and she'd seen it in porn movies. But none of the guys she'd had sex with had been willing to do it to her. Now, she knew, Connie was about to.

Then she felt Connie's tongue against her tingling sex. It felt incredibly soft and gentle. She felt it pushing into her tight pussy tube, sliding up and down her slit, rasping over her clitty. She moaned in pleasure, glittering sexual delight flowing through her.

Connie stared into the neat little pussy as she worked her tongue against it. It was so soft and perfect and tight that she wanted to crawl into it. She pried the sex lips wider, then worked a finger down into the tunnel and began pumping it in and out.

She slid a second one into the girl's tight sheath, sliding both against the top part of the slit, grinding them against Ashley's clitty as she rasped her tongue against the little bud. Ashley was jerking and quivering on the ground, her body wriggling with more and more energy as her cries of passion grew louder and more excited.

Connie worked her tongue harder and harder, using her lips now as well. She sucked on the clit as she had on Ashley's nipples, pulling it into her mouth and sucking hard as her tongue whipped against it.

"OH God! Oh God! OH God! Oh! Oh! Oh! Ungh! Ohh!Aahh!" Ashley gasped. "Mrs. Jackson!

Mrs. Jackson! MRS. Jaaacksoon!!"

The blonde girl writhed on the ground, twisting this way and that, her legs and arms flopping and jerking spastically, her groin humping up desperately up at Connie's mouth. Then her hands came down on the back of Connie's head and pulled hard, mashing her face into the sweet young sex.

Her tongue snaked deep into Ashley's pussy, twirling and slithering inside the hot, sucking tunnel. She sucked hard, holding Ashley's pussy lips wide and locking her lips against the blonde's hole, her tongue and lips stoking the blonde girl's fire as Ashley continued jerking and shaking in orgasmic fever.

They lay together afterwards, Connie's arms wrapped around the slight body of the young woman beside her. She stroked Ashley's soft, supple young body, exploring it, fondling it, as though entranced by the loveliness of the slender, luscious girl.

"I-I have to go." Ashley whispered, pushing herself up to a sitting position.

"You should wash off first." Connie said, sitting up as well. They both got to their feet, and Ashley looked down a little awkwardly, feeling shy next to the taller, older woman.

"I can wash up at home." she breathed.

"Nonsense. You'll get oil all over your robe. Come in the house." Connie ordered.

She took Ashley by the hand and led the reluctant young woman into the kitchen through the French doors.

Both felt an instant change when they passed through the doors. Somehow being naked as they were, and indoors was - different, more - intimate. For Connie, it meant a renewed arousal, for Ashley, an intimidating shyness and apprehension. She gazed around at her surroundings as Connie led her through the living room, as though she'd never seen them before.

Connie still held her hand, and steered the young blonde up the stairs, and into the main bathroom.

"I shou... should go." Ashley gulped, hesitating as Connie led her to the shower stall."

Connie pushed her into the stall, which was about five feet square, then slid the door closed behind her. Ashley looked nervously around, swallowing rapidly. Connie walked up to her and stopped inches away, then slid her fingers beneath the girl's chin and tipped her head up.

Ashley looked into her eyes anxiously, then Connie bent forward and kissed her lightly on the lips. Ashley closed her eyes and moaned softly. Their arms slowly twined around one another as the kiss went on and on. Connie pulled back finally, and turned to the shower controls. She twisted the knobs and hot water shot out from nozzles in front of and behind them.

Water soaked them, flattening and darkening their hair, warming their bodies. With a flick of her wrist Connie abruptly halted the water. She reached for a bar of soap on a waist high shelf and soaped up her hands while Ashley stood awkwardly beside her, looking like a bedraggled orphan.

Connie smiled down at her, then turned her around and began soaping up her back. She massaged the stiff muscles of the girl's shoulders, then worked her way down the girl's back to her buttocks. Ashley tried to turn once but Connie tipped her back with a hand on the shoulder.

Then her arms came around the girl, her soapy hands cupping her full, fat breasts, squeezing them softly. Ashley jerked back against her instinctively and Connie tightened her grip on the girl's breasts, pressing her fingers deep into the soft meat.

She began to massage the firm young breasts, spreading a thick layer of soap over the sensitive skin. Again, as before, she felt the hardness of Ashley's nipples against the palms of her hands. She slid her hands beneath the twin mounds then, cupping them as though weighing melons.

Then her hands slid lower, rubbing in circular motions against Ashley's belly. She pressed her own body against Ashley's back, pressing her own breasts into the smaller girl's shoulders, mashing them and rubbing them from side to side.

Her left hand continued moving in circular motions over Ashley's belly while her right slid down between the girl's thighs and onto her pubic mound. She rubbed lightly at first, then with growing pressure, pushing her own groin into the perfection of the girl's round buttocks.

Ashley was gasping for air, her body humming with electricity. Her buttocks ground back against Connie as she instinctively pushed against the hand masturbating her. Connie slid her other hand up off the girl's belly and closed it tightly around Ashley's right breast, grinding her forearm against the left as she did.

"Oohhhh Dooooon't!" the girl groaned.

"Don't? Don't what?" Connie breathed.

She curled two fingers and drove them up into the blonde's sex tunnel. Ashley's lungs emptied in a long, quavering exhalation of breath, and her head fell back against Connie's shoulder.

"Don't what, Ashley? What?" she whispered into the girl's ear. She began licking at her earlobe, her lips nuzzling against the nape of her neck. Her hand worked harder on the girl's crotch, rubbing up and down the slit and massaging the little clit.

There was a knock at the bathroom door then.

"Connie? You taking a shower?" Peter called.

"I'll be out in a few minutes." Connie yelled.

Ashley stared at the door in sudden shock, then tried to pull away from Connie.

"No you don't. I want to see you cum again." Connie growled.

"NO! Let me go!" Ashley gasped, keeping her voice to a whisper.

"Come for me, Ashley. Come for me, baby. Let me see you cum. Let me see it!" Connie panted.

She pulled her hands away from the blonde and roughly twisted her around, shoving her back against the wall. She pushed her shoulder against her, squeezing her tightly against the tiles, then gripped her by the hair, forcing her head back.

She stared into Ashley's face from inches away as her other hand stroked her pussy. She pushed two, then three fingers up into the girl's steamy pussy-box, fucking them in and out as her thumb rolled her clitty back and forth.

Ashley's eyes blinked rapidly, then closed into slits as her jaw went slack. Connie drove her fingers almost savagely up into the slight young woman's fuck pit, grinding her thumb down against the vulnerable little clitoris.

She gave her head little shakes, each time forcing the teenager's eyes to blink open. Ashley's legs were wide apart and only the pressure of Connie's shoulder against her kept her from sliding to the floor. Her ass rubbed back helplessly against the wall as Connie stabbed her fingers deep into her burning pussy.

Then she tensed, her body going rigid.

"Let me see it. Let me SEE IT!" Connie growled, jerking the girl's head back hard.

Ashley's eyes flew open, and Connie saw a look of wondrous ecstasy on them as the girl's hips began to rut furiously against her hands. Her soft, wet buttocks slapped a tattoo against the wall as she humped out onto Connie's thrusting fingers.

"Ung! Ungh! Ungh! Ahhh! Ohhh!Hhhnn!"

Ashley's body bowed backwards, her head now moving back unresistingly in Connie's grip as her spine strained back. Her pelvis continued to buck frenziedly against Connie's fingers.

Then the girl collapsed forward into Connie's arms, drained by the power of her climactic release. Connie held her easily, stroking her head as she held it against her chest.

She towelled off the two of them. Ashley was in a numbed, weary state, her eyes showing bewilderment. Connie took the only big towel in the room, leaving a fearful Ashley alone and naked, then went to Dawn's bedroom and got a pair of jeans and a t-shirt.

Peter was already immersed in the news, his feet up, so Connie had no trouble sneaking Ashley out the back door. She knew, however, that she would never be able to forget the events of this afternoon, nor did she want to ever try.

Connie had thought that her feelings for the girl next door were little more than a powerful spontaneous impulse, and that after satisfying her desire for possession of the nubile young blonde she would lose those feelings.

She was wrong, though, which she found out very quickly. She snapped at Peter, resentful that he'd chosen tonight to come home on time. She kept seeing Ashley's face as it grimaced under the orgasm, kept seeing her big breasts thrusting out as she bent back, kept seeing the sweet young vaginal opening, the pale glistening pussy flesh.

Her hands kept remembering the full roundness, and firmness of the ripe young breasts and soft young buttocks, and time and again she found her loins throbbing with desire for the nymphet next door.

She fought these feeling. A one time event was dangerous enough. God only knew what would happen if Ashley told her parents, or Dawn. She probably wouldn't but there was that risk. Risks were multiplied enormously if she started to think about carrying on a continuing affair with the girl.

She didn't even know what it was that was attracting her. She'd never felt such feelings before about a woman, let alone a half grown girl.

And yet she longed to see that sweet little round cupcake ass again, longed to feel her naked breasts pressing against Ashley's big melons. She knew she'd have to taste her sweet pussy again, and longed to try her sex toys on the girl. What would Ashley think of her high speed vibrator? Would she cum and cum and cum again?

The girl looked so sweet when she was cumming.

What was she doing now, she wondered. What was she wearing? Was she in a little teddy perhaps, or just one of those nightshirt things Dawn wore? Was she watching TV? Was she thinking about Connie, and the pleasure she'd experienced that day? Did she regret it?

She found herself trembling with heat and the need to touch the girl again. It had only been a few hours! What was wrong with her?

She knew that the girl was alone next door. Her parents wouldn't be back until later. She could just go over - but no. What would she tell Peter? How could she disappear for an hour or so on the spur of the moment. She must do nothing to arouse suspicions.

What a scandal that would make, she thought. And everyone would blame her; say she'd seduced the poor innocent little girl. Never mind that the girl was a tramp who'd spread her legs for half the school, and then had multiple orgasms for Connie.

She sighed and shook her head to clear it of the stupidity that was inside, then started to dry the dishes.

Three

She waited with growing impatience the next day for Ashley to come over. The girl never showed up. She phoned, then went over and knocked and rang the bell. There was no answer. Where was she? Surely she hadn't chosen today to go and do something productive. There were so many things she wanted to do with the girl!

She went back to her house and made herself lunch, though she wasn't hungry. It was something to pass the time. Every twenty minutes or so she phoned next door but there was never any answer.

Then she remembered Susan had given her a key last summer when they'd gone out of town.

She fished around in the kitchen drawers, then moved to the living room, searching the shelves. She went into Peter's study and fumbled through his desk but still found nothing. She went upstairs to their bedroom and looked through the drawers and there it was.

She gulped nervously. After spending an hour searching she wasn't sure what the hell she was going to do with it. Wasn't it illegal to use it to look for Ashley? Well, maybe the girl was hurt. Or more likely she's not there or doesn't want to see you, she thought.

She put the key in her pocket and went next door, knocking on the front door, then ringing the bell. There was no answer. She went around the back and tried to peer through the windows but saw nothing. Was Ashley inside?

She pulled the key out of her pocket and looked at it. What the hell would she say if Susan or Bill found her inside their house? What if one of them were there and just didn't want to be disturbed? She quickly thought up an excuse, that she was in the middle of a cake and needed sugar.

It wasn't great but it was at least not likely to make them angry, though they'd probably ask for their key back soon. She pushed the key into the lock and turned it. It clicked open and she slowly turned the knob and opened the door.

It was quiet inside. She poked her head in and saw the empty kitchen, then slid in and closed the door behind her. She moved quietly into the living room which was also empty, then into the dining room and library. The place was empty, at least downstairs it was.

She halted at the foot of the stairs and gazed up, licking her lip nervously. Then she climbed the stairs, going as quietly as she could and feeling like a burglar. You are a burglar, she told herself.

She moved slowly along the upstairs hallway, looking in each room she passed. They were all empty. Ashley's room was the last one. She knew at once it was Ashley's though she'd never seen it before. The room could not belong to anyone other than a teenage girl.

She moved into the room and looked around, examining the rock posters on the wall and the clothes on the floor. She poked around in the cheap jewellery on the dresser, then moved over and sat on the bed. She looked around, then stood up and moved to the dresser.

She pulled open drawers, examining the contents. She halted at the lingerie drawer, taking out a sweet white and blue striped bra and sliding it through her hands. She put it down and picked up the matching panties, thongs, every one. She knew Ashley would look adorable in these.

She pulled the drawer out further, fumbling through other lingerie, most of it thongs. Far at the back was a silky, lacy black G-string and a matching see through bra. She wondered if Susan knew about these. Did Susan know her daughter wasn't a virgin? She wondered also if Ashley had worn these when she'd made love.

She jerked the drawer out a little further to see if there was something else in the back and the drawer fell out in her hands. Fortunately it was fairly light, holding only lingerie. She lifted it easily and started to put it back on its tracks, then something inside caught her eye.

She bent over and saw a little book, a little book with the unmistakable outline and shape of a

diary. She dropped the drawer and reached in for the diary, pulling it out. She would never have dreamed of opening Dawn's diary, but then Dawn was her daughter and Ashley was her - lover.

She felt hot when she thought the word. She opened the diary to the last page. It was yesterday.

You're never going to believe what happened today. X and I were sunbathing and she started putting oil on me. Her hands started rubbing it into my boobs, you know, like, really rubbing it in. I wasn't sure at first whether she was trying something, but my boobs were really hot when she touched them.

Then she started rubbing at my pussy and I got scared. It felt really good, but X is, well, you know who X is, and I'd never done anything with a girl before except that one time when K and me jerked each other off when we were drunk.

I tried to leave but she wouldn't let me! Boy is she strong. She shoved me back on the ground and started really jamming her hand into my pussy, grabbing my hair and kissing me. She shoved her tongue practically down my throat. There was no way I could fight her off and after a minute I didn't want to. My pussy was hot as hell.

She jerked me off right there in the open. What a blast! Then she started licking and sucking at my tits and finger fucking me. She took my hand and rubbed it against her pussy and came right in my hand. I could feel her pussy juice all over it.

Later on she took me into the house and up to the bathroom and we showered together. She soaped me up and then started rubbing me and fooling around again. I started getting hot again. Then her husband came home!!!

I almost had a fucking heart attack, but not X. She wouldn't let me go. She shoved me against the wall and started fucking her fingers into me so hard it hurt. I couldn't do anything and then my pussy started boiling and cumming like crazy. It was all I could do to keep from screaming!

I don't know what I'm gonna do about X now. It was really hot but I ain't no dyke after all. I don't want people to think I like girls. And what would happen if K found out? I'm gonna try and stay away from her for a while and see if she forgets about me.

Still, she was a lot nicer than most of the boys I fucked. I mean, she didn't laugh at me or call me names or anything, like G does, and it was really nice afterwards when she hugged me and all. I'm no fag though. Tomorrow afternoon I'm going out with G and I'm gonna bring him home and fuck his socks off right in my parents bed!

Connie read the entry with a mixture of delight, excitement and worry. It seemed as though Ashley had enjoyed herself, but worried about people thinking she was gay. Well, Connie felt she could reassure the girl on that one. She was certain from the tone of the entry that she could get Ashley into bed again if she could just get her alone.

She glanced at her watch. It was afternoon now. She should get the hell out of here before Ashley came back with this boy she intended to screw. She flipped back through the pages, skimming over page after page of complaints about her parents and teachers before coming to the next interesting item. It was a week ago.

Went out with J again. I thought things would be different this time but they weren't. They were worse. He drove me to the park and then practically ripped my clothes off. He did me so hard my pussy still hurts. I'm not going out with him again, the scumbag.

She flipped back again. Ashley had apparently made love, if it could be called that, with this J guy on Saturday night. She had had sex with P on Friday, and L on Wednesday. She'd had sex with J again on Monday in his car, which was also kind of rough.

The previous week she'd had sex with four different boys. The week before that she'd had sex every day. On the Saturday she'd apparently gotten drunk.

I don't know if I really drank that much or if someone spiked the drinks. All I know is I was really out of it. I should have left when most of the others did but I felt so lazy sitting there on the couch. Then B and M and F started in on me.

I don't remember everything that happened but I remember M pulling my head way back and pushing his cock into my mouth. He shoved it right down my fucking throat! I thought I was gonna throw up at first. Then I thought I was gonna choke to death. I heard of deep throating before but I never done it till now.

While M had his cock in my throat, B pulled my pants off and fucked me, then F fucked me, then M did. I think they all fucked me a couple of times at least, the bastards. I bet they'll be telling everyone about what a whore I am.

Even though she was outraged at the way Ashley had been sexually abused, she felt her loins bubbling with juices at the description of the naked young woman being used by two or three randy boys at once. Connie glanced at her watch and then shoved the book back in the dresser and pushed the drawer in.

She started down the hall and got as far as the stairs before she heard voices of people coming up. She jumped back, her pulse racing, and dove into the nearest room. She closed the door and then looked frantically around for a hiding place. She dropped low and lifted the bedspread but there were boxes under the bed.

She got up and ran to the closet, sliding inside and closing it behind her. It had to be Ashley and her boyfriend. With any luck they'd be too busy with each other in a few minutes to notice her. Besides, they were going to do it in Ashley's parent's room and this was the spare bedroom.

Then the door opened and she drew back deeper into the closet as she heard Ashley speaking. Her voice was low and purred like a kitten as she talked.

"And this is the guest bedroom." she said. "Isn't it gross? All this chintz makes me wanna puke."

"Nice bed, though." a male voice said. Connie didn't have to look out to see he must be grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"It's nice and soft anyway." Ashley said, and Connie knew her face was the same.

There was silence then, or at least, the noise wasn't loud enough for her to hear it very well. The man's voice had sounded kind of... mature. She couldn't help wondering how old he was.

She swallowed nervously, then eased forward, sliding her eye against the crack between the doors.

The head of the bed was just to the right of the door and about five feet out from the wall. Ashley was lying on her back underneath a large man. She couldn't see his features very clearly since his face was pressed against hers, but he looked to be in his late twenties or early thirties.

Ashley's shirt was open and her bra unclipped in the middle. Her mini-skirt was pushed up around her hips, revealing a pair of green panties. The man was squeezing Ashley's breast with one hand. The other was inside her panties, moving energetically. Connie could see his knuckles rubbing back and forth against the thin material.

Then he slid his hand out and jerked the panties quickly down the girl's legs and off. He buried his face between her big breasts momentarily, both his hands gripping the full breasts from the sides and mashing them against his face.

He reached down to his pants and unzipped, shoving his pants down around his knees. He pulled her legs wider apart and settled firmly atop her in the missionary position. Ashley looked tiny beneath his large frame.

She could see his hand covering his cock, then pressing it against Ashley's sex as he held his hips aloft. He pushed down slightly, then removed his hand. Connie had just a moment to see his hard prick before he thrust down hard and buried it within the blonde girl's pussy.

Ashley gave a gasp of pain as the big prick drove into her, her eyes closing momentarily. Then the man, whoever he was, started to hump down into her. Connie gave him low marks for consideration since he was giving the little blonde no time to get used to his large girth, nor taking time to arouse her.

His mouth locked onto hers and slid roughly around against her while his ass rose and fell in a quick, rhythmic stroke. Connie could see his cock slicing back and forth as he fucked into Ashley. Then he lifted her thighs and shoved them back against her chest, raising her ass into the air.

He pushed her ankles back against the bed on either side of her head, in a position that Connie knew must be painful. He raised his upper body off her, holding himself up by straightening his arms. That meant all his weight was on Ashley's ankles.

The girl was bent double and from the look on her face was straining hard not to cry out in pain. Her lover, if that was the proper term, either didn't notice or didn't care. He started pounding his cock down into her exposed pussy with furious energy, pistoning his big prong inside the girl's small, tight slit.

He grunted, his head going back in a grimace of pleasure as he increased his speed even more. His hips were crashing down against Ashley's small, round bottom with brutal force, smashing her back into the bed with each blow. The poor girl's body was bouncing up and down with his violent fucking, and even from the closet Connie could hear the cruel splat as his body hammered hers.

He finally eased off and held still, sighing in relief. He sat back on his heels, pulling his prick free of Ashley's pussy, then let her legs go. They flopped down onto the mattress as she grunted, her hand going to her back.

"Nice fuck, Ash," he grunted.

He sat on the edge of the bed and bent over, lifting his jacket from the floor. He took out a pack of cigarettes and lit one up, glancing back at the nude teenager lying beside him.

"Want one?"

She shook her head. He shrugged and puffed a series of smoke rings towards the ceiling, then turned to her again.

"Go get me the ropes."

Connie thought she saw the girl's eyes widen and saw her inhale sharply. She got up and hurried from the room as Beacon smoked and puffed. When she came in she was carrying a brown paper bag, which she timidly gave to Beacon.

He grinned and upended it. A pile of blue rope fell onto the floor, and he sorted through it.

"Turn around and kneel, slut."

Ashley obeyed quickly, pulling her arms back behind her as if she knew what was coming. Beacon took a section of rope and slipped it beneath her arms, then pulled it back and began to tighten it. Ashley gasped as her arms were forced back together, but made no effort to resist.

He pulled harder and she gasped louder, letting out a soft moan, but again she did nothing as her slender arms were forced back to the point her elbows were pressed together.

"Lot of rich guys like this shit," he said as he pulled another loop, then another and another around her arms. He tied it off, then bound her wrists together as well.

"Lean forward, slut."

Ashley leaned forward and he slapped the back of her head.

"Farther!"

She leaned precariously forward and her heavy breasts dangled. Beacon slipped a loop of rope around them, then another and another, and drew the loops tight. Ashley shuddered; her eyes closing as the loops pulled her breasts together, squeezing them out.

He tied another loop around her waist and then pulled the rope down between her buttocks and up between her legs, yanking it hard so it was forced up between her pussy lips. He chuckled, and Connie, growing more and more aroused, saw he was adjusting a knot which would be directly over the girl's clit. Then he fed the rope through the loop around her waist, pulled it back down between her legs, and again tugged sharply so it was jammed up between her sex lips.

"Okay, slut," he said, sitting back on the edge of the bed, "Come on over here and get me hard again, then I'll really give you a ride."

Connie watched Ashley strain against the ropes, straightening and arching her back so that the rope would pull up even more sharply into her groin. Her breasts strained against the rope looping them, and the girl seemed to shudder as she turned and knelt between Beacon's legs.

She licked at his balls, again her entire body twisting and slowly writhing in place, her back arching, her bottom pushing out. Connie swallowed, fingering her pussy as she saw the ropes jammed in between the girl's puffy sex lips.

Ashley licked at the man's balls, sucking them into her mouth as he looked down at her. Then she licked at his cock, mouthing it and taking the head into her mouth.

"That's it. Dumb fucking slut," he growled. "This you can learn. Nothing else, but this you can learn. You'll be a great little cock sucker."

His cock hardened, and Ashley's lips began to bob up and down, making long, sensuous strokes along his now glistening cock.

"All the way, slut. Take it down your fucking whore throat!" he panted.

Ashley moaned, her eyes fluttering, and her lips sucked around his shaft as they descended. They dropped lower, and she gagged, drawing back.

He slapped her head. "All the way, slut!"

Ashley moaned and worked her lips down again. Again she gagged, but he seized her hair and forced her all the way down. She choked and gagged and struggled, but he held her easily in place as he jammed her face into his groin.

"Swallow! Swallow, you fucking whore!"

Her struggles eased, and he pulled on her hair, letting her back up. When her lips pulled free she coughed violently and gasped for breath.

"No expensive call girl has trouble swallowing cock meat," he growled.

"I-I'm s-sorry!" she panted.

"Don't be sorry, you slut! Just do it!"

He pulled her mouth against his cock again, this time standing up, lifting her head and gripping it in both hands. Her head tilted back as she looked up at him, and he began to thrust down into her mouth, causing her to gag repeatedly. He growled and thrust deep, pulling roughly on her hair, forcing her mouth up all the way to the base of his shaft.

Connie felt twisted as she watched. On the one hand she was horrified, outraged, wanting to rush out and beat the man off the poor, helpless young girl. On the other hand - the sight of Ashley being virtually raped was incredibly arousing. She felt guilty about that, yet consoled herself with near certainty that the girl was getting off on it to some degree. The look on her face as he had tied her up - .

But now the sight of her throat being raped almost took her breath away. Ashley looked so beautiful, so helpless, so abused, and while part of her wanted to save the girl another part wanted it to be her raping Ashley's throat, her ramming her cock, even a plastic one, down the girl's gagging throat.

"That's it, slut. Swallow that cock," Beacon growled.

He drew back, and thrust deep again, drew back, and thrust hard and deep, grinding Ashley's red, struggling face into his groin.

He pulled back and let her cough and gasp and gag, then thrust himself into her mouth again, blocking her meek protest. He began to fuck her face and throat, her hair pulled out tightly to either side filling his big fists as he forced her up and down his cock while pumping into her mouth. She gagged repeatedly, but he only sneered and continued riding her mouth until her eyes began to go glassy.

He pulled out and let her fall back onto her back, then pumped his fist and came, spewing his load over her face and breasts as he chuckled in delight.

"Better than before, slut. But you have plenty of work to do."

He bent beside her and slapped at her bound breasts.

"You expect to make money out of this, you have to do things better," he said sternly. "My girls get paid a lot of dough and it's not to be lazy pussies.

"S-Sorry," she gasped.

"Sorry'll get you a belt across the chops if you don't do things right," he growled, gripping a fat nipple and twisting it until she gasped in pain.

He let go then and sat back a little.

"Again!"

Ashley pulled herself to her knees and leaned in as he sat back on the bed."

"Okay, suck it."

She bent forward and slid her lips around the head of his semi-hard prick, then started bobbing up and down as she sucked.

"More tongue action," he ordered. "You think my customers are gonna pay you for half assed work? You wanna make a lot of money you'll have to be really professional about your work."

She mumbled something and he snickered in amusement.

"Don't talk with your mouth full."

She bobbed her head up and down for long minutes as he watched. His hands came down on top of her head then and started pushing her down harder as he bucked up. He grunted in pleasure as he started to fuck her face with his now hard prick.

His hands seized thick bunches of hair as he jerked her up and down on his meaty organ, and Connie heard the girl choking as he kept ramming the cockhead down her throat.

He pulled back and shoved her away hard so she fell back on the floor. "Get on your knees and bend over," he panted.

Ashley slowly rolled over onto her belly, then drew her knees in and raised her bottom, looking back at him.

"Want it up the asshole again?" he taunted.

Her face looked frightened.

He guffawed as he knelt behind her, slapping her bottom sharply. "Spread those legs, baby," he grinned.

She complied and he slid his hand beneath her sex, rubbing it up and down.

"Push your ass out more, and raise it a little above your head. That's it. Looks great. Memorize this position. It's one you're gonna be doing a lot. You know what position that is? Huh?"

"No," she said in a small voice.

"That's called doggie style. This is the way bitches get fucked. This is the natural way for a woman to get it. In fact, it's a woman's natural position, on the knees with her ass sticking out, ready to be fucked."

He took out his belt and doubled it in his hand, and Ashley seemed to tremble.

"Now. I told you before you needed to practice deep throating. It's obvious you haven't so you're going to be punished."

He brought the belt slashing down across her bottom and Ashley let out a cry of pain. She made no effort to move away; though as a red line appeared across her shapely rump.

Again the belt cracked down, and again, and again. With every blow the girl's body jerked, and she let out a cry of pain. But her eyes were clenched in something Connie thought other than pain. And her hips seemed to roll as she strained against the ropes.

Beacon delivered a dozen blows that had her bottom red, then dropped to his knees behind her, hard again. Connie wondered if he had a sex drive like her own - or perhaps like Ashley's.

He undid the rope which was digging into her sex lips, then pushed the tip of his cock against her pussy.

"Ready, slut? Ready to get fucked?"

He rammed forward, almost knocking her off her knees as his tool thrust deep into her cunny.

"For a girl like you, Ashley," he grunted, "this is all you're good for."

He started pumping into her, his hands tight on her hips as he ran the entire length back and forth inside her small, snug belly.

"Some girls got brains, an' some got beauty. You girl, got a great pair of tits and a tight, hot little pussy. Go where your strengths are, that's what I say. Ung! Ungh! Ungh! Yeah! Unnng! That's it! Squeeze that pussy!"

He pumped harder, his hands sliding down her waist and under her to cup her bound breasts and crush them up against her chest.

"You might be a Goddam brainless dwarf... Uhng! but... uhg... you got a... ungh... great... uhhh... body!"

His hands moved up and gripped her long hair, twisting and twining it together into a tail, then he gripped it with one hand, pulling her head way back as he slapped her bottom with his free hand and rutted into her pussy.

"Ride em cowboy!" he laughed.

His thighs were pounding into her soft young body with hard, cruel force as he skewered the little blonde's pussy.

He abandoned her hair after several seconds, his hands going onto her shoulders instead as he began to jerk her back against him, the muscles of his bare arms showing the force he used to drag the slender girl back against his bucking, rutting pelvis.

He slowed abruptly, his breathing coming in pants and gasps, then he halted, his cock buried inside her.

"Don't wanna come too soon," he panted.

"You're a good fuck, kid," he gasped, "but you ain't worth a thousand dollars a night yet. You been training like I told you?"

"Yes."

"How many guys you fucked in the last week?"

"Three," she groaned, "but one of them twice."

"That's not enough, you ignorant little twat! I want you to fuck ten guys this week."

"But... but I'm getting a bad reputation - ."

"As what? A whore? You are a fuckin' whore!" He slapped her bottom hard.

"What the fuck else are you ever gonna be good for? If you had any brains in that air head of yours they'd rattle around!"

As if to prove that he cuffed her on the side of the head.

"You wanna be just a fifty dollar street hooker? Huh? Sucking cocks in alleyways?"

He cuffed her again and she gasped in pain.

"You want to work for me and my friend Lionel, you gotta be good. Real good!"

He pulled his cock out of her bare little sex box then, and pushed it against her anus. She gasped and wriggled in alarm, but he put one big hand down against the back of her neck and shoved her face down against the carpet as he screwed his cock into her back hole.

"This is what you get for being such a dumb little piece of shit!" he sneered, shoving his cock hard, forcing it down into her rectum as Ashley whined and whimpered, her face pressed hard against the rug.

He jammed his cock balls deep into her little round hole, then grunted in pleasure as his balls pressed against the underside of her buttocks.

Connie looked on with interest, again feeling divided. Now she wished it were her sodomizing Ashley while at the same time wished it were her being sodomised. If only Peter had this man's sex drive, she thought forlornly.

"You better learn to take it up the ass, kid. I like it that way sometimes and Lionel gives me free picks every weekend."

He slowly pulled his cock back out of her hole, then bucked forward, driving it back inside.

He started to fuck harder and faster, one hand still pressing down against the back of her neck, while the other one gripped her wrist, and for no reason Connie could tell, forced it up behind her back, making the little blonde cry out in pain.

A minute later he came, dropping his wad down inside her anus. He pulled out then and shakily got to his feet.

"Remember what I said, Ashley," he panted, "You got two choices, no, three choices in life. You can either be on welfare in a slum, work for some pimp who'll stick you on drugs and sell you thirty times a day to low class drunks and scumbags, or you can work for Lionel and me for a thousand bucks a night, drive a Porsche, and live in a penthouse."

He tied her up and left the room then. Ashley stayed in the same position for a long minute, then slowly straightened and crawled to her feet. She held her arms tight over her belly, as though she had a stomach ache, then left the room as well.

Dawn returned home that night and Connie tried to turn the talk around to Ashley.

"Is she dumb or something?"

"Well, she's not exactly Einstein," Dawn sniffed. "She can hardly even read. I don't know how she graduated from high school."

"What do her parents think of that?"

"They don't care. They're so busy with their work she hardly ever sees them anyway."

"Why?"

"Oh just wondering. I let her use the pool a little this week and we talked a little."

"I thought you didn't want her around."

"Well, maybe I got lonely for you, sweetheart," she grinned.

Dawn smirked back.

"She's had a lot of... experience with boys, hasn't she?"

Dawn made a face and shrugged.

"Lately she has. She didn't used to be. For some reason she's been goin' nuts in the last couple of months."

"Actually I'm surprised Beaknose hasn't been on to her parents for weeks now."

"Beaknose?"

"Mr. Beacon," she said, making another face. "He has this incredibly long nose so we call him Beak Nose. He's her psychiatrist. Her parents started sending her to him when she finished high school but didn't know what she wanted to do. He's a sort of mix of shrink and guidance councillor"

Something clicked in Connie's brain.

"Is he a big man, around thirty, with brown hair?"

"Yeah. Why? You seen him?"

"I think so?"

"Not about me I hope?"

"No. Just in passing. He was with a girl."

"He's always with a girl," Dawn laughed. "He's a total perve."

"What?"

"Ashley used to talk about how he'd stare at her tits whenever she was seeing him, and try to get her to talk about sex stuff."

The next day she kept watch on the Cooper's house. Ashley left early with Dawn for school, but returned only a couple of hours later with a young man on her arm. They went inside and Connie had no doubts about what they were doing.

The guy left about half an hour later. Connie decided to give the girl a half hour so she wouldn't think she was being spied upon, but then spotted her leaving about ten minutes after the boy. She went to the door and called to her.

Ashley looked back in surprise, then her face clouded over. She jammed her hands into the pockets of her tight jeans and slumped her way over to stand at the foot of the stairs.

"You haven't been over to sunbathe," she said, awkwardly.

"So?"

"I hope you're not feeling upset about what happened?"

"I ain't upset."

"Why haven't you come around then?"

"I don't have to come around every day, do I?" she demanded.

"No. But you have until yesterday."

"Well, I was busy yesterday. I got things to do, you know. You're the one that was asking me how come I never do anything?"

"It wasn't a criticism, Ashley. Though I did see you with that boy just now."

"You spying on me?" she glared.

"No. But I thought you said you couldn't have boys over when your parents weren't home."

"So go and tell them! I don't care."

Connie glared at the girl. "Come inside, Ashley. I have to speak to you about something."

"I gotta go."

"This will only take a minute."

"I ain't no dyke, okay."

"Well, who said you were? I'm not gay either."

"Then how come - .?"

"We can talk better inside."

"Okay," the girl scowled, "but just talk. I don't want you touchin' me."

Connie stood back and motioned her up the stairs, then followed her into the house and closed the door behind her.

The girl stood against the wall, her arms folded across her chest defensively. She scowled up at Connie.

"I saw that man yesterday too."

"You are spying on me, you fuckin' fag!"

"You watch your mouth, you little slut!"

"Oh so I'm a slut, huh? What's that make you?"

"Don't you use that snotty tone with me, Ashley!"

"I can use any tone I want!"

"You shouldn't be sleeping with men that age."

"Just women that age, huh? You're as old as him!"

"That's different."

"How?" the girl demanded.

"I'm not trying to take advantage of you."

"Oh no! You just wanna fuck me! How's that different than him? If I wanna fuck guys I will! I told you I ain't a queer!"

"I never thought you were a queer! You don't have to fuck half the men in the city to prove it!"

The girl's face reddened angrily and she scowled at Connie. "I ain't fuckin' half the boys in the city! You're just a jealous old dyke bitch is all!"

"I told you to watch your filthy mouth!"

"Or what? Huh? Or what? Dyke! Dyke! Dyke!"

Connie snarled angrily and grabbed for the girl, who twisted aside and tried to kick her. Connie grabbed her long hair and twisted her head back, bringing a scream of outraged pain from the blonde. She jammed her elbow back towards Connie's belly but the older woman twisted aside.

"You spoiled little brat!" she snarled. "I know what you need!"

She fell back into a straight, hard backed chair, dragging Ashley face down across her lap. The little blonde twisted and writhed but Connie was much stronger and bigger. She slid her left arm around the girl's waist, almost completely encircling it.

Then she slashed her right hand down hard on the upturned bottom. Ashley yelped and cursed furiously, twisting harder in her efforts to escape. Connie brought her hand down again and again on the tight denim clad buttocks, using all her strength.

Ashley yelped and cursed with each blow, the cursing and insults eased off but she continued to cry out in pain each time Connie's hand cracked down on her ass. Connie's hand was hurting probably more than the girl's bottom so she grabbed the belt out of the girl's loops and doubled it up.

She reconsidered, tossing it down. She undid the now weeping girl's pants and jerked and pulled them down over her hips and buttocks. She wore no underwear and Connie could see the little blonde's red buttocks now as she pulled the jeans the rest of the way off.

"Fucking d-d-ddyke!" the girl sniffled, trying to pull away again.

Connie brought her hand down hard on the bare buttocks and the sound made a loud crack! In the narrow hallway. She watched the red palm print she left behind in the jiggling flesh, then brought her hand down again, then again.

Soon Ashley was weeping and sobbing, only interrupting for brief cries of pain with each fresh blow. Her buttocks were a hot, fiery red. Connie gasped for breath, resting her red hand on the girl's bottom momentarily.

"Someone... should... have done this... a long time ago," she said, panting.

As if of its own volition her hand started slowly stroking the girl's red bottom, then slipped down between and onto her pussy. She rubbed it unconsciously, slipping a single finger into her tight hole as she stroked the blonde's clitty.

"You have to learn to behave... to act more mature," she sighed.

Ashley's weeping continued, though it was softer than before.

"You're probably a good kid, Ashley, but you have to have more consideration for people."

The girl's sniffed and gulped, her groin pushing back against Connie's fingers.

"There. You like that? Does that make it feel better?" Connie cooed, her voice dropping almost without realizing it, into a childish patter.

"Poor Ashley... Poor little thing."

She stroked the girl's sex mound with nimble fingers, sliding two in and out of her pussy, thumbing her clitty and pushing it down against her pumping fingers. Ashley groaned, her body trembling against Connie.

Then she gave a gasp of pleasure and her hips began to jerk frenziedly back against Connie's pumping fingers. Connie pumped harder still, knowing the blonde was cumming and wanting to drive her higher into the realm of pleasure the orgasm brought.

When Ashley had calmed somewhat, Connie pulled her up off her lap, holding her in front of the chair. She reached up and unbuttoned the girl's shirt, pulling it open. Ashley shrugged it off, her chest

heaving as she looked down at Connie.

Connie's arms slid around the girl's waist and brought her forward, nuzzling her lips against the girl's right nipple. She sucked it erect, then shifted to the other. Her hands fondled the blonde girl's hot buttocks as she kissed her way down her belly and onto her pubic mound.

She slid her hands between Ashley's legs, sliding them up behind her to squeeze her buttocks and hold her mons firmly against her mouth. Then she started to tongue her slit, lapping carefully up and down the little pink crevice, paying special attention to her clitty.

Ashley sighed in happiness, grinding her hips a little. She closed her eyes and let her head roll, her hands going onto Connie's head to maintain her balance as she spread her legs. Connie tongued her into another orgasm, the blonde girl's legs wavering and her body humping forward excitedly.

She practically sat on Connie's hands to keep from falling. Then when she came out of it and Connie stood up, sliding her own pants off, the blonde stepped back, scowling again suspiciously. "I ain't doin' you. I ain't no dyke," she sniffed.

"You stupid little slut! I'm not a dyke! I'm married with a daughter! Just because you're with me doesn't mean you're gay!"

"Fuck you, you dumb bitch dyke pussy face!" Ashley sneered.

Connie stared down at her open mouthed. Then she snarled and grabbed the girl by the hair, dragging her over her lap again as she sat down. Strangely, Ashley didn't seem to fight her at all.

Connie started smacking her ass again, turning the skin a fresh deep red again. When she eased off Ashley reached between her and pinched her pussy hard. Connie yelped and slapped the girl on the back of the head, grabbing both her hands and jerking them behind her back.

She brought the belt up and wrapped it around the girl's wrists, jerking it tight and tying them together behind her back. Then she started smacking her bottom again, harder than before, ignoring the pain in her own hand. Just for good measure she smacked her hand right down over Ashley's pussy mound several times.

Ashley howled and jerked when she did that, otherwise she merely grunted with each blow to her ass. Connie suspected the blonde was getting off on the spanking. She thrust her finger into Ashley's pussy and found it dripping wet. The girl humped back against her finger at once.

"Oh no you don't!" Connie snarled.

She dumped the girl on the floor, holding her by the hair and bringing her face in between her thighs as she spread her legs wide. "I've done you, now you do me. I want you to suck my pussy, and you better do it right!"

She knotted the thick blonde hair at the side of Ashley's head and forced her face into her groin. Ashley moaned, her eyes bright and shining as she pushed her tongue against Connie's slit.

A hot stab of fiery pleasure shot into Connie's brain as she felt the soft young tongue touch her slit. She slid down on the chair, opening her leg wide as Ashley began to lap at her pussy, imitating the way Connie had licked hers.

Soon Connie was rocking and shaking on the chair, her hips bouncing up and down as she pulled Ashley's sweet face into her pussy. Ashley's tongue was slithering in and out of her pussy opening, lapping at her clitty and even flickering around her anus.

Connie came explosively, jerking Ashley's face down against her groin so hard the girl couldn't breathe. She almost screamed in pleasure from the ripping, churning waves of sexual bliss roiling through her body.

When she had recovered she looked down at Ashley. The little blonde was sitting back on her heels, gazing up at Connie with a look of satisfaction and lust on her sweet face. Her big breasts looked delectable and Connie thought she could suck on those hard little nipples all day.

"Come upstairs, Ashley," she ordered, standing up.

She pulled the girl to her feet and led her up to her bedroom, thinking of all the things she was going to teach the youngster, and thinking also about luring her away from that Beacon pervert.

She pushed the girl onto the big brass bed she and Peter shared, then went to the closet and brought out two pairs of panty hose. Ashley looked at her uncomprehending as she tore both pair in half and returned to the bed. She turned the blonde girl around and undid the belt, then pushed her back on the bed.

"I think you need discipline, Ashley," she said.

She sat on Ashley's chest and pushed her arms back against the mattress, kneeling on both to hold them in place. She tied one leg of panty hose to the two top corner posts, then tied the other end of each leg to one of Ashley's wrists.

The girl didn't resist, if anything, once she saw what Connie intended she spread her arms and kept them high and wide as Connie tightened the elastic hose around each wrist. With them bound she moved to the foot of the bed and repeated the act, tying the girl's ankles tightly to the opposite corners of the bed.

Ashley flexed her muscles, pulling against the panty hose, obviously revelling in the tight bondage. She gazed up at Connie with a hot, yearning look. Connie returned it, then went to her closet, going inside and fumbling at the very back corner.

She came out with her little locked box of toys and brought it over to the bed. Ashley looked at it with anxious anticipation. Connie took the key from under her lingerie in one of the drawers and unlocked the box. Then she stripped off her sweater and bra to stand naked by the bed.

She sat on the edge then and reached into the box, pulling out a long thick black metal object. She turned a little knob at it's base and it buzzed as it started shaking. She turned and started rolling it slowly along Ashley's belly.

Ashley stared at it in astonished heat, her eyes shining as she watched and felt it moving in slow circles along her belly. Connie slid it down onto her abdomen, rolling it along her puffy little sex mound, then moved it back up her body and slid it between her breasts.

She slowly circled each breast, barely grazing the sides, then moved it against Ashley's arm pits.

After long minutes of sliding it up and down her sides and legs, and over her chest, she let it roll firmly into the thick, meaty mound of Ashley's right breast, pressing into the soft flesh as she moved it onto her nipple.

She left it there on the nipple, buzzing and thrumming with motion as Ashley moaned and tried to arch her back to push her breast up harder against the big vibrator.

She slid it down the big mound and up onto the other, again holding it over the nipple. Then she moved it back onto the other nipple and bent over, sliding her lips over the girl's right nipple and sucking lightly, then more heavily, enjoying the sweet taste and satisfaction of sucking on the big melon.

Her hands squeezed the thick, resilient flesh as she tongued each nipple. Between her tongue and lips and teeth, and the buzzing vibrator, Ashley was soon begging her to stop. Her nipples were rock hard, harder than Connie had ever felt her own, or Ashley's before. They were like two little pebbles.

Just to see if they really were that hard Connie took her right nipple between her teeth and bit down hard. The nipple was not as hard as rock, and Ashley screamed, partly in pain, but mostly in shocked response to the blast wave of shocking pleasure that tore into her chest.

"OH! Oh God! God! GOD! Suck me! Suck me! Oh fucking Christ! OH!"

"Language, language," Connie remonstrated.

"SUCk meeeee! Please Connieeeee!"

"Hey!" Connie glared, pulling the vibrator away from the girl's nipple. "You call me Mrs Jackson, you hear?"

"Please!"

"Mrs. Jackson."

"Mrs. Jackson! Please Mrs. Jackson! Oh Pleeease!"

Ashley's body was pulling desperately at the bonds holding it. Her muscles strained and her belly heaved upward. Her bottom rubbed furiously on the mattress.

She was sweating profusely, her body under terrible stress. Her head rolled and thrashed and she started to cry, so desperate was her need.

Connie took pity on her and brought the vibrator down against her pussy, pressing it against her anus first, then running it up the slit, firmly but softly.

"OH! OHH! OHH! OHH!" Ashley cried.

Then Connie pried her pussy lips open, holding them apart with her fingers as she pushed the head of the vibrator directly against the little clit and pressed down, twisting it around.

Ashley screamed so loudly Connie almost dropped the vibrator. The girl was bouncing and jerking, her head thrashing maniacally on the bed as she blossomed into a massive orgasmic blast. Even with her limbs bound tightly she was twitching, trembling, and shaking, making the bed squeak as she

writhed in the throes of delirious ecstasy.

Connie laughed and pushed her tongue deep into the blonde's pussy, licking and sucking up the bubbling pussy cream and gulping it down. She slowly ran her tongue up the girl's slit to her clitty and began nibbling at it again.

Ashley moaned weakly, her eyes closed tightly as she murmured and panted. Connie twirled her tongue in the narrow slit as she began to suck on Ashley's clit with growing power. Ashley let out a long, low moan as Connie locked her lips around the clit and blew air against it.

She slid two fingers into the little pink hole and began pumping them in and out as she slurped away at the clit. Within minutes the blonde was writhing on the bed again, grinding her ass from side to side as she sobbed in ecstatic pleasure.

Connie clicked on the vibrator and began rolling it up and down Ashley's slit. "Fuck!" Ashley cried.

"Like it, sweets?"

"Ohhhhh GOooooood!"

She twisted it from side to side and pushed it into the round little pussy tunnel, driving it deeper and deeper until the head touched the hard little cervix. She jammed it against Ashley's cervix and the vibrating tool began to set Ashley's entire body thrumming.

She came again, screaming with release, her body convulsing in paroxysms of rippling orgasmic pleasure.

Connie laughed, delighted at how responsive she was, pumping the vibrator in and out of the girl's sex-hole. She reached into the box beside her and pulled out a string of little brightly polished steel balls. There were a dozen balls, each the size of a ping pong ball, and all held together with the string.

She pulled the vibrator out of Ashley's pussy hole and rested it on her belly. Then she took the first of the balls and slowly pushed it into Ashley's pussy. She watched as the little ball forced the girl's sex lips wide and then sank out of sight inside her box. She pushed it deeper, her fingers sliding into the girl's pussy to jam it deeper inside.

Ashley moaned weakly, her eyes closed. Connie pushed a second ball into the tightly constricted sheath, then a third, then a fourth. Each ball pushed the previous one further down the hot, tight, silky tunnel, and deeper into the dark depths of Ashley's abdominal cavity.

After six or seven of the balls, the first one in reached the very bottom of her pussy and lodged against her cervix. That did nothing to hinder Connie, who continued to insert more of the shiny little steel balls. Now they began to roll together inside the girl's belly, compressing and bulging out against the sides of her pussy-sheath.

Still Connie continued, sliding in the eighth, then pushing the ninth against her pussy opening. The eighth was still resting just inside Ashley's pussy lips so Connie pushed hard on number nine, forcing the eighth to slide aside. With a metallic clicking sound number nine squeezed into Ashley's overstuffed little pussy.

Ashley gasped and tried to raise her head off the pillow to look down at her crotch. She stared,

her eyes blinking, then her head fell weakly back onto the bed. Connie forced in number ten as Ashley groaned and begged her to stop. Number eleven took some effort. Ashley's pussy opening would no longer close and three separate balls could be seen inside the opening of the tightly packed sex box.

Connie persisted, shoving the ball against the others, forcing them to roll aside and make room for number eleven. Then she shoved the last one against the girl's pussy. Ashley's lower belly felt like it was ready to explode. She groaned and whined as cramps assailed her and sharp little stabs of pain rippled up and down her bulging pussy tunnel.

But some of the little balls rolled aside and made room for the twelfth, though her sex lips were pulled wide and three or four separate balls were visible in the opening.

Connie picked up the vibrator and pushed its head into the centre of Ashley's gaping sex. The steel balls all began to buzz and reverberate with echoes of the vibrator's throbbing pulse, and Ashley's entire belly began to twist and writhe as a delicious cacophony assaulted her beleaguered senses.

Her head jerked back and her teeth gnashed desperately. She came with an explosive, gut wrenching blaze of convulsive gratification. Air hissed out between her tightly clenched teeth as her back arched and limbs trembled violently.

Ecstasy raced along her nervous system, searing its way to the very heart of her soul, shattering her consciousness into a thousand glittering shards of flaring hedonistic passions. She screamed madly, her body shaking and thrashing in a delirious, feverish eruption of carnal emotion.

On and on her orgasm raced, churning her body into a battered, exhausted mass of torn muscles and bruised flesh. Connie watched the girl's protracted orgasmic explosion with awe, soon giving way to worry. She thought at first to halt her actions, but the ecstasy on the little blonde's face would not let her.

Then as Ashley's screams gave way to moans and her thrashing eased, Connie shifted the nose of the vibrator away from the steel balls, placing it directly against her clitty. She seized the end of the string and began pulling. The balls were so tightly lodged inside the little crack that she had to tug hard to make the first one pop free.

When it did Ashley gave a yelp, her eyes jerking open suddenly. Connie took up the slack and tugged again, easing the second ball into position against the inside of Ashley's pussy lips. Then she pulled harder and it popped free. Again Ashley cried out, her hips bucking upward.

Connie began to roll the vibrator against the blonde's clitty as she popped out the third and fourth and fifth. Ashley's breathing began harsh and strangled, then she let out a long, long groan of massive pleasure, her body stiffening in an orgasmic rapture that totally encompassed her consciousness.

Connie popped the rest of the balls out quickly, in a steady series of sharp tugs that made the girl's pussy snap wetly as her sex-box emptied.

Finally Ashley lay still, in weary contentment, her face serene. Connie didn't have the heart to force the girl to lick her off, despite her own excitement. She decided to wait. There was, after all, plenty of time. Ashley was hers to do with as she pleased.

She went downstairs and picked up the girl's clothes, as well as her own, then got a drink. When she returned Ashley was sleeping. She smiled down at the girl and left quietly. She decided though, not to untie her. She thought the blonde looked too scrumptiously delicious spread-eagled as she was. Instead

she got her camera, moving around the bed, snapping picture after picture. Then went downstairs.

That almost got her into a lot of trouble. She got a phone call from a girlfriend and was busily conversing with her when Dawn walked in. Only just in time she remembered that Ashley was still lying naked, her limbs tightly bound to the corners of the bed, sex toys littering the sheets... and the door wide open.

She bolted forward, dropping the phone and yelling for Dawn. She raced up the stairs and caught the girl only feet from her door.

"Dawn!"

"What?" Dawn demanded, frowning at the intensity of Connie's voice.

"I-I... "

Connie tried to think of a reason, any reason to get the girl back downstairs, at least long enough for her to close the door to her bedroom, a bedroom which, unfortunately, lay between Dawn and her own bedroom door.

"I need you to come downstairs for a minute."

"Why?"

Parental prerogatives came to the fore. "Because I said so!"

"Well, can I change first...?"

"No!"

"Can I just put my bag in my... "

"NO! Come here!"

Dawn eyed her strangely, but hesitantly came forward close enough for Connie to take her hand and pull her down the stairs behind her. Her mind spun as she tried to think of any reason to keep the girl away from the house.

"Uhhhhhhh... Go to the store and get me some flour."

"What?"

"You heard me!"

"Well, shit, wait until I... "

"NO! Right now. I need it now."

"Why? What are you baking?"

"None of your business. Just go."

"Why can't I change?"

"Because I said so. Get! NOW!"

Dawn gave her a rebellious look, then shook her head in a time honoured indication that she thought Connie was out of her head. Still, she dropped her bag and went out the front door, glancing back a final time with a puzzled scowl.

Connie heaved a sigh of relief, thanking heaven that she'd put on a robe earlier and that Dawn hadn't gone another few feet forward. She went to the window to make sure the girl was really going. When she reached the corner, Connie raced upstairs and into her room. She untied Ashley, waking her up and jerking the dazed girl out of bed.

She helped her into her clothes, then pulled her downstairs and pushed her out the door, trying to imagine what she could have said to Dawn if her daughter had moved a little further along the upstairs hall and saw her friend lying on the bed like that.

Five

Connie had received a big scare that afternoon, but it wasn't discouraging her bubbling pussy in its lust for the young blonde's tight, soft little body. On the contrary, the sudden danger, and surviving it, had served only to excite her further.

She felt all charged up after the sudden surge of adrenaline the fear had brought. On top of that she was still hot from watching the girl's protracted orgasmic eruption. She had planned to climb aboard Ashley's pretty little face once she'd recovered, and her pussy was still a stew pot of sexual juices.

There was nothing she could do immediately. Dawn came back with the flour, demanding to know why she'd had to go immediately. Connie gave her little satisfaction. Ashley went upstairs and Connie could almost sense her suspicion. She wasn't a stupid girl and knew that she'd been gotten rid of for some reason.

Connie managed to take the edge off her suspicion, suspicion that was leading towards something approaching the truth, by confessing that she'd ordered something special for Dawn's birthday and hadn't wanted the girl to see it.

"But my birthday is two months away."

"I know, but this had to be bought now. You'll understand when you see it."

"Well, can you give me a hint?"

Her suspicions seemed to be dying quickly and Connie wanted to encourage that, but on the other hand, she had no idea what the hell she was going to get now for the girl's birthday that could justify her weird behaviour.

"No. You'll just have to wait and see."

That took care of Dawn. Still, Connie couldn't just dash next door to make Ashley lick her pussy off. Instead she locked herself in her room for ten minutes and masturbated with the vibrator. That dulled her sexual longing for a while, long enough for her to make dinner for Peter and Dawn.

She spent the evening doing all sorts of chores to keep her hands busy. Whenever they were free, her hands slid down towards her groin, even when someone was around. By bed time she was a frazzled, horny mass of raw nerves. All she could think about was getting her lips around Ashley's sweet nipples and feeling the girl's tongue between her legs.

She masturbated twice more then went to bed. She did not sleep though, tossing and turning repeatedly. Finally she glanced at the clock and saw that it was two in the morning. She decided to go downstairs and get some milk.

She put on a robe and went down to the kitchen. She cursed herself for an idiotic fool as she poured the liquid. Her affair, which was what it was, she admitted, was scandalously perverted. What kind of warped, depraved mind did she have anyway?

She went out into the back yard, sighing unhappily, despite the warm air and the beauty of the moon on the water of the pool. Feeling intensely sexual, she slipped out of her robe and then dove into the pool, swimming several laps in an effort to get Ashley out of her system.

It didn't work of course. Skinny dipping only made her more turned on, and every time she looked up she could see Ashley's bedroom window across the fence. The idea that came to her was foolish and would have been dismissed only days earlier, but tonight - .

Something about nearly being caught had twisted something inside Connie that afternoon. It wasn't that she sought the danger exactly, but that its presence heightened her sexual tension. Right above her, just across that fence was Ashley's window, and inside it was the object of her lust and passion.

And inside the house was a key.

She was insane. Something was obviously very wrong with her head. Still, completely naked, she climbed over the fence and dropped into the Cooper's garden, then sidled up to the door and unlocked it. She slipped into the dark, quiet house. In one hand she held the keys, in the other, her biggest dildo, complete with thick straps that would clasp it tightly to her groin.

She crept up the stairs, her every sense searching for any sign that anybody was awake. She felt nothing, only the heat of her own body, the pounding of her own heart, the surging of the blood through her taut, electrified system.

She paused in the upstairs hallway, then went to Ashley's room. She turned the knob and opened the door, then slipped inside. It was darker inside than in the hall and she stopped, crouching by the door as she waited for her eyes to adjust.

She heard the sound of the crickets outside, and the distant rumble of traffic, then, the quiet, even breathing of the sleeping girl. You're mad, she screamed to herself. Still, she crept forward until she was beside the bed.

Ashley lay on her back, one arm down at her side, the other outstretched above her. She had a light sheet on and Connie pulled it off. The blonde was wearing a little nightshirt that came only a foot or so past her groin. Connie eased it up, revealing her sweet young mons and its tight little cleft.

Ashley's legs were slightly parted. Connie gently lifted her right leg and slid it open further, then placed it gently back down on the bed. She knelt beside the bed, her finger sliding onto the girl's pussy, gently rubbing against the little slit over her clitty.

She slid her finger into her mouth and wetted it, then rubbed it along Ashley's slit again. She rubbed smoothly and evenly, watching for any hint of arousal in the sleeping girl. Ashley's breathing became less even and her body jerked and shifted more and more often, yet her thighs remained open.

Connie slid her legs through the straps of her dildo and pulled it up until the straps were firm and tight around her thighs. Then she pulled the other strap around her waist and clipped it shut, finally easing the last one between her thighs, pulling it up between her buttocks to fasten behind her back.

Now the heavy, thick dildo was locked tightly in place, the base of it nudging her pussy, pressing heavily against her clitty. She bent over the sleeping girl's pussy and began to lightly tongue her slit.

Using more and more pressure, she began to force her tongue in between the tight pussy lips, sliding it up and down the silky pink opening as Ashley groaned in her half-sleep.

"Whaa... "

Ashley was startled awake by the rapid tonguing of her clitty. Connie leapt into bed, coming down heavily atop the slight framed young woman, her hand closing over the blonde's mouth. Ashley thrashed in fear, trying to dislodge her as Connie gripped her hair and hissed at her to shut up.

Then Ashley recognized her and stopped her struggles. She stared up into Connie's face, her eyes bulging.

"Thought you could get away from me, little slut, did you?" Connie grinned, her hand still over Ashley's mouth.

She pulled it away, then immediately replaced it with her own mouth, crushing her lips against Ashley's and stabbing her tongue down into the blonde's hot mouth.

Ashley renewed her struggles, trying to pull her mouth free, trying to shove Connie off her.

"Mmhpphhh! Mrssffhphjhahhackk!" she groaned, her mouth crushed by Connie's, her words distorted and muffled.

Finally Connie pulled her lips free, shifting them down against Ashley's throat.

"Mrs. Jackson! Are you crazy! My parents are right next door!"

"Sooo?"

"They'll catch us!"

"No they won't. They're sound asleep."

"My parents are light sleepers! They'll throw me out of the house if they catch you here like this!"

Connie seized the girl by the hair and twisted her head up. "I'm going to fuck you, you little slut!" she hissed down at the startled blonde.

Then she reached down and grabbed the hem of her nightshirt, jerking it up over her hips, up past the slender belly and over the rounded breasts, pulling it off her head and tossing it on the floor.

"You have to leave! You can't stay here!"

"Shut up." Connie growled.

She leaned in, closing her lips on Ashley's, her hands stroking and squeezing the girl's naked breasts, rubbing her own full, swollen breasts against the big, round melons atop the blonde's chest.

Her right hand slid down and grasped the thick head of the dildo and pressed it against Ashley's slit, then jammed it forward. The girl squealed in surprise and shock, reaching down quickly to grab hold of the dildo. Her hand closed around the thick shaft and she stared up at Connie in astonishment.

Connie jerked her hand away and thrust forward. Ashley gave a gasp of pain and surprise as her sex lips were forced open and she felt the thick rubber phallus sink into her sex-tunnel.

"Oohhh God!!" she gasped, the dildo forcing its way deeper and deeper with each passing second as Connie ground her hips against the blonde's thighs.

"N-N-No!!! M-My... —My parentsss!"

Connie grabbed her head and squeezed her fingers tightly closed, locking the blonde in place as she crushed her lips down onto Ashley's. She mashed her lips from side to side, her tongue thrusting into the girl's oral orifice even as she let her full weight come down on the dildo and jammed it fully into Ashley's belly.

She felt the tightness of the girl's flesh around the dildo and ground her hips, rocking and humping as she twisted the dildo inside the girl's abdomen. Ashley groaned and spread her legs wider, then brought them up around Connie, gasping for breath as Connie's mouth sucked and licked and chewed at her mouth and throat.

Connie had never used the straps on the dildo before, had never fucked anyone like this. Still, she knew how it was done; it had been done to her a few times at least. She began to hump up and down, using her stomach muscles and knees to pump the dildo up and down Ashley's sex tube.

She did not raise herself up on her hands or elbows like Peter sometimes did. Instead she undulated her body, using hip movements to thrust the dildo again and again into the little blonde's sucking sex-box as she mashed their hot, sweating breasts together.

"Fucking little whore!" she panted in a low voice. "Do you like that? Do you like my big cock inside you? You do, don't you? Slut! Little slut!"

She slid her lips onto one hard, fat nipple and bit down, sucking furiously. Ashley yelped and then gritted her teeth, her fingers digging into the palms of her hands as she fought to quieten her responses. Connie was fucking the dildo up and down her pussy with steady strokes that made a rubber bump on the base grind across her clitty.

Their lips closed together and Ashley's arms went around the older woman, grabbing Connie's hair, forcing the other woman down harder against her. Connie jerked free, gasping for breath as she rammed the dildo into the pit of Ashley's belly and rode upward along the slim young blonde's body until her fat tits were over the girl's face.

Ashley grabbed her hanging tits and sucked hard on one, squeezing both in her small hands as she grunted and moaned in pleasure. Connie slid a hand down onto the blonde's silky soft bottom and kneaded the sweet flesh, then fingered the little anal opening.

Panting excitedly, she wriggled a finger down into Ashley's anus, forcing it inside to the knuckle as the blonde moaned and whined in heated passion.

"Oh! Oh! Ohhhhhh!" Ashley gasped.

The base of the dildo was mashing and grinding up against Connie's pussy as she humped into the blonde girl. She was on the verge of cumming, both from the physical sensations, and from the emotional high she was receiving from the sheer audacity of what she was doing.

She couldn't help thinking about Ashley's mother or father walking in and finding them like they were. The shock, the horror, the outrage.

She thrust faster, her eyes closing as she grimaced in effort. Then she came, shaking and convulsing atop the young blonde, ramming and twisting the dildo inside the hot little furnace between Ashley's thighs. Ashley moaned and whimpered, then came herself, the two of them rocking and thrusting and grinding together as their tongues and teeth gorged on each other's flesh.

"Slut." Connie groaned, lying heavily atop the young woman.

She stroked Ashley's hair, shoving it back out of her eyes, then kissed her all over her small face. She lifted herself above the blonde, holding the dildo inside her pussy.

She gripped Ashley's thighs, lifting her legs and pushing them back against the young girl's chest, resting her own chest atop them to crush the blonde in two. She began to pump again, using her hips more freely now, able to swing back and forth as she used her arms to support her.

Ashley gurgled in bliss as Connie began to draw the full length of the dildo down out of her pussy-pipe, then hissed as the woman forced it back inside, burying it inside her belly. It was similar to what she had seen Beacon do, but gentler.

"This the way you like it, Ashley?" Connie whispered. "You do, don't you?"

She worked it in and out, grunting with the effort as she used the full length of the dildo to fuck down into the quivering little blonde.

"Is this the way all the men fuck you? Is it?"

She pumped up and down with careful force, panting as she skewered the girl's upturned sex. She pushed Ashley's legs back down against her, straightening her arms so she could look down and watch the long, thick rubber cock as it slid in and out of Ashley's sex opening.

She fucked down harder and harder, pounding into the girl as she'd seen Beacon do the other day, driving the young blonde back into the mattress with the force of her savage thrusts.

But Ashley was more than merely warmed up now. She was wildly overheated with lust and excitement. She whined and gasped and panted as Connie thrust into her. The blonde's eyes lost their focus and she began to cum, her body jerking and twisting beneath the older woman as she humped up against the hammering rubber prick, bucking against Connie's thighs and hips.

Connie's hips rose and fell steadily, stroking the thick, rubber cock inside the younger woman's sizzling hot sex hole. Ashley's knees were pressed back against her heavy breasts, crushing them as her ass rose off the bed.

The big dildo pumped steadily inside her, sliding back and forth between her sex lips, rasping across her clitty with almost painful force. Then she came again, weeping and grunting and moaning as exultant sexual gratification gripped her fragile body and sent it into convulsions of ecstasy.

Only then did Connie let her legs back down and pull the dildo out of her dripping sex. They lay together, kissing softly, nuzzling against one another, their hands stroking the softness of each other's skin.

"I have to go to the bathroom," Ashley sighed, at last.

Connie kissed her and rolled over. Ashley climbed out of bed, reaching for her nightshirt. Connie slapped her away.

"Go naked. I want to see your little ass when you walk out."

"But someone might wake up."

"So?"

"But - ."

"Maybe it'll be your dad and you'll give him a hard-on."

"That's disgusting!"

"Shut up or I'll spank you again. Now move."

Reluctantly, Ashley opened the door and slipped out into the hall, hurrying down the hall to the bathroom. She went to the toilet, then folded a bath towel around herself as she opened the door and started down the hall again. She almost screamed when Connie appeared from the stairwell.

"What are you doing out here?" she hissed, glancing quickly at her parents door.

"I missed your tight little pussy." Connie breathed, throwing her arms around the girl and kissing her.

"No! Get away!" Ashley hissed, struggling to escape the older woman.

"Shhhhh." Connie whispered.

They were right in front of Ashley's parents' door. Connie ripped the towel off the girl, who slipped and fell. Connie came down with her and held her as the blonde tried to rise.

Connie held the girl on her knees, shoving down on her back to force her to bend over. She jammed the girl down onto all fours as she pushed the head of her dildo against the blonde's bald little pussy opening.

"Stop it! We'll get caught!" Ashley gasped.

Connie ignored her, the possibility of getting caught only adding to her excitement. She thrust hard, burying the dildo in Ashley's hot, slick sex.

Ashley knelt helplessly in front of her, unable to pull free as the crazed woman behind her began to fuck her like a bitch in heat, ramming the dildo down her pussy tube with furious strokes. Ashley bit her tongue to keep from screaming as the sound of Connie's skin slapping against her buttocks filled the narrow corridor.

Connie's head throbbed with excitement. Adrenalin raced through her body. Her eyes were wide as she rutted against the young blonde. She was rough, and violent, her hands squeezing, twisting, her hips rutting and pounding.

She reached down and gripped the blonde girl's wrists, jerking them straight back along the sides of her body, using them like the handles of a wheelbarrow as she pounded her groin into the tight little butt before her.

She almost wanted Ashley's parents to open the door and find them. The wanton, bestial violence of her hard fucking was so deliciously perverted that she almost wished there were a movie camera trained on them to record it. Her hips pounded heavily into the lithe young blonde's ass while she drove the dildo deep into the tight little crevice between the girl's thighs.

She came, her eyes rolling as she arched her body and grunted in gleeful abandon. She continued to pound into the hapless blonde's pussy as she arched her back and threw her head far back, hissing in pleasure as her body succumbed to wave after wave of ecstatic delight.

Only with her release did a little sanity return to her mind. She slipped the massive cock out of the blonde's slit and rose, gripping the girl by the hair and dragging her after her, down the hall to Ashley's room.

Once inside, she pushed the girl back onto the floor and buried the dildo in her pussy again, pumping her to a blistering orgasm.

The more time they spent together the more docile and obedient Ashley became. The girl not only wasn't terribly bright, she knew it, and had no self confidence. She was filled with insecurity and self doubt, asking Connie's opinion before the smallest act, whether it was what to wear or what to eat.

She had, Connie knew, received little attention from her parents, and seemed to grow more and more attached to Connie, willing to do anything to please. Her former sullen, snotty persona melted away in a gradually deepening infatuation and devotion to the older woman.

As for Connie, her initial pleasure at the nubile young woman's compliance with her lustful approach grew with Ashley's submissiveness. Long fed up with a husband who ignored her, Connie found her new lover's adoration gratifying and flattering.

And too, there was something so deeply satisfying about being in such complete control of another human being, of having a virtual slave to do her bidding, that she found herself resenting the girl's return to her home each evening.

Each morning Ashley came to her house, immediately stripped, then licked Connie into a succession of orgasms until her tongue and jaw were too tired to continue, then she would set about cleaning the breakfast dishes, doing the dusting, sweeping, mopping, vacuuming, and gardening.

At noon, she would make Connie's lunch and then feed it to her as the older woman relaxed on the lounge by the pool. Connie liked, perhaps because of the cliché, to lie back and have Ashley feed her grapes and cherry's.

At first Ashley remained naked the entire day. Then Connie purchased sexy lingerie, tiny little G-strings, leather thong bikinis, filmy see through bras, and crotchless panties, and garter belts. She dressed the girl up like she was her very own Barbie doll, though Barbie never wore the kind of clothes Ashley did.

In addition to the lingerie, Connie bought a couple of teeny tiny bathing suits for the girl. One was a thong bikini, which revealed her sweetly rounded buttocks, and everything in front but her actual slit. The top was two small triangles that covered her nipples and little else.

She and Ashley went to the beach a few times and Connie got a kick out of the lustful stares the young woman got in her sexy suit.

She began thinking about how to deal with the problem of keeping the girl around her without bringing their affair to the attention of their families. She had come up with half a plan, when that so-called psychiatrist popped into the picture again.

Ashley had attached herself to him and let him use her because of her own belief in her lack of intelligence was reinforced and strengthened by the man for his own purposes.

Compared to the dreadful life of drudgery he had warned her lay ahead, his promises of a penthouse apartment and fast cars in exchange for a little sex with rich guys seemed like a good bargain.

Connie had little doubt he'd made the whole thing up. She doubted very much that he knew of any pimp who was willing to take on a girl like Ashley and pay her a thousand dollars a night as a call girl. Ashley just didn't have the sophistication and knowledge to be a high priced hooker. At best, she'd be one of those girls that hung around on street corners and were beaten if they didn't make their quotas.

Still, as her psychiatrist, Beacon could arguably make trouble for Ashley, especially with her parents. Ashley had never thought of the reverse, that she might be able to make trouble for Beacon. After all, who would believe anything she said?

After witnessing his treatment of the girl in her house, Connie knew he was little more than a sick bully, manipulating her vulnerable mind both for his own lust and perverse satisfaction. She wondered if it made him feel powerful to order her to have sex with a lot of men. Probably.

Well, she was going to take care of him but good. Ashley's room had been decorated by her parents for a little girl. It had chintz everywhere, except where it had lace. She slept in a cutesy pie bed with an overhead canopy. The canopy and bedspread were all lacy pink and white.

The room was filled with cutesy furniture, obviously intended for a girl younger than Ashley. It would make a perfect background for the little movie Connie intended to film. On the afternoon Beacon was supposed to come over she instructed Ashley to make sure she brought the man to her bedroom, where Connie would be hiding with her video camera.

Ashley dressed in a sweet little dress that was the next thing to a sailor suit. She even did her long hair in pig tails. Connie hid in the closet as she heard their voices approaching. Beacon seemed angry, his voice rising petulantly.

Then they were in the room and Connie pointed the camera out through the crack between the closet doors.

"Where the hell have you been all week, you little whore?"

"Nowhere." she replied meekly.

"I'll say nowhere. You missed two appointments with me!"

"I'm sorry."

"Sorry don't cut it, you slut!" he snarled. "I don't feel like playing with myself when there's hot pussy flesh like you going wasted."

His hand shot up between her legs and grabbed her crotch, squeezing tightly.

"I didn't want to have sex with you at your office any more," Ashley whined.

"What? Why the fuck not?"

"It made me scared."

"Scared? What the fuck have you got to be scared about? Everyone already knows you're a slut. I'm the one that has to be careful."

He took his hand out from between her legs and shoved her against the bed, bending her over. He jerked her skirt up above her hips and yanked her panties down.

"I don't like having a bad reputation. I don't want to sleep with those boys any more."

"Listen, you stupid little pussy, if you want me to get you a job with my friend Lionel, you better learn how to use this tight little slot of yours, yeah, and that asshole too, and your mouth."

He slapped his hand across her bottom with a sharp crack of noise, and Ashley cried out in pain.

"Don't!"

"Don't? I'll do what I want to you, slut!"

He rained blows on her bottom as Ashley wailed and moaned and sobbed in what Connie assumed was pretended trauma.

"But I don't think I want to work for this Lionel guy. I don't want to be a prostitute, even if it does pay a thousand dollars a night," she wailed.

"What?!"

He gripped her hair and jerked her around then shoved her back hard against the bedside table. She cowered back as he glared angrily down at her.

"I thought I made it plain, even to someone of your limited intelligence, that you had no hope of ever getting any kind of decent job."

"But having sex for money is wrong."

"Fuck you!"

He slapped her across the face, then grabbed the front of her dress and ripped it right down to the hem, tearing it in half. He shoved it off her and then grabbed her bra, tearing it open too.

"You stupid little twat! Do you think you're too good to charge for it? Christ, you've already balled half the guys you know for free!"

"I have not! Anyway, you told me I had to have sex with a bunch of guys."

"You do. You're a cheap lay right now, not worth the money. Now get on your back, bitch."

He slid his hands under her arms and lifted her, tossing her on her back on the bed. He dropped his pants and climbed onto the bed, kneeling between her legs.

He pressed his cock against her naked pussy hole and thrust brutally hard, jamming his cock into her in a single thrust. She gasped in pain, whining a little for effect as Beacon started rutting into her.

"Quit your whining, you slut, or I'll stuff it up your asshole like last week," he panted.

Beacon started groaning and gasping within two minutes, then sighed and stopped his pumping, pulling out and rolling off her.

"Do I have to sleep with a bunch of guys again this week?" Ashley whined.

"Yeah. That's the only way you're gonna get any good at it. Fuck twenty guys this week, all different. In fact, maybe you should get into a few gang bangs."

"Gang ba... "

"All you gotta do is go up to one of the fraternities, knock on the door and tell whoever answers that you want to get fucked. That way you can get screwed by twenty or thirty guys in the same night."

"I don't want to do that!"

"You do it bitch or I'll see you get institutionalized for the next two years!"

Beautiful, Connie sighed, smirking to herself as she caught every word and movement on tape.

Six

Ashley sat naked at her heels as Connie sat on the couch and reviewed the film. The blonde girl blushed several times when her or Beacon's movements brought her fat breasts or juicy pussy into view of the camera, but didn't say anything as Connie watched the tape intently.

"You did very nice," Connie said. "You'd almost think from looking at this that you were some kind of innocent schoolgirl."

Ashley flushed with pleasure at the praise, and straightened her back a little against the side of the couch.

"You know, Ashley, you're very photogenic," Connie noted, "and it's not just those big tits of yours either. Maybe you should get into movies."

She stroked the blonde's head and Ashley quivered with suppressed pleasure.

Connie nonchalantly slipped a hand down onto one of Ashley's fat breasts and cupped it, squeezing casually. She rolled the nipple between her fingers as Ashley sighed in pleasure.

"Yes sir," she mused, "there's a lot of ways to make money out of a sweet little body like yours."

She pulled back on Ashley's hair. "Come lay across my lap," she ordered.

"Can you tie my hands up first?" the girl asked shyly.

Connie smiled and nodded. She found some soft cord, and Ashley eagerly turned her back and crossed her wrists together. Connie carefully wrapped the cord around them again and again, tying it firmly but not too tight.

Ashley turned and climbed up onto the couch, draping herself belly down across Connie's lap. Connie continued to watch the video tape as she stroked the girl's softly rounded buttocks, now and then sliding her hand up and down between them and over the soft, pulpy little pussy mound.

She stroked the girl's buttocks with one hand, kneading and squeezing the silky flesh, while the other hand began rubbing over the little blonde's pussy slit, fingering her clitty. Ashley mewled and arched her back in response, resting her head on her hands as she rubbed her chest from side to side, grinding her sensitive nipples against the seat of the couch.

Connie slid her hand deep between the young blonde's thighs, her thumb running up between her straining buttocks while her index finger rubbed along her slit. She slid her hand back and forth as her other hand dug deeply into Ashley's soft flesh, squeezing tightly.

"Pretty little ass," Connie sighed. "You have such a pretty little ass, Ashley. Don't you?"

She brought her hand up and then slapped it down against the teenager's bottom. Ashley yelped and jerked against her.

"Don't you?"

"Yes, Mrs. Jackson," Ashley gulped, not knowing what else to say.

"Yes, Mrs. Jackson," Connie mimicked. "Snotty little slut."

She slapped her hand down again, this time much harder, leaving a red palm print across the twin cheeks. Again, Ashley yelped and jerked, but made no effort to pull away.

"You're a bad girl, aren't you, Ashley?" Connie breathed.

Again she slapped her hand down on the pretty round ass flesh, her hand making a loud - Crack! Ashley's bottom jiggled and turned red after each hard blow. Connie was fascinated by it. She continued to finger Ashley's pussy as she slapped her hand down against her buttocks.

She slapped harder, turning Ashley's bottom a dark red. She slid a finger into the tight slit, pumping it in and slowly, wriggling it around inside the girl's pussy box. She stopped, breathing hard, then jerked the girl over onto her back.

She was sitting at the end of the couch and she had Ashley sit up with her legs across Connie's lap and her left arm around the girl's waist. She fingered the girl's slit with her right hand, then gripped her hair with her left and jerked her head back.

She growled low in her throat then jammed her mouth against Ashley's exposed throat, biting and sucking passionately. Her right hand squeezed and twisted the blonde's big breasts as Ashley quivered helplessly, her throat aching as the growling woman bit and chewed on it.

Then Connie pulled her mouth away, breathing heavily. "Nasty little slut," she said.

Ashley's eyes lit up.

"Get on your knees, you little whore!" Connie growled.

Ashley tumbled off and knelt obediently.

"Spread your legs, slut," Connie ordered. "I want to see that naked little cunt of yours."

Ashley visibly shuddered as she obeyed.

"Back straight. Push those fat tits out!"

She spread her legs and stood over the girl, then roughly gripped her hair, filling her fist with it, and yanking the girl's mouth into her pussy.

"Lick!" she barked.

Ashley moaned and began to lick, her tongue slipping wildly up and down her pussy slit, her lips searching for her clitoris as the two women felt waves of sexual heat rolling through them.

It took very little time for Connie to come. Then she forced Ashley down, keeping her bottom high, and used the strap-on to roughly ride her, pounding it up and down the trembling, moaning young girl's sex until she too came wildly.

She stared at the girl as she lay on the floor on her side, her chest heaving, then rolled her onto her belly and untied her wrists. Ashley looked unhappy but didn't protest.

"Play with yourself," Connie said. Ashley looked up at her dazedly.

"You know how to do it. I want to see you masturbate."

Ashley looked embarrassed, but then hesitantly brought her hand down between her legs. Again she hesitated, her eyes looking up at Connie's face, then she began to finger her pussy.

Connie watched intently, stroking the girl's hair as the little blonde spread her legs and lay back against the side of the couch. Her left hand started stroking her breast as her right slid up and down her slit and rubbed over her clitty.

Connie watched in fascination as the young woman rubbed harder and harder. Her hips began to grind down against Connie's lap and her chest began to heave as her eyes fluttered. Little moans and sighs escaped the girl's lips as she began to pump her finger in her sex tube. She rolled her thumb back and forth across her clitty as she panted and moaned louder.

Connie's hand raised Ashley's head as she bent over and crushed her lips against the blonde girl's. Their tongues slithered together as their lips caressed each other. Ashley's hands continued to rub at her pussy and squeeze her breasts until Connie suddenly pulled them away, shoving Ashley off her and getting up.

"Wait here," she ordered, running up the stairs.

She came back with the video recorder and a tripod. She set it up in front of the couch and pointed the lens at Ashley, then tossed the girl the big dildo.

"Use this and fuck yourself," she said, turning on the camera. Ashley reddened, freezing up for a long second, then, as though in a trance, she lay back against the corner of the couch and brought the tip of the dildo down against her slit.

She rubbed the head up and down her slit as she fingered her nipples. Then she slowly pushed the dildo into her pussy. Her eyes eased closed as she twisted the dildo and drove more and more of it into her body. She arched her back, stroking her breasts as she started to pump the dildo in and out of her pussy.

Connie couldn't tell whether she was vamping for the camera or was really hot. In either case she began rolling and rocking on the couch, churning the dildo in her pussy with furious motions of her wrist as she mauled her breasts. All the while she moaned and groaned and sighed and grunted, her jaw slack and eyes half closed.

She brought her legs way back and used both hands on the dildo as she jammed it up and down her sex-tube. Her eyes were glassy as she blinked at the camera from between her legs. Then she came, her body rocking and jerking and shaking on the couch as she grunted repeatedly and pounded the dildo into her slit.

After that, Ashley danced lewdly for the camera, then posed just as lewdly, giggling occasionally.

One tape she had messengered to Beacon's house, along with a note demanding fifty thousand dollars to keep it quiet. She figured from what he made he could afford it. Of course, he'd probably have to take out a second mortgage on his house to do it, or use his life's savings, but he'd get the money.

The second tape was a copy of the first, along with Ashley's masturbation scene, and a shot of her with her wrists tied behind her back looking so sweet and helpless. She went to an old friend who used to make dirty movies, getting a name off him.

She spent a half hour with the man he mentioned, viewing the tape and negotiating prices. Ashley had a fantastic body, and a little makeup could make her seem even more beautiful than she was. But there were a lot of beautiful girls out there making porn movies.

"If you want any real money from her you need to specialize," the man said.

"In what?"

He grinned and rewound the tape to the scene with Ashley's wrists bound.

"There's money in underground videos," he said. "Bondage is a hot seller, but the law is bullshit. All we can do legally is these plastic, phoney bdsm scenes that almost nobody likes. We can't even show penetration when someone's wrists are tied. There's some decent amateur stuff out there, but not much of it has a little hotty like this. Do some bondage shots of her, pictures and video, and we can deal."

Connie nodded, and then left. She picked up a few more sex toys on her way home. Her pussy ached as she anticipated using them on the voluptuous little blonde teen.

"I bought some presents for you, little slut," she said.

Ashley's eyes lit up.

She brought out a pair of leather restraints, and Ashley looked at them excitedly.

"Hold out your hands, slut," Connie said teasingly.

Ashley immediately obeyed, and Connie carefully strapped and buckled the soft leather around her slim wrists. She drew out another pair and Ashley giggled excitedly, then sat back and held up her feet. Connie buckled the restraints around them too.

"And this," she said, holding up a studded leather collar.

"Cool!"

Ashley sat up and her eyes were wide and bright as Connie fit the collar around her throat.

"Nasty little slut," she said.

"Yes, Mrs. Jackson," Ashley said excitedly.

"Walk around in them. Wait." She got the video camera and Ashley stood up, walking around the room in her new leather restraints.

"Get on your knees, slut."

Ashley knelt, spreading her legs wide and drawing her hands coyly back behind her.

"Say you're a bad girl."

"I'm a bad girl," Ashley said in a low drawl.

"I think you need to be punished then, don't you?"

"Yes, Mrs. Jackson."

"Call me Mistress."

Ashley's eyes widened. "Yes, Mistress," she said, her voice trembling a little.

"I'm going to punish you, Ashley."

"Yes, Mistress."

"Let's go downstairs."

She led the girl into the large basement, into a cleared area. There she set down the bag and also the camera.

"Go back upstairs and get the tripod," she said in irritation.

While Ashley obeyed, she quickly stripped and drew on the leather outfit she had purchased for herself. It consisted of a leather mini, high leather boots with stiletto heels, a leather bustier which hid nothing of her breasts, but rather, pushed them up and out together, and a leather mask to completely hide her identity.

When Ashley came back she almost dropped the tripod, and moaned, her eyes wide, as her hand went to her pussy.

“No playing with yourself, slut. Get that over here and set it up.”

Connie took out the long black rope she had bought and fed it through a ring set into the ceiling beam overhead. The ring had been for a punching bag back when Peter was going to stay in shape. That hadn't lasted very long, but the ring was still there, and still strong and solid.

Ashley set up the camera on the tripod as Connie played out the rope. Connie then drew the girl beneath the rope and started the camera, checking it carefully to ensure she got all of the girl in it, and then some. Then took a long leather bag out and unfolded it.

“Arms behind your back, slut,” she barked.

“Yes, Mistress!” Ashley said happily.

The bag was a sleeve, and it easily slid up over the girl's arms all the way to the shoulders. Then Connie slowly tightened the laces, drawing the girl's arms back farther and farther together until she began to groan and gasp, and her breathing grew harsher.

With the laces tight Connie forced the girl's ankles wide apart, then attached an adjustable spreader bar on its widest setting to her ankle restraints. That done she reached for her hands, which were encased in the tight sleeve, and lifted them up.

Ashley gasped, forced to bend over farther and farther. Connie forced her hands straight up above her, then tied the rope to the small ring at the end of the sleeve, and pulled it up to hold her arms in place. She then tied the rope around a nearby post.

“Very nice,” she said.

She moved behind the video camera and played it over the girl's body, catching her flushed face as she raised it and peered through her tangled blonde hair.

She moved back into the scene, feeling kinky and wicked and wild, knowing people would be able to see her when she sold the tape, even if they didn't know who she was.

She took out a pair of small clamps and knelt before the bent over girl. She reached up and fingered one swollen nipple, then let the clamp snap down on it.

“Oww!” Ashley cried. “Oww! Oww! Oww! It hurts! Oww!”

Connie loved her cries. She had spent some time looking at what passed for bondage videos, and the phoney, fake cries of pain from the actresses had been pathetic. No wonder people would pay for the real thing.

She let Ashley tremble and shake, waiting for her to adjust to the pain, then snapped another clamp on the other nipple. Again she cried out, twisting and wriggling and moaning as her nipple burned.

“H-Hurts!” she gasped.

“Wait till you feel the next one slut.”

She kneaded the girl’s hanging breasts, digging her gloved fingers into the soft flesh, then moved away, drawing the camera around to the rear and getting some good shots there. She shifted the camera to one side and zoomed in, then moved behind Ashley and slowly worked a fat black dildo down into her anus. She left a small bit protruding, tied a cord around the base, then fed it up along her spine between her arms. She gathered the blonde’s hair back into a tail and slowly forced her head up and back, then tied the cord around her hair.

“Oww! Ohh! Ohh!” Ashley moaned.

Next, she moved back behind her and turned on a vibrator, thrusting it slowly into Ashley’s pussy, all-but burying it there as her thumb flicked up and down across her hot clitoris.

“Oh yes! Oh God! Oh! Oh yes! Harder!” Ashley gasped.

Connie bent and snapped the last clamp over Ashley’s clit.

Ashley howled and jerked and trembled violently as Connie hurried back to the camera, moving it around and around, zooming in and out to get the girl’s writhing and twisting, focussing in on her pain filled face as she gasped and moaned and begged for the clamp to be removed.

I need someone to work the damn camera, Connie thought unhappily.

She attached a pair of light chains to the girl’s nipple clamps, then worked them down under the spreader bar between her ankles, then back up to the clamp biting into her clitoris, tugging a little to make the girl squeal, then fastening them in place.

Again she adjusted the camera, then moved in front of Ashley. The blonde girl was still gasping and moaning, but the pain had apparently eased. Connie drew her short skirt up to reveal her pussy and then pushed it into the girl’s face.

“Lick me, slave,” she growled in a dramatic voice.

Ashley began to lick at once, though she continued to moan and groan and whimper in pain.

Maybe a remote control, Connie thought, and a TV set so I can see what the camera is seeing. Yeah. I’ll be able to zoom in and out too. Maybe even get a remote for the tripod so I can turn the camera from here.

Soon she forgot about such things as the girl’s lapping tongue and the bizarre, seductiveness of the bondage tableau aroused her to the point nothing else but her own pleasure mattered. She came violently, making no attempt to hide her orgasm, crying out wildly as she rammed her sex into Ashley’s mouth.

“Such a talented slut,” she groaned.

She moved back and shifted the camera again. "But still a bad, bad girl."

She drew out the long, thin crop she'd purchased and slashed it across Ashley's bottom. The girl yelped in pain, unable to turn her head because of her bound hair, eyes bulging.

"Are you a naughty girl, slut?" she demanded.

"I-I - I am a naughty girl!" Ashley cried.

The crop slashed across her buttocks a second time, and again Ashley yelped in pain.

"Do you need to be punished?"

"Y-Yes, Mistress!" Ashley gasped in a choked voice.

Another blow cut across her bottom, and she cried out, jerking in her bonds, her nipples and clit pulled as her body tried to straighten.

"Oh God! Oh it hurts!" she moaned.

Another blow sliced into her plump bottom, and another, and another, leaving long red lines of glowing pain.

"Please, mistress! Please!" she moaned.

Another blow and another and another followed, but as her moans became sobs Connie relented.

"Are you sorry for being such a filthy little slut, Ashley?"

"Y-Yes, M-Mistress!" Ashley sobbed.

"Then I'll reward you."

She drew out the strap-on dildo and pulled it up her hips, then pulled the vibrator from the girl's sex and thrust the dildo home. She began to ride Ashley hard, reaching under and rubbing the tip of the vibrator against the girl's clit as she pumped into her.

The orgasm was satisfyingly loud, though Ashley nearly pulled her arms out of their sockets as she thrashed and shook.

"I don't want to go home any more," Ashley said.

"I know, honey, but where am I supposed to put you?"

"We should get a place together."

Connie blinked in surprise, then laughed. "I'm sure Dawn would love that."

"But I love you," Ashley said, pouting.

"I know, sweetie."

Connie cupped the girl's face and kissed her on the forehead.

Ashley was wearing only her collar and restraints, and her wrists were locked together behind her back.

"Could I stay here tonight?"

"You want to sleep with my husband?"

"If you want me to," Ashley said stolidly.

Connie shook her head. "He'd never touch you. He's a big prude. Worse than your parents. He'd probably divorce me for suggesting it."

"You should divorce him!"

"Maybe when I get some money."

"Just tonight? Please!"

Connie looked at her, considering. "Call your parents."

"They're not home," Ashley said in disgust. "And they've got someplace they're going tonight anyway."

"Well at least leave a message. When they get back they'll wonder."

"I doubt they'd even know I wasn't in my bedroom, but all right."

"Dawn will be home soon. I don't intend for her to see you."

She led the girl into the rear of the basement, past the rec room, through the door that led to the washer and dryer, then through another door which led to a dark, stone, scary looking room which held the hot water heater, furnace and fuel tank. Nobody ever went in there. Peter was hopeless at any household chores and Dawn of course, wouldn't have bothered. More importantly, the door had a lock on it, and no one but her had the key.

"Here," she said, pointing to an old wooden post at the centre of the room. Ashley hurried over,

and Connie turned her and pushed her back against the post then raised her wrists.

“Yes,” she said.

She used the long black rope to tie the girl’s wrists up and back behind the post, then criss-crossed her chest, circled her waist and hips tightly, and pulled the girl’s legs back so that her feet were pressed against the sides of the post. Then she tied them back, feeding the rope around each thigh just beneath the crotch, and tugging back sharply.

When she was done the bright eyed young blonde could hardly move a muscle.

“A final touch,” Connie said with a dark smile.

She shoved a ball gag into the girl’s mouth, then buckled it behind her head.

“You’ll spend the night here, slut. Perhaps if you’re lucky I’ll come down and whip you later.”

She closed and locked the door, then as she was passing through the rec room she paused. The rec room hadn’t really been used as such for some years. Now half of it was used as storage. In the corner was a dusty old full length mirror on a stand she’d once had in the corner of their bedroom.

She smiled and picked it up, dragging it back into the back room and setting it up in front of Ashley.

Ashley's eyes shone at the eroticism of the tableau. Connie kissed her, then closed the door, locking her into the small room. She kept the light on, wanting Ashley to be able to see her taut, perfectly erect form. She knew it would add to the girl's lust, and that there was nothing she could do about it, bound as she was.

She passed through the door to the finished section and closed it behind her, then went upstairs and had a shower. She had just started dinner when Dawn arrived home from school. They chatted briefly, then the girl went up to her room.

They ate a couple of hours later. Peter still wasn't home so she put his food away for him. She snuck downstairs while Dawn was upstairs doing her homework, finding Ashley weary and sore armed.

"I brought something for you, little slave girl," she whispered.

She pulled the vibrator out from her pocket and held it up before the blonde's eyes. She grinned spitefully then clicked it on and slid the head in between Ashley's thighs. The girl was already sweating in the heat, and Connie had no difficulty forcing the throbbing vibrator up her tight sex sheath. Once it was in place she tied a small cord to the base and then to one of the ropes around the girl’s waist.

Then she kissed the girl on the lips and eased out of the room, leaving her standing there with the vibrator bound inside her.

It was hours later after Dawn and Peter were in bed and she had a chance to go down again and check on the blonde. She found her all but hanging from the ropes, her body trembling and shivering, covered in sweat. Her face was covered by her thick tangled hair, some of it matted against her forehead, and she was barely conscious.

She untied the girl and carried her exhausted body out the door and into the storage part of the basement where the washer and dryer was.

"I've found someplace for you to spend the night," she said to the semi-conscious, sex weary girl.

She first pulled her wrists behind her back, then locked her restraints together. She grinned as she ruffled the girl's hair, then eased her into a travel trunk that was in a corner.

Ashley curled up in a foetal position, grateful to be off her feet, and for the weight to be off her arms and wrists and shoulders. She hardly cared where she was, or that her wrists were now locked behind her. Before closing the trunk Connie replaced the dying batteries in the vibrator, then forced the thing back into Ashley's sex tube, cinching the rope tight between her sex lips again.

Then she closed the lid of the trunk, locked it, and piled boxes on top. Finally, she left the room, snapping the light off behind her.

Next morning after Dawn and Peter were gone she went downstairs and opened the trunk. Ashley was curled on her side. Her body soaked in sweat, but she slowly turned her head and looked up through blinking, blood shot eyes at the sudden light.

She had to carry the girl upstairs over one shoulder, then after she'd gone to the bathroom, Connie bathed her and put her in her own bed to sleep, with her wrists locked to the headboard above her. She got dressed, then, taking two video tapes with her, she went out.

"Now these are nice!" the man said, beaming at the videos.

Connie flushed a little as he raised his eyes and flicked them up and down her body. "You need someone to operate the camera, though"

"I know."

"I can find someone."

"No thanks," she said hurriedly. "I'll find someone myself."

He nodded and shrugged. "In the meantime, she can do some more basic stuff."

"Like?"

"Straight pictures and videos. And maybe some bondage pictures, too. Those are fairly easy to sell. The government is mostly into going after videos."

Ashley was still asleep when she got there, apparently having gotten little sleep the previous night.

"Wake up, sweetie," Connie smiled, stroking the blonde hair. Ashley blinked awake, then smiled dreamily up at her as Connie's hands caressed her breasts. She held up a choke chain she'd purchased and slid the loop around the blonde's throat.

"Come on, get up. We have a lot to do today."

She undid the blonde girl's restraints from the posted and helped her sit up. Ashley rolled out of

bed and followed her out the door and down the stairs. Connie held the chain easily until they reached the bottom, then she turned and put a hand on Ashley's shoulder, pushing her down to her knees.

"I want to see you crawl," Connie growled.

Ashley trembled at the words, her breath catching. She dropped onto all fours and looked up at Connie. Connie tugged on the chain then began to walk slowly. Ashley crawled beside her like a dog.

Connie led her around the house, then outside into the back yard, cooing to her like a little puppy and talking in baby talk. She got so hot she pushed the girl onto her side and stripped, then slid her leg through Ashley's thighs.

The two of them then began to rock from side to side as they ground their pussies together. Connie moaned in pleasure as she felt her own and Ashley's wet, slick pussies grinding and rubbing and mashing together.

Ashley mewled in delight, grasping Connie's leg and tugging on it, trying to mash herself down harder against the other woman's pussy mound. Connie's fluttering hands reached down and almost by accident found Ashley's hand. She gripped it tightly and pulled, gasping as her pussy was crushed against the young blonde's.

As one, they reached for each other with their free hands. Holding tightly, the two rubbed their puffy pussy mounds together with tremendous force.

Connie's right leg was lying along Ashley's chest and belly. She found the girl's full, swollen breasts and began rubbing and slapping her ankle against them. She raised her foot then, and looking briefly down the length of her body to Ashley, brought the back of her bare heel down hard on the girl's big melon.

The hard bone of her heel pushed deeply into the malleable flesh, squashing it down against the ground below. Ashley cried out in pain and delight. Her warring selves fought over reaction. Yet she could do little. Connie held her hands firmly as the two continued to grind their pussies together, and the older woman outweighed her, making it impossible to twist her off.

Connie's legs gripped the small, slim young woman like pincers, crushing her like a vice as she pulled even harder on the dainty hands, jerking hard, threatening to tear the slender arms free from her shoulders.

Ashley howled, her pussy under tremendous pressure as the soft, tender meat was crushed against her pubic bone. Yet deep inside her was a blossoming fire of shattering proportions, burning, growing, engulfing her senses, her consciousness.

Connie pushed down with both hands, easing the pressure to nothing, then yanked back hard, slamming her pussy into Ashley's.

"UUhhhhhh!" Ashley cried.

Again Connie pushed down, her strong hands firmly clasping the young blonde's. Again she jerked hard, almost dislocating the teenager's shoulders as she crushed her pussy against Ashley's and then ground her hips.

"Ahhhhh!" Ashley gasped.

Connie shoved back and pulled, shoved back and PULLED, shoved and PULLED, each time hammering her sodden pussy mound against the blonde girl's.

Ashley grunted repeatedly, her body hammered and jounced and shaken by the constant blows, helpless to do anything to offset the deliciously hard impacts against her sensitive pussy.

Her grunts and moans were an intense, warbling wail of disoriented delight. Then she bit down hard, her teeth crushing together. Air puffed out through her nose as the blistering prelude to a massive orgasmic release overwhelmed her senses.

Then she screamed, throwing her head back and crying out in mindless animal passion. The sound was a raw, carnal wail of utter ecstasy that rose and soared through the air, drifting out through the small, suburban neighbourhood.

"Oh fucking Christ!" Connie groaned. She wanted to silence the girl but her own climax was almost upon her and nothing could have made her release her hold, move her tingling pussy mound away from the sweet little puffy fuck pad she was mashing against it.

Then she came, grunting repeatedly as she ground herself against the wailing young blonde, hissing in concentration as she fought to hold control of her own senses and not add to the cacophony coming from the shuddering young blonde girl.

She took the bedraggled girl inside and sat down, slumping deep in the padded armchair Peter preferred. To amuse herself, she put the blonde through the paces she might have done a trained animal, having her beg, roll over, sit up, kneel, holding the camera to her eyes as Ashley performed..

Ashley loved it all, eyes shining with rapture as she gazed in adoration at the sensuous older woman who had taken control of her life.

On cue, she lay back, spread her legs and began to masturbate, pumping her fingers deep in her gash as she furiously rubbed her clitty. She came within less than a minute, her hips bouncing and jerking on the carpet as she yelped and mewled in pleasure.

Connie took her downstairs once again and set up the camera. She made use of the new toys she'd purchased. They included real chains, which she thought would look good on camera. She had screwed and hammered more rings in the roof beams now and had Ashley stand on a milk carton as she lifted her wrists up above her and spread them apart, then slid the chains up through twin rings in the ceiling and down to a neat little block and tackle she had bought and fixed to the wall.

She placed a T shaped piece of soft leather against the girl's belly. There were metal studs on one side. She wrapped the top around her belly and cinched it tight, leaving the bottom part hanging straight down between Ashley's legs.

Then she pushed a long thick vibrator slowly up into the deepest pit of the girl's pussy, feeling it carefully as she twisted and nodding with satisfaction when she felt it hit the very bottom of the tight pussy. Ashley whimpered, the hard end of the vibrator pressing against her cervix.

She picked up an almost identical vibrator and forced it way up inside her anus, ignoring the feeble gasps and begging appeals to stop. With both vibrators packing the girl's abdominal cavities, she clicked

the controls on the base of the thick tubes, bringing them to buzzing, humming life. Then she pulled the lower part of the leather strip up between the legs and fixed it to the back of the belt around Ashley's waist.

She used both her hands to pull the thing up as tight as she possibly could before snapping it in place, crushing it against the girl's sex. Ashley was already starting to shake and grunt, bringing a laugh from the older woman.

She produced another new device. It was a shiny leather hood that completely covered Ashley's head, her eyes, her nose, and her jaw, leaving only a small round hole over her mouth, and a pair of slits under her nose.

Not yet done, she took up the final device. It was another dildo, sort of. It was only about four inches long, but immensely thick, more like a huge cockhead than a whole cock. She pressed the thick cockhead thing against Ashley's lips and the girl opened them.

Still, the thing was so wide that despite the girl's willingness, Connie almost had to twist it past her taut, wide open lips. With the big rubber cockhead filling the young woman's mouth, Connie fastened the strap attached to its base around the leather clad head and tightly bound it in place.

Now Ashley's cries were reduced to muffled moans that would not be heard beyond the door. Connie stood back, then dragged the milk carton out from under her feet. Ashley dropped slightly, then hung tautly from her wrists, her toes and wriggling, her feet twisting, her legs jerking feebly.

Aroused, Connie panned the camera up and down her body, zooming in and back as she circled her. Then she set it back on its tripod in a corner and set it to continue recording. Then she spread the girl's legs apart, chaining her ankles to a beam on one side, and a narrow support pole on the other.

As a final touch, which Connie thought of as she was passing through the rec room which the finished basement had become, she had brought a ghetto blaster into the little room and plugged in a pair of stereo headphones, placing them on the girl's head and turning the music up loud.

Perhaps with a bit of sadism, she pushed in a symphony and pressed the continuous play button.

She left the girl there, ready to take care of business long put off.

She'd already talked with Dawn, who had been unsurprised and fatalistic about what she intended. She understood. After all, she had also been affected by the lack of attention from Peter.

When Peter came home he found his bags packed and waiting for him by the front door. He showed shock at first, but it quickly receded as he talked matter-of-factly with Connie, and after a few minutes he almost seemed relieved. Connie wondered more than a little bitterly if he was glad he would no longer have his family to distract him from his work.

Her mother had told Dawn to stay up in her room while she told her father about the new living arrangements. But she'd decided she could better take her mind off the conversation in the rec room, playing pool. She hadn't been down there in a while, not since she was in high school and used to entertain guests there. She went down the back stairs through the kitchen and then down into the rec room.

The first thing she looked for when she got there was the ghetto blaster. It wasn't there in its usual

spot and she glared around as if someone had deliberately tried to provoke her. She went to the door leading into the washing room and opened it, thinking that her mother might have brought it in while doing the laundry.

She poked around the machines but found no sign of it. Then she stopped, hearing an odd sound. It sounded like low, tinny music. It was low but definitely melodic. She followed her ears to the equipment room where the boiler and furnace were, and in some confusion, turned the knob.

It resisted her efforts, locked. She stared at it in surprise. This room was never locked. At least, she didn't think so. She almost never went in there. She put her ear to the door and heard the music louder, though it sounded very tinny.

Along with the music there was an odd clinking sound, and a humming, murmuring sound. Both could have come from a machine except they were at irregular intervals and went up and down in strength. Totally mystified, and not one to be puzzled for long, she turned to go upstairs and demand an explanation.

Then she remembered that her father had purchased this lock at the same time as he'd bought the one for her room years ago. Her room had been a guest room then, and the locks, cheap ones, were meant to keep a wandering kid out of both rooms.

She pulled the key to her room out of her pocket and pushed it into the little keyhole in the door, then twisted it. There was some resistance, but then, as she grunted in satisfaction, the knob turned and she pushed it open and went inside.

Eight

Dawn stared in utter astonishment at the sight that was before her bulging eyes. The shock of finding a person here made her yelp in fear and jump back. But then as her eyes communicated the entirety of the scene, she crept forward again, staring, wide eyed.

The woman was completely naked, well, unless the leather belt coming down between her legs and covering her pussy was considered clothing of any kind. Her legs pulled wide by chains held to

support poles. Her wrists were chained to the roof, and her head was completely encased in leather.

The tinny music Dawn had heard was coming from the headphones the woman wore, and Dawn knew from experience that the music must be pretty loud for her to be able to hear it standing several feet away. The humming was groaning, muffled by some kind of gag. The clinking - .

The clinking was the sound of the chains moving, and they were moving because the woman was writhing and shaking and twisting and trembling violently. At first Dawn thought she was mad, that she was having a fit, but then her jaw dropped with the recognition, the realization, that the woman was having an orgasm.

She watched in stunned, embarrassed awe as the woman's sweat coated body continued to heave and shake and squirm, as her head thrashed and bobbed and shook. Her eyes were caught by the magnificent round breasts jiggling and shaking as the woman's body shuddered.

It was Ashley!

The recognition came without as much surprise as she would have thought, for Dawn was an intelligent girl. She'd seen her friend's voluptuous body naked before, and the woman in bondage here was obviously short, for even with her feet off the ground her head was at the same level as Dawn's. Blonde wisps of hair stuck out from the base of the leather hood covering her head and face.

The reason why this was not such a shock was that Dawn knew about the girl's affair with her mother. She had snuck back home after being sent away a few days ago, and peered through the window as her mother had led the girl downstairs, wearing Dawn's clothes.

It hadn't taken a genius to figure out what they had been up to, what had caused her mother's frantic desire to see Dawn out of the house.

Just to be sure, she had gone home early the other day. She had found the two in bed upstairs, their heads buried in each other's pussy. Dawn wasn't opposed to a little lesbian fling, she'd had a sort of one with Ashley herself a year or so ago, though that had not gone behind mutual petting. And she had gone much farther with her friend Hannah last spring.

Still, the relationship between her mother and one of her friends had taken some getting used to. She could understand her mother wanting something more than her father was giving her, but why she'd chosen the brainless little dolt from next door was beyond her.

Still, she wasn't resentful, though she had spent a couple of days looking strangely at her mother whenever she'd seen her. Now as she looked at Ashley, for it could be no other, her thoughts were more on wonder that her mother could engage in something this kinky.

She'd had ideas about bondage herself of course. What woman hadn't? But to go out and purchase leather and chains and who knew what else... Wow!

She moved closer, knowing her friend could not know she was there. Ashley's orgasm had passed, but the girl continued to tremble and quiver, her hips grinding gently in and out as though she were imagining herself in the midst of a hard fucking. Dawn circled the girl, her eyes roving jealously over the lush, nubile body.

She wondered at the obvious tightness of the belt between the blonde's legs. Surely that must be

painful? Perhaps it was meant to be. Maybe the little blonde was a masochist. Her foot kicked a box and she stepped back and bent over to examine it. She pulled out a huge dildo, her eyes wide with shock.

"Oh shit!" she whispered, gaping at it. Ashley and her mother were really loaded with kinky things. She turned her eye to the blonde, hanging helpless and unaware beside her. She could not, and did not wish to deny the eroticism of the scene, nor its effect on her.

She was aroused by the gyrations of the bound and naked young blonde girl, her pussy steaming with juices as she watched the girl's sensual dance in mid-air.

Dawn was young and healthy, her body often churning with carnal emotions and needs. Her chest rose and fell with growing quickness as her body responded to the writhing of the helpless blonde. She glanced down at the dildo in her hand, then back at Ashley.

A lewd grin appeared on her sweet face and she moved forward. Ashley, she knew, would think she were her mother, would never suspect.

She reached for the catch that bound the belt that was tight against the blonde's sex. She had to put the dildo down and use both hands to unsnap it, for the thing was incredibly tight. When it fell away, Ashley responded with a muffled grunt or cry.

Then, as Dawn's eyes moved down to the now bared crotch, she gasped in shock.

"Holy fuck!" she cried, heedless of being overheard. For there between the blonde's puffy red sex lips, was a round object that hummed and throbbed. She reached her fingers down and felt its violent buzzing and gazed up at the blonde's hidden face with pure lust.

A vibrator. Her mother had bound this girl and left a vibrator up her pussy! She could only shake her head in admiration. The very notion turned her body to jelly. Her breasts pushed hard against her shirt, her hardened nipples pushing through the thin fabric of her bra.

Her body felt like it was going to explode with heat, and almost without thinking, she pulled her shirt off and dropped her pants and panties.

Her own young body was not nearly as voluptuous as Ashley's, but it had still held the gaze of many men and boys on many occasions. Her buttocks were boyishly rounded, her legs slim, her belly flat, and her breasts, though not big, were well formed and stood high and proud on her chest.

Her brown eyes were wide and her mouth open. The few freckles upon her forehead and the bridge of her nose were almost invisible now as her skin had flushed darkly. Her light brown hair, cut short, was already sweat darkened around her forehead.

She stood there naked, one hand fingering her dripping sex, the other holding her palm under Ashley's pussy, feeling the vibrations of the object within her belly.

Her fingers felt the tip of the other vibrator then and she moaned, her mind even more aroused, excited, by the lecherous, wanton treatment her mother had meted out to the blonde.

A dildo up her ass! The idea was appalling, and at the same time sent a blistering wave of heat into her own burning sex. Her fingers closed around the dildo inside Ashley's pussy hole and she pulled. It was tight, very tight, but the girl was very wet and Dawn tugged the dildo down out of her sex.

She pulled it free, and held it up before her eyes, looking at the glistening layer of girl cream coating it. Ashley was moaning louder, the sound audible despite the gag, and humping her hips forward, as though to find the vibrator again.

Dawn lowered the buzzing tool, but then pushed it against her own pussy mound. She cried out in sudden shock as the powerful vibrations blasted her already sparkling pussy into a powerful orgasmic explosion that sent her mind spinning.

She staggered back, then fell to her knees, finally collapsing forward onto her face, both hands still holding the vibrator firmly against her spasming pussy-box. Her naked breasts were crushed against the cold stone floor as she whined and grunted in ecstasy, her body blossoming into the most intense orgasm of her life.

She calmed at last, and lay there panting, her bottom sticking into the air. Then she slowly climbed to her knees, then her feet. She stood on her rubbery legs, eyes staring at Ashley, then she took the vibrator and tentatively pushed it against the blonde's clitty.

Ashley's hips shot out, almost knocking the thing from Dawn's hands. She rubbed it up and down the pussy slit as she had against her own, and watched as Ashley's movements became more and more violent, and the sounds emanating from beneath the gag became louder and more emotional.

Ashley came, her body shaking and thrashing and dancing in the chains again. Dawn watched in delight, her eyes taking in the furious humping of the wide hips, the bouncing of the big breasts, and the way the muscles of her legs tightened and bulged as she sought to tear her ankles free and close them around her mystical lover.

Entranced, Dawn moved closer. Her eyes fastened on her friend's big left breast. Her face got closer and closer, and then her mouth opened and she gave the hard nipple a kiss. The kiss instantly turned into a hot, passionate sucking as she chewed and bit and slurped on the rigid nub with growing desire.

Her left hand was mashing and jamming the vibrator against Ashley's pussy, and her right came around the girl's body, sliding down onto her ass. Her hand encountered the other vibrator then, sticking three quarters of the way out of the blonde's anus.

Her palm slid onto the base of the vibrator, and then she pulled it back up into the girl's tight round anus. Ashley bucked and humped frantically against her as she forced the vibrator up into her rectum. She twisted the other machine against her friend's pussy and then thrust it up into her pussy-sheath, fully burying it inside the shuddering girl.

She licked a trail down the hot, sweaty belly and down over her heaving abdomen, peeling the sodden pussy lips apart to reveal the outraged clitty nestled hard and swollen at the top of the little hole. With a groan of bliss, Dawn pushed her mouth forward and tongued the little clit, lapping hungrily.

She held tight to her friend's thighs to keep from being thrown back by the frantic movements of Ashley's hips. She slurped and then sucked hard on the clitty, bringing the blonde to another orgasm, then another, then another, all in the space of a few minutes.

In terrible heat, she pulled away, searching for a way to let the blonde down. She found where the chain was hooked to a pulley that was obviously new and unlocked it, gritting her teeth as she slowly let

the weight of the blonde down.

Ashley's legs would not hold her and she continued to go down, to her knees at first, then falling back slowly, inch by inch, onto her back on the stone floor. At last Dawn let go of the wheel Ashley was laying on her back on the floor, her arms trembling on the floor above her head. Her legs were still spread wide, her feet held up off the floor by the chains attaching them to the two widely spaced poles.

Dawn straddled the heaving chest and let her fingers knead the soft, hot flesh and tweak and pinch the fat nipples. She cursed, reaching to the gag. She undid the leather strap and pulled, but the gag turned out to be much bigger than she'd thought. Inch after inch of thick rubber came out of Ashley's small mouth. Then it finally popped free in her hand and she stared at a well chewed rubber cockhead, a very big one.

Ashley gave a hacking cough, then started whining and groaning and mumbling in delirium. Dawn tossed the dildo head down and let her pussy down over the blonde's mouth. As soon as her pussy came in contact with Ashley's mouth the blonde started to suck and lick furiously.

Dawn's body jerked backwards, her pussy ripping free from the hungry mouth below her as she reacted in shock to the unfamiliarity of the slurping lips and tongue. But then she dropped her pussy back down and felt herself devoured. Her body bowed back, back, back, until her hands lay on the floor behind her.

Her body jerked and shook, her pussy rubbing frantically against Ashley's mouth as the blonde suckled and chewed on her clitty and pussy flesh. She felt her mind being ripped apart, felt herself being devoured, sucked down into Ashley's gobbling mouth.

She pushed herself back up, then fell forward, bracing herself, her arms straight, her hands on Ashley's belly. She crouched there, as though riding a race horse, her hands holding tight as her body heaved and jerked.

She was caught in a pounding hurricane of ecstatic sexual sensations. Her eyes spun in her head and her vision blurred as her buttocks rubbed desperately against the soft rubber coating Ashley's face.

She dropped forward then, her own mouth seeking Ashley's clitty. Her hands pumped the two vibrators in the blonde's belly as she bit and sucked on the frazzled clitty.

She came again, bouncing furiously, a crazed, grunting, gasping madwoman. Her teeth ripped at Ashley's clitty and pussy lips, pulling the blonde into her cum, extending it. The two excited young woman shook and thrashed and trembled together, their sweat coated skin rubbing and grinding and mashing and sliding in a salacious grinding and buffing and scouring that made of their skin a huge sexual sensory receptor that prodded them onward to orgasm after orgasm.

With Peter gone, Connie felt free to bring Ashley into her bed for the night. She still had to wait until late, after Dawn had gone to bed, before going down to the basement and letting the blonde down.

Ashley was in even worse shape than yesterday, her body stinking with sweat, her trembling little more than twitching, her body too utterly drained to move much at all.

Connie removed the vibrators from the moaning girl's quim and anus, let her down from the chains, then undid the leather cuffs. Last of all she pulled the big dildo head out of her mouth and unfastened and

removed the leather hood.

Ashley's face and hair were soaking wet and her eyes just slits. The girl looked half dead. Not even by snarling and slapping at her could Connie bring her to sit up on the stone floor. She just lay there, trembling weakly.

Connie had to lift her up and carry her out of the room. She was faced with a dilemma then. No way was she going to have this smelly girl in her room all night. Yet she didn't dare take her into the bathroom for the length of time it would take to clean her. She might cry out in her semi-conscious state, and alert Dawn to her presence.

So she let the girl down into the big plastic tub next to the washing machine. Ashley's head lay weakly in one corner, her knees hooked over the other side of the tub. Connie sprayed water on her, then took a rough scrub brush and soap and began, with little gentleness, to clean off the smell of sex and sweat.

Ashley made few sounds, becoming loud only when Connie rubbed the hard bristles of the brush over her nipples and between her legs.

She washed off the soapy body, then pulled on Ashley's ankles.

Pulling up on her feet made her head slide down the edge of the tub into the soapy water. Connie left her face underwater for a few seconds to thoroughly soak her hair, then lifted her upwards, her hands under the girl's arms.

Ashley sputtered and gasped as she was able to breathe again. Connie used ordinary soap to wash her hair, matting and bunching up the thick blonde locks together and squeezing her soapy hands through them.

Thoroughly soaped up, Connie pulled the girl's legs, sliding her head down below the water again.

She plunged her hands into the warm water and rubbed them through the thick hair, cleaning most of the soap out. Then she pulled the girl's head out of the water again. She pulled the plug at the base of the tub, letting the soapy water out, then used a shot hose to wash down the blonde's hair and body completely.

She lifted the petite girl out and sat her on the edge of the washing machine, then moved away briefly to gather a big fluffy towel off a shelf. Ashley immediately sagged back, her head finally resting against the wall behind the machine, her arms outstretched to either side and her legs hanging down over the edge.

Connie tusked, rubbing the towel over the girl's feet and legs, then hauling her up to get at her hair and upper torso. She pulled her off the machine, but couldn't hold her as the blonde slid to her knees. Connie cursed and glared down, the finally knelt beside her, drying the rest of her body as she held her tightly, preventing her from falling on her face.

Finally she lifted the almost dry girl over her shoulder and carried her upstairs, passing quickly through the living room and hurrying up the stairs, not slowing until she had dumped the nearly unconscious girl on her bed and closed and locked the door.

Now she looked down with amusement and affection at Ashley. She took one of her brushes and

lovingly ran it through the tangled hair, brushing it straight.

With Ashley so exhausted she needed no bonds. She got into the bed beside the girl, pulling the covers over them both, wriggling her body up against the sleeping young girl. She sighed, her arms going around the slim waist and hugging her as she slowly fell asleep herself.

She still had a major problem. What in hell was she going to do about Dawn? God only knew how the girl would react if she found out about her and Ashley. She had no intention of shipping her off to her father. She well knew just how little attention the girl would get there. Besides, she loved her and wanted her here.

But how could she go on hiding Ashley? Sooner or later Dawn would find her. And then what? Would she hate her forever? Well, she would figure out a way. She always did.

She woke Ashley and the tired girl tongued her to orgasm. After dressing, she put the girl in the closet, bound her wrists and ankles tightly together, and gagged her. Then she went downstairs and made Dawn's breakfast.

After Dawn was gone to work, she brought Ashley downstairs and had her eat her to two more orgasms. She dressed her in one of Dawn's mini-dresses and brought her to the garage, putting her in the trunk of her car.

She wasn't being needlessly cruel. She couldn't risk the girl sitting in the front. One of the neighbours might notice, and after all, the blonde had been missing for a couple of days now, having called her parents from her cell and told them she was going on a backpacking trip to California.

Connie drove across town to the warehouse district, where the man she'd shown Ashley's tape had his studio. She had intended to stop and get Ashley out of the trunk as soon as she was out of their neighbourhood, but changed her mind. She was well enough where she was.

Now she parked next to a scruffy looking building and let the bedraggled girl out of the trunk. She brushed out her hair and kissed her in a motherly fashion on the cheek, then held her hand, leading her after her to the entrance.

"Where are we going?" the blonde asked yet again.

Exasperated, Connie stopped and glared at the girl, who hung her head in timidly.

"I need to make some money now if I'm going to feed you, you greedy little gut," she said, poking the girl in the belly with her finger.

"A man is going to take some pictures of you and pay me a lot of money for them."

"You mean like a model?" Ashley said, her face brightening.

"Yes, a model. You do have a sexy little body, you know."

"Do I? Do you think so?" Ashley fairly glowed with pleasure.

"Of course, and so does he."

"How does he know?" the blonde wondered.

"Well, I showed him the video tapes we made of course."

Ashley's eyes widened and she gaped in shock.

"No!" she squeaked.

"Oh yes, and he thought you were just gorgeous, a sexy little nympho, he said."

"But... but... "

"Don't worry. All you have to do today is take still pictures. You just pose as he tells you and he'll take pictures. Wouldn't you like to see yourself in a big magazine?"

"Well, kind of..." Her voice trailed off in confusion.

"Then let's go." She started forward, pulling the blonde after her.

"But Mrs Jackson," Ashley whined, "he'll see me naked!"

"He's already seen you naked, Ashley. Remember? He's seen you getting fucked and jerking off with a big old dildo."

Ashley reddened in embarrassment at the thought of some strange man seeing her like that. Then she was hauled inside after Connie and through a narrow hallway. She stopped at a wooden door and Connie knocked. It opened, a big, hairy man looking out at her.

"Hi, Jeff," Connie said.

He nodded and smiled. "C'mon in." he said, standing aside.

Connie pulled the reluctant little blonde after her into a big, high roofed room.

There were two other people there, a man and a woman. The man was tall and very thin, with a bald head shaped like an egg. His eyes were very wide and seemed to bulge out of his face. He was playing with a camera when the two women walked in.

The woman was older than Connie. She had bleached blonde hair and a tough looking face. Her shoulders were huge, and she had a big chest that strained against the front of her sweater. She turned to stare at Connie and Ashley as they came forward.

Both turned at the last minute, the woman nodding and the man smiling at Connie. They both turned their gaze on Ashley almost at once, and the man stepped towards her.

Ashley stepped back self consciously. The little dress she wore was long enough since she was shorter than Dawn, but it was very tight across the chest, and Connie hadn't let her wear a bra, so her breasts bulged out against the elastic material.

"Well, hello there," the man said, his voice thin and reedy. "I'm Danny."

He slid his hand under her chin and tilted her head up. Ashley would have pulled away but Connie held her arm firmly.

"Very pretty. Very pretty," he said.

Abruptly, he slid his finger into Ashley's mouth. She gulped but held still as he pumped it in and out a little. Then she began to suck on it, not knowing what else she was supposed to do.

The others laughed and Connie patted her head.

"What a natural," he said in delight.

"Look, Kim, isn't she a natural?"

"Yeah, right." The bleach blonde sniffed disdainfully.

"Look at these lips," Danny insisted, "Lips like these were made to be wrapped around a cock."

"Anytime you want, boss," Jeff offered, looking excitedly at the blonde sucking the finger.

Ashley blushed hotly, but continued to suck. Danny pulled his finger free and nodded in satisfaction to Connie.

"Get her clothes off," he said.

Connie's hands unsnapped the dress in back of Ashley's neck and pulled the zipper down. She pulled it forward over her shoulders but Ashley cupped her hands in front of her breasts, holding it in place as she looked around anxiously.

"Don't be shy," the woman, Kim, said with a sneery smile. "After all, we've seen your videos. You really know how to use a dildo."

Then she laughed uproariously as Ashley reddened even further. Connie pinched her wrist and then tugged the dress down to her belly, where it slid down her thighs to pool at her ankles.

She wore no panties and was completely naked in front of four fully clothed people, three of them complete strangers. The bald man turned with a camera in his hands.

"Okay, get her over there on the bed, honey," he directed.

Connie pushed her toward the bed and Kim grabbed her arm and pulled her over to the bed, shoving her down onto its smooth surface.

"Put your right arm behind your head, Ashley, and spread your legs," the bald man directed.

Ashley gulped in embarrassment, not wanting to spread her legs and expose her slit to all those staring eyes. But then she saw Kim's sneering face and Connie's frown and changed her mind, not wanting to anger Connie, or make the nasty, smug bleached blonde think she was embarrassed.

She pulled her legs apart, then blinked as Danny's camera flashed. From there on it was series of instructions, turning her this way and that. Tilt your head this way, turn that way, twist this, angle that,

bend forward, bend back.

She got used to it pretty fast, and as her embarrassment at her nudity slowly diminished, she even began to enjoy herself. It was pretty easy, after all. And she began to get excited by it.

The poses got more suggestive. Now she bent forward, spreading her legs wide as the camera clicked behind her. Then she must lay back and pull her ankles way back near her shoulders. Ashley felt incredibly slutty and wild and daring and nasty and hot as she displayed herself for strangers.

Then came the masturbation poses, first with just her hands. She cupped and squeezed her breast, fingered her pussy, and slid fingers into her quim. The only hard part was the facial expressions, where she had to pretend she was cumming. They never seemed to be satisfied.

Then she was handed a dildo and pushed it half way into her pussy, posing like that in various positions. She pushed it all the way in then, leaving just a little round base outside. Again there were a bunch of poses. After that she had to take another dildo, this one up her anus. That was hard. She pushed it in too slow for them and finally Kim, reached forward and slapped her hand away, then gripped the dildo and shoved it deep into her anus with one powerful thrust.

She yowled in pain, her face lit up by the flash several times as the bald man took advantage of her facial expressions.

“Okay, let’s start some of the nastier stuff,” someone said.

Kim and Jeff changed as Danny led the little blonde over to the other side of the room. There was now bed here. Instead the brick wall had shackles attached, chains hung from the ceiling, and there were odd, elaborate, and slightly scary looking wood and metal frames.

Danny first placed her against the wall, her wrists up and pressed back beside her head. He locked the heavy shackles around them and stepped back to operate his camera, which flashed again and again.

Ashley gasped at the sight of Jeff. He was clad in leather from head to toe, and his headpiece was a frightening mask which looked almost as if nails or spikes were sticking out all around it. He held a long whip in his right hand as he stepped forward.

Danny motioned to him. “Okay, Jeff. Next to her. Pull her head back a bit.”

He stepped up next to Ashley and gripped her hair, then pulled her head back as far as he could as the camera snapped.

“Kim. Between her legs.”

Kim was similarly clad, and now knelt between Ashley’s legs, her leather clad fingers pressing on her thighs to force her legs wider. Again the camera snapped and snapped again.

“Red welts please,” Danny said. “On her belly, diagonally.”

Kim stood up. She had a long length of cord which she held wide and pressed against Ashley’s belly several times. When she stepped back the cord had left narrow red lines. Again the camera snapped.

‘Now one directly across her breasts.’

Kim pressed the cord against Ashley’s breasts and stepped back. Ashley looked down. The line didn’t look very real to her.

“Head back. Pretend you’re in pain.”

Ashley grimaced and the camera snapped repeatedly.

“More lines.”

Again Kim applied lines to her breasts, again there were more pictures.

They lifted her ankles up and back, then, snapping them into shackles next to her wrists. Again there were more pictures, and then, after lines were placed, more still.

Ashley hung weakly, gasping, her wrists and ankles aching, staring out between her legs at the four people looking back at her.

“Shove a dildo up her twat,” Danny said.

Kim stepped forward, her eyes dark in the mask’s eyeholes. She smirked as she rubbed the dildo up and down Ashley’s bare little slit.

“You like big cocks in your slut hole, don’t you, sweetie?” she whispered.

She forced the dildo through her sex lips and into her moist pussy.

“Ooo, wet. What a surprise.”

Ashley flushed and squirmed as the woman forced the dildo deeper, her fingers rubbing at her clitoris as she stared down at her.

She stepped back, and more pictures were taken. Ashley thought of a lot of people looking at pictures of her like that and felt weirdly excited.

Kim pushed the dildo deeper for more pictures, then forced one up her anus, and then shoved another into her mouth so it was sticking halfway out. Again there were more pictures.

They took her down, then hung her by her wrists. More red lines were applied to her breasts and belly, and Jeff posed as if he were swinging the whip. Then Kim stood behind her holding her hand around a big strap-on dildo. Danny moved to the side and snapped pictures as she pushed it against Ashley’s anus and slowly forced it up into her belly.

Inch by inch, it pushed deeper, the camera snapping and whirring furiously as the others looked on. Ashley gasped as she felt the rubber driven deep into her abdomen and felt Kim’s breasts against her back.

“You like this, slut?” Kim whispered, biting on her ear. “I bet you’d like it even more if I pumped it in and out.

She ground her pelvis against Ashley's bottom, twisting the dildo around inside her, and her hands came around to knead and squeeze her breasts while Danny took more pictures.

After that Ashley was bound tightly in chains, her arms forced behind her back, and she was posed between Kim's legs as Kim held her hair tightly and pressed her face into her bare sex.

Kim donned a strap-on, then, and again Jeff took pictures as she held Ashley kneeling in front of her. First with her lips pressed against the head of the dildo.

"Okay, push in an inch," Danny called.

Kim tightened her fingers in Ashley's hair and the girl whimpered slightly in pain, but she was becoming more and more aroused, and gulped as the first inch of the rubber cock pushed into her mouth and pictures were taken.

"Okay, couple more inches."

Kim's lips drew back in a cruel smile and she forced the dildo deeper into the hapless young blonde girl's mouth for more pictures.

"Two more inches."

She thrust forward, and Ashley gagged as the head of the dildo pushed against the back of her mouth. Then, without instructions, Kim pushed forward again, and again, slowly forcing the dildo down her throat as the camera flashed and flashed again. She jammed Ashley's face in against her leather covered groin as Ashley heard the camera click again and again, then finally pulled back.

Ashley was bent over, then, and Kim thrust the dildo into her bare pussy as Danny snapped pictures, again going deeper and deeper until her hips were flush with Ashley's upraised bottom. Then it was her anus, the dildo driving all the way to the hilt.

Kim gripped her hair, then, lifting her head up and back, actually lifting her shoulders up off the ground so the girl was bent forward, panting and gasping, not needing to fake pain as the camera clicked.

They unshackled her and then pressed her backwards over a low metal frame, her body bent sharply so her chest thrust out, her breasts straining. Again there were more pictures, then still more as Kim applied red lines and Jeff posed next to her, whip overhead.

They put her in a little cage then, one barely big enough for her to kneel on all fours. More pictures were snapped as she looked out between the bars.

Then she was hung upside down by the ankles, legs spread for more pictures, and then bent forward at the waist, her head and wrists thrust through old fashioned stocks as Kim painted lines on her bottom, and then thrust her cock into Ashley's pussy for more pictures.

"The law's funny," Danny said, taking another camera after Jeff had put more film in. "I can show a dildo sticking out of her, but not a real cock, not so long as she's tied up." He shrugged. "Of course, underground stuff is different," he said with a grin, "but it's videos that sell in the underground, not pictures. Pictures, as you see, are too easily faked."

"I'm sure we can get you a few videos," Connie said.

He nodded. "Find someone to take the camera or - "He nodded at Kim. "Find someone else to act in them. Kim looks good on camera. And I bet she'd love to get your little girl's mouth between her legs."

Connie nodded thoughtfully.

All in all it took about an hour and a half. Then she and Connie left. Connie praised her all the way to the car, and even let her sit up front. Ashley's face was radiant with pleasure and delight.

"God I'm horny," she said. "That woman was scary! But I almost wished I could be alone with her. I bet she'd have fucked me hard."

"I bet she would," Connie said.

Nine

As soon as she got the little blonde home, Connie tore off her clothes and shoved the girl down onto the floor, climbing atop her soft young body, grinding her pelvis into the soft groin below her. She kissed Ashley passionately, their mouths sliding together in lust as their hands roamed over each other's body.

Connie's mouth sucked furiously at the blonde girl's full round breasts, her hands mashing and kneading the sensitive flesh as Ashley mewled in happiness. Her hands pushed up under Connie's shirt and fondled her own breasts, and as Connie tore the shirt off the blonde raised her head and drew a big fat nipple down into her mouth.

Connie gasped and held the blonde's head up against her, mashing the girl's face into the fullness of her hanging breast. She gripped both her breasts and mashed them against Ashley's face as the girl sucked and chewed and slurped at the exquisitely delightful flesh.

"Ohhhhhh! Uhhhhhhh! You... you dirty giiiiirrrll!"

She stood up, jerking her pants down and stepping out of them. Ashley knelt before her and the older woman seized a thick chunk of the silky blonde hair and jerked harshly, drawing a yelp of pain from the girl. Connie pulled the sweet round little face up into her sex and began to grind it against her.

Ashley sucked and licked hungrily, her whole concentration on the tight, beckoning slit. Her tongue lapping at the slit, pushing deep, sliding along ever fold and crevice inside the lushly scented female sexhole.

She grunted in some pain as Connie jerked on her hair and rammed her nose and face into her groin, wincing and grimacing each time the excited woman jammed her pelvis forward. Still she sucked, sucked hard, her full, pouting lips seizing the woman's clitty and mashing it tight, sucking and slurping as she held it in her grip.

Connie moaned and sighed, her breathing growing more ragged with each passing second. She drew her left hand away from the girl, sliding it up her own body, squeezing her swollen tit mounds and tweaking and twisting her nipples. She gasped in delight, then threw back her head, her left hand going up behind her as she arched her trembling body and came.

She humped into Ashley's face as she shook and jerked and cried out in passionate release, her eyes closing as she ground her burning sex into the blonde girl's face. She used Ashley's face to masturbate with, rubbing it up and down so the little snub nose mashed back and forth over her clitoris.

She almost fell, but regained control in time, staggering backwards. She eyed the blonde with gleaming eyes, then gripped her under her arm and pulled her to her feet, taking her upstairs to the bathroom.

Dawn looked around quietly, then snuck up the stairs. She peered around the corner into her parent's room but it was empty. Then she eased over towards the bathroom. The door was locked but music came from within. She went to the hall closet and pulled out a hanger, then straightened the end.

Coming back to the bathroom door, she poked the stiff wire into the little round hole in the knob and pushed, then eased the door open very, very slowly.

The door opened on the right, while the bathtub was on the left of the door. However, on the right of the door was the counter and the big mirror above it. Dawn only had to open the door a crack to see her mother and Ashley in the mirror. They were, it seemed, taking a bath together.

The bathtub was full of soapy suds and she could hear the splashing now as well as little moans and sighs of pleasure. Her mother sat on one end of the tub. Ashley was straddling her, her legs apparently around her mother's waist.

Her mother was sucking Connie's big breasts as the girl slowly rose and fell, raising and lowering herself in the water. At first Ashley wondered why, but soon realized that there was something under the water there. Most likely her mother had one of those dildos down there and Ashley was fucking up and down on it.

She pulled back and eased the door closed, then went to her room and masturbated.

Connie put the blonde back into the rear basement. She'd been excited by some of the poses she'd watched, and hung Ashley upside down by the ankles, thrusting a vibrator into her pussy and anus before gagging and blindfolding her. Then she adjusted the camera, taking out the video from the previous night and putting in a fresh one. She went upstairs and reviewed what she had, nodding happily. Much of it was too repetitive, of course, for it was six hours long and Ashley had mostly just hung there trembling.

Then she stared, open mouthed, as Dawn came into the picture. At first she was horrified that Dawn had someone found out about their secret guest, wracking her brain to think of explanations. But then as the video continued to play she saw Dawn's fascination with the blinded, helpless blonde, and

watched as her daughter stripped and began to play with Ashley.

A mercenary part of her mind considered how well the video would go over with Danny, for as Ashley ate out Dawn and Dawn's body writhed and bucked with pleasure she felt her pussy throb at how erotic and exciting the scene was. There was no fakery here, and Dawn's voice was filled with passion and lust as she climaxed.

Her daughter had a great body, too. She wasn't as overdeveloped as Ashley, but her breasts were very nice, very firm, her body slim and trim but womanly. No, this video would sell very well, she thought, presuming she ever brought it to Danny. Which, she told herself, she wouldn't. At least, not all of it.

But it wasn't terribly bright in the basement, and Dawn's face wasn't visible in many of the shots, and even when it was it was shadowed or partially covered. She could edit out the few clear shots of Dawn's face and sell the rest. Why not? She'd shown her own body - anonymously. So she could show Dawn's.

Of course, Dawn's involvement offered up other possibilities, as well.

As Ashley hung in place the blood rushed to her head and it began to throb and pound. She moaned dizzily into the blindfold, feeling exotically sexual, turned on, and yet uncomfortable.

Time passed though, and the buzzing turned her belly into a quivering mass of raw sensations. Her insides cramped and burned in aroused heat. Yet she could not cum. Her pussy was agonizingly bare and devoid of sensations other than a flickering spasm and clutching of muscles. She wanted someone to touch her breasts, to rub her clitoris.

She was going crazy under the irresistible vibrations, yet could not go all the way over the edge into an orgasmic release. Instead, she continued to burn, her mind puddling into jelly as the continuous heat burned through her chest and into her brain. She sobbed weakly, humping upward, bouncing her little ass on the mattress as she sought relief.

Nothing helped, nothing... until. A hand gently caressed her chest, sliding feather light across her breasts. She arched her back, trying to push her breasts up against the fingers. They pulled back and she sobbed in misery.

Then a mouth closed over one nipple, only very, very softly suckling and tonguing it, just the nipple. She again pushed her chest upwards, as far as she was able in her bound condition but the mouth pulled up as well, refusing to give her the sharp, hard sucking she wanted.

"Ohh! Please!" she gasped. "Pleeeeeeease!"

Three fingers slid onto her other nipple and lightly twisted it as the gasping girl thrashed desperately. Then the gasp was undone and pulled free of her mouth.

"Ohh! OHH! Mrs Jacksoooooonn!"

Her head was pulled up and back, arching her spine. Her face was jammed into a naked pussy. She began sucking at once, hoping to get relief herself, hoping Connie would suck her off, would fuck her with her fingers. Her arms jerked against her bonds as she tried to bring her hands up against the soft round buttocks above her.

She stabbed desperately up with her tongue, pushing it high into her tight sucking pussy box above her. Her entire face was crushed up into pussy and buttocks as the woman above ground and rubbed herself downwards. Ashley could hear little moans and groans, though they were muffled by the soft velvety thighs pressed against her ears.

She worked harder yet, then groaned deeply as Connie's hands came down on her breasts. The fingers drove deep into her soft breast, digging deep furrows in the round melons, then dug together, squeezing the jelly like flesh tightly, and twisting it around. The pain was agonizing, but also ecstatic to the quivering young blonde.

Every harsh, cruel squeeze sent her pulse racing, made her pussy clench. Her tongue was a buzzing snake as it slurped and sucked and dove in the tight pussy above her.

She could barely breathe as her face was jammed up harshly into the moist pussy. Then the fingers in her hair loosened and her head fell back.

After a moment, fingers rubbed at her slit, and began to pump the vibrator there in and out, plunging it deep into her wet hole.

"Ohhhhh Yeeeeessss! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck my Pussy!" she cried.

The dildo thrust deep into her slim belly and twisted around inside her gut. She was on the verge of cumming and twisted and writhed in her bonds.

Connie grinned to herself as she drove back towards the house. She checked her watch, making sure she had plenty of time before Dawn would come home. She intended a little celebration with the blonde girl, now that she had all this money.

It hadn't surprised her that Beacon had been willing to pay that money she'd demanded. What other choice had he? He certainly couldn't go to the police. That would not only get him arrested, it would get him fired from his job, and divorced from his wife.

She didn't feel bad about blackmailing him. She felt he had it coming for the way he'd treated and abused such a completely defenceless girl like Ashley. She thought she needed it anyway, to keep herself and the girls in a proper manner. Ashley's film debut had been good, but she couldn't rely on that income for everything, and she certainly didn't want to work herself. Perhaps the girl could get into stripping. She heard there was good money to be had there.

She pulled into the driveway and parked, then got out, carrying the bag of money. She couldn't simply go to the bank with it without them asking questions, so she would keep most of it at home and maybe deposit it a little at a time.

With the bag in hand, she descended the stairs to the basement. As she neared the bottom she heard the gasping and moaning of the tortured young blonde, and smiled to herself. The door was open, so Ashley wasn't alone. It was time to confront her new partner.

"Uhng! Uhgn! Yes!" she heard.

And that wasn't Ashley either, she thought, her heart beating faster as a hot flash ran down her body.

Ashley was on the basement floor now, still spread-eagled and bound, still blindfolded as Dawn sat on her face, naked, rocking back and forth, back arched beautifully.

Have to get her a mask, Connie thought. This would make a great video.

Dawn finally noticed her standing in the doorway and her face took on a look of shock and embarrassment.

"Mom!"

"Dawn!" Connie said, imitating her tone. "I see you've met my guest," she said with a glare, watching Dawn fumbling for her clothes.

"Uh, yeah." An embarrassed Dawn tried to cover her naked body as Ashley raised her blindfolded head and looked around with her mouth open.

"Dawn?!" she gasped.

"Yes. Dawn," Connie said. "It was Dawn's pussy you were eating. And it was Dawn with you the other day as well."

Dawn stared at her mother in open-mouthed surprise as Connie crossed the room to the camera and smiled at her.

"Oh my God!" Dawn cried. "Don't tell me you saw - ."

"And heard every last second," Connie said, as Dawn's face turned a flaming red.

Dawn put a hand over her mouth.

"Don't worry, honey," Connie said. "It's nothing I haven't done myself. You have nothing to be ashamed of."

"Oh God! I can't believe my mother saw me having sex!" Dawn moaned, putting her hand over her eyes.

"You looked very sexy, very erotic. Danny said the video will sell really well."

Dawn jerked her head up and stared at her mother in shock. "What!?"

"Don't worry, honey, I edited out the scenes where your face shows. Anyway, it's not like it's going onto TV. It's going to be sold to a limited audience at a web site for bondage."

Dawn continued to stare at her, her mouth a huge 'O' of disbelief.

"I've sold them two of me and her as well," Connie said. "I was wearing a hood, of course."

She looked at the video tape in her hand. "From what I just saw this one will be great too."

"No! You can't!"

“Don’t worry. I’ll edit out the shots of your face.”

“But - but - but Mom!”

“But what, Dawn? We need money, you know, and it’s not like anyone will know the pictures are of you. Or that you’ll ever meet any of these people.”

She moved past the stunned girl and unfastened Ashley’s wrist restraints, then slipped off the blindfold. Ashley stared up at Dawn with wide eyes, and Dawn stared back with even wider ones.

“It takes a little getting used to, I know,” Connie said. “But I’m sure you’ll see how sensible an idea it is.”

“No!”

Connie snapped her fingers at Ashley.

“Crawl, little slut,” she ordered.

Ashley got to her hands and knees, and began to crawl towards the door. Dawn stared at her, open mouthed.

Connie smiled, bent and snapped a leash to the blonde’s collar, then led her out of the basement as Dawn stared after them.

They argued for two hours, and Dawn retreated to her room, slamming the door behind her.

Two hours later, however, she returned, glaring at the sight of Ashley bent backwards across her mother’s lap, naked, a dildo jammed into her pussy as the girl moaned and gasped and cried out in pleasure.

“Do you have to do that in the living room!?” she demanded angrily.

Connie looked up from her fingers as they rubbed and caressed the blonde girl’s breasts and pussy.

“Why not? You’ve seen her before.”

“And as long as you’re doing all this BDSM shit you could at least gag her so I don’t have to listen!”

She stomped off to the kitchen, and Connie chuckled and returned to tormenting the blonde.

She left for work the next morning, glad there was no sign of her mother and Ashley, still embarrassed at knowing her mother had seen her, had seen videos of her fucking with Ashley. She cringed at the thought. Even worse, she had sold those videos! Yes, her face was supposedly edited out, but holy shit!

Her mother was a fucking pervert!

And what about you, a small voice asked. Weren't you abusing Ashley without the blonde even knowing? Wasn't that like rape?

She shook her head angrily and headed to work.

When she got home she saw her mother's car gone, and was relieved as she pushed open the front door - until she saw Ashley.

Ashley knelt in front of the door, naked, legs spread wide, arms pulled back behind her.

"Hello, Mistress Dawn," she said.

Dawn felt a jolt hit her chest, and the reverberations rippled down her belly and into her groin.

"Shit," she said, turning her head away.

"May I serve you, Mistress Dawn?"

"Fuck off, Ashley, you little sicko."

"You didn't say that when I was licking your pussy," Ashley said.

Dawn's face reddened.

"I think what you said was - Ungh! Ungh! Unggh! Unnggghhhh!"

"Shut up!" Dawn said furiously.

"Who's the sicko?" Ashley asked with a smirk.

"If you don't shut up I'll show you how sick I am, you little slut!"

Ashley put her tongue out. "Come on, Mistress Dawn. Show me how much you scream when you come."

Dawn cursed, and reached down, gripping Ashley's loose hair.

"Ow! Quit it!"

"You want to be a bondage slut? I'll show you what happens to bondage sluts!"

She half dragged the girl along beside her, keeping her fingers buried in the thick blonde hair, forcing Ashley to crawl along on her knees without the use of her hands, not allowing her to rise.

She lifted her, finally, and forced her to bend over a chair, then began to slap at her bottom.

"You think that hurts?" Dawn laughed. "That doesn't hurt!"

"Slut!"

Connie grinned as she watched and listened. She was hiding behind the big china cabinet, the

video camera to her eye. She watched as her daughter bent Ashley over the table, tied her wrists ahead of her, then began to strap her bottom with a long belt. She was not surprised when Dawn grew aroused, nor when she stripped and found her strap-on, nor when she rammed it into the blonde girl's pussy and rode her savagely as Ashley cried out in both pain and pleasure.

She waited until Dawn was finished, had removed the strap-on, and was holding the dazed blonde by the hair as she knelt in front of her licking her pussy. Then she put up the camera and walked out.

Dawn didn't even notice until she was almost right next to her. Then she gasped in shock, stumbling back and almost falling against the wall.

"Are you playing with my sex toy?" Connie asked with mild disapproval.

"Fuck, mom!"

"Do you have to do that in the living room?" Connie demanded.

Dawn glowered, folding her arms over her chest. She was not as embarrassed as she had been the other day.

"I'm surprised you didn't set up a camera," she snapped.

Connie grinned and Dawn's mouth dropped open. "Shit! Mo-ther!"

"Maybe you'd like to try being behind the camera for a bit?"

Dawn looked at her suspiciously.

It took a little more convincing, but before long Connie was dressed in leather, including the hood, and Ashley was on her back with her ankles bound to her collar as Connie thrust the strap-on down into her pussy. Dawn, still uneasy, still a little embarrassed, operated the video camera. It took very little time for her inhibitions to wear away and her pussy to begin to bubble with arousal, however.

Shyly, she offered to be in the next shot, provided she too had a hood.

They spent the next few days making bondage videos, and Dawn became more and more excited, and more inventive.

"These things need more than fucking and bondage," she said. "We need to show her being punished more."

And so, Ashley was bent over a chair and switched by Dawn as Connie moved around them with the camcorder. Ashley whipped the little blonde's backside until tears flowed and the girl was whimpering and sniffing and sobbing. Then she used the dildo on her, twisting her head up and back roughly by the hair as she mauled her breasts.

Then they set up a flogging scene, hanging Ashley from her wrists.

"Will this hurt?" Ashley asked nervously.

"Of course," Dawn said impatiently, slapping the girl's bottom.

“I’m not sure I - .”

Dawn gripped her hair and yanked it back, and Ashley gasped in pain.

“You’ll love it,” Dawn said. “Because you’re a total slut and you get off on anything.”

The whip was a cat O’ nine tails, a light one. Connie set up a second camcorder they had bought in front of the girl, then moved behind as Dawn drew her arm back and let the whip fly.

Ashley cried out in pain as the whip cut across her back, and her body jerked violently as thin red lines began to rise across her back.

“Oww! That hurts!”

“Don’t be a baby,” Dawn said.

She swung the whip again, and again Ashley writhed and cried out, her legs kicking feebly in mid air as she twisted at the end of her chains.

“Slut!” Dawn jeered.

Again the whip cut across Ashley’s back, lower now. Again the girl howled, writhing and twisting.

“Stop! Stop! Please!”

Dawn ignored her, and even though the hood protected most of her face Connie could see her daughter was growing passionately aroused by the whipping, her breathing growing ragged, her arm jerking faster as she slashed the flog down across the crying blonde girl’s back.

The doorbell rang, and she and Dawn looked at the stairwell in annoyance.

“Ignore it,” Connie said.

Dawn lashed the girl again, then again.

“I want to whip her tits,” she said, her voice thick and hungry.

The doorbell continued to ring.

“They might hear her if she really starts howling.”

“I’ll gag her.”

The doorbell rang again and Connie drew on a robe. “I’ll just see who it is.”

Dawn growled and swung the whip at Ashley’s back again.

“Wait until I get back,” Connie ordered. “We’re not doing this just for your pleasure.”

She went upstairs and looked through the curtain, hesitated, then opened the door.

"I said we'd talk about it next time I brought a tape in," she said.

Kim looked back with a mocking smile on her face. "I was in the neighbourhood. I just thought I'd come and see if you needed any help."

"Right. You want to get your hands on Ashley's body?"

"I wouldn't mind getting my hands on yours either," Kim said.

Connie snorted, then shrugged and opened the door. "We're filming a scene now. Ashley's not entirely sure she likes it."

"Ashley is a brainless bimbo. She doesn't have a say in anything," Kim said flatly.

Connie smiled and then led her downstairs.

Dawn was standing next to Ashley, pulling the blonde girl's head back by the hair, her fingers rubbing at the trembling, moaning girl's pussy as she talked in a low growl.

"... love it, you slutty little bitch. If anyone deserves to be whipped naked it's you, and you're such a - ."

She stopped with a gasp as she saw the stranger with her mother, her face going red. She was wearing only a tiny red leather G-string and harness, her breasts squeezed out between leather straps, bare and naked. Atop that was the hood, but she had taken that off.

"Well, well, well," Kim said. "Another little bimbo slut?"

Dawn glared at her. "Fuck you," she said indignantly.

"Kim is one of the uh, models who worked on the photo set we did with Ashley the other day," she said. "She had offered to help out, work the camera and... stuff."

"I see you already got some help," Kim said.

"This is Dawn."

"Hi Dawn," Kim said. "You have a nice body, Dawn."

Dawn frowned, still embarrassed and uneasy.

Kim ran her hand over Ashley's bare body. "Been whipping the little slut, have we?"

"It h-hurts," Ashley moaned.

"Baby," Dawn sneered.

Kim looked Dawn up and down. "When do we whip this one?"

"Maybe we should whip you!" Dawn said. "You think I'm some bondage slut like Ashley!?"

Connie opened her mouth to correct Kim but the strange look on her daughter's face halted her. Dawn looked outraged at first, but then seemed blustery and uncertain, her defiance more than a little half-hearted."

"So I'll just watch," Kim said.

"Go ahead. "Whip her," Connie said, going behind the camera.

Dawn looked uncertainly at Kim, but then turned and drew the flog back, then whipped it forward across Ashley's breasts.

Ashley howled and her feet kicked out wildly, her entire body swinging back and forth, then twisting as her legs flopped in different directions. Dawn slashed the crop across her breasts again, and again Ashley howled and sobbed, begging them to stop. Dawn ignored her, bringing the flog down a third time, then a fourth time as Connie recorded it.

Connie was beginning to doubt this was a good idea. Ashley seemed in a lot of pain, and not at all happy about what was happening. She was on the verge of stopping it when Kim stepped forward and interrupted it.

"You're enjoying this way too much," she said to Dawn.

"Who asked you?"

Kim towered over the girl, and reached out for her. Dawn backed away, but into a wall, and Kim moved in against her. Connie wasn't sure why she did nothing as the tough blonde woman stared down at her daughter, then peeled the hood up and off her head.

"Such a pretty little girl," she said mockingly.

"I'm not a little girl!" Dawn said with false bravado.

"Then maybe you should taste the other side of the whip."

"You think I'm scared?" Dawn sneered.

Kim smiled in a sleek, confident way. "No, dear. I think you're terrified, but not of the pain. I think you're terrified of something else."

"What are you talking about?" Dawn demanded defiantly.

Kim gripped Dawn behind the neck, and Dawn gasped in pain. Her hands shot up and back, but Kim simply twisted her around and shoved her face first into the wall, then gripped her wrists, pulling them up and back behind her neck and pinning them there easily in one hand.

Again Connie started to intervene, but something stopped her, and instead she kept recording as Kim led her daughter to a corner table where they had left a lot of bondage equipment, and slammed her belly-down across the table. She then forced leather restraints around Dawn's wrists and ankles - against not very spirited resistance.

A minute later Dawn was hanging from her wrists, gasping and twisting and moaning, her eyes alive and wild as Kim spread her legs and locked them in place.

“You,” she ordered Ashley with a pointed finger. “Eat the slut out.”

“Yes - mistress,” Ashley said, wide eyed.

She was kneeling, and moved in front of Dawn, her tongue pushing up into the other girl’s sex as Kim stripped and pulled on some leather bondage gear herself. Kim then moved behind Dawn, who was gulping in air, her face flushed, moaning and trembling as Ashley’s tongue worked on her.

“We’ll see how well you take to the flog, slut,” Kim growled.

Her powerful arm sent the flog slicing down across Dawn’s bare back, and Connie winced as her daughter screamed, her back arching. Again she almost stopped, almost intervened, but the look on her daughter’s face was - odd. It wasn’t panicky fear or simply anguished pain. It was conflicted. It was dazed, wondering, and - aroused.

Again the flog cut across her back, and again Dawn cried out, straining against the bonds, muscles moving beneath her skin as she writhed and twisted, her head falling back. The whip cut across her back again, and again, and again, and despite her cries of pain Connie could see the heat flooding her daughter, could almost smell the musky scent of her pussy as it oozed heat and hunger.

Kim continued to whip her, raining blows up and down her back from shoulder to thighs, and then moved slowly around in front of her. Dawn was moaning weakly, gasping for breath, shuddering, and her entire back was laced with criss-crossing red lines from the whip. Yet her hips were grinding and bucking and jerking into Ashley’s face as the blonde continued to lick at her.

“Pull your head back, slut,” Kim growled.

Dawn moaned weakly, and slowly forced her head up, staring through her tattered, tangled hair at the woman standing in front of her.

“Arch your back, you fucking whore,” Kim spat. “Shove those tits out so I can whip them!”

Dawn gave a broken sob, but bucked her hips violently at Ashley’s face, then jerked her head back, trembling and moaning low in her throat.

Kim brought the flog slicing down across her young breasts, and Dawn howled in pain, twisting and thrashing in her chains.

“Again, slut! Head back!”

Connie was stunned. Again she wanted to intervene. Again she didn’t, seeing the arousal, the heat in her daughter’s eyes. Kim brought the flog slashing down across her breasts again, and again, again, as Dawn sobbed and twisted and her hips bucked violently.

Her daughter’s eyes were wild, her chest heaving. Sweat trickled down her chest, between her red, whip marked breasts, down her trembling belly and between her legs, to where Ashley continued to lick.

Kim tossed the whip down and picked up a thin riding crop.

“Head back, you cheap fucking whore!” she hissed in a deadly voice.

Dawn, trembling, gulped in air, and then moaned as she jerked her head back. Kim drew her arm back carefully, and let the crop snap down across her left breast, directly across the nipple. Dawn howled and screamed, her body writhing and twisting and bucking, and then climaxed explosively, convulsions wracking her body as she cried out in glorious pleasure.

Kim brought the crop down across the centre of her other breast, then both. Her arm was a blur as the crop bit into Dawn’s breasts again and again, and Dawn howled and thrashed in pain and pleasure.

Ten

“No, no. Christ, you two are pathetic,” Kim snapped.

The two girls flushed in embarrassment.

“Watch me, and if you don’t get it right I’m going to take a crop to your tight little asses.”

Kim got up off the sofa, where she and Connie had been watching the girls practice stripping. She reset the CD player, and then her body began to move in time to the music, undulating, her hips rolling, her eyes seductive slits, her tongue gently gliding along her lower lip as she began to strip off her clothes.

The two girls, naked, stared at her, Ashley with anxiety in her eyes, Dawn looking almost reverent. Connie could see her daughter had developed a steaming hot crush on the blonde woman, and was uncertain about what, if anything, she should do about it. It was one thing to feature Ashley in videos, to consider having Ashley strip for a living.

But Dawn!? Dawn was to go to university and - and learn - something - so she could get a decent job and support herself. Not that stripping wouldn’t do that, of course. Kim’s description of how much could be made stripping by beautiful girls was very impressive.

Her daughter’s sex was now as bare and visible as Ashley’s, and Kim hadn’t wanted to tolerate stubble at all. She had persuaded Connie to have both girls taken in for laser treatment, so that their pubic hair had been permanently removed.

Kim had moved in with them, or so it seemed. She was Dawn’s guest, officially, but Dawn remained naked and bound at all times, and the cries of pain and pleasure which came from her room at night when the two went to bed made it clear who was in charge in that relationship.

As if there were ever any doubt. Kim treated her like a slave, snapping her fingers at her, slapping her face or bottom whenever she hesitated or questioned her. Again, Connie wasn't sure she liked that. Her daughter was an intelligent, questioning young woman. She didn't think she liked the thought of her being reduced to a mindless sex toy.

It was only a game, of course, a temporary thing. Dawn was learning a lot about her sexuality, about this new aspect of her sexuality. Soon she would get bored with the woman, who was so much older than her, and want a boy between her legs.

As for stripping; it was a great idea for Ashley, but not for Dawn. Though again, it might not be a bad idea for a little while. She'd heard a lot of college girls earned their tuition money stripping.

"All right. You got it, sluts?"

"Yes, mistress," they said, echoing each other.

Kim reset the music, and the two girls dressed. Then they began to move and sway and strip as the two older women looked on. When they were naked they continued to move, to arch their backs, to caress their bodies, to roll their heads and hips and turn and writhe seductively. They spread their legs and bent over. They crawled cat like, sliding their tongues out over their lower lips.

Then they moved up towards the two women, and gave them lap dances, grinding their pelvises forward, straddling their bodies, sliding their breasts slowly up and down across their faces.

Kim had arranged for the girls to have tryouts at a pair of strip clubs the next day. One was for lesbians, and she took Dawn there, while Connie brought Ashley to the other.

Ashley was nervous and anxious, but seemed excited, as well. She blushed as she stripped in front of the manager, bartender, and a couple of waitresses, but performed the routine Kim had shown her flawlessly, and her lush young body and face made the manager nod his head repeatedly in approval.

"Tomorrow night at ten," he said. "She'll do a four hour set.

Pleased, Connie drove the girl to the lesbian club where she was to pick up Kim and Dawn.

"Wait here. We'll just be a minute," she said.

Ashley nodded, and Connie went in the rear door where she'd seen Kim disappear with Dawn. The hallway beyond was narrow, with old, plastered walls, bare overhead pipes and wires, and a tile floor. She followed it to the end, and found herself behind the bar. She was about to turn around when her eyes were caught by the scene in the front.

The room was otherwise empty, the club not yet opened. But there were a number of women there. All were clothed save two. One of those two was Dawn. Dawn was laid out, slumped back in a booth, but the table had been pulled away. Her arms were spread out to either side, and two middle aged women pinned them there, at the same time leaning in to fondle and knead, and lick and suck on Dawn's bare breasts. Two more pinned her legs out to either side, stroking their hands up and down the length.

Another woman knelt between her legs, licking at her, but as she brought her head up to grin at

one of the others and say something Connie saw she had her entire hand buried inside her daughter's sex. She gasped at the sight of her wrist protruding from the writhing, moaning girl's bare pussy, and then again as she saw the woman ram her fist deep, and lean in to begin licking at her clitoris again.

The final woman was the only one beside Dawn who was nude. Dawn's head had been pulled back across the top of the seat, and the woman knelt there, straddling her face, really sitting on it. She had Dawn's hair in her fist, and was twisting and tugging it as she ground her pussy against the girl's mouth.

"Lick! Lick faster, you filthy little slut!"

"Suck her cunt, whore!" one of the other women said, pinching one of Dawn's nipples.

Dawn's body writhed and bucked in the midst of them all.

Had it been anyone but her daughter Connie would have found the sight intensely erotic and arousing. As it was she still felt a tug at her groin, but indignation won out and she rushed back down the hall, looking for the door into the front room.

She met Connie on the way.

"How'd it go?" Kim asked.

"What are you doing to my daughter?" Connie demanded.

Kim's eyes narrowed. "About what you're doing to someone else's daughter," she said.

"That's different!"

"Why?"

"Because I'm not giving her to every Tom, Dick and Harry!"

"I'm not giving your daughter to anyone either. She's just - playing."

"Playing!?"

"Your daughter is a bright girl, isn't she?"

"Well - yes but - ."

"Then what makes you think she's doing anything against her will?"

"That's not the point! She's only a girl!"

"Like Ashley."

"Look I - ."

"Look, Mom," Kim said. "Your daughter is having fun, learning new things about herself and her body. When she wants it to stop it'll stop. And since she's an adult there's fuck all you can do about it."

“In fact,” Kim said, leaning in against her. “Maybe you’d like to feel the whip across your back. Maybe you’d like to be my bitch for a while.”

“Maybe you’d like to be mine,” Connie replied challengingly.

Kim smirked, and Connie dropped her eyes. She knew she wasn’t as tough or strong willed as the blonde.

“I think I could teach you a few things, honey,” Kim said, sliding her hand down between Connie’s breasts, then under one, cupping and squeezing it.

“I’m sure,” Connie said, sniffing, but not terribly confident.

Kim’s hand worked down between her legs, and Connie shoved it away, but the other woman gripped her wrists and shoved them roughly up and back against the wall above her head.

“What are - stop it!” Connie gasped.

Kim easily pinned her wrists with one hand, then let her other hand undo the top button of her pants and slide down inside.

“Kim! S-stop it!” she gasped, twisting against her.

Kim’s fingers found her sex, and began to manipulate her clit, stroking and massaging it in a way Connie found sent thrills of sex heat up her body.

Kim’s lips crushed hers, and her tongue slid between taunting and teasing her own.

“You’ve got a great body,” Connie said. “We’re not nearly as age conscious as the man, who likes little girls. You could make big money here stripping.”

“D-Don’t be ri-ridiculous!” Connie gasped, suddenly caught by the imagine of herself stripping naked before a room full of lesbians.

“You could do a mother and daughter act.”

“You’re sick!”

She gasped as Connie’s fingers slid into her, as her thumb stroked across her clitoris.

Kim forced her hands back behind her head, then wrapped a chunk of her hair against them and held them there with one hand as she pushed her through the door where they could again watch her daughter surrounded by lewd sexual admirers.

“Tell me you wouldn’t like that to be you there,” Kim hissed into her ear, “Tell me you wouldn’t like all those women pawing and groping you, sucking on your fat nipples and fingering your hot little clitty.

“I-I wouldn’t!”

“You think I had you practice with the girls just out of fun? I saw how you got off on it, baby. I saw the look in your eyes. I could smell how hot you were!”

“W-wasn’t!” Connie gasped, as the woman’s fingers sent scalding waves of sex heat up through her belly.

She watched Dawn scream out in climax, her hips bucking wildly as the woman kneeling between her legs rammed her fist into her belly again and again. The screams were muffled and then cut off by the woman riding her face, jamming her pussy down against her mouth.

Another woman emerged from the back and eyed them with interest.

“Get me a strap-on,” Connie growled. “She’s a cock lover.”

The woman laughed and turned away, and Kim turned slammed Connie belly down across a table, then yanked at her trousers, pulling them over her hips, and down to expose her bare bottom.

“S-stop it! Kim!” she gasped.

Kim’s hand shot between her legs and Connie shuddered.

“I don’t think you really want to stop, slut.”

The other woman emerged, and had more than a strap on with her. In short order, protesting weakly all the while, Connie was stripped naked, and her wrists were strapped together behind her back. Then her legs were forced wide as Kim thrust the thick strap-on dildo into her hot, aching sex.

The other woman held her hair, and Connie was humiliated by her presence, yet could not fight off the wild, sex heat as Connie began to pump the dildo in and out of her overheated pussy.

“You love it, don’t you, slut?” Kim growled.

Connie yelped as the woman slapped her hand down across her bare bottom.

“Tell me you love it, slut.”

Again her hand cracked down across Connie’s bottom, and she yelped again.

“I-I do!”

Kim slapped her bottom again, sharply. “Say it!”

“I love it!” Connie cried.

The dildo was driving deep into her pussy by then, and her insides were twisting and churning in hot, steaming sexual need as she rolled her hot breasts against the table below. Then they rolled her onto her back and the strange woman, who had now stripped, straddled her face, settling her pussy down against Connie’s mouth as Kim thrust the dildo back into her pussy and began to drive into her with hard, deep strokes.

Later, she and Dawn knelt side by side on the hard floor, their hair being pulled into the faces of

two middle aged women neither knew, their legs spread, bottoms raised, as two more women thrust into them with strap-on dildos. Other women sat and knelt around them, sneering and laughing, slapping their bottoms and reaching in to grope, squeeze and fondle their breasts.

Finally, Ashley, obedient as she was, timidly came inside to find out what was happening. Minutes later she too knelt licking at pussy, her wrists bound, a hard dildo thrusting into her pussy.

That night she sat backstage, heart pounding, as she watched her daughter go out for the first time and begin her routine. Dawn looked nervous and anxious, but also intensely aroused. Connie thought she could actually hear her heart pounding more loudly as she removed one item of clothing after the other. Then she watched proudly as her daughter, completely nude, began to swing and sway and roll her hips, dancing provocatively, lustily, for the audience. The audience could tell she was aroused, and applauded enthusiastically, calling out obscenities as the girl twisted and swayed.

“She’s fucking hot, isn’t she?” Kim whispered in her ear.

Startled, Connie jerked around, but Kim had an arm around her, and now her hand was sliding into her pants, into her panties, stroking at her sex.

“Kim!”

“What? You think anyone here would be shocked?” Kim asked, chuckling.

“B-but I - .”

“But you’re repressed. Look at your hot, slut daughter and tell me she doesn’t need to be fucked.”

She obviously did, and Connie moaned as she ground herself against Kim’s fingers.

“One of the girls is late. You’re going to have to take her place,” Kim said.

Connie gasped. “No way! No fucking way!”

“Oh yes way,” Kim said with a low chuckle. “We both know you’re going to do what I want, and we both know it’s because you want to do it. The thought of being out on that stage naked is making your pussy burn.”

“I-I can’t! I’m not - I’m not a kid like - .”

“You’re beautiful and you have a fantastic body, better than your daughter’s. And most of the women out there aren’t little girls themselves. They like a hot, sexy woman, not a wide eyed, innocent waif.”

“I-I’m not a lesbian!” she blurted.

“All the better,” Kim said with a throaty chuckle.

Connie argued frantically, even as she was being dressed in the secretary outfit Kim had found for her, even as she was pulling her hair back, putting on the glasses, and being led and pushed back to the rear of the stage again.

Dawn had long finished, and was out in the audience, doing a lap dance. Now the next woman finished, and Kim almost threw her out onto the stage, where she momentarily froze in the light. But then the music started, and her terror of looking like a fool outweighed her embarrassment.

She began to roll her hips to the music, heart pounding, pulse racing, face burning, she moved forward under the lights, searching for the stripper pole, almost needing it to hold her up as her legs turned to rubber.

But then, out in the audience, she saw Dawn, straddling a butch looking woman with short dark hair, grinding her pelvis against her. The woman was licking and sucking at one of Dawn's breasts, and the women on either side were sliding their hands up and down her back, squeezing and kneading her buttocks. They were talking to her, no doubt telling her what a hot, sexy slut she was. And Connie felt a glow of heat between her legs.

The music changed, and she whipped her arms back, letting her blazer slide up and back over her shoulders, then down her arms to drop behind her. She undid her hair and tossed the glasses of, moving more freely now, her body beginning to feel a wild, uncontrollable thrill of sex heat.

She slipped off her shirt, then her skirt, and she thought she might explode with the sex heat and hunger inside her. When she bared her breasts to the shouting women a small orgasm seemed to ripple through her belly. When she slipped off the G-string and ground herself against the stripper pole she came explosively. And wasn't able to hide it.

She cringed in humiliation, even as her body and mind flared with white hot sex pleasure, as the women howled and shouted, and she gripped the pole for all it was worth, grinding her burning, soaking pussy up and down it.

And then, barely able to control herself, she sank to her knees against the pole, still gripping it with tight fingers overhead, rolling her head and bottom, then falling back to lay on the floor, legs spread wide, back arching again and again, writhing with ecstasy and sexual hunger.

There wasn't a woman there who couldn't see the pole glisten wetly, who couldn't see how sopping wet the woman's sex and groin was.

Afterwards, Connie gave lap dances, almost in a daze, moaning helplessly as the women she straddled bit into her swollen nipples and dug their fingers into her buttocks, as they fingered her to climax, their voices mocking and aroused.

Afterwards, in a small back room, she and Dawn were again bound, their faces pushed into pussies, forced to tongue women to orgasm as they were spanked and strapped, and had dildos shoved into them. And there Connie, for the first time, was fisted, screaming in helpless pleasure as a strange woman's fist and half her arm were driven deep into her belly.

Then she and Dawn were placed belly to belly, breast to breast, in the centre of the room, their wrists locked to opposite ends of the same spreader bar, and they were flogged until they were barely conscious. Then they were turned back to back, and their breasts and bellies were flogged.

The next day Kim brought them to a tattoo parlour, where all three had their nipples and sex lips pierced.

The videos featuring Ashley, Dawn and now Connie became bigger, featuring more men now. Connie often felt bizarrely conflicted, as in when she was watching and operating one of the cameras while Dawn, her wrists and elbows pinned behind her back by tough straps, was roughly gang banged by six men. A part of her felt outraged, wanting to protect her daughter, while a part of her was jealous of her.

The sight of her daughter's face being jammed into a man's groin as he forced his fat black cock down her throat, another big black man sodomising her from behind, made her pussy burn like fire. And she knew the way Kim looked at her that it wouldn't be long until she too was starring in similar productions.

She thought of her drab, dull, boring life with Peter with amazement that she had ever lived such a life. And while this was not exactly what she had imagined or fantasised about, she knew that, like Dawn, she was willing to go on experiencing it for all she was worth, living life on the wild edge, with no cares or regrets.

END