

Aubree's First Apartment

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Synopsis: Aubree was young and on her own. She had her first apartment and a promising college education ahead of her. The bad news for Aubree was Winston. He had dirt on Aubree and blackmail was in order.

Aubree's First Apartment

Chapter 1: Poolside

The postman finished delivering the daily mail to Green Meadow Apartments. Closing the last mailbox, he turned and walked across the parking lot towards his van. He glanced at his watch. **Three fifteen! Damn! My shift ends at four!** Looking over towards the apartment pool, he noticed a beautiful girl wearing an extremely small bikini preparing to dive into the swimming pool. She looked young, maybe eighteen or nineteen. Her long dark hair cascaded over her smooth back. Her breasts were full and inviting. Her butt was firm. The bikini practically rode up her crack. He stopped, mesmerized. He continued to stare as she dove into the pool. **Oh damn! What I wouldn't do to have that pretty little ass!** He shook his head and hurried to his delivery van.

Aubree swam to the shallow end of the pool and slowly walked up the steps and onto the warm concrete. She bent forward to squeeze the water out of her long hair and brushed the moisture from her bare stomach and thighs. She was aware of the looks coming from the others around the pool. The men were lustful. The other girls were jealous. Aubree was used to this type of attention. She was a very pretty girl and she knew it. Stretching, she lazily walked towards a chair while straightening her bikini bottoms. She enjoyed the warmth of the pavement beneath her bare feet and the feel of the bright sunshine on her face. She adjusted the chair into a reclining position and laid down on her back. Grabbing up her bottle of suntan oil, she squeezed an ample amount onto her stomach and began massaging the slick oil across her smooth, tan skin.

It was a warm, sunny Saturday afternoon. The smell of charcoal was thick in the air. Birds were singing. Flowers were blooming. Aubree was in heaven. She was out of school until Tuesday and had the whole weekend ahead of her. She had just moved into her new apartment a couple of days ago and this was her first opportunity to enjoy the community swimming pool. It was one of the things about Green Meadow Apartments which had sold her. The pool was very nice and clean with a beautiful waterfall at one end. Aubree loved the water. She couldn't get enough of it. Aubree often told her friends that if she could be reincarnated, she would be a magnificent dolphin swimming free in the ocean. Aubree loved dolphins.

She picked her sunglasses up and pushed them into place on her nose. She glanced around the swimming pool. It was the usual weekend fare. A guy and his girlfriend drinking cold beers. An older couple reading magazines in their corner. A group of friends cooking hotdogs on the grill. She let her eyes roam over the apartment buildings surrounding the pool. Open windows. A girl playing with a cat. A dog standing on the balcony barking at the glass door. **and what the heck?** Her eyes came to rest on a man leaning over the rail of a balcony on the third floor. He was staring right at her. He wasn't moving. Just staring. He appeared to be in his late fifties. He had long silver hair, pulled back into a ponytail and dark sunglasses. He was wearing tan pants and a black tee-shirt. The shiny watch on his wrist sparkled in the bright afternoon sun. Aubree felt slightly uncomfortable. **Take a picture, dude! It will last longer.**

She picked up her magazine and flipped to the article she had been reading earlier. The article was entitled **How to Know if your Man is Cheating**. Aubree didn't have a boyfriend at the time but she figured this type of article was good reading none the less. She perused a couple of paragraphs. Suddenly, she stopped reading. An uncomfortable feeling came over her. Like she was being watched. She looked up and sure enough, the guy was still there. Staring. He hadn't even moved. He was just leaning on the rail looking right at her. **What a jerk!** Aubree rolled over onto her stomach facing away from the leering man. **Why won't he just go away?** She read a couple of more sentences and then quickly glanced over her shoulder. The man was gone. **Thank god! What a pervert!** Aubree shuddered. **Some men are just pigs!** She returned to reading her article.

After several minutes, Aubree reached the section of the article entitled **He Doesn't Seem to Listen Anymore**. She rolled over onto her back, placing the magazine across her tummy. She ran her slender fingers through her wet hair and stretched. Out of her peripheral vision, Aubree noticed the man on the third floor again. He was back. She shot a glance in his direction. He was definitely back and this time he had a camera. He was blatantly snapping photos of her. **What a freak!** Aubree was suddenly aware of her very skimpy attire. Her bikini left very little to the imagination. The bottoms barely covered her front and did even less in the rear. The top was tight fitting and revealed most of her upper breasts. Aubree was suddenly aware that her nipples were hard and protruding through the moist bikini top. She felt naked. Sitting up, she reached for the towel at her bare feet. Glancing over the top of her sunglasses, she could see the camera lens zooming in and out. **Fucking jerk!** She stood up and wrapped the towel around herself. Grabbing her suntan oil and magazine, she slipped her feet into her flip-flops and hurried towards the pool exit. She heard a sharp whistle and a hoot. She didn't need to turn around to know where the noise came from. **Fucking jerk!** Aubree rushed from the pool and hurried towards her apartment. **Friggin Asshole!!!**

Aubree slammed the door behind her and locked the deadbolt. She was home and safe. She breathed in the new apartment smell and glanced around her living room. The white couches and wooden coffee table. The coffee maker on the counter. The dolphin statues on her entertainment center. All was well. She dropped the towel and hurried to her bedroom, quickly forgetting the lecherous man at the pool.

Chapter 2: Winston

Winston stood at his kitchen counter looking at the photos he had just printed. This new girl was certainly something special. He had noticed her when she first came to apply for an apartment. How could he not notice her? He remembered the exact time. 1:34 PM. Winston smiled. As the lead apartment maintenance man, he had seen a lot of girls come and go. But this Aubree, she was special.

He remembered watching her step out of her car. He had been smitten from the start. She had long shiny brown hair. Her eyes were dark and enticing. Her face had a certain girlish innocence that made him rock hard. Her lips were soft and full. She was slender and fit but not overly skinny. Like so many young girls tended to be these days. Her cleavage hinted at the natural ample breasts hidden just beneath her tight half-shirt which exposed her bare midriff and adorable bellybutton. Her hip-hugger jeans were tight and highlighted her firm buttocks which swayed seductively as she walked. Her flip-flops revealed her curvaceous ankles and cute toes. This girl was an eleven on a scale of one to ten!

Winston had held back, waiting in the lounge, listening to Aubree's initial interview with the apartment manager. Eighteen years old, first apartment, fresh out of high school. Yum! He had crossed his fingers, hoping that she would be approved. He had continued listening to the interview and was even more enticed when she revealed she would be living alone. Wow! The possibilities were enormous! He was delighted to hear the manager say she was approved for apartment 22B. Her apartment would be directly across the swimming pool from his own place and just one floor lower. What luck!

Later that afternoon, while the manager was out, Winston had snuck into the office and located Aubree's file conveniently laying on the desk. After a quick trip to the copy machine, Winston had his own Aubree file. Hopefully soon, the file would be a bit thicker.

That evening, Winston had read over Aubree's application.

- * Full-time student attending Mercham Christian University on a scholarship.
- * Honor roll student majoring in Arts/Dance
- * From the small town of Reed (a good three hundred miles south of the city)
- * Employed part-time at the Donut Palace (morning shift)
- * Hobbies included swimming, laughing, dancing and meeting new people.

Aw goodness! What a sweet girl! It's almost a shame almost, but not quite! Winston laughed out loud.

The next day, the manager had instructed Winston to make 22B ready to move in. He had nodded. My pleasure, miss. This time it wasn't his English background which caused him to be polite.

Winston cleaned up 22B meticulously, paying particular attention to the windows. Those windows needed to be perfectly clear and clean and oh by the way, the blinds in the living room were stuck in the open position. They would need some maintenance work for sure.

Chapter 2: Relaxing Morning

Aubree opened the door and dropped her purse on the floor. Kicking off her shoes and socks, she practically collapsed onto the couch. **What a morning! Four hours at the Donut Palace and now studying. Darn. And, I'm not even ready for the test tomorrow! Between school and work, I'll never have any me time!** She shot a glance at the wall clock. 11:14 AM. **I really should be studying! But, I need to relax a little.**

Aubree stood up and walked to the bathroom. Underneath the sink, she found what she was looking for. **The stash!** She pulled out the plastic bag and held it to her nose. **mmmm, good stuff!** Aubree had developed a fondness for marijuana during her days growing up in the small town of Reed. You see, there just wasn't much going on in Reed and most of the kids had taken to smoking a little pot here and there. Aubree had found smoking to be relaxing and always made sure to have a little on hand at all times. She grabbed a small white pipe from underneath the sink along with a lighter bearing the images of jumping dolphins.

Sitting back down on the couch, Aubree loaded the pipe. She was suddenly aware of the open blinds. She went over and pulled the chain to close the blinds. They didn't close. **Oh my Gawd! I just moved in this place!** Aggravated, she lit the pipe and took a couple of drags. She let the feeling slowly wash over her tense body. **mmmmm. Just what I needed!** After a couple of more drags, she extinguished the pipe and put the bag and pipe under her coffee table. **Now, to take care of these darned blinds!**

Hello? Yes, this is Aubree in 22B. Yes, thank you. I just discovered my living room blinds won't close. Could you send someone up here to fix them? Mmm hmhm. Yes, I'll be here for the rest of the afternoon. Thanks. Aubree sat back down and opened her textbook.

Winston glanced at his watch. 11:04 AM. He adjusted his binoculars and focused on 22B. Still no movement. **Damn it! She works part time in the mornings! Where is she? Has she got some damned boyfriend? These American girls are all whores.** Winston slammed the binoculars down and lit a smoke. **Fucking bitch.** He pulled heavily on the cigarette. **That damned girl had better not wait was that movement?** Winston snatched the binoculars up and glared into them. **Yep oh yes!** There she was. He watched her take her shoes and socks off and sit on the couch. **Oh yes, you sexy little vixen. Show Uncle Winston something, baby.** He adjusted the binoculars to zoom in at full magnification. **Would you look at those tits? Oh Jesus, help me.** Winston watched as Aubree stood up and passed out of view. **Come back to Uncle Winston, baby. Don't leave me this way.** Winston grabbed his crotch and gave a squeeze. **Come on, bitch.** He watched her sit back down on the couch. He saw her walk to the window as if looking out. **What's she doing?** Winston focused intensely. She sat back down and there was the flash of a lighter. **I'll be damned! A little dope smoker!** He watched her load the bowl and take a couple of puffs. He quickly grabbed his camera and zoomed in. **Snap Snap Snap Oh yes, baby! Give Uncle Winston some ammo!**

After several more pictures, Winston watched Aubree place the illegal materials under her coffee table. **What a bad little girl. Smoking dope. What would daddy say? You're in trouble now!** He watched her pick up the phone. **Who is she calling at this time of the day? Surely not some college punk? Oh baby, why? You need an older man to take care of you.** He snapped a couple of more pictures of her hanging up the phone. Putting down the camera, Winston reached for the binoculars. Suddenly, his two-way radio went off. **BEEP BEEP BEEP!** Winston jumped. **What the frig?!? Damned manager!**

Yes madam? Winston spoke politely into the two-way.

Living room blinds, 22B. Check them out, please, the two-way radio crackled.

Oh, yes madam. Winston smiled.

Aubree was trying to focus but she was feeling a little buzzed. She tried to concentrate on the textbook but to no avail. **Screw this!** Slamming the book onto the coffee table, she reached for the remote control. Flipping through the channels, she was startled by a knock at the door. **Oh maintenance.**

Getting up, Aubree pulled her shirt down and straightened her pants. She quickly lit the incense candle on the table. Shaking her hair out, she opened the front door. She was shocked to see the man from the third floor who had ogled her at the pool.

💎 I'm here to fix your blinds, miss. 💎

Aubree was nervous and somewhat embarrassed. This was definitely the same guy who had been taking her pictures at the swimming pool only the day before yesterday. **Wasn't it? Was it him?** She couldn't be sure. **It looks like him. He reminds me of someone else** 💎

💎 You're with maintenance? 💎 Aubree considered the man's accent. **English? Australian? He's definitely not from Alabama.**

💎 Yes, miss. Maintenance. 💎 The man's eyes seemed to travel up and down her body.

💎 Yeah. Okay. It's my window blinds. They don't seem to shut. 💎 Aubree motioned towards the window.

💎 Let's have a look. 💎 The man entered, tool belt jingling.

Aubree watched the maintenance man walk over to the window. **Is this the guy with the camera? Is this the freak from the pool? Looks like him but** 💎 Her toes clenched the carpet under her bare feet. She held her hands across her breasts and looked nervously at her phone lying on the coffee table.

💎 So, what do you think? 💎 Aubree tried to make conversation.

💎 Well, it looks like something's definitely out of place here, honey. Something just doesn't smell right. 💎 The man was pulling on the chain to operate the blinds.

💎 Wha.. What do you mean? 💎 Aubree was way nervous. She could smell the pot smoke. She hoped he wouldn't. 💎 Can you fix it? 💎 Aubree flipped the switch to turn on the ceiling fan.

💎 Sure. I can fix it, honey. But it's going to take some work. 💎 The older man looked at her over his shoulder. Aubree didn't like the way he looked at her.

💎 What do you mean? How long will it take? 💎 Aubree felt her bottom lip quivering. This guy was making her real uncomfortable. She smoothed over her shirt with one hand while brushing a long strand of hair from her eyes with the other.

💎 Oh. I don't know. What's that smell? It smells strange. 💎 The man turned around and looked at her. His gaze was harsh and cold.

💎 Wha? wha? smell? 💎 Aubree was in a panic. She tried to control her emotions.

💎 Smells like marijuana. Have you been smoking marijuana, young lady? 💎 He smiled.

💎 No. No. what do you mean? 💎 Aubree stepped towards the phone.

The man sat down on the couch, placing his hand over Aubree's phone.

💎 Marijuana, miss. Smells like somebody's been smoking some illegal tobacco. 💎 The man laughed. 💎 Now what's this? 💎 Reaching under the coffee table, he pulled out Aubree's bag of weed. 💎 Well. well. And, what pray tell do we have here, missy? 💎

💎 I. I don't know. I. it's my friend's, I think. I. 💎 Aubree was terrified.

She watched the maintenance man open the bag of weed and hold it to his nose.

💎 This smells like some pretty strong stuff. 💎 Winston shot a glance at Aubree. 💎 I bet this stuff will stay in your system for awhile. I wonder what would happen if the dean of your university were to get a call about one of his honor students smoking a little dope? I further wonder if he'd want a urine sample? 💎 Winston stroked his chin thoughtfully. 💎 You know. I'd be willing to bet that fancy christian university of yours wouldn't look to favorably on a student hooked on drugs. What do you think? 💎

Aubree was really nervous and getting a bit angry, too. 💎 Look you jerk, you're here to fix the blinds, not to pry into my private affairs! How do you even know anything about me? 💎 She tried to sound brave but was horrified at the way her voice faltered.

💎 Is that a fact? 💎 Winston walked over and waved the bag in front of Aubree's face. 💎 Well I'm sure the dean would like to hear about this and the police would REALLY like to hear about it. Not to mention, apartment policy frowns on illegal substances. in fact, it's a violation of your lease, little missy. 💎 He took a step closer to the shaking girl.

💎 Look. Just stop it. What do you want me to say? I'm sorry. Please just let it go mister. 💎 Aubree realized she was pleading.

Winston laughed. 💎 And what would you say if I told you I had some pictures of you smoking a little of the pot to go along with this bag? I think they would call that proof positive. 💎

💎 Okay. Okay. Listen. I've got money, mister. I can give you money. Just let it go, okay? I made a mistake. I understand what you're saying but I can't change it now. I promise I'll stop smoking the stuff. I know it isn't good for me and. 💎

Winston reached out and placed a callused finger over Aubree's lips stopping her in mid-sentence. Leaning down, his face was just inches away from the trembling girl.

💎 Shhhh. You quiet down now, little miss. You're just talking yourself into a corner. Best thing for you to do is just pipe down. 💎 Winston placed the bag in his shirt pocket and took a step back. 💎 Now, I'm not an unreasonable man, little missy. I know you've got a lot going for you and I don't want to see your whole life get screwed up over a little dope. But, we've got a problem here and I can't just ignore it. Wouldn't be right or honorable of me. 💎 Winston liked how easily the young girl had taken his bait.

He let his eyes travel over Aubree's delicious body. **Damn would you look at this little tart? Prettiest little face I've seen in years and man, look at those tits! Sexy ass. great legs. and those lips. Damn she has some pretty lips. They look so soft. Wonder how they would feel wrapped around my cock?** His eyes continued to wander over her body. **Nice legs. I've already seen those legs, nice and bare in her little tight bikini. Cute little toes too. I'd love to suck on them** 💎

Aubree watched the man's eyes as they traveled over her body from head to toe. They seemed to get a distant glazed look, as if he was in deep thought.

She took a step back. ♦ Look mister. You can let it go. I promise I won't smoke anything else. Really. I can give you some money and maybe tell the manager what a great job you did here ♦ you know ♦ give a compliment to your boss ♦ maybe get you a raise or something ♦ And you're making sense about the drugs ♦ I do have a lot to lose. It was very stupid of me. I've learned my lesson. Please ♦ I ♦ ♦

Winston suddenly seemed to wake up from a daydream. ♦ Quiet, missy. I won't listen to anymore whining out of you. You made a big mistake here and I can't just overlook your bad behavior. The way I see it, there's two choices here. Either I go to the police, your school and the management here at Green Meadow or ♦ ♦ he trailed off.

♦ Please, mister. ♦ Aubree was beside herself and could feel warm tears welling up in her eyes. She tried to hold them back. She rubbed her eyes with the back of her hand. ♦ Please ♦ I'll ♦ I'll ♦ do anything. ♦ Her voice became weak. She couldn't raise her eyes from the carpet. She focused on her bare feet, toes clenching in the carpet. She held one arm over her body and one hand over her mouth. She felt sick with fear.

Winston smiled. **Well, well, little girl! ♦ you sure don't seem like so much of a stuck up little college girl now ♦ you're in trouble ♦ and you know it. Good. Nothing like a girl in trouble ♦** Winston felt his penis stiffening in his pants. He adjusted his tool belt.

He stood up straight and crossed his arms over his chest. ♦ Well. There is another way. ♦ He rocked back and forth on his heels, as if thinking. ♦ You've done a bad thing here and you have to be punished. Can't let that part go ♦ But, we can keep the punishment between you and me. I can handle your discipline and keep it away from the authorities. But, you'll have to be punished ♦ and severely. Do you understand me, young lady? ♦

♦ Yes ♦ I ♦ understand you. ♦ Her voice trailed off.

♦ Well. The decision is yours missy. We can take this down the proper channels or I can punish you myself. What will it be? ♦ Winston was bursting with joy. **I've got this little vixen just where I want her.** ♦ Well? Speak up, miss. I can't hear you. My punishment or the authorities? What will it be? ♦

Aubree felt tears trickling down her pretty cheeks. She couldn't hold them back any longer, she was scared. **If he gets the authorities involved, my parents will find out. Daddy and momma will be so ashamed. I will lose my scholarship, my apartment and maybe ♦ my freedom. But, if I let him punish me I don't know what he'll do ♦ and look at how he's looking at me! Pervert! What should I do??** Her eyes roamed over her new apartment. The couches ♦ the coffee table ♦ the picture on the wall above the small fireplace ♦ the dolphin statues on her entertainment center ♦ her textbook thrown face down on the table ♦ **what should I do???**

♦ Well? Make your mind up, little missy. I haven't got all day. I've got work to be doing. Now, I'm offering you a way out. Take it or leave it. My punishment or the authorities. Make up your mind. ♦ Winston looked stern.

Aubree's mind raced. She wished she weren't buzzed. She couldn't think clearly. ♦ Okay. I'll take your punishment. Just please don't call the police. ♦ Aubree dropped her head in shame.

Winston was delighted. His penis was fully erect and only getting harder by the second. ♦ Okay. Now you're talking reasonably. That's a good first step. ♦ He walked over and stood a few inches in front of Aubree. ♦ Now, let's get something straight right out of the gate. I will punish you ♦ and harshly. Whatever happens will be between the two of us. Do you understand, girl? ♦

♦ Yes. ♦ Aubree placed one bare foot on top of the other.

♦ And you'll do exactly what I say. Without question. If you disobey me at any time, it's over and I'll call the police. Do you understand? ♦ Winston's eyes burned into the young girl's face.

♦ Yes. ♦ Aubree began to weep. The tears were coming out like a fountain.

♦ Yes what? ♦ Winston asked.

♦ What do you mean? I ♦ ♦ Aubree was confused.

♦ You will address me as sir. Where I come from, young girls have respect for their elders. Respect is something you American girls don't have enough of but I intend to change that with you. Now ♦ Yes what? ♦

♦ Yes ♦ sir. ♦ Aubree complied.

♦ That's better. Now come over here and stand in front of me, girl. ♦ Winston sat down on the couch.

Aubree dragged her feet as she walked towards the couch. Her mind was in a drug induced fog, tinged with panic.

♦ Stand up straight, girl! ♦ Winston demanded. ♦ Hands on top of your head! Shoulders back. ♦

Aubree complied, placing her hands in a laced position behind her head.

♦ Spread your legs, girl! ♦

Aubree let her bare feet slide across the carpet until her legs were fully spread.

♦ Do you have any other drugs, girl? ♦

♦ No. ♦

♦ No, what? ♦ Winston looked the girl directly in the face.

♦ No, sir. ♦ Aubree couldn't take her eyes off the carpet.

♦ That's right. I am a sir. You are a little girl. Understand, girl? ♦

♦ Yes, sir. ♦

♦ Now let's just see if you're lying. ♦ Winston placed his hands on Aubree's ankles and began moving up, patting down both legs and stopping with his hands on her waist.

♦ Anything in here? ♦ Winston placed a hand between Aubree's legs and moved up to her crotch, squeezing tightly. ♦ Well? ♦

♦ No ♦ sir ♦ I don't have anything else ♦ Is this really necessary? ♦ Aubree felt sick.

◆What did I say about questions, young lady?◆ Winston slapped Aubree's thigh.

◆No questions, sir. I'm sorry.◆

◆Damn right, girl. Now turn around!◆ Winston grabbed Aubree's hips and spun her around. His eyes were level with that gorgeous ass. He began feeling her butt through her jeans. He squeezed and pinched and ended up with a finger over her rectum. ◆Anything hidden up here?◆ He applied pressure.

◆No, sir. Nothing. Please, mister.◆ Aubree was shaking.

Winston let his hands slide up her sides all the way under her arms. ◆Lift your arms, girlie.◆

Aubree raised her arms above her head. She felt the man's hands moving up and down her back and then move around to her tummy. He rolled her shirt up slowly and she could feel his hands caressing her soft stomach. His fingers were all over her smooth flesh and she felt one finger in her bellybutton, outlining her navel in a circular motion. Suddenly, his hands were underneath her shirt, squeezing her breasts through her bra. She felt his fingers slipping under her bra, touching her mounds.

◆Turn around, girl.◆, Winston commanded.

Aubree turned to face him. She wanted to pull her shirt back down. It was all the way up over her bra. She held back the urge, out of fear.

◆Down on your knees and open your mouth.◆ Winston placed his hands on her shoulders and pushed her onto her knees. ◆Open your mouth, girl!◆

Aubree felt his callused fingers inside her mouth, under her tongue and on her teeth.

◆Anything in here, girl?◆

◆No, sir. Nothing.◆ Aubree held her head in shame, her arms crossed over her body as Winston sat back in a reclining position on the couch. He placed his hands behind his head and put his feet up on the coffee table. He watched as she hurriedly pulled her shirt back down, in an attempt at modesty. Winston smiled. **You weren't quite so modest at the swimming pool on Saturday◆ in your tight little bikini◆ showing off your young body like a little whore◆**

◆Now, it's time you had the start of your punishment, little miss. And, don't expect that I will be gentle with you because you're a girl. You've done a bad thing and you must be punished for it. Do I make myself clear, little girl?◆

Aubree chewed on her bottom lip. ◆Yes, sir. I understand.◆

◆Get across my knee.◆ Winston sat up and pulled Aubree to a standing position. ◆Over my knee, girlie.◆

◆Why? Look, you've searched me. Please stop this.◆ Aubree was sobbing like a little girl. She had never been so humiliated in her life.

◆Are you questioning me again, you little wench?◆ Winston grabbed Aubree and gave her a shake. ◆What did I tell you about questions?◆ He shook her again. ◆Well, slut?◆

◆Please, please, please◆ don't call me those names.◆ Aubree was weeping openly now.

Winston stood up and placed his hands on both sides of Aubree's cheeks, his fingers behind her ears. Pulling her face close to his own, he said ◆Shut up, girl. You are a stuck up little tart. I will call you whatever I wish and there isn't a damn thing you can do about it. Do you understand me, slut?◆ Winston paused. ◆Do I make myself clear?◆

Aubree's eyes were closed. She couldn't look at the evil man, so close to her face. She was trembling. ◆Yes.◆

◆Yes what, little girl?◆ Winston smirked.

◆Yes, sir.◆ Aubree felt the strength draining from her body. She felt as if she could faint.

◆Now. Get ACROSS MY KNEE!◆ Winston sat down and pulled the cowering girl across his lap. ◆I'll have no more of your insolence!◆

He rubbed his hands up and down her delectable bottom. ◆Now, you'll get what all bad girls deserve.◆

Winston raised his hand and came down hard on Aubree's ass. SMACK◆ SMACK◆ SMACK◆ SMACK◆ SMACK◆. The sound of his hand on her firm backside was music to Winston's ears. SMACK◆ SMACK◆. SMACK◆◆ Stop your squirming, girl!◆ SMACK◆ SMACK◆ SMACK◆◆ Quit wiggling, you little cunt!◆ SMACK◆ SMACK◆ SMACK◆ SMACK◆ Aubree tried to shield her butt from his hammer blows. Winston grabbed her wrists and pushed her hands down by her sides. SMACK◆ SMACK◆ SMACK◆◆ Stop your squirming!◆ SMACK◆ SMACK◆ SMACK◆

Aubree was now weeping out of pain as well as humiliation. SMACK◆ SMACK◆ SMACK◆ the hard blows continued to fall across her backside.

After what seemed like an eternity, Winston finally stopped his merciless spanking.

◆Stand up, girlie.◆ Winston rubbed his aching hand.

Aubree stood up, massaging her burning butt, weeping.

◆Take your jeans down, missy.◆ The command was simple.

◆wh◆what?◆ Aubree was beside herself.

◆Get your jeans down. Take them down! Around your ankles◆ NOW!◆

◆I◆ I◆ why? I◆◆ Aubree looked around the apartment for some comforting image. There was none.

◆Get your jeans down now, little miss.◆ Or, I'm calling the police. You're a bad girl and you'll be punished. Take them down.◆ Winston cracked his knuckles. ◆Get◆ Them◆ Down.◆ He pronounced each word with relish.

◆Can't you just spank me through my jeans?◆, Aubree tried to negotiate.

Winston slapped her hard across the back of her thighs causing her to jump. ◆Miss, I'll ask you once more to unbutton your pants and take them down to your ankles. If you fail to follow my orders our deal will be off and I will go to the police.◆

Aubree slowly unfastened the button to her jeans and pulled down the zipper.

Winston watched, mesmerized, as the front of the young girl's pants opened up. He couldn't take his eyes off the zipper as it slowly came down forming a ◆V◆, revealing her delightful pink panties. He watched her push the tight denim jeans down her thighs◆ over her knees and to her ankles. His eyes drifted up her bare legs and came to rest on her pretty panties. ◆We'll have those down as well, missy.◆, he pulled at her panties. ◆Get them right down.◆ The command was final.

Aubree took a step backwards almost tripping over her jeans. ❖Why?! Why do I have to pull my panties down? You can spank me with them up. I'm not a little girl. I'm a grown woman! You can't ask me to take my panties down!❖

Winston was irritated. ❖You aren't a grown woman. You're a little child. You have acted like a baby and I will treat you like one. This is your last warning. Take them down or the police will be called.❖ Winston reached for the telephone.

Aubree sniffed loudly and shuddered. She started to say more but her voice choked in her throat. She was starting to sob. Avoiding his eyes, she reached for the hem of her panties.

Winston watched her take the panties down❖ over her hips❖ onto her thighs and finally❖ to her ankles. His eyes came to rest on her private area. **Landing strip❖ I knew it!** Aubree's bush was trimmed and manicured just like Winston had imagined it. His eyes traveled up and down the young girl standing in front of him with her jeans and panties around her ankles. His cock felt like it was about to burst from his trousers. He could feel warm pre-cum on its erect head. He felt a bead of sweat trickle down his neck. It was an air conditioned apartment but Winston was burning up.

❖Okay, little missy. Get over my knee.❖ Winston pulled the whimpering girl across his lap.

Dear lord! Look at this ass! Winston was enamored. Aubree's ass was perfect. Her cheeks were tight and firm. The crack of her ass was absolutely delectable. **I could almost lick it❖ and maybe I will❖** ❖Let's get these off now.❖ Winston pulled Aubree's jeans and panties off her bare feet and tossed them aside. The quivering girl was now completely nude from the waist down.

❖Now. Where were we, little miss? Oh yes❖ we were just in the middle of your spanking.❖ SMACK *** SMACK *** SMACK *** SMACK *** The sound of Winston's hand on the girl's smooth buttocks was the only sound in the apartment aside from Aubree's pathetic whimpers. ❖You're a bad girl. You're a very bad girl.❖ SMACK *** SMACK *** SMACK ***

❖You've done a very bad thing smoking those illegal drugs. You know I could call the police or the dean of your school at any moment and you'd be in big trouble and I've got pictures of you smoking it too, girl. Do you hear me?❖ Winston paused the beating he was giving to Aubree's backside. ❖Do you hear me, girl?❖

❖Yes, sir.❖ Aubree's butt felt like it was on fire. She tried to place a hand on her cheeks to rub them but Winston pushed her hand away.

❖You keep those hands in front of you, little miss.❖ Winston ran his large hand over Aubree's tight ass cheeks, alternately squeezing and rubbing her reddening buttocks.

❖You are a very naughty girl. You don't want me to go to the police do you, girl?❖

❖No, sir.❖ Aubree could feel the stiffness of the man's erection on her stomach.

❖Then you had better do as I say or it will mean big trouble for you. Trouble with the police, your school and the apartment management. You don't want that, right?❖

❖No, sir. Please❖❖

❖Then you had best do as I say. Without question. I'm going to show you what happens to naughty girls. Didn't your father ever take you over his knee?❖

❖No, sir.❖ It was true❖ Aubree's parents hadn't believed in corporal punishment. They had always believed in talking to their daughter and giving her positive reinforcement.

❖Well. So your father never spanked your bare bottom. That's the problem. Little girls have to be punished and shown their place or they turn into little dope smokers like you've become. I'm going to be giving you a lot of punishment over the next few days until I feel you've learned your lesson. You'll do exactly what I say and when I say it. Do you understand me?❖

❖Yes, mister. Please stop it. I've learned my lesson. I'm sorry. I'll never do it again. I know I was wrong. Please stop❖❖ Aubree knew she was begging but she couldn't help it. Her butt was so sore and she felt more ashamed than ever before in all her eighteen years. ❖Please, sir❖❖

Winston was delighted. ❖I've not yet begun your punishment, girl. You'll be seeing a lot of me over the next several days. And you'll answer only to me. Do you hear me?❖

❖Yes, sir.❖

Winston raised his hand. SMACK *** SMACK *** SMACK *** SMACK *** SMACK *** SMACK ***

❖Yes. You'll be seeing me quite a lot. You're a bad girl and you'd best accept my punishment unless you want to answer to the police. I'm going to teach you how we deal with little girls where I come from. I'm going to finish your punishment this afternoon and you'll be coming over to my apartment this evening. Do you hear me?❖

❖Why do I have to come to your apartment?❖ Aubree felt sick to her stomach.

❖You'll find out in good time, missy. But, you're coming to my apartment later. I'll hear no arguments. You'll be at my apartment and we'll continue your lessons this evening. And, you'll be staying overnight. So you had best not make any plans. Do I make myself clear?❖

❖Why? Please!❖ Aubree tried to stand up but Winston pushed her harshly back across his lap.

❖I said no questions, miss. Now, you've earned yourself some additional punishment and every time I hear the word 'why' come out of your mouth, you'll get more punishment. Do you hear me?❖ *** SMACK *** SMACK *** SMACK *** Winston's hand rose and fell across the crying girl's ass. ❖Do you hear me, girl?❖

❖Yes, sir.❖

❖You're going to be my plaything for awhile. I'll punish you when and however I see fit.❖ *** SMACK *** SMACK *** SMACK ***

Winston paused. ❖Right now, my hand is getting a little sore, just like your red bottom. Get on your knees and face me.❖

Aubree hesitantly pushed herself up and knelt in front of the maintenance man while trying to cover her pubic hair with her hands. She held her head in shame.

Winston took out his digital camera and aimed it at the kneeling girl. Before Aubree realized what was happening, he had taken several shots of the bottomless girl kneeling at his feet.

❖Please don't take my picture!❖ Aubree stood up and backed across the living room with her hands in front of herself, hiding her privates.

Winston snapped a couple of more shots of the pant less girl. He put his camera back in his pocket. ❖Get back over here, girlie.❖

Aubree was in shock. **How is this happening? Who is this man?** She was terrified.

◆GET OVER HERE, GIRL!◆ Winston yelled.

Meekly, with hands held over her privates, Aubree walked back over and stood in front of the angry man.

◆Back on your knees, miss.◆ Winston pointed at the carpet.

Aubree knelt in front of him. Her bare feet and legs were cold. She had goose bumps.

◆Now, like I was saying, my old hand is getting a bit sore. Stick out your tongue.◆

◆Wh◆◆ Aubree caught herself before she completed the word. Slowly, she stuck out her tongue, tears streaming down her face.

◆Now you give my hand good little licking, girl◆ Winston shoved his hand at Aubree's tongue. ◆Lick.◆

Aubree began to lick his callused hand. The taste was something she didn't want to think about. It made her sick. Winston slowly inserted a finger into the girl's open mouth as she licked. ◆There◆ there, girl. That feels so much better.◆

Winston probed her open mouth and tongue with his finger, slowly inserting another finger. **So warm and wet◆ mmmmm◆.**

◆You just keep on licking my fingers, girl. Later, I might have something else to put in your mouth, if I think it's needed for your lesson and that will depend on your behavior.◆

Aubree shuddered.

◆That's enough, girl. Stand up and turn around so I can see your bottom.◆ Winston watched as the young girl stood up and turned her bare ass towards him. **My lord. To think◆** Her ass was just perfect. Firm and tight with a simply delectable crack. Winston cupped her butt cheeks in his large hands, squeezing them. ◆I'm going to enjoy this, missy◆ He smiled. ◆Do you hear me?◆

◆Yes, sir◆ Aubree's voice was weak.

◆Yes. I'll enjoy you in any way I see fit so you had better not make me angry. It will be worse on you if you do. Do you hear me, miss?◆

Aubree felt ill. ◆Yes, sir.◆ **I've got to get out of here. I wish I were home in Reed with daddy and momma◆** The thought of her parents seeing her in this condition made Aubree ashamed.

◆Now, I think you've got about ten more strokes coming but my hand is a little sore. Do you have a belt in that bedroom of yours?◆ Winston pointed to the hallway.

◆I think so.◆ Aubree's chest heaved up and down, in rhythm with her sobbing. Her tear filled eyes shot around the room. There was no escape◆

◆Go get the belt, girl.◆ Winston's command was absolute.

He watched her as she shuffled towards her bedroom. His eyes traveled from her bare feet, up the back of her gorgeous legs, onto her swaying, bare butt. He smiled as she tried to pull her shirt down to cover her bare backside. **It's not long enough to cover that pretty butt, girl. But, I like watching you try◆** He watched as she turned the corner and vanished into the bedroom.

Aubree entered her bedroom. She felt sick. Her bottom was burning. She was ashamed. She could hear the maintenance man moving around on her couch. **Who is this creep? How did I get into this mess?** Aubree caught her reflection in the mirror over her dresser. There she was. Bottomless, her lower body on full display. She felt humiliated. Slowly, she walked to her closet and opened the door. Searching through her clothes, she found a belt hanging in the corner. Taking it off the hanger, she fell to her knees on the floor, weeping. **I've got to get out of here!**

Suddenly, she heard the man shout from her living room. ◆HURRY UP, GIRL! I HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY!◆ Aubree shook uncontrollably.

Picking up the belt, her bare feet shuffled across the carpet and back to the living room◆.

Winston watched the young girl as she reappeared around the corner, carrying the belt over her pubic area. **Glory◆ she has some pretty tits◆ I need to see them◆ I've been waiting to see her bare breasts since day one◆**

◆Get over here, girl. Hand me the belt.◆ Winston took the belt from Aubree's weak hands. ◆Now, stand in the middle of the room.◆ He watched as she walked to the center of the living room. ◆That's it. Stop right there and turn and face me.◆

Aubree stood humbly in front of Winston, her eyes focused on the carpet. He could see tears dripping off her face onto the rug.

◆Now, you're going to get the belt. Like all bad girls deserve. But first◆ get your shirt off.◆

◆Wh◆◆ Aubree caught herself again. ◆Please, sir. Let me keep my shirt on. You are spanking my bottom.◆

◆Get the shirt off, now.◆ Winston was firm. ◆You've acted like a child and now you'll be punished like a child.◆

◆Please◆ I don't want to◆◆

Winston stood up. ◆SHUT UP AND GET YOUR SHIRT OFF, NOW!◆

Aubree was terrified. She hitched her fingers under the hem of her shirt and pulled it slowly up and over her head.

Winston watched as the girl's stomach came into full view◆ her adorable little bellybutton◆ it was small◆ about the size of a nickle and a perfectly shaped◆ complimenting her trim pubic hair. Her tits were full and round, barely contained under the final piece of clothing◆ he could see the outline of her large nipples.

Winston inhaled deeply. ◆Get the bra off as well, miss. I want you fully nude for the final part of your spanking. This is the way in which bad little girls are punished where I come from. Humiliation is a part of the punishment and you'll feel humiliated today.◆

Aubree turned her back towards him and fumbled with the bra clip. After a couple of seconds, the bra fell away revealing her protruding nipples and round breasts. She was now completely nude, but for her earrings and bracelets.

◆Get the jewelry off as well and turn around and face me. Fully nude is what you'll be for your belting, girl.◆

He watched as she turned towards him, removing her bracelets.

◆Earrings too. Everything.◆

Aubree placed her earrings on top of the pile of clothes. She was now as naked as the day she was born. She crossed her arms over her midsection in an attempt to keep some shred of pride.

◆Hands on top of your head, miss.◆ Winston stepped forward.◆ Shoulders held high. Stand up straight, legs apart.◆ He flexed the belt in his hands and walked around the naked, trembling teenager. His eyes traveled over her body, from head to toe. Now, nothing was left to his imagination. She was fully displayed before him, in all her youthful innocence.

◆Your father should have had you over his knee many times. You had best be glad I'm not your father, girlie.◆

Aubree held her head in shame. She held her legs together, doing her best to protect her feminine charms from view.

Winston took out his camera and snapped several photos of the nude girl from various angles.◆ Legs apart, girl. Don't try to cover up. You don't have the luxury of shyness.◆ He watched as she moved her feet apart, revealing her cute slit.

Putting the camera away, Winston stretched the belt to full length. It made a sharp snapping sound.◆ Bend over and touch your toes.◆

Aubree bent forward. Winston ran a hand down her bare back and across her buttocks, squeezing as he went. He stopped with a finger over her rectum. He slowly inserted a finger into her anus. Aubree jumped.

◆Stay still, girl!◆ Winston commanded.◆ Don't even think about moving. You had better get used to my finger in your bum hole. Because, if you're a bad girl, there will be more than a finger in your pretty little butt. Do you understand me?◆

◆yes◆ I think so◆◆ Aubree could barely breathe.

◆You had best do more than think so, girl. I'm going to enjoy you. And, I'll enjoy you in whatever fashion best suits your punishment. Do I make myself clear?◆

◆yes◆ sir◆ I◆◆◆

◆Shut up. You'll get ten more strappings across your bare butt. You will count◆◆

Winston raised the belt. He came down hard across Aubree's bared bottom.

SWACK!◆ Count off, girl!◆

◆one◆

SWACK!

◆two◆

SWACK!

◆three◆

SWACK!

◆four◆

SWACK!

◆five◆

SWACK!

◆six◆

SWACK!

◆seven◆

SWACK!

◆eight◆

SWACK!

◆nine◆

SWACK!

◆ten◆

◆Okay, girl. Stand up.◆

Aubree stood up, holding one arm across her front and one over her bottom.

◆Now, go stand in the corner◆ hands on top of your head.◆

Aubree walked to the corner, head held low.

◆Hands on your head!◆

Winston watched the young tart as she stood in the corner.◆ Hands on top of your head, girl! Didn't you hear me?◆

◆yes, sir.◆

◆Turn around and face me, girl.◆ Winston stepped over and stood a couple of feet behind the cowering girl.

Aubree turned slowly around. Her arms fell across her stomach and breasts.

◆Hands back on your head, girlie!◆

He watched as she complied.

◆Now you listen up. You are my plaything for the next few days. You'll do what I say when I say it. Do you hear me?◆

◆yes◆sir◆

Winston walked over and placed his hands over the sides of Aubree's face. Pulling her forward, he planted his mouth directly over hers and gave her a full, passionate kiss. His tongue probed her warm mouth. Standing back, Winston held Aubree by the shoulders.

Glancing at his watch, Winston stated, ◆It's 1:30 now. I expect you to be at my apartment, 34C, at seven o'clock tonight. Don't be late.◆ He slapped her bare butt as a warning. ◆Do you hear me, girl?◆

◆Yes, sir. Please◆ please don't make me come to your apartment. You've punished me enough. I've learned my lesson. I have school tomorrow. I can't stay overnight. I need to study. Please, mister.◆ Aubree was heaving with sobs.

◆Stop your whining, miss. You'll be at my place at seven. You'll not be late. You will be staying all night.◆

Aubree watched as the wicked man walked into her bedroom.

He called back over his shoulder, ◆Stay where you are, girl. Turn and face the wall.◆

Slowly, Aubree turned to the wall. Her toes clenched and unclenched on the carpet. She listened as he rummaged through her closet. She could hear hangers shifting around.

Moments later, the man reappeared in the living room. ◆You'll wear this dress tonight and these shoes. You may wear your knickers but no bra. And I will be checking. Do you hear me?◆

Aubree looked over her shoulder and saw the yellow summer dress and sandals the man held in his hands. She hadn't worn that dress in years. It was much too short and the material was thin. The flower decoration made it look childish. ◆Yes, sir.◆

She watched as he tossed the garments onto her couch. She had the urge to put her hands behind herself to block her bare backside from his view. She didn't, Aubree was afraid.

Winston stood back and reached into his pocket, taking out the camera. Focusing the lens, he took several shots of the nude girl. ◆My place. Seven o'clock sharp, 34C. Don't be late, missy.◆

Winston slammed the door behind him as he left.◆

Aubree ran to her clothes. She pulled on her panties and jeans. She pulled her shirt over her head, in too much of a hurry to even put her bra back on. Jumping up, she ran to her front door and put the security chain in place. She tried to close her blinds, but they were still malfunctioning. Aubree broke down into tears.◆

Chapter 3: A Punishing Evening

Aubree looked at the wall clock. It was almost six o'clock. She collapsed back onto her bed. All afternoon, since the maintenance man had left, Aubree had reviewed the morning's events. It all seemed like a bad dream. How had she allowed herself to be controlled like that? She was sure if she hadn't been buzzed, she would never have been so cooperative to his demands. Now, things were bad. Not only did the man have proof of her illegal drug use, now he had nude photos of her. Why had she been so stupid?

She walked back into the bathroom. She had showered three times in five hours. She still felt dirty. She washed her mouth out with mouthwash. She could still taste his tongue. She gagged. She tried to comb her hair, instead she threw up into the toilet. **Darn it, Aubree! Think!**

She fell back onto her bed. The clock read 6:17. **Okay. I can get through this. I have to strike up some kind of deal. I have to get those pictures back. Who cares about the pot? Let him go to the police. It's my word against his. Isn't it? Okay◆ get the pictures back. Get the pot back. Pay him whatever he wants. He's a maintenance man◆ he can't be rich. I can come up with a thousand dollars. Surely, money will talk. Won't it?**

She just wasn't sure about anything. However, she knew it was less than an hour until seven o'clock. She had to go. She had to try and talk with the man. Maybe, he would be reasonable.

Should she wear the dress like he instructed? **I don't intend to let him punish me anymore. I'm not stoned now. I'm thinking clearly. I should just wear what I want. Then again, if I show up in jeans, it might make him angry. If he's angry, he won't listen to my offer.**

Aubree looked at the clock◆ 6:34. **Darn it! Okay. I'll wear the dress to humor him and keep the situation calm◆ then, we can talk. This will work out. I'm not a little girl like he says. I'm a grown woman! I'm eighteen years old! He has to listen to me.**

Aubree shot another glance at the clock◆ 6:41. **Okay.**

She quickly got undressed down to her bra and panties. She remembered the man telling her not to wear a bra◆ 'just knickers'. **Fuck that! He won't be seeing anyway!** Leaving her bra on, she pulled the yellow summer dress over her head and zipped up the back. She hated the dress. She hadn't worn it in years. It was way too short and the material was practically see through. She slipped her feet into the sandals. **Okay. Just like he said, except the bra and he won't know anyway.**

She looked at the clock. Ten minutes until seven. She hurried into the living room and grabbed her purse. She walked briskly to the front door.◆

Aubree stood in front of apartment 34C. Looking at the door, she felt weak. Her resolve seemed to melt away. She felt stupid in the overly small summer dress, like a little girl.

She was startled when another door opened, just down the hall. A tall, bald man stepped into the hallway. He closed the door behind himself and turned the key in the lock. He started walking towards her. She watched his eyes moving over her legs and onto her breasts. She knew how she must look like some little school girl going on an Easter egg hunt.

*Good evening. The man smiled and walked to the stairs. Aubree saw him look over his shoulder. **What a pig.***

Aubree was nervous and she felt her heart pounding in her chest. She tried to calm down.

Suddenly the door to 34C opened and the man was standing in front of her. He looked down at his watch. You're late, missy. He frowned.

Aubree felt the urge to turn and run. Instead she said, I'm sorry.

He stood back and opened the door wide. Get in here and stop wasting my time. He motioned her into his apartment.

Hesitantly, Aubree stepped inside. The room was dim. It stank of cigarettes. The place looked cluttered. The curtains were drawn. She could see only two lights burning in the whole apartment. The kitchen light was on and a lamp in the living room cast shadows on the ceiling. She noticed several pictures strewn across the dining room table. She was sure they were her pictures. She took a step forward, her eyes straining to see the pictures on the table. She heard the door close behind her, deadbolts snapping into place.

Why are you late? The man sounded agitated.

I'm sorry. I didn't realize I was. Aubree was sure she was right on time.

You're late, girl. I've been waiting. It's not good for you to keep me waiting. He walked around and stood in front of her, looking down at her face. Why are you late?

I I Aubree's voice caught in her throat. Her resolve faded. She wanted to run. Her eyes shot around the room. She noticed a stack of pornographic magazines under the coffee table.

You're late and you'll be punished for it, little girl. Winston looked at Aubree. He crossed his hands over his chest. Are you wearing what I told you?

*Yes. Listen, mister. We need to talk. I know what happened this afternoon and I'm sorry. But, this is all a misunderstanding. Aubree watched the man's eyebrows rise. **Good. He's listening.***

*She felt confidence seeping back into her voice. I know I did something bad but I think we all make mistakes. Look, I have a thousand dollars. I can give you some money and in return, you just give me the pictures you took of me and we'll call it even. Her eyes fell on the dining room table. **My pictures.***

The man sighed. Are you wearing what I told you?

Aubree was taken aback. She thought she had been making progress. She tried to ignore his question. Like I said, I have money. We really need to talk. There's no reason to keep going like this.

Are you wearing what I told you to wear, little girl? He took a step forward.

Aubree took a step back. Yes, I'm wearing the dress. Can't you see?

Unzip your dress and take down the front. He took another step in her direction.

Aubree took a step backwards. She bumped into the closed door. The man walked to within inches of her face. He leaned forward. The command came again. Unzip your dress and let down the front.

Aubree remembered his instruction to not wear a bra. Please, mister. We need to talk. She felt sick.

His hand lashed out, slapping her full force across the face. She fell to her knees, weeping.

Stand up, tart. He grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled her to her feet, shoving her against the door. Now, I will ask you one more time. Unzip the dress and lower the front.

Please, mister. Please stop. I promise we can forget all this. Just give me my pictures. I'll pay you. I I Aubree massaged her red cheek. She knew she was blubbering like a little girl.

Winston slapped her again. Harder. The sound of his hand across her face was loud in the still room. He stepped back and folded his arms across his chest, watching the now sobbing girl.

For a few moments the scene remained the same. Aubree rubbing her face, crying. Winston standing, arms folded, watching her. After a few minutes, Aubree's crying subsided to whimpering and sniffles. Winston stepped towards her.

Now. Take down your dress. He said each word slowly, as if relishing every syllable. If you resist, it will only make matters worse.

*Aubree was aware of a clock ticking. It was the only sound in the room. Her eyes roamed the walls. **Where is that clock?** It seemed ridiculous, but it was the only thought in her mind. She was numb.*

Hands shaking, Aubree unzipped the back of her dress. Please, sir. Can't we talk?

He grabbed her roughly by the chin, squeezing her mouth into a puckered position, he shook her face violently. Enough questions, miss. My patience will only go so far. Lower your dress.

Haltingly, Aubree pulled the dress off her shoulders and let it fall onto her arms as she folded them across her stomach. Her bra came into view. Her bottom lip quivered.

The man frowned. What is this, girl? He brushed his hand against her bra. What did I tell you? He seemed exasperated.

I I I'm sorry. I thought we could talk and.

He slapped her again, savagely. Aubree felt blood inside her bottom lip. It tasted like copper. Her hair fell over her face. She realized her nose was running.

Take it off, now. He took a step back.

*Aubree's mind raced but the thoughts made no sense. She saw her father's face her professor at college the Donut Palace dolphins **Where is that clock?***

NOW! he shouted.

His shout brought Aubree back to the present situation. Her fear was like a living being, consuming her. She didn't want to make this man any madder than he already was. She quickly unfastened the clip and let the bra fall off her breasts.

She was stunned as the man grabbed her and pulled the bra right off of her arms.

She watched as he walked towards the kitchen and dropped her bra into the trashcan. She realized she didn't even know her tormentor's name. **Who is this man? What's his name? Why does he look familiar?** She wiped her nose and held her hands over her bare breasts in an attempt at maintaining some dignity.

◆You are never to wear a bra in my presence again.◆ He walked back over and stood in front of her.◆Do you understand me, little girl?◆

◆Yes, sir.◆ Aubree looked down at her sandals. **I'm not a little girl.**

Winston stood over the shaking girl. She was so beautiful. He could see goosebumps on her bare arms. His eyes fell to her sandaled feet. She had such pretty little toes◆ well proportioned. **Perfect.**

He pulled her arms away from her bare breasts and pushed them down.◆Keep your arms at your sides, missy. Don't try and cover yourself. The time for shame was before you decided to smoke illegal drugs.◆

His eyes roamed over her full, round breasts. She had large areolas and prominent nipples. He cupped his hands under her breasts and lifted them up while squeezing. He enjoyed their weight in his hands. He pulled on each nipple, simultaneously pinching and pulling.◆Quit squirming, girl!◆

Aubree kept her head down, looking at her feet. She felt the strange man's hands on her breasts, squeezing her nipples. She realized they were becoming erect under his probing, against her will. She wanted to run. **Please leave me alone!** Suddenly, unable to stop herself, she grabbed his probing hands and attempted to push them away.

◆Stop it. You're a pervert! I'm going to call the police! This is over!◆ Aubree pushed him away and turned quickly towards the door.

Winston grabbed her as she turned, locking his elbow under her chin, pulling the back of her head against his chest. With his other hand on her forehead, he locked her into his grip, in a headlock. He felt her kicking underneath him. He pulled her backwards into the living room.

◆Stop it now, girl!◆ He continued pulling her backwards. She kicked and flailed violently. One of her sandals flew off, knocking a picture off the wall, shattering the glass on the floor. She screamed.

He thrust his leg in front of her and pushed forward, tripping her. He fell on top of her. Pulling her arms behind her, he forced his knee onto the small of her back.◆Stop this nonsense immediately!◆ Winston was out of breath, panting, but in control. He was pissed.◆Stop it! Stop your resisting, little wench!◆

He continued holding her down as she fought against his strength. He grabbed the back of her head and pushed her face into the carpet.◆Stop resisting, girl!◆

After several moments of fighting, she became still, weeping.

◆Please◆ let me up◆◆ Her pleas were broken by sobbing.◆Please◆◆

◆Shut your filthy little mouth. Don't say another word. You've made me very angry. I have been lenient with you. Leniency is over. I am going to put you in your place, little girl. Do you hear me?◆ Winston was furious.

◆Yes.◆ Aubree gasped for breath. She could barely breathe with her face in the carpet.

◆Yes, what, missy?◆ Winston shoved her face deeper into the carpet.

◆Yes◆ sir.◆

Winston remained in place, his knees on Aubree's back, hands holding her face to the ground. He looked over his shoulder. He could see the broken picture on the ground. Aubree had lost both her sandals in the struggle. One lay in the broken glass. The other, across the room. **You'll pay for this, bitch.**

◆Are you ready to cooperate?◆ His question was a command.

◆Yes◆ I can't breathe!◆ Aubree was gasping for air. The combination of his knee on her back and her face in the carpet made it very difficult to take a breath.

◆Please let me up, sir.◆ She was begging. She didn't care.

◆Are you ready to cooperate?◆ Winston pushed her face down into the carpet.

◆yes◆mmpphf◆◆ Aubree couldn't breathe.

◆Okay, I'm going to stand up. You will remain on the ground. You will not move. Do you understand me, little girl?◆ Winston pushed the back of her head harder.

◆Yes, sir.◆ please◆◆

Winston stood up, releasing Aubree. She gasped for air.

◆Stay on the ground, face down. Don't even move, little miss.◆ Winston brushed the carpet fuzz off his sleeves.

◆Look at the mess you've made **in MY APARTMENT!**◆ His voice began quietly and rose to full volume.

Weakly, Aubree tried to apologize.◆Please, sir.◆ I'm sorry.◆ I◆◆ She broke down into tears.

◆You're going to clean this mess up; and you'll pay for this outrage. I've tried to help you, girl. I agreed to not go to the police about your drug use. I agreed to keep your punishment private but you have taken advantage of me. You've destroyed my things and disrespected me. You've shown your immaturity. You've acted like a child... so now I must treat you as such◆◆

~*****~

Aubree pushed herself up. She sat on her knees, facing away from the angry man, covering her breasts with her arms.

◆I'm sorry, sir. Please◆ can we talk◆ I think◆ we could◆◆

◆I told you not to move. Now get back down on the floor. Immediately.◆

Aubree sank back onto the floor.

◆Shut up, girl. Just shut your mouth.◆ The command was final.◆ You will not address me again in any fashion unless I ask you a question. You have lost your speaking privileges. Do I make myself clear?◆

◆Yes, sir.◆ Aubree was angry and terrified at the same time. She felt helpless.

Winston walked over and stood over the prostrate girl.

◆You've lost your clothing privileges as well. I want you nude. Now◆ Get up and strip down. I want all your clothes off. You act like a little girl and you'll be treated as such.◆ Winston cracked his knuckles. **If you try to run again, you'll be naked. I don't think you'll be making another break for the door without your clothes◆**

◆Strip off, girl◆ everything◆ now!◆ Winston stepped back, waiting.

Aubree's eyes roamed over the apartment. She could hear the man's heavy breathing as he stood behind her. She licked her dry lips. She tasted her own blood. Her eyes came to rest on several pictures hanging over the fireplace. They were old photographs of a young man in military uniform, standing with his comrades in various locales. She understood the pictures were of the man standing behind her. **He was in the army or something◆ Those don't look like U.S. uniforms◆ his accent is English◆ He's not from here◆ Where is that damned clock???**

Aubree was totally numb as she reached behind her back and unzipped the remainder of her dress. Standing up she let the dress fall down her legs, coming to rest around her ankles. She was now nude, but for her panties. She stood, hands folded in front of herself, looking blankly at the fireplace. She heard the man walk up behind her. She felt his fingers in the hem of her panties, lowering them to her knees.

◆We'll have these right off too, miss. Step out of them.◆ He slapped her butt.

Aubree stepped out of her panties. She was fully nude. **How is this happening? I came here to talk◆**

Winston picked up Aubree's crumpled dress and panties. He collected her sandals. He threw her panties and sandals into the trashcan. Folding her dress, he placed it on the dining room table, alongside her nude photos. He walked back over to the cowering, naked girl and stood directly behind her. He placed his hands on her shoulders and guided her towards the couch.

◆Come sit down. I want to ask you some questions, missy. We need to figure out where you stand before we can begin your discipline.◆ He maneuvered her to the couch.◆ Have a seat, girl.◆

He watched as she sat down. He was amused at her attempts to cover her nakedness with her arms. He noticed that she would not look at him directly. **Not feeling so defiant now, are we girl?**

He sat down on the coffee table, within inches of the quivering girl. He looked at her. His eyes traveled over her body. Her tearstained face was beautiful, flawless. A picture of innocence. Dark eyes, cute nose, full and moist lips. Her hair was shiny and clean. His eyes moved down. He took in her full, round breasts. Her nipples were erect, although she tried to hide them under her arms. He didn't know if it was the chill in the air or if she might be sexually aroused. He didn't care. He would have her tonight, regardless.

His eyes fell to her firm, flat stomach. Her adorable navel. He looked between her legs. The trimmed pubic hair which stopped just above the beginning of her slit hinted at much more. He placed his hands inside her knees and pushed the slowly apart, revealing her plump vulva. Stroking the inside of her thighs, he worked his way down to her ankles. He lifted one of her bare feet up and inspected her toes. They were perfect.

While holding her foot in his lap, Winston began.◆ Now, I'm going to ask you some questions. You will answer them. You will be honest. If you lie to me, I'll know and you will be harshly punished. Do you understand, little girl?◆ He pressed his thumb against the sole of her bare foot, massaging it, enjoying the softness of her flesh.◆ Speak up, child. Do you understand me?◆

◆Yes, sir. Please◆ I'm not a child◆ However, Aubree felt like a little girl, completely nude and on full display in the front of the older man as he held her bare foot on his lap. She was ashamed.

◆You are a child. You act like a little girl. I will treat you like a little girl.◆ He laced his large fingers between her toes.◆ Now, you will answer my questions.◆

◆Yes, sir.◆ Aubree sniffed and wiped her nose.

◆Where are you from? Were you born here?◆ He was testing her honesty.

◆No, sir. I was born in Keep, sir.◆

Winston smiled. **I like your honesty. Keep it up.**

◆Do you have brothers or sisters?◆

◆No, sir.◆

◆So, you're an only child. This would explain why your parents spoiled you. You told me this afternoon that your father never spanked you on your bare bottom when you were naughty?◆

◆No, sir.◆

◆Was today the first time you've ever been spanked?◆

Aubree looked down at her lap.◆ Yes.◆

◆Yes, what?◆

◆Yes, sir.◆

◆Did your parents allow you to have boyfriends?◆

◆Yes, sir.◆

◆How many boyfriends have you had?◆

Aubree was uncomfortable.◆ Why, sir?◆

Winston reached across and slapped her bare thigh.◆ Answer me, girl! You've just earned five swats on your bottom. Answer me now, unless you want more.◆

Aubree felt sick.◆ I've had two boyfriends, sir.◆

◆What were their names?◆

◆Todd and Samuel.◆

◆How old were you when you dated Todd?◆

◆Fifteen, sir.◆

◆How long were you with him?◆

◆A year, sir.◆

◆When did you meet Samuel?◆

◆When I was going out with Todd, sir. They were friends.◆

◆So, you broke off with Todd to get with Samuel?◆

◆Yes, sir.◆

◆How long were you with Samuel?◆

◆Until last year, sir.◆

◆So, you were seventeen when you broke it off with Samuel?◆

◆Yes, sir.◆

◆Did you have sex with either of these young gents?◆

Aubree felt the blood rushing to her face. ◆No◆ No, sir.◆

◆So, you're a virgin, girl?◆

Aubree felt a warm tear trickle down her face. ◆Yes.◆

Winston felt his penis stiffening. **So◆ I will enjoy a virgin tonight.**

◆Did you kiss these young gentlemen?◆

◆Yes, sir.◆

◆With your tongue?◆

◆Yes, sir.◆ Aubree was completely ashamed. She wanted to run from this man's apartment and never come back.

◆Did you ever see Todd or Samuel's penises?◆ Winston continued massaging her bare foot.

Aubree didn't like these questions. ◆Why, sir? Why are you asking me these things?◆

Winston let Aubree's foot fall from his lap. Grabbing her behind the ears, he pulled her face close to his own. ◆Look at me, girl.◆

Aubree hesitantly raised her eyes to meet his.

◆You have earned yourself another five swats on your bare bottom. You are running up quite a tab, and you will pay in full. Now, answer my question. Did you ever see Todd or Samuel's penises?◆

Aubree could smell alcohol on the man's breath. He was inches from her face. ◆Yes. I saw Samuel's, sir.◆ Her shame was overwhelming.

Winston released her and allowed her to lean back on the couch. Leaning back himself, he asked. ◆Why did you see his penis? Did you touch it?◆ His eyes roamed over her bare flesh.

◆I saw it one night when we had been◆◆ Aubree paused.

◆When you had been what, girl?◆

◆When we had been smoking and drinking, sir. He wanted me to be with him◆ in bed. I told him no. He said he needed to cum. I helped him with my hand, sir.◆

Winston smiled. ◆So, you jerked him off?◆

Aubree felt weak and ashamed. ◆Yes, sir.◆

◆Did he ejaculate onto your hand?◆

◆Yes, sir.◆

Winston pretended to be disgusted. ◆You're a filthy little whore.◆

Aubree looked at her folded hands, in her lap.

◆Did you ever put his penis into your mouth, girl?◆

Aubree crossed an arm over her bare breasts. ◆No, sir. Never.◆

Winston was becoming more and more aroused. **She's a virgin! She's never even given a blowjob! I shall have to remedy that tonight.**

◆Do you masturbate yourself, girl?◆ Winston cleared his throat. ◆Be truthful, lass.◆

Aubree was shocked by the question. ◆Sometimes.◆

◆That's not good enough, little girl. How often do you play with yourself?◆

Aubree masturbated at least twice a week. She saw no reason to tell this man about her private life. ◆Rarely, sir.◆

◆What is rarely? Once a week? Once a month?◆

Aubree felt uncomfortable. ◆Maybe once a month.◆

Winston frowned. ◆You're lying, girl. You've earned yourself another five swats. How many are we up to now? I believe it's fifteen?◆

◆I'm not lying, sir! Please◆ I don't masturbate!◆

◆You do masturbate, girl. You masturbate and it's more than once a month. Do you think I'm a fool?◆

Aubree started to cry. ◆No, sir. I don't think you're a fool.◆

Winston squeezed his swollen crotch. ◆Then, don't play me for one, girl. You do masturbate and it's more than rarely. Furthermore, you will masturbate tonight. Here, on my couch and I will watch you masturbate, after your spanking. Do you hear me, little girl?◆

Aubree wiped tears from her cheeks. ◆Yes, sir.◆

◆Now, get up.◆

Aubree stood up, arms folded over her breasts and pubes.

Winston stood up as well. ◆First, you will clean up this mess you've made while I have a drink. There is a broom and dust-pan in the kitchen closet. Clean up the broken picture and then get the vacuum cleaner out of the hall closet and make sure the broken glass is all cleaned out of my carpet.◆

Winston watched as the nude girl shuffled into the kitchen. Her ass swayed provocatively with each step. He followed her into the kitchen and made himself a scotch.

Sitting down at the dining room table, Winston sipped his drink and watched as the naked, crying girl swept up the broken glass. He looked on as she bent forward, sweeping the glass into the dust-pan. He watched her walking towards the trashcan to empty the glass shards. **Beautiful◆ simply lovely.** He enjoyed the way her breasts swayed and bounced as she walked. Winston liked the way her stomach looked when she bent forward to dispose of the glass into the trashcan. His eyes focused on her adorable bellybutton. **I'll be licking that bellybutton soon**◆

◆Get the vacuum, girl!◆

Winston continued enjoying his drink as the nude girl worked. Soon, the broken glass had been cleaned up.

◆Now. Put the vacuum away and come stand in front of me, girl.◆

Aubree closed the closet door and walked over to stand in front of her abuser. She stood with her hands folded across her front.

◆Hands on your head, girl. Now turn around and bend over.◆

Winston unfastened his belt and pulled it out of his trousers. ◆I recall that you owe me fifteen◆ the same age as when you had your first boyfriend. Now grab your ankles and count off.◆

He raised the belt above his head and came down full force onto Aubree's bare butt.

THWACK!

◆Count off, girl!◆

◆one◆

THWACK!

◆two◆

THWACK!

◆three◆

THWACK!

◆four◆

THWACK!

◆five◆

Winston paused to rub his hand across her firm, reddening buttocks. ◆Are you learning your lesson, girl?◆

◆Yes, sir.◆ Aubree watched as a tear fell to the carpet.

◆Good. You'll not be smoking any more illegal drugs?◆

◆No, sir.◆◆

◆Good. Now count off.◆

THWACK!

◆six◆

THWACK!

◆seven◆

THWACK!

◆eight◆

THWACK!

◆nine◆

THWACK!

◆ten, sir.◆

◆Right. Now stand up, girl.◆

He watched as Aubree stood up, rubbing her sore backside with one hand while attempting to cover her exposed front with the other.

◆Stop fidgeting. Turn around and face me, girl. Hands on your head, feet apart.◆

Aubree turned slowly to face him. Looking down at her bare feet, she placed her hands on top of her head, lacing her fingers together.

◆Legs apart, girl.◆

She inched her feet apart, reluctantly.

Winston slapped the inside of her thighs. ◆All the way apart, girl◆ Stop being modest.◆

Winston sat back and enjoyed the sight of the exposed girl. He enjoyed that she was blushing furiously. He placed his hands on her hips pulling her towards his chair.

◆You're a pretty little thing, aren't you? I'm surprised you haven't had more boyfriends. I would imagine the young men would be sniffing around your door constantly, trying to get into your pants.◆ He placed a hand between her legs and gently stroked her slit. He allowed one finger to gently brush against her clitoris while pulling apart her lips.

Aubree suddenly pushed his hand away. Taking step backwards, she crossed her legs and bent forward, one arm over her privates and the other over her breasts.

◆Please stop. I don't like it when you touch me that way.◆

Winston smiled and picked up his glass. He took a sip of scotch and savored the flavor, while watching the nude girl.

◆What did I say would happen after your spanking, Aubree?◆ Winston placed a finger in his glass and stirred the scotch.

Aubree didn't like his tone of voice. **He just called me Aubree. He's never used my name before**◆ She held her arms tightly in front of herself. ◆I don't know, sir.◆

Winston smiled again. ◆Yes you do. What did I say, you would be doing after I spanked your bare bottom, Aubree?◆

◆Please, sir. Let me get dressed. I want to go home. You've punished me enough. I've learned my lesson.◆

Winston placed his glass on the table. ◆I told you that you would masturbate on my couch, while I watch. Now go sit down on the couch, Aubree. It's time for you to masturbate.◆

Aubree wanted to run. She shot a glance at the dead bolted door. **I'll never make it and where can I go without my clothes?** She decided to try diplomacy one final time. ◆Please, mister. You've punished me. I can give you cash. I have a thousand dollars. I promise I'll never smoke again. Please.◆

Winston stood up and walked over to the cringing girl. He placed his hands on her bare arms and rubbed them with the tips of his fingers. He could feel the girl's goosebumps. ◆Your punishment isn't over, little girl. I told you that you were staying overnight and you are. It's early.◆ He watched a teardrop roll down her pretty cheek.

◆Also, you lied when I asked how often you pleased yourself. You weren't honest with me about how often you masturbate. So, you will now masturbate in front of me. It will be your punishment for lying. I think the punishment will fit the crime.◆

He let his hands slide up her arms and over her bare shoulders. ◆First, you will give me a kiss like you kissed your little boyfriends.◆ He cupped her face in his large hands and tilted her head back. Her hair fell off her shoulders onto her bare back. Her eyes were shut tightly. He could see the moisture of tears on her eyelashes. He bent forward and placed his lips over hers, kissing her lightly, enjoying the warmth of her mouth.

Aubree was shaking with fear and humiliation. She could feel the man's mouth over her lips. She felt his tongue pressing against her lips, forcing his way inside her mouth. He searched her mouth, caressing her tongue with his own. After what seemed like an eternity, he pulled away.

He placed one hand on her back. He slipped his other hand between her legs. ◆Now, let's see what you do down here, little girl.◆

He let his hand slide down her back and onto her bare butt. Slapping her buttocks lightly he said, ◆Come on now, miss. Over to the couch and have a seat.◆ He squeezed her firm buttocks.

Aubree allowed herself to be guided over to the couch. ◆Sit down, missy. Get comfortable.◆

Aubree sat on the couch, hands crossed in her lap. She held her legs tightly together. She looked down at her folded hands.

Winston walked over and picked up his scotch. He went into the bathroom and returned with a bottle of hand lotion. He sat down on the coffee table, directly in front of the embarrassed girl. He offered her the lotion. ◆Well? It's time for you to masturbate now, Aubree. Take the lotion and put some on your hand.◆

Aubree bit her bottom lip. ◆Pl◆please◆ I don't want to◆◆

◆I'm not asking you, girl. I'm telling you. Now take the lotion and get started or I'll have you across my knee. Don't make me tell you again.◆

Aubree took the lotion and squeezed some into her palm. She couldn't move. She just sat there with the lotion in her hand, looking at her lap.

Winston smiled. ◆You know how to do this, girl. You don't need my help, do you?◆

Aubree just sat there. A drop of lotion dripped from her cupped hand and fell onto her bare thigh. She sniffled.

Winston smiled and cleared his throat. ◆Okay, girl. It seems you've forgotten how to play with yourself. Let's see if I can help you remember. Now, lay back against the couch and relax.◆

He watched as she complied. His eyes traveled over her full breasts and flat stomach. ◆Now, spread your legs and start rubbing the lotion onto yourself.◆ He watched as she slowly spread her legs, revealing her plump vulva.

She began to rub the lotion onto her stomach, pathetically.

◆Lower, girl. Between your legs. Don't act stupid. You know how to do this and if you insult my intelligence, it will be bad for you.◆ He cracked his knuckles.

Aubree was scared. She didn't want him to be angry again. She knew she had no choice. She slid her hand down her stomach onto her vulva.

◆Get busy, girl.◆ Winston sat back and watched.

Aubree swallowed loudly. Her bottom lip quivering, she began to rub her slit, massaging the lotion onto her lips. **Just get it over. Do what he says**◆ Her middle finger parted the top of her lips and slipped inside. She started to gently stroke her clitoral region, not the clitoris directly, but the soft, sensitive skin above and around it. Her eyes were shut tightly. Her heart pounded with fear and shame. She placed her fingers around her clitoris and started moving them back and forth rhythmically and with a bit of pressure. With her other hand, she slipped a finger inside her vagina.

Winston took a sip of his scotch and watched the girl masturbate in front of him. The squishing sound of her lotion covered fingers was loud in the still room.

That's it, girl◆

Aubree let her finger slide onto her clitoris, rubbing it gently. Her other hand pulled back her lips, keeping a gentle tension on the clitoral area. She allowed her finger to slowly rub her vaginal entrance.

Out of her barely parted eyes, she caught a glimpse of the man, sipping his scotch and watching her masturbate. His eyes were locked between her legs. She felt shame and closed her eyes tighter, trying to pretend she was alone.

Her left hand pulled her genitals tight and apart. Her right middle finger stroked her clitoris in a circular motion slowly, with a light pressure. She tried to imagine that she was home alone, in her own bed. It was the only way to comply with this evil man's demand.

Slowly, she allowed herself to increase the rhythm as well as the pressure of her strokes. She imagined Samuel kissing her. She missed him. She wished she were back home in Keen. She remembered sitting in Samuel's car, kissing.

Her strokes became more deliberate and forceful. The circular motion of her rubbing increased. Her hips began to move. She remembered Samuel's face. Her finger worked on her clit. She felt tingly all over. She remembered the way Samuel looked at her how much he wanted to be with her that way.

Her finger moved rapidly, circling her clitoris. Her hips moved up and down on the couch. She recalled running her hands through Samuel's hair she remembered his eyes deep and dark. She remembered how he had touched her breasts through her shirt how hard her nipples had been how afraid she had been that they would get caught, sitting in front of her house how turned on she had been.

Her finger moved up and down, applying pressure on her clit.

She started to feel her natural lubricants. She stroked her clitoris more vigorously. She allowed her finger to slip deeply inside her vagina with her thumb maintaining contact with her clitoris. She felt herself approaching orgasm. She realized she was starting to moan. Her hips were moving on the couch. She rubbed more intently, with her thumb on her clitoris.

Winston took another sip of scotch. He watched the girl approaching orgasm. His own raging erection was practically bursting from his pants. **Oh yes, girl. You certainly masturbate more than 'rarely'.**

Aubree's toes clenched and unclenched. Her hips thrust against the couch. Her thumb worked feverishly on her clit in a fast, circular motion. She felt her breath becoming short. Her body felt like it was pulsating and contracting violently. She orgasmed strongly. **Samuel.**

As her orgasm subsided, she could feel her vaginal contractions. She felt beads of sweat on her back against the couch. She was sure there would be a wet spot on the couch. She was ashamed and afraid to open her eyes. She knew the wicked man was still sitting across from her. She could hear the ice moving against the side of his glass. She could feel his eyes on her naked body. **How have I let this happen? I just masturbated in front of this man.**

Winston gulped the last of his scotch. He sat the glass down on the coffee table. He wiped his forehead he could feel his erection in his pants. The pre-cum was like a flood. He squeezed his erect cock.

Very good, girl. It seems you know how to pleasure yourself after all. Winston stood up. He grabbed Aubree by the elbows and lifted her to a standing position. He slapped her bare butt. You're a filthy little whore.

He slapped her lightly on the face. He was pleased to see the girl refused to meet his eyes. **That's it, girl. Submissive.**

Let me see your fingers, little girl. He grabbed her wrists and lifted her hands to his face.

You're a filthy little tramp. Lick your fingers off. Clean them up, now.

Aubree was shaking and ashamed. She felt completely exposed in front of the lecherous man. She put her fingers into her mouth, compliantly.

Lick them clean, girl.

Aubree sucked the wetness from her fingers as he watched. She let her arms fall over herself, trying to protect her body from the man's gaze. **Please let me go now.**

You're a filthy little girl. Winston frowned. Let's have you into the bathroom now. We need to get you cleaned up. Filthy girl. He turned her around and slapped her on the bare buttocks. Come along, girl.

He held her by the shoulders and guided her into the restroom at arms-length, looking down at her bare butt. **I'll have that later, miss.**

Aubree allowed herself to be ushered towards the bathroom. She looked down as he pushed her across the living room and into the hallway. **What's happening here???**

He pushed her into the bathroom. The tile was cold under her bare feet. He closed the bathroom door behind them. She heard the lock click into place. She watched as he walked over to the tub and pulled the shower curtain back.

Looking up, she saw herself in the mirror. Fully nude hands held over herself in an attempt at modesty. Her face was tearstained. Her eyes were red from crying. She noticed her nose was running. She sniffed and wiped her nose. She heard the water begin to run. She shifted from one foot to the other, alternately looking from the closed bathroom door to the mirror. She refused to look at the tub or the evil man kneeling beside it.

Winston adjusted the temperature until the water was warm. He placed the stopper into the drain and watched as the tub began to fill up.

Looking over his shoulder, Winston wiped his forehead and motioned the nude girl forward. Into the tub, missy. He nodded at the bathtub.

Please, sir. Aubree sniffed loudly. Please. I just want to go home.

Winston wasn't convinced. He stood up. Into the tub, girl. Now! He walked over and slapped her bare butt. Into the tub NOW!

Aubree allowed him to lead her to the bathtub. He swatted the back of her thighs causing her to step into the tub with a splashing sound. She sat down and felt the water rush over her waist. She held her hands over her breasts.

Winston knelt down and turned off the water. The only sound in the room was the slow dripping of water from the faucet. Winston picked up a sponge from the side of the bathtub. Squeezing soap onto the sponge, he dipped it into the water. Pulling it from the water, her placed it onto Aubree's back and began to massage the soap onto her back.

You're a filthy girl. American girls are always filthy. He scooped more water from the tub. They have no discipline. You are no exception. He lifted her arms and moved the sponge across her stomach and breasts, paying particular attention to her nipples. Simply filthy, little girl.

Aubree was embarrassed. She didn't like the way he spoke to her. I'm not filthy. Please don't say those things. Just let me go home. I don't want to be here. I can take a bath by myself.

Winston laughed, but there was no humor in his laughter. His was the laugh of a tyrant. You are indeed a filthy girl. You have no pride and certainly no self-respect. You act like a little child and I will treat you as such. He placed the sponge over her face, scrubbing her cheeks and forehead.

Aubree closed her eyes, feeling the sponge wash over her face. **How did I get here? What does he want from me?**

Winston finished scrubbing her face and dropped the sponge into the water. He wiped his hands on his pants. He held his hands over her cheeks and turned her head towards him. Her eyes were shut tightly. With his forefinger, he gently outlined her eyelids, nose and mouth. He felt the girl shiver.

How could such a pretty little girl allow herself to get into so much trouble? You have everything going for you college, your first apartment, a good family. Yet still you fall into the trap of drug use. He cupped her breasts in his hands, manipulating her nipples. He caressed her firm stomach with one hand while massaging her back with the other. Slipping a hand under the water, he placed a finger at the top of her butt crack and traced it down. His other hand slid between her legs. He felt her soft slit.

I would be derelict in my duty if I failed to discipline you, girl. I must make you see the error of your decisions. He held her chin and leaned over the edge of the tub. He kissed her on the lips. But, I shall require payment for my discipline, girl. You will pleasure me. Do you understand?

Aubree could barely speak. Yes.

Winston continued. You will pleasure me. In bed. Tonight. Do you know what I am saying to you, little girl?

Aubree could feel her heart pounding. Why? Why do you want that?

Winston smirked. Because you're a pretty little thing. I noticed you on day one. I knew I would have you then. It was only a matter of time. In your tight jeans and cut-off shirt. You were so sexual. Now, I will show you what it means to be sexy. It's not just a tool to tease men, girl.

Aubree drew a deep breath. I wasn't trying to tease anyone, mister. I just like to look nice. Why are you doing this?

Winston placed his finger over her lips. Shhhh. Stop talking, little missy. You are here and as you should be nude. A body like yours made to be enjoyed by men. Tonight, I will show you that. You have no choice. So, stop talking.

Aubree bit her lower lip.

Winston picked up the sponge.

Stand up, girl. He lifted her by the elbow, forcing her into a standing position. His eyes fell over her glistening, wet body. Water cascaded down her breasts and over her firm stomach. Droplets beaded inside her cute bellybutton. Rivulets trickled down her bare thighs and dripped into the full tub. **Beautiful she is a work of art.** He moved the sponge up and down her legs. He traced the inside of her thighs. His sponge came to rest between her legs, he gently massaged her vaginal lips.

Aubree tried to push his hand away from her most private area. Please. I'm clean there. Stop, please.

He pushed her hand away. Shut up, girl. Put your hands on top of your head. He smiled as she complied.

Put your foot on the edge of the tub, girl. Winston lifted Aubree's left foot out of the water and positioned it onto the edge of the bathtub. Her vaginal lips were slightly parted. He placed his index finger onto her slit and outlined it gently.

I am going to ask you again, what I asked you before. He paused. The sound of dripping water echoed in the still bathroom. He looked up at her face. He noticed her eyes were closed. She was biting her lower lip.

Now. Tell me again, girl. How often do you masturbate?

Aubree inhaled deeply. She could feel the shame wash over her body. The man's finger was on her most private of privates. **Just tell him the truth. I have to get out of here.**

Twice a week. Sometimes more. She exhaled, slowly.

Winston let his finger slip between her lips. He felt the warm, tight opening. Twice a week. That's good. Honesty is what I want, girl. Now tell me what you think about when you masturbate.

Aubree bit her lip harder. She hesitated. What do you mean? I don't think about anything, really.

Winston eased a finger into her vagina. He felt the tightness of her virgin pussy. You think about something, miss. Now, tell me what you think about. What did you think about when you masturbated on my couch a few moments ago?

Aubree felt nauseated. Nothing, I didn't think of anything, sir.

Winston pulled his finger out of the young girl's moist opening. He grabbed her ankle and squeezed. Don't lie to me, girl. What did you think about?

Aubree wanted to run. She opened her eyes and looked at the closed bathroom door. **Okay. Tell him everything. You can work this out tomorrow.** I thought about my x-boyfriend.

Winston adjusted his pants. He grabbed her hips and turned her around. His eyes enjoyed her bare butt and thighs. He placed his hands on her buttocks and eased them apart, revealing her soft sphincter. What about your x-boyfriend, Aubree? What did you think about?

Aubree was beginning to cry. She felt tears running down her cheeks. About when we first kissed, sir. I miss him.

Winston continued to inspect her anal cavity. Which boyfriend, Aubree? Todd or Samuel?

Samuel, sir. Aubree gasped as she felt a finger outlining her butt hole.

Winston released her buttocks. Well, girl. You'll be kissing me tonight. He slapped her bare butt. Step out of the tub.

He watched the naked girl step out of the bathtub.

Sit down on the edge of the tub and wait for me. Winston walked over and opened the door. He looked over his shoulder. Wait. Don't move. His eyes fell across the beautiful nude girl sitting on the tub. He closed the door behind himself.

Aubree stood up and wiped her face with her hands. Water dripped down her naked body, forming pools on the bathroom tile. She shivered. She glanced around the room and noticed a cabinet above the toilet. She opened the door, searching inside. **Just a towel that's all I need.**

Suddenly, the bathroom door opened. The man stood in the doorway, glaring at her. He looked angry. Aubree closed the cabinet door and covered herself with her arms. She noticed he was carrying something.

◆What were you doing, girl? I told you to remain seated.◆

Aubree was frightened. She sat back down on the edge of the tub.◆Nothing. I mean◆ I was cold. I was looking for a towel.◆ She crossed her legs. She noticed the object he was carrying. It appeared to be a large red bag with a tube attached. **Oh my God. It's an enema bag◆ Oh no◆** She remembered her mother giving her enemas when she was a little girl. She had always hated them but her mother said they were ◆healthy◆. When Aubree got older, she swore that she would never endure another enema again.

Winston closed the door and fastened the lock.◆Look at the mess on this floor.◆ He motioned at the pools of water on the bathroom tile. He snatched the hand towel off the rack by the sink and threw it at the cringing girl.◆Clean this water up while I prepare your enema.◆

Aubree held the towel over her stomach.◆Why are you doing an enema? I'm okay. Please. I don't need◆◆

Winston cut her off sharply.◆Shut up, girl. You'll have an enema. Filthy little girls need enemas to cleanse their bowels. Now get to work on this water. Mop it up and make this floor shine.◆

Aubree felt numb. She slowly knelt down and began to mop the floor with the towel. Quickly, the towel was saturated with water and her scrubbing was only smearing the wetness over the bathroom tile.

◆Squeeze the towel out, stupid girl. Then, you can continue to clean.◆ Winston frowned at her.

Aubree squeezed the towel over the bathtub. She continued to mop the floor.

Winston watched the kneeling girl scrubbing his floor. Her breasts moved enticingly and as she turned her backside towards him, her firm butt was revealed on full display. He smiled.◆That's it, girl. Clean it all up.◆

Winston turned his attention to the enema bag. He turned on the water and let it warm up. While the water warmed, he poured some mild liquid soap into the bag. He then added water until the bag was full. He adjusted the clamp, making sure the fluid was secure. Turning his attention to the nude girl scrubbing the floor, he walked over and pulled the towel from her hands.

◆Get up, miss.◆ He lifted her by the elbows.◆Get into the tub and turn and face the wall.◆ He guided the shaking girl into the bathtub. He turned her to face the wall.◆Now, bend at the knees and hold your butt cheeks open.◆

Aubree had never felt more exposed in her life as she held her hands over her buttocks and pulled them apart, revealing her tight hole. She clenched her eyes tightly shut and tried to imagine a safe place◆**dolphins swimming free in the ocean**◆ She felt the nozzle at her anal opening.

◆Now, miss. Keep those cheeks spread and relax your rectum.◆ Winston pushed the nozzle into her ass.◆Let's get you cleaned out◆◆

Winston released the clamp, allowing the warm fluid to drain into the young girl's anal cavity. He was delighted to see her firm cheeks clench instinctively. He placed a large hand over her lower back, at the top of her butt.◆That's good, girl. Take it in◆◆ He massaged the top of her crack with his thumb.

Aubree felt the warm liquid rushing inside her, filling her. She clenched her toes and bit her lower lip. She started to feel bloated and had the urge to sit on the toilet. Her abdomen began to swell.◆Please, sir. Please stop. Why are you making me do this?◆

Winston squeezed the bag to increase the flow of liquid.◆Because you're a filthy girl and you need to be cleaned for the next part of your punishment. Also, what did I tell you about asking "why"?◆

Aubree remained silent. Her rectum was starting to burn a little. **I need to go number two**◆

Winston asked her again.◆What did I tell you about asking "why"?◆

Aubree whimpered.

◆I told you to never ask me for my reasons. You will do whatever I say◆ no questions. Otherwise, I'll have you across my knee again. Do you hear me, little girl?◆ Winston squeezed the bag harder.

◆Yes, sir.◆ Aubree gasped. She really had to go to the bathroom. She tried to reach behind herself but Winston slapped her hand away.

◆Keep your hands down, missy.◆

Aubree pleaded.◆Please, mister. I need to go◆ I can't hold anymore.◆ She lifted a bare foot.

Winston chuckled.◆You can take more and you will. You'll take the whole bag.◆ He slapped her butt.◆Foot down and relax your hole, miss.◆

Aubree felt like she would explode. It seemed the bag would never be empty.

Finally, she felt him remove the tube. She stood up and clasped her hands over her butt, dancing from one foot to the other.

Winston watched her squirm. **You'll be squirming more in my bedroom, tart**◆ He walked over and helped her from the tub. He placed a hand over her stomach.◆Do you feel full, miss?◆

◆Yes, sir. Please!◆

He guided her towards the toilet.◆Have a seat, missy and let it out.◆

Aubree sat on the toilet. Ordinarily, she wouldn't even imagine having a bowel movement while someone watched. Much less, a man. She was even uncomfortable going in public restrooms in a private stall. However, at this point she didn't care. Her bowels opened and the fluid rushed into the toilet, loudly.

Winston watched and listened. He couldn't believe he was actually watching this beautiful, young girl in what should be one of her most private moments. He recalled how hot she had looked at the swimming pool in her tiny bikini and how arrogant she had acted. **Not so arrogant now, missy. I'll be putting more than an enema up your spoiled ass soon**◆ Winston smiled.

Aubree released everything and more. Finally, she sat silently, hands held over her face in shame. She heard the man walk up and flush the toilet.

◆Do you need me to wipe you too, miss?◆ Winston taunted her.

Aubree couldn't look at him. She felt ashamed and humiliated. Earlier, when she had been forced to masturbate on the couch while the man watched, she had thought she could never be more ashamed. Now, she knew she had been wrong. She reached for the toilet paper.◆

Winston picked up the wet hand towel from the floor.◆Stand up and turn around, missy. Let me see if you've managed to clean yourself properly.◆

Slowly, Aubree stood up.

Winston eased her around and inspected her ass. He knelt down and opened her cheeks, wiping her crack with the wet towel.

Tossing the towel aside, he led her over to the sink. He poured mouthwash into a paper cup. ❖Rinse your mouth out, miss.❖ He handed her the cup and watched as she swished the fluid in her mouth.

❖There. Now you're nice and clean, missy.❖ Winston picked up a comb from the counter. ❖Turn around and face the mirror❖

Aubree turned towards the mirror. She watched her reflection as the man combed her hair.

Winston smirked. ❖We want you clean and pretty for the next phase of your discipline, girl.❖ Winston sat the comb on the counter.

❖Did your father ever comb your hair after your bath?❖

Aubree thought the question to be strange but the strangeness of the entire situation was overwhelming in it's entirety.

❖No.❖

She felt his hands on her shoulders, turning her towards him.

Winston stood, inches from the naked girl's face. ❖Well, he should have combed your hair and he should have done to you what I'm going to do to you now.❖

Aubree shuddered. She watched as he walked over and opened the cabinet.

He handed her a towel. ❖Dry off, miss.❖

Aubree dried her face and body. She wrapped the towel around herself and stood, looking at the floor.

Winston crossed his arms over his chest. ❖Now, girl. Go to my bedroom and lay down on my bed. I will be in to tend to you shortly.❖

Aubree stepped into the hallway. The carpet was soft under her bare feet. The cold air outside the bathroom washed over her exposed legs. She felt a single drop of water trickle down her thigh. She walked, haltingly down the hall. She looked over her shoulder into the living room. She could see the kitchen and the dining room table. Her yellow dress was folded on the table. She briefly thought of running to her dress, putting it on and running from this apartment. A shadow fell across the bathroom door. Winston stepped into the hallway.

❖Get along, miss. Right into my bed chamber.❖ The man slapped her on the butt, through the towel. ❖Move along, missy. Through the door there on your right.❖

Winston pushed the girl to his bedroom. ❖In here, missy.❖ He opened the door and pushed her inside. ❖Take the towel off and get into my bed.❖ He yanked the towel from her grasping hands. He pushed the nude girl toward the bed. ❖Lay down, missy. I'll be in to handle you shortly.❖

Aubree stepped towards the bed. She heard the door close behind her. She covered her naked body, shivering. There was a single lamp burning in the room, beside the large bed. She walked over and sat down on the edge of the bed, shaking and frightened. She looked for a telephone. There was none.

Winston went into the kitchen. He took a shot of whiskey straight. He shook his head to clear the foul taste. He unbuttoned his shirt, slowly. He dropped it onto the floor. Unbuckling his pants, he walked towards the bedroom. **And now, for you, girl.**❖ He walked down the hallway.

Standing outside the bedroom door, he lowered his underpants to his ankles. His erect cock sprang out. He pulled off his socks. He squeezed his testicles and opened the door.

Aubree looked up as the door opened. She saw the man walk into the room, nude. Her eyes fell to his penis. It was erect. She quickly turned away, covering her face with both hands. **Oh my God. he's going to rape me.**❖

Winston stopped, halfway across the room. He enjoyed the view of the naked girl sitting on the edge of his bed. She tried to cover herself with her arms.

Walking over, he sat down on the bed next to Aubree. He placed his hand on her back. ❖Now, I am going to teach you about the facts of life, girl. I am going to show you what a pretty, young girl should do for her boyfriend. Are you ready for your next lesson?❖

Aubree chewed her lower lip. She couldn't speak. She wanted to run.

❖Get down off the bed, girl. On your knees, in front of me.❖

Aubree slowly stood up, covering herself with her arms. She knelt down in front of the man. She felt like she was outside her body, watching a movie.

❖Now. Take my cock in your hand, girl.❖

With hesitation, Aubree placed her soft hand around his erect penis. She was amazed at how hard it was. **It's much larger than Samuel's.**❖

❖Now, girl. Start stroking my cock. Stroke it like slowly.❖

Aubree began to run her hand up and down his firm penis. She felt sick. **I'm going to throw-up.**❖

Winston felt a tingling in his groin. He watched as the young girl pumped his dick with her hand. She was so lovely. He looked up at the ceiling. ❖That's it, girl. You're doing just fine. Now, hold my balls with your other hand.❖

Aubree cupped his testicles in one hand, while slowly stroking his cock with the other. **Please. please just cum. get it over with. please!**❖

Several minutes passed in silence. Aubree stroking his erect cock.❖ Winston leaning back, looking at the ceiling. He felt pre-cum forming on his erect, purple head.

❖Now, girl. See what you're doing? You've made me start to ejaculate. That fluid is my pre-cum. It's to lubricate your vagina when I put it inside you. Do you remember Samuel's pre-cum?❖

❖No, sir.❖ Aubree answered honestly. She had jacked Samuel off through the pocket of his pants.

Winston inhaled deeply. ❖When you see a man's pre-cum, it's time to go to the next level. Pre-cum is for your mouth. Now, take my cock into your mouth. Pretend it's a lollie-pop. Like your daddy bought you at the circus. Put it in your mouth and suck on it, like a lollie.❖

Aubree wanted to gag. ❖Please, sir ❖ I don't want to❖❖

❖Do it. Or, I'll call the police and tell them about your drug use. Do it now, girl.❖ Winston held the back of her head and pushed it down.

Aubree opened her mouth and slowly took his erect cock inside. She tried to just put her lips over the head, going no further.

❖All the way, girl. Put it inside your mouth. Suck it like a lollie.❖

Aubree opened her mouth and allowed him to thrust deeply. She gagged. **It feels so hard❖**

❖That's it, girl. Take it all the way.❖ Winston held her by the back of her head and pushed down, forcing himself into her mouth. He felt her gag on his erection.

He lifted her head up and pulled himself out of her mouth. Stroking his stiff cock, he patted her lightly on the cheek. ❖Now, little girl. Lick it. Start at the base and move your tongue up my shaft.❖

Aubree wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. **This is the most horrible thing I've ever had to go through❖**

Winston looked down at the kneeling girl. ❖If you had given Samuel a decent blowjob instead of pleasuring him with your hand, he might still be with you. You're just a little tease.❖

Aubree swallowed hard. She fought back tears of humiliation.

Winston continued his verbal abuse. ❖But, not tonight. Not tonight, girl. Tonight I'm going to show you how to give a man a good sucking. Now stick that pretty little tongue out and start licking.❖

Aubree leaned forward and placed the tip of her tongue against the base of his raging erection. She slowly traced his cock from bottom to top.

❖Now, lick the head. Taste my pre-cum.❖

Aubree flicked her tongue across the top of his head. She tasted his warm fluid.

❖Put it back in your mouth. Suck gently. I don't want to feel your teeth or I'll have you across my knee.❖ Winston eased her mouth back onto his erection. Her lips were warm and moist. Her tongue felt soft. She sucked him, slowly and reluctantly.

❖Yes. Yes. That's it girl. Like a lollie.❖ Winston watched the young girl's head bobbing up and down in his lap. Her long hair fell over his thighs.

He looked across the room at the mirror on the wall. He watched the reflection. He enjoyed seeing the girl from behind, kneeling in front of him. Sucking his cock. Her bare butt was lovely. The bottom of her feet looked delicious in her kneeling position.

He continued to allow the girl to suck him for several minutes, enjoying his power over her. Then, he began to approach orgasm. He gently pulled her head up and off his penis. ❖That's enough, girl.❖ He stood up.

Aubree continued kneeling on the carpet, head down. She was shaking with fear and shame. She felt a trickle of drool on the side of her mouth. She wanted to spit.

I'm drooling like a little child❖

Winston lifted her up by the elbows. ❖Lay down on the bed. On your back.❖

Aubree crawled onto the bed and laid down. She held both hands over her breasts.

❖Spread your legs.❖ Winston watched as she inched her legs apart. ❖All the way, miss. Wider! All the way.❖

He knelt on the bed, between her legs, stroking his cock. He noticed that her eyes were closed. ❖Now, miss. I'm going to fuck you. I'm going to give you a good fucking like your little boyfriends wished they could have done. Do you hear me, girl?❖

A tear ran down Aubree's cheek and onto the mattress. ❖Please don't. I'm a virgin. Please, I'll put it in my mouth some more until you feel good. I'll do it just the way you say.❖ Just please❖❖ Her voice trailed off.

Winston squeezed his erection. ❖No deal, missy. You are in no position to make deals.❖

Placing his hands on the mattress behind her shoulders, he laid on top of her. He positioned the head of his cock onto her labia, just outside the vaginal entrance. He kissed her fully on the lips, enjoying her mouth with his tongue.

❖After tonight, you'll no longer be a virgin, missy.❖ He massaged her labia with his cock, moving his hips back and forth.

Aubree tried to beg, one last time. ❖Please, sir. I'm a virgin. Please don't. Let me make you cum in my mouth. I'll suck you off. Please❖❖

Winston inhaled deeply. He pushed forward with his penis, feeling her vaginal lips part. He searched for the tight opening.

❖No deal, missy. Tonight you get fucked. It's a long time overdue.❖ Winston pushed forward, entering her. The tightness of her virgin orifice engulfed his cock. He eased into her, deeply. **Oh lord. She's so tight!**

Winston heard the girl moan. It turned him on. He began to pump her, slowly.

Aubree felt him as he entered her. She wanted to push him away but, he was strong. She closed her eyes and felt as he pumped her virgin cavity. She gasped.

❖How does it feel, little girl? Do you like having a man's cock up your little hole?❖

Aubree didn't answer.

Winston continued. ❖How does it feel, girl? You walk around in your tight clothes and little bikinis, flaunting your body like a whore. How do you like getting fucked like the little slut you are?❖ He began to pump her faster and harder.

Aubree remained silent, alone in her inner pain and horror.

Winston thrust himself inside her more deeply. ❖You shake your cute little ass in your tight jeans. Do you not think that men don't notice? Do you not think they want to fuck you, girl?❖

Aubree placed her hands over her face. She was weeping now.

Winston pumped her vigorously. He felt her natural lubricants start to flow. ❖Oh yes. You little whore. Tight clothes. Bikini. Looking down your nose, like the stuck up little bitch that you are.❖ He was pounding her now. His testicles bounced against her anus.

Aubree gasped and tried to speak. ❖Please❖ I❖❖❖

As soon as her mouth opened, she felt his tongue. He probed her mouth, like he was probing her insides. The combination of his tongue inside her mouth and his penis inside her vagina made her feel doubly violated. She held a hand over her eyes and fought back tears.

Winston thrust inside the girl, his hips banging against the inside of her thighs. He increased the tempo, enjoying the feeling of her tight pussy wrapping around his penis. He thrust increasingly, faster and faster. The bed began to shake, squeaking loudly. The backboard thumped against the wall.

He moved up and down on her with a fury. His testicles slapped against the girl's anal cavity. He felt beads of sweat on his back. He grabbed her ankles and pushed her feet into the air, over her shoulders. Locking his fingers between her toes, he pounded her from above. The sound of her whimpers only made him hornier. He leaned forward, tongue extended, looking for her mouth.

Aubree tried to push his face away from her. **Please just don't kiss me**

He nudged her hands away with his nose and kissed her more forcefully on the mouth. He felt her vaginal juices. The tightness and lubrication made him crazy with lust. He released her ankles and fell on top of her, pounding her mercilessly into the bed.

Oh yes, girl! Oh, yes! He continued thrusting inside her. So tight. Good

Winston approached climax. He slowed down and fell across the crying girl. The feeling of his stomach on top of hers made his penis convulse. He slowly pulled his erect cock from her vagina. Panting, he rolled over onto the bed.

Aubree rolled onto her side, facing away from him, in a fetal position. She wiped her face with her hands. She was shaking. She felt his hand on her butt. She felt the mattress shift as he rolled over. He pulled the hair from her face and licked her cheek.

Okay, girl. How do you feel?

Aubree didn't answer. She couldn't speak.

Fine. You don't need to respond, girl. Winston sat up on the bed, looking down at the prostrate girl. He touched her lightly on the back with his fingertips. Now, I'll enjoy you another way, miss. His fingers roamed down her back and came to rest at the top of her butt. Slipping a finger inside her crack, he traced it to the base of her bottom.

Winston massaged his swollen cock. Get up, miss. Go over to my dresser and open the top drawer.

Numbly, Aubree stood up and walked across the room. She no longer attempted to cover herself. She stopped in front of the dresser.

Open the top drawer and take out the vasoline. Winston continued to stroke his cock.

Aubree opened the drawer and located the vasoline. She picked it up and walked slowly back to the bed.

Winston smiled. Now, miss. It's time for you to lubricate that tight butt of yours, and you had best lubricate it good.

Winston watched as she opened the lid and began to spread the oily substance over her buttocks.

No, girl. Winston laughed. Grease your asshole. I'm going to fuck you in there.

Aubree suddenly realized his intention. **The enema you need to be cleaned for the next part of your punishment! Oh God! No!!!!!!** Aubree turned suddenly and made a break for the bedroom door.

Winston caught her in the hallway. Wrapping his arm around her neck, he dragged her back into the bedroom, kicking the door shut behind them. You fucking little bitch. Now, I'll have your ass and afterwards you'll be across my knee again. He threw her onto the bed.

Aubree curled up on the bed, hands wrapped around her knees.

Winston picked up the jar of vasoline. Now, girl. Do you want to lubricate your asshole or not? If you don't, I'll fuck you dry and it will hurt. He tossed the jar onto the bed, beside her. He felt pre-cum trickle down his stiff penis.

Aubree looked at the jar laying inches from her face. Slowly, she sat up and picked up the vasoline. She opened the lid.

Winston smiled. That's it, girl. Grease that tight hole or else.

Shivering from fear, humiliation and cold, Aubree dipped a small amount of the lubricant onto two fingers. She began to massage it into her anus. Please. Just put it in my mouth. Please. She knew her pleas were hopeless. She closed the lid over the jar.

Winston grabbed a handful of her hair. Now, it's time to be a little doggy. Get on all fours and show me that pretty little butt, miss.

Aubree got onto her hands and knees. She felt him pull her backwards to the edge of the bed.

Now, miss. I want you to think about the illegal drugs you've smoked and what they've done to you. He placed his swollen head at her firm, tight anal entrance. Are you thinking, girl?

Aubree remained speechless.

Winston pushed the tip of his head inside her hole. I want you to think about the tight jeans and little shirts you wear. She tried to reach behind to stop his invasion. He pushed her hand away. He slipped his entire head inside her tight opening. He felt her cheeks clench. She sobbed. He entered her more fully.

I want you to think about the little bathing suits you wear and how you like to show your body. She lifted her feet from the bed and moaned. He pushed inside her completely.

Now, I want you to think about my cock in your ass. I want you to learn a lesson about being a little slut. He began to pump her virgin asshole.

How does my cock feel in your ass, girl? Do you feel sexy? He pumped harder.

Aubree buried her face in the mattress.

Winston held her hips and pulled her towards him. Well? Does it feel good, girl? This is what you wanted when you dressed in tight jeans, right? You wanted men to see your little bum. You wanted them to want you, right? He pushed against her, entering her fully. He enjoyed the tightness of her virgin hole. Well?

Aubree wept and felt snot running from her nose. She felt like a humiliated little child.

Winston slapped her ass and laughed. Whore. With one word, he began to pound her forcefully.

Aubree held her breath and waited. Minutes passed. It seemed like an eternity.

Finally, he pulled out. She felt blood trickle from her invaded hole.

Winston sat on the bed, his legs stretched out. Now girl, get up. He slapped her butt.

Aubree sat up, in emotional and physical pain.

◆Suck me, girl. I want to cum in your mouth.◆ Winston pushed her face down onto his lap.◆ Do it, now!◆

Aubree took his erection into her mouth and began to suck. **Please just cum◆ I want to go home◆**

After several minutes, Winston began to approach climax. He pushed her mouth deeper onto his erection.◆ That's it. I'll cum now, miss.◆

He ejaculated with force into her mouth. He felt the girl gag.

◆Take it all, girl.◆ he gasped. He continued to thrust into her mouth. His pumping weakened as he drained himself, fully.

He watched as she sat up, holding her hands over her face. He saw a trickle of semen leak down her chin. He smiled and squeezed his testicles.◆ Did you swallow, miss?◆

Aubree didn't answer. She turned away from him.

Winston pulled the sheets back and laid down in the bed. He reached up and grabbed the girl by the elbow.◆ Get under the covers, girl. You're staying here tonight.◆

Aubree wanted to vomit. His sperm was still in her mouth. She refused to swallow it. She crawled over him and laid down on the bed. She rolled over, with her back towards him as he pulled the sheets over her.

Winston pulled the blankets up and over her shoulders.◆ Did your daddy ever tuck you in at night, girl?◆

He listened. The girl didn't respond. **Oh well◆ I'll fuck you harder tomorrow.** He switched off the light and pulled the blanket up.

Aubree lay quietly, until she was sure he was asleep. She listened as he snored loudly. Leaning over the edge of the bed, she spit the semen onto the carpet. **I'm going to hurt you◆** She lay awake for several hours listening to his heavy breathing. **I'll have revenge◆** Finally, as dawn approached, Aubree fell into an uncomfortable sleep, having fitful dreams.

The alarm went off at 7 AM. Winston sat up and stretched. He looked over at the nude girl laying next to him.

◆Get up, miss. Time to go home. I have to pull a double today.◆ He jerked the sheets down.

Winston watched the naked girl get out of bed and hurry towards the bedroom door. She didn't speak or look at him. He pulled on his trousers and followed her into the living room and watched as she pulled the yellow summer dress over her nude body.

◆Now, girl. Remember, your punishment isn't over. You'll come whenever I call and you'll do exactly what I say◆ without question.◆ Winston followed her to the front door.◆ Do you understand?◆ He placed his hand on the door, preventing her from opening it.

Aubree hesitated. **I'll have my revenge, you pervert.**

◆Yes, sir.◆ She refused to look at him.

Winston smiled. He opened the door.◆ Good day, miss.◆ He slapped her butt through the dress and closed the door behind her.

Aubree stepped into the hallway. The pavement felt cold on her bare feet. She still felt naked under the thin dress. She could feel dried blood on the inside of her buttocks. She breathed the fresh air deeply. Hurrying towards the stairs, she heard a door open behind her. Looking over her shoulder, she saw the bald man from the night before◆ The man she had seen just before her ordeal. He was coming out of his apartment.

He looked at her and smiled.◆ Long night, I see. Darn that Winston. He sure is a ladies' man.◆ He winked at her and walked down the stairs, laughing.

Aubree thought◆ **Winston◆ his name is Winston◆ that bastard◆**

THE END.

Aubree's First Apartment (Continued):

Chapter 4: A Shopping Trip

Three days had passed since the horrible night at Winston's apartment. Aubree had tried to resume her normal routine of school, studying and work. However, she found herself constantly nervous and jumping at the smallest noise. She couldn't concentrate on her schoolwork and she had flunked her exam on Tuesday.

It was now Friday morning and she was no closer to solving the ♦Winston dilemma♦. She had gone over all the details in her mind repeatedly, looking for some way out of the mess she was in. However, three facts remained. Winston had proof of her illegal drug use, he had pictures of her naked and he was watching her. Aubree shuddered.

She had seen Winston several times since Tuesday morning but he had made no attempt to contact her. He just seemed to be watching. She had noticed him in the parking lot outside her apartment on several occasions and yesterday, when she went to check her mail, he was at the mail boxes. He hadn't spoken, only winked at her and walked away.

Aubree walked over to the window and pulled the curtains aside. She scanned the parking lot. There was no movement. She looked at the wall clock♦ almost noon.

Suddenly, her cell phone rang. The noise caused her to jump. She looked at the phone on the table. It rang again. She walked over and picked it up, looking at the number which appeared on the screen. She didn't recognize the caller. The phone continued to ring. Aubree placed the phone back onto the table and walked into the kitchen. She poured a glass of juice and took a sip. The phone stopped ringing. She sat the glass down and took a deep breath.

She started to walk towards her bedroom and the phone rang again. Slowly, she walked over to the table and picked up the cell phone. It was the same number. Hesitatingly, Aubree picked up the phone. ♦Hello♦♦

♦Hello, little girl.♦

It was Winston. Aubree's voice caught in her throat. She hung up immediately. She could feel her heart racing as the phone began ringing again. After eight rings, Aubree picked up. She didn't speak.

♦My, my♦ what a rude little girl you are.♦ Winston's voice sounded menacing. ♦Imagine♦ hanging up on a caller without even a goodbye. Especially, when the caller could have you thrown out of college and arrested.♦

Aubree remained silent. She could hear Winston breathing on the other end.

♦Have you been a good girl these past few days, my little dear? Have you been smoking any illegal substances?♦. Winston paused. ♦Aubree? I know you're there. Answer me, girl.♦

♦Wh♦what do you want?♦ Aubree felt herself shaking.

Winston chuckled. ♦Whatever I may want, you may rest assured, I'll get it.♦

Aubree walked towards the window and peeked out of the curtains. The parking lot was still empty♦ no movement. She held the phone closer to her ear, listening to Winston breathing on the other end. She repeated her question. ♦What do you want, mister? Please just leave me alone. You had what you want. Haven't I done enou♦♦

Winston cut her off. ♦I'll be outside your apartment in ten minutes. When you see my truck pull up, you will come downstairs and get in. We're going on a little drive.♦

♦I don't want♦♦, Aubree started but the line went dead.

She dropped her phone and collapsed onto the couch. *Oh my god.* Her heart pounded in her chest. She was shaking uncontrollably. *What does he want?*

The minutes ticked by. Aubree went over to the window and looked out. She watched as an old blue pick up truck pulled into the parking space outside. The bed of the truck was loaded down with tools and bags of what looked like trash. She heard the horn honk. She could see Winston's face peering up through the windshield at her door. The horn sounded again.

Slowly, Aubree walked to the door. She slipped her feet into her flip flops. Her mind was numb as she opened the front door and stepped outside. She closed the door behind herself and headed for the steps.

Winston rolled down the passenger side window as Aubree approached the truck. ♦Hurry up, girl. Get in.♦

Aubree opened the door and climbed into the seat. She sat with her hands folded, looking at her lap. Her eyes were closed as she felt Winston shift into reverse and back out of the parking space.

She felt his hand on her thigh as the truck accelerated towards the road. ♦Well, sweetie. Have you been behaving yourself?♦ His hand traveled up her thigh, squeezing.

♦Yes.♦ Aubree could barely find her voice.

♦No drugs lately, miss?♦

♦No.♦ She felt his hand move from her thigh onto her back. She held her eyes shut tightly.

Winston slipped his hand under her t-shirt and caressed her smooth back. ♦It seems you've forgotten how to address your elders. Now, I'll ask you again girl; Have you used any illegal drugs lately?♦

Aubree winced. ♦No, sir.♦

♦That's good, dear.♦ Winston smiled. ♦Today, we'll be doing a little shopping. Your next lesson will involve learning the value of money along with the value of modesty. You see I've watched you since you first moved here. I see how you like to wear skimpy bathing suits at the pool and tight jeans elsewhere. You have a cute young body and you like to show it off. That trait is called immodesty. Today I will teach you about modesty.♦

Aubree felt Winston's hand on her bare back, underneath her shirt. She felt his fingers as they played with her bra clasp. It almost seemed as if he would unfasten her bra, when he suddenly pulled his hand from under her shirt. She opened her eyes and watched as he turned on the radio. Classic rock music poured through the speakers. Winston hummed along with the familiar tune. He lit a cigarette and smiled.

After several minutes of driving, Winston turned off the road and into the parking lot of the Blue Lagoon Clothing Store. He shut off the engine. ♦Shouldn't be too crowded on an early Friday afternoon. What do you think, little miss?♦

Aubree was unsure. ♦I♦ I♦ don't know♦ why are we♦♦

Winston silenced her with a finger over her lips. ♦Come along now, girl. We have shopping to do.♦ He ushered her out of the truck and towards the front door of the store.

Stepping inside, Aubree could smell the scent of fabrics and fresh linens. The store appeared to be empty with the exception of the young man standing behind the counter.

♦Hello. Welcome to Blue Lagoon.♦ The clerk smiled.

Aubree was suddenly embarrassed. She recognized the young clerk. His name was Matt. He was in one of her classes and he was cute. He had wavy brown hair with bright, expressive eyes and he obviously worked out. Aubree had noticed him at the start of the semester. She had hoped he would talk to her at school but they had never been properly introduced.

Matt smiled at her. ♦Hey, Aubree isn't it? Don't we have the 9 AM together on Tuesday and Thursday at school?♦

♦Yes. I think so.♦ Aubree couldn't look at his eyes. She felt herself blushing. She wanted to be anywhere other than this store. Her shifted her feet nervously.

♦Great!♦ Matt smiled again. ♦Well, okay.♦ He hesitated, glancing back and forth from Aubree to Winston. He seemed unsure of the situation. ♦Can I help you find anything?♦

Winton spoke up. ♦Swimwear. I promised my girl a new swimming suit if she kept her grades up. She's done her part. I'll do mine.♦ Winston winked at Matt. ♦Why don't you show us to the swimwear?♦

Matt looked puzzled. *What does he mean by ♦my girl♦? Is he her dad or her boyfriend? Got to be her dad. Too old to be a boyfriend♦ I think.*

♦Okay, sir. Right this way.♦ Matt motioned towards the back of the store. He guided them down rows of clothing until they arrived in the swim suit section. ♦Well, here you two are. If you need my help finding anything, just holler.♦ Matt turned around and started back to the front of the store.

♦Hold on, young man.♦ Winston stopped him. ♦Maybe you can help us. Do you think my girl is pretty?♦

Matt shifted uncomfortably. *What the hell is this guy talking about? I can't say anything about how she looks if she's his girlfriend and I really can't say anything if she's his daughter♦* He decided to say as little as possible. ♦Yes, sir. She is very pretty.♦ He noticed Aubree blushing furiously.

Winston looked down at Aubree and back at Matt. ♦What swimming suit would you recommend?♦

◆I really don't know, sir.◆ Matt was getting real uncomfortable and didn't know how to react to the odd situation.

Winston pushed Aubree to the center of the floor and took a step back.◆Turn around and let him have a look at you, dear. How can he recommend a bathing suit if he can't see you?◆

Aubree stood looking at her feet. Shame swept over her.◆I don't need a swimsuit, really. Let's just go.◆ She didn't like the direction this was heading◆

Winston laughed.◆Don't be silly, girl. I want to reward you for your good grades. Now stop being bashful and turn around so we can have a proper look at you.◆

Aubree slowly turned in place. She felt stupid and embarrassed.

Winston shot a glance at the clerk. He looked at his name tag.◆Well, Matt. What do you think?◆

Matt watched as Aubree turned in place. She was really hot. Her face was adorable. She had great tits which were practically bursting from her shirt. Her tight jeans accented her round ass. He felt his penis begin to stiffen. Matt had had the hots for this girl since he first saw her at the start of the semester. Folding his hands in front of himself, he looked at Winston. He didn't know what to say. He shrugged his shoulders.◆I don't know. I mean she would probably look good in anything. Maybe you guys should decide on something for yourselves.◆

◆Nonsense. You're the sales clerk. So, make a sale.◆ Winston took a step forward.◆Make a recommendation.◆

Winston looked at Aubree.◆Hands on top of your head. Shoulders back. Let Matt get a good look at your figure so he can make some recommendations.◆

Aubree slowly complied. She felt ridiculous standing with her hands on her head.

Matt felt slack jawed. He tried to avoid looking at Aubree directly, as he could sense her shame and knew something wasn't right. However, she was so damned hot that he couldn't help but look. When she put her hands on top of her head, her shirt lifted above her jeans, revealing her smooth lower stomach and cute little navel. He now had a raging erection but he felt guilty, knowing Aubree was somehow being shamed by this older man. He tried to save her embarrassment. He selected a tan one piece suit from the rack.◆This one looks good. It would highlight her eyes.◆ He handed it to Winston.

Winston brushed the suit aside.◆Ridiculous, lad. Look at her. With a body like that, you want a bikini. Why cover up in a one piece? She isn't an old lady.◆

Matt hesitated.◆Well, I don't know. Maybe Aubree can pick out her own swimsuit?◆ He glanced at the girl standing with her hands laced on top of her head. This whole thing was bizarre◆

Winston walked over to Aubree and placed a hand on the back of her neck.◆I'll tell you what Matt, why don't you pick out a couple of nice two piece suits and bring them to us. We'll be in the dressing room getting ready. I want your smallest suits. My little girl has a body which must be shown off. Isn't that right, girl?◆ Winston shook Aubree slightly. Aubree didn't reply. Frowning, he guided her towards the fitting room.

Matt watched in disbelief as Winston and Aubree vanished into the fitting room. What the hell? He shook his head and massaged his swollen member through his pants...

Winston pushed Aubree into the fitting rooms and down the hallway to a stall. He opened the door and motioned her inside.◆Okay, girl. Let's have you try on some suits.◆

◆Please stop this, mister!◆ Aubree was beside herself.◆I know that guy. He's in my class. I don't need a bathing suit. Please◆ let's just leave.◆

◆Not a chance, missy. I told you that I would teach you the difference between modesty and immodesty today. Your lesson has started. Now strip down.◆

◆No. I can't. Please◆◆

Winston took a step forward and grabbed her by the chin. He looked down at her upturned face.◆Do as I say or you'll be across my knee. You don't want your classmate to watch you getting a spanking do you?◆

◆No, sir.◆ Aubree's voice was barely a whisper.

◆Then, do as I say. Get undressed, girl. Otherwise, your bare butt will be across my knee!◆ Winston folded his arms and watched her.

Slowly, Aubree pulled off her flip flops and set them aside. She unsnapped her pants and lowered the zipper. She pulled her shirt over her head and placed it on the bench. She looked up at Winston as she lowered her

pants. She watched his eyes roam over her flesh as she stepped out of the trousers and placed them beside her shirt. She stood back, covering herself with her arms.

❖Everything off. girl. Bra and panties too. How can you try on a swimsuit in your underwear? Get it off.❖

Aubree was trembling. She turned her back to him as she unclasped her bra and let it fall down her arms. She sniffled, as she slowly pushed her panties down and stepped out of them. She was fully nude. She stood, looking at the wall.

Winston let his eyes travel over the naked girl's backside. ❖There, there❖ that's much more like it, girl.❖ He cupped his hand under her firm buttocks and gave them a squeeze. ❖Now, you don't feel very modest do you, girl?❖ He let his hands slide around to her bare breasts and cupped them in his palms, enjoying their weight. ❖You sure look nice, little girl. I think I might have to take you back to my apartment after we finish shopping.❖ His hands slid down to her stomach. He slipped a finger into her bellybutton while his other hand moved down to her soft pubes. ❖That's my little girl. I'm going to enjoy you later, miss.❖

Aubree was shaking. She felt goose bumps rising all over her flesh. A warm teardrop trickled down her cheek and onto her lips. She licked her lips, tasting the salty tears. ❖Please leave me alone. Can't we just leave here? Please. I know that boy.❖

Winston chuckled. He slipped a finger between the fleshy outer lips of her labia. ❖You didn't seem very ashamed when you were walking around in your little bikini at the pool. That was very immodest. Suppose your little Matt had seen you at the pool. Would you have been ashamed of your body?❖

Aubree held her arms closed tightly over her breasts. She could feel Winston's hands roaming over her bare stomach and exposed pubes. ❖That's different. It's a swimming pool. You are supposed to wear a bathing suit at the pool.❖ She reached down and pulled Winston's hand from between her legs. ❖Please stop.❖

Winston laughed. He slapped her bare butt. The sound echoed in the still changing room. ❖Wait here, girl.❖ He leaned down and gathered Aubree's clothes. Closing the door to the changing stall, he walked away, leaving her alone.

Aubree listened as Winston walked down the hall and into the store. She realized she was totally nude and trapped. Winston had taken her clothing and left her with nothing. She sat down on the cold bench. She began to shake, as much from the cold as from her fear.

Meanwhile❖

Matt could hear the muffled voices of Aubree and the strange man in the fitting room. *What the hell, man? What's happening here? Who is that guy and what is he doing with Aubree?* He wanted to go into the fitting room and see what was happening. He paced back and forth across the floor. He looked at his watch. *They've been in there for almost five minutes*❖

He walked over to the racks and grabbed a small bikini. *I guess this is what he wants*❖

Suddenly, Winston appeared out of the fitting area. ❖Well, Matt? Have you picked out some nice suits?❖

Matt jumped at Winston's sudden appearance. He immediately noticed Winston was carrying Aubree's clothes. He took note of her bra and panties❖ *Holy hell! She's completely naked back there! What in the hell?*

Matt forced himself to remain calm. ❖Yes. Here's a nice one.❖ Matt handed the bikini to Winston.

He watched as Winston placed Aubree's clothes on a chair and held the swimsuit up on the hanger, inspecting it. The swimsuit was small to say the least. It was the thong type and was more string than actual suit. Matt wondered if Aubree's ample breasts would even fit into the small top.

❖This will do nicely, young man.❖ Winston winked at Matt. ❖Come with me.❖

Matt stood in shock as Winston walked back towards the fitting room.

Winston shot a glance over his shoulder. ❖Well? Come along, young man. I want my little girl to try this on.❖

Matt hesitated. ❖I think I should wait here, sir.❖ He looked over at the chair and Aubree's rumpled clothes.

Winston smiled. ❖Nonsense. How can you make a sale standing out here like an imbecile? Come along.❖

Matt didn't move.

A slight look of irritation fell across Winston's face. It vanished as suddenly as it appeared. He smiled at Matt. Walking over, he placed his arm around Matt's shoulder. ❖Look, young sir. My❖ niece❖ has been going through a rebellious stage lately.❖ Winston paused and stroked his chin. ❖You see, she has been

falling behind in her schoolwork and her parents suspect drugs may be involved. She has taken to wearing skimpy outfits and I suspect she's been sexually active. ♦

Matt nodded, dumbly.

Winston continued. ♦Her parents have asked me to intervene. You see, I'm not really here to reward Aubree for her grades. I'm here to teach her a valuable life lesson. I intend to help my little niece learn modesty and respect. You can help me ♦ and her ♦ I only need your presence here. You see, Aubree has confided in me that she finds you attractive. That is why I elected to come here today. Perhaps, if our little Aubree felt embarrassed in front of someone she knows, it would change her direction and cause her to come around to respectability again. You know ♦ wake her up, so to speak. ♦

Matt couldn't think. He stood silently. *Aubree is attracted to me???*

♦Do you understand me, son? ♦ Winston squeezed Matt's shoulder. ♦Please help me to shame my niece into respectability. ♦

Matt paused. ♦What do you mean by shame, sir? ♦

Winston squeezed Matt's shoulder again. ♦I want her to learn to have modesty. To achieve this goal, I must make her understand immodesty. I want her to understand that she shouldn't flaunt her body like a whore. So, I intend to make her flaunt herself in front of you. This will make her feel shame and teach her a lesson. ♦ Winston patted Matt on the shoulder. ♦Please, help me to help my little niece. You will be doing a good deed for our family. ♦

Matt swallowed hard. ♦What do you mean by flaunt herself? ♦

Winston took a step back. ♦Matt. Pull yourself together. I need you to trust me. Do you trust me? ♦

Matt took a deep breath. ♦Okay, mister. ♦

Winston smiled. ♦Come with me, young sir. ♦

Winston led Matt towards the fitting rooms.

Meanwhile ♦

Aubree sat on the cold bench. She could hear Winston talking with Matt outside the fitting rooms. She strained to hear what they were saying but the voices were too muffled. Slowly, she stood up and opened the door to the stall. She peeked outside. Looking down the hallway, she could see Winston's legs under the curtain to the fitting room entrance. She couldn't make out what he was saying ♦ something about modesty ♦ *that bastard!*

Aubree wanted to leave, but she was nude. She pulled the door closed and paced back and forth in the small stall. *Please, just give back my clothes* ♦ She glanced at the full length mirror hanging on the wall. There she was ♦ naked as the day she was born. *How did I let this happen again???* *What's wrong with me?*

Suddenly, Aubree heard Winston coming down the hall. He was talking with someone ♦ who? ♦ *Matt!! Matt is with him!!!!*

Aubree reached for the door latch and slid it into place. A moment later, Winston pulled on the door. Aubree watched the wooden door shake.

She heard Winston sigh. ♦Aubree? Open the door, little girl. I have a swimsuit for you to try on ♦ ♦

♦No. I don't want a swimsuit! I want to go home! Where are my clothes? ♦ Aubree could see Matt's legs under the door standing next to Winston. *Why is he here? Oh my gawd!!!* ♦Please! I just want to get dressed! ♦ She was starting to hyperventilate ♦ *Oh god ♦ Oh god* ♦ ♦Please! I'm not dressed! Please make Matt go away! ♦

Winston pulled on the door again. ♦Aubree? Please open the door. Matt is here to help us select a bathing suit for you. That's his job. If you continue to resist, I'll have you across my knee. I don't think you would enjoy getting a spanking in front of your young classmate. ♦

Aubree fell back against the wall. She was shaking uncontrollably. ♦Matt? Please leave. Please?? Please go away. Don't listen to this man! ♦

Matt looked under the door. He could see Aubree's bare feet. He watched her clench her toes into the carpet. She was obviously very nervous. *Damn! Cute toes and a great body* ♦ *I can't pass on this!* ♦Come on, Aubree. Your uncle is just trying to buy you a bathing suit. What's the problem? ♦ Matt shot a glance at Winston. The older man smiled and winked.

Winston stepped forward. He slid the bikini under the door. ♦Here you are, dear. Try this on. I think it's a perfect fit. ♦

Aubree watched as Winston slid the bikini under the door. She heard him say something to Matt. She tried to cover her nakedness. Her nipples were hard from cold and embarrassment. Realizing the bikini was her only chance at clothing, she grabbed the skimpy garment from the floor. She quickly stepped into the bottoms and pulled them up. She was shocked at the small triangle of fabric which barely covered her pubic area. The material couldn't be more than two inches. The bottoms rode so low that she felt as if she were wearing nothing at all. She pulled the top on and tied the straps behind herself. Turning around, she looked at herself in the mirror. The bikini was so small that she might as well have been naked. Her breasts were completely bare aside from the small patches of fabric which covered her hard nipples. For the first time in her life, Aubree wished she weren't so well endowed. The bottoms barely covered her genitalia. Turning around, she looked over her shoulder at her reflection. Her entire backside was fully displayed. The thong rode between her crack leaving nothing to the imagination.

Aubree felt a tear trickle down her cheek as she fell against the back wall. She was shaking uncontrollably. Oh my gawd!!!!

Suddenly, Winston knocked on the door. ♦Aubree? Are you trying on the suit?♦

Her breath caught in her throat. ♦Yes♦ yes, sir.♦

Winston knocked again. ♦Well? Come out so Matt and myself can appraise your appearance.♦

♦No, sir. I think this one is too small. It doesn't fit.♦ Aubree sank down onto the bench. Leaning forward, she held her arms tightly over her breasts, silently sobbing. ♦Please, sir. Can we try another?♦

♦Absolutely not, girl!♦ Winston pulled on the locked stall. ♦Open this door immediately!♦ He pulled on the door again. ♦I've had enough of your games, little girl. Come out here right away!♦ He yanked the door harder. ♦If I have to break this lock, it will be bad for your bottom, lass!♦

Matt watched as Winston pulled on the door. What the heck?? Who is this guy??? Damn! I want to see Aubree in this swim suit♦ His cock was so hard, he felt as if it would explode. He felt confused♦ a mixture of lust for the cute girl and empathy for her obvious plight♦

♦I'm going to count to ten, Aubree. Then, I will be coming to get you.♦ Winston began to count. ♦One♦ two♦♦

Aubree stood up and timidly approached the door.

♦Three♦ four♦♦

Wiping the tears from her cheeks, Aubree unfastened the latch.

Winston immediately yanked the door open.

Matt felt pre-cum oozing from his penis as he drank in the sight before him. There she was♦ the girl from school whom he wanted so badly. In a small bikini♦ His eyes traveled over her bare flesh. Her smooth, bare legs and delicate toes♦ her soft stomach and cute bellybutton♦ her pubes were etched against the thin fabric of the bikini♦ her large, perfectly round mounds with her nipples outlined so perfectly♦ and that adorable face♦ pouting lips, button nose and fluid eyes, filled with shame and embarrassment♦ Holy shit! What a babe!

Matt watched as Winston grabbed Aubree's arm and pulled her into the hallway. She looked down at the floor, her face blushing with embarrassment.

♦You, my dear, are on my last nerve today!♦ Winston yanked Aubree around to face him. He glared down at her upturned face. ♦You are one instant away from a very good belting, girl!♦

Matt stood behind Aubree and examined her backside as she faced the angry Winston. The thong bikini was almost nonexistent. Matt's eyes roamed over Aubree. From her cute ankles, over the back of her legs, across her exposed butt, up her bare back and finally, coming to rest on her firm buttocks again. Damn I'd like to get me some of that!

Winston placed his hands over Aubree's face and forced her to look directly into his eyes. ♦You listen to me, girl. And listen good. You are upsetting me and I'm getting angry. I've had enough of your insolence.♦ He shook her head, violently. ♦Now. We came here to buy you a swimsuit and to teach you modesty. It is time to learn. Now, you will turn around and face Matt.♦

Winston grabbed her shoulders and spun her around. ♦Now, girl. Let's see how that bikini moves. Start walking♦ show us.♦

Aubree looked at Matt. She held her arms across her exposed front-side, in a pathetic attempt to cover her charms. Her bottom lip quivered. Her eyes searched Matt's face♦ Please help me! A sudden realization came over her. Matt wasn't looking at her face. His eyes were locked between her legs and on her breasts. She could see that he was looking everywhere but at her eyes. She could feel his lustful gaze all over her exposed flesh. Please, Matt! Please, be my knight in shining armor! Stop looking at me that way! I'm not a piece of meat!

Suddenly, Aubree felt Winston grab her by the ear. He slapped her sharply across her exposed buttocks.
◆Stop wasting time, girl! Move! Start walking!◆

Feeling numb, Aubree began to walk towards the leering Matt. The carpet felt cold beneath her bare feet. She held her arms over her breasts... She watched Matt as she approached. Please don't look at me this way! I'm not a sex toy! Please, Matt! Help me! Aubree tried to send a mental signal to Matt for help◆ Help me, Matt◆

For a brief instant Matt's eyes met hers. Aubree felt a flicker of hope. He can't be like Winston! He knows I need his help! She tried to project to him◆ to make him see how frightened she was◆ Her hopes vanished as Matt's eyes traveled down from her eyes to her exposed body.

Winston crossed his arms. ◆That's it, girl. Let's see how the suit fits. What do you think Matt? How does it fit?◆

Aubree shot a glance at Matt. She was shocked at his next words.

◆Well, it's hard to tell, mister. What with her arms covering the top and all◆◆ Matt motioned at Aubree.

◆Get you hands down by your side, little girl! Let Matt have a good look at you!◆ Winston's tone was harsh.

Slowly, Aubree lowered her arms to her sides. She felt shame sweep over her as Matt's eyes came to rest on her plump mounds. She walked past him with her head held low. She could feel his eyes burning into her bare bottom as she reached the end of the hallway. She stood facing the wall; the leering men behind her.

◆Okay, little miss. Turn and face us. Hands on top of your head.◆ Winston took a step forward. ◆NOW, GIRL!◆ His voice was menacing.

Aubree turned and laced her fingers behind her head. She looked down at the carpet. She listened as Winston and Matt approached her.

◆Well, young sir. I think this bathing suit will do just fine.◆ Winston turned to Matt. ◆Is there anything you would like to add?◆

Matt was beside himself. His cock was so hard, it was almost painful. Seeing his young classmate in this skimpy bikini coupled with her obvious humiliation was really turning him on. Damn! My friends will never believe this! Unless◆

Matt took a gamble. ◆Well, sir. She looks good in this suit. In fact, I would say the suit was made for her. It looks so good on her that I'd like to take a couple of pictures to show my manager. Do you mind?◆

Aubree was beside herself. ◆No◆ no pictures. Matt, I don't◆◆

◆Shut up, girl.◆ Winston's harsh command silenced her. ◆Of course you may take a photo, Matt. It's the least we can do to thank you for your kind assistance.◆

Matt quickly pulled out his cell phone and activated the camera feature. He smiled broadly at Winston. ◆Thanks, mister!◆ He aimed the phone at Aubree and adjusted the shot.

◆Please, Matt. I don't want you to take my picture.◆ Aubree quickly turned away, facing the wall, her back to Winston and Matt. She tried to cover her butt with her hands. She was shaking with shame.

Matt quickly snapped a photo of her bare backside. Zooming in on her ass, he snapped two more close up shots. ◆Turn around, Aubree. Come on. You look great! You could be a model.◆ Matt continued snapping photos.

◆Stop it, Matt! I don't like this!◆ Aubree was angry and embarrassed.

Winston stepped forward and placed a hand on Matt's shoulder. ◆Hold on, Matt.◆ He walked over to stand directly behind the cowering girl. ◆Why are you disobeying me, girl?◆

Aubree could feel Winston's breath on her bare shoulders. He was standing inches behind her. ◆Please, sir. I'm ashamed. I want to get dressed. I've learned about modesty. I promise not wear any small bikinis at the pool again. Please let me have my clothes. I want to go home.◆

◆Aubree?◆ Winston's voice was calm.

◆yes, sir?◆ Aubree's voice was barely audible.

◆You are making me very upset. Matt has asked to take your photograph. I have granted him permission to do so. You and I both know what he really wants to see◆◆ Winston paused.

Aubree's shoulders shook slightly. Tears ran down her cheeks.

Winston continued. ◆I have made you wear this bathing suit to teach you modesty. Unfortunately, you have not appreciated my lesson.◆

Aubree sobbed loudly. ♦Yes I have. I appreciate your lesson♦ please♦♦

Winston placed a large hand on Aubree's shoulder. ♦Now, your classmate has asked to take your photograph. I have consented to let him. You have disobeyed me because you are ashamed of the bathing suit. If the suit is the problem, then perhaps you should remove it.♦

♦I♦♦ Aubree's voice caught in her throat. ♦I♦ no! I'll let him take my picture. I'm not ashamed of the bikini. It's okay♦♦ Aubree turned around quickly, confusion and fear washed across her pretty face. ♦He can take my picture.♦ She looked at Matt and noticed him snapping shots.

Winston took a step backwards and crossed his arms. ♦It's too late for that, girl. You have already demonstrated your defiance. It can't be overlooked. You have made it clear that you don't like the suit Matt and myself have selected for you. So, if you don't like the bikini, then I feel it's best that you take it off.♦

The silence was deafening. Aubree looked pleadingly at Winston. ♦Please, sir. I like the bathing suit. It's very nice.♦

Winston's gaze burned into the young girl's eyes. ♦Take♦it♦off.♦

♦no♦I don't want to. Please♦ he can take my picture♦♦ Aubree held her hands by her side. ♦It's okay, Matt.♦ She tried to smile. ♦I like the bikini. You can take a picture. Go ahead.♦ She placed her hands on her hips. ♦Go ahead.♦ She shook her hair out of her face and tried to look sexy. ♦Go ahead.♦

♦Gee. Thanks, Aubree! You sure look good!♦ Matt began snapping photos. He didn't know for sure what was going on but he wouldn't miss the chance to get some pics of this cutie.

Winston's brow creased. ♦Aubree. I don't think you heard me. I will tell you one more time. Take♦off♦the♦bikini. Do it now or I will have you across my knee in front of your classmate.♦

Matt was stunned. He was frozen in place, his eyes locked on the adorable girl. *Who is this guy??? Holy crap!!!* He looked from Winston to Aubree. *Is she really gonna get naked???*

Winston started to count. ♦One♦ two♦♦

Aubree felt herself go cold. She felt as if she were outside her body. She looked at Winston, standing with his arms crossed. She looked at Matt, his mouth hanging open in disbelief. She tried to speak but her throat was dry.

♦Three♦ four..♦ Winston continued to count.

Her fingers felt numb as she reached behind herself to untie the bikini top. She let the straps fall down her arms. Her large breasts came into view as the bikini top fell to the floor. She heard Matt gasp.

♦Five♦ six♦♦

She pushed her fingers into the bottoms and eased them off her hips. Her trim pubic hair came into view. She lowered the bottoms to her ankles and slowly stepped out of them. She continued to lean forward, one arm across her bare breasts, the other over her privates. She was completely naked and completely ashamed. She watched a teardrop fall to the carpet.

♦Stand up, girl. Hands on your head.♦ Winston was firm.

Aubree stood up and slowly laced her hands behind her head. She closed her eyes and tried to imagine another place.

Matt was paralyzed. Aubree stood before him, completely nude. Humiliated.

♦Well, young sir. Take your photos.♦ Winston smiled at Matt.

Quickly, Matt raised his cell phone and started snapping pics. His hands were shaking. He zoomed in on Aubree's bare nipples and exposed pubes. ***snap ** snap ** snap ***

Matt glanced over at Winston. He decided to take a risk. ♦Can she turn around?♦

Winston laughed. ♦Of course she can. Turn around and let your classmate get a good look at your little bum, girl.♦

Aubree felt the blood pounding in her face. She blushed furiously as she turned away from the leering men. She heard Matt snapping away.

Matt zoomed in on Aubree's adorable ass. *** snap ** snap ***

After several minutes, Winston stepped between Matt and Aubree. ♦Okay, Matt. That's enough. Let me see the photos.♦

Matt handed Winston his cell phone. His eyes were still locked on the shaking, nude girl.

Winston pushed the back button to view recent photos. He scanned through the shots. Mmmmm very good. He continued scanning through the photographs. You're quite the photographer, young man.

Matt's eyes were fixed on Aubree's bare butt. Thank you, sir.

Winston continued to browse Matt's recent photos. Okay, Aubree. I think that's enough. Now, I would imagine your young friend is quite aroused by your performance. Isn't that right, Matt?

Matt's underwear was wet from pre-cum. His cock was throbbing. Yes, sir. Aroused.

Winston's glanced at Matt. You've been a good sport today, Matt.

Thanks, mister. Matt's eyes never left Aubree's exposed bottom.

Okay, girl. Since, you've turned your classmate on with your shameful performance, I think it's only fitting that you finish the job. Now, take Matt into the stall and give him a good sucking.

Matt felt his legs go weak. Oh lord! Did he say what I think he said??

Aubree wiped a tear from her cheek. Please.. I

Shut up, girl. If you resist, I'll take you over my knee and redden that little bottom. Then, you'll give him a sucking. Either way, your mouth will be working on our young friend... It's your choice

Aubree wiped tears from her face. She stood, looking at her bare feet. She couldn't move. Please don't let this happen

Winston snapped his fingers. Let's go, girl. Time to do what you're good at. That is, unless Matt doesn't want a blowjob. Winston glanced at Matt. Young sir?

Matt felt his heart pounding in his chest. He was so horny that he felt he would cum in his pants. He forced himself to answer. I would really like a blowjob, sir. That would be great, he stammered.

Aubree felt sick. Oh, Matt. How can you do this? I thought you could be special. Why are you letting this happen? She looked at Matt through her lowered eyelashes. The look on his face said everything. She was no longer Aubree from college. To Matt, she was now Aubree the sex toy. Goosebumps raced across her skin. She tried to cover herself with her arms.

Winston smiled broadly. Let's go, girl. Take Matt into the booth and get to work.

Slowly, Aubree turned around and walked towards the empty stall. Her heart pounded. Her eyes were focused on her bare feet as she entered the stall. Her mouth was dry. She could hear Matt walking behind her. Oh my gawd! Oh my gawd!

Entering the stall, Aubree sat down on the bench. She crossed her arms over her bare breasts. She watched as Matt entered. He closed the door behind himself. He snapped the latch into place.

Aubree closed her eyes.

Matt stood over Aubree. He didn't know why this was happening. He didn't care. He only knew that the young girl from school whom every guy liked was naked in front of him and, she was about to suck his dick. He unzipped his pants and eased his throbbing erection from his underwear. Thanks for doing this, Aubree. He stepped forward and thrust his engorged member at Aubree's upturned face. You're a real sport.

Aubree felt sick with shame. She looked at Matt's engorged penis it was so stiff that it was almost red. He had his eyes closed. She could see fluid dripping from the head of his enflamed penis. Pre-cum.

Winston's voice boomed from outside the stall. I want to hear that mouth working, girl! Get to work!

Aubree leaned forward and placed her lips around Matt's penis. She felt his cock twitch with arousal. Pre-cum oozed onto her tongue. The taste was salty. Her lips slid slowly down his shaft. When she felt his pubic hair on her lips, she knew his cock was fully inside her mouth. She gagged.

She felt Matt's hand as he grabbed the back of her head and pushed her face onto his crotch. He began to pump her mouth. His hips moved rhythmically in and out. She tensed her lips and applied pressure to his hardened shaft. Her tongue moved over his penis. She closed her eyes and felt the tip of her nose against Matt's stomach. His testicles slapped against her chin. She pursed her lips and sucked harder. She felt the lubrication of his pre-cum mixed with her own saliva.

Winston knocked loudly on the wall. I want to hear some slurping, girl! Get busy!

Aubree began to suck loudly. Matt was thrusting in and out of her mouth groaning. That's it, Aubree. It feels so good

Aubree felt Matt's hand on her bare breasts, pinching her hard nipples. He bent forward and reached between her legs, forcing them apart. A finger slipped inside her. I really want you, girl.

Winston's voice came from the hallway. ♦Just a sucking, Matt. Nothing more.♦

Matt immediately stood up. He looked down at the top of Aubree's head. That's cool. A sucking is just fine by me♦

Winston stood in the hallway, smiling. He listened as Aubree worked on her classmate's cock. Little tramp. You dress like a whore and flaunt yourself, so I treat you like the whore you are♦

Winston glanced down at Matt's cell phone in his hand. He brought up the recent pictures and admired the naked young girl on camera. My little Aubree. You sure are photogenic. Laughing quietly, Winston began to hit the delete button. Sorry my young friend. I hate to erase your wonderful photos but I can't leave any evidence of our visit. I'm afraid your memory will have to be enough♦ He finished deleting the pictures and leaned against the wall, listening♦

Aubree could sense that Matt was close to climax. His hips thrust more forcefully against her lips. He was moaning loudly. She let his erection fall from her mouth. She immediately grabbed his shaft and began to pump furiously. Just cum on my tits♦ not in my mouth♦ Her hand looked small, laced around Matt's thick cock. She stroked him with her hand. Leaning forward, she let her tongue touch the tip of Matt's stiff head. At just that moment, he exploded like a volcano. Semen sprayed onto her face, dripping down her cheeks. Matt groaned deeply and grabbed his testicles, squeezing every drop of semen from his erect member. His voice was deep and husky, aroused. ♦Oh yes. Oh yes. Oh damn♦ ohhhh♦. Damn!♦

Aubree continued to stroke his penis until she was sure his ejaculation was complete. She watched as he fell back against the wall. She wiped his semen from her eyes and cheeks. There was a long silence♦

She watched him pull up his pants and fasten the zipper. He refused to look at her. ♦Thanks, Aubree. That was great.♦ He forced a smile before turning and unfastening the door latch and stepping into the hallway. The door fell shut behind him. Aubree collapsed back onto the bench in complete shame. She heard Winston saying something to Matt but the words blended together, meaningless. She wiped her hands over her face. His semen was thick on her palms. She gagged.

Winston watched Matt step from the stall. ♦Well, young sir.♦ He held out his hand. Matt took his hand reluctantly. Winston smiled. ♦Thank you for your help. Trust me when I say, you've done a very good thing for Aubree and our family.♦ He clasped Matt's shoulder.

Suddenly the bell rang at the front door. Another customer had entered the store. A look of fear washed over Matt's face. He looked from Winston to the doorway.

Winston chuckled. ♦It's alright, young man. Go take care of your clients. Our little secret is safe.♦ He handed Matt his cell phone. ♦Don't forget this.♦

Matt took the phone and smiled. ♦Thanks, mister. I don't know who you are, but you made my month.♦ Matt hurried out of the fitting room to attend to his new customers♦

Winston walked over to the stall and pulled the door opened. He glanced down at the naked, humiliated girl with semen on her face. The smell of fresh sex was in the air. She was weeping.

Winston laughed. ♦Why so serious, little girl? You did what you're best at doing. You dressed up like a little tramp and pleased a man. Mission accomplished.♦ Winston laughed louder. ♦You're nothing but a little fuck toy. That's how you act. That's what you get.♦ He grabbed her chin and lifted her face up. ♦Stick out your tongue.♦

Aubree complied. She felt so helpless♦

♦Did you like sucking on Matt's cock? Did you lick it with that cute little tongue?♦

Aubree didn't respond.

Winston smirked. ♦Well♦ keep that tongue moist, girl. You'll be sucking more cock before this day is over.♦ He shoved her head against the wall. ♦Wait here while I get your clothes, you little whore.♦

Winston walked away. The door slammed shut behind him.

Aubree held her face in her hands. Tears streamed between her fingers.

Winston stepped from the fitting rooms and into the store. He looked towards the front of the store and saw Matt talking with his new customers, two young girls. They appeared to be college students. Obviously, Matt knew them. He was smiling and nodding. Winston smiled. *That Matt is quite the salesman*.

Winston walked over and grabbed Aubree's crumpled clothes from the chair. He walked back into the fitting room and approached Aubree's stall. He picked up the skimpy bikini from the floor and walked down the hall. Pulling the door open, he handed Aubree the bikini, her t-shirt and flip flops. He looked down at the nude, cringing girl, sitting on the bench. *You will wear the bikini and your t-shirt. Nothing more, aside from your flops. Get dressed and hurry up, young lady.*

Aubree took the clothes from Winston. She quickly put on the bikini top and tied the straps behind her back. She pulled her t-shirt over her head. She could feel Winston standing over her, watching. She couldn't bring herself to look at his face. She pulled on the bikini bottoms. Standing up, she slipped her feet into the flip flops, she caught her reflection in the mirror. The t-shirt barely came to the tops of her thighs. *Please, let me have my pants. I'm cold.*

You're cold. Winston repeated Aubree's statement. *How touching.* He chuckled. *That's too bad.*

Aubree clasped her arms around herself. *Please, sir. I would very much like to put on my jeans. Please let me have them.*

Not a chance, girl. Come with me. Winston grabbed Aubree's arm and pulled her into the hallway. He carried her jeans under one arm while leading Aubree by the elbow. *Let's go.*

He pulled her down the hallway towards the fitting room exit. Just as they reached the curtain separating the changing rooms from the main store floor, Winston stopped her. Holding her shoulders, he spun her around. Standing behind her, he lifted her t-shirt to just below her breasts. He stretched the shirt behind her and tied it into a knot, holding it in place. *There. That's much better.* Winston smirked. The shirt was now secured, exposing Aubree's bare back and stomach. He pushed her through the curtain and into the store.

As they stepped from the fitting rooms, Winston released Aubree's arm and placed his hand on her bare back. *Come along, girl.* He pushed her in front of him, towards the front of the store. He smiled as he looked down at the young girl. His eyes roamed over her bare legs and exposed midriff.

Aubree's legs were cold. She walked numbly, in front of Winston, allowing him to guide her with his hand. The only sound was the slapping sound of her flip flops against the bottoms of her feet. She felt semen, hardening on her cheeks. She scratched her face with her fingernails, trying to wipe away the drying semen. Her feet felt heavy. She felt naked from the waist down. She knew the skimpy bikini bottoms did nothing to cover her privates. She might as well have been wearing nothing at all.

As they approached the front counter, Aubree saw Matt. He was talking with two girls. Aubree felt sick. She recognized the girls from her school. The conversation stopped as all eyes turned towards Winston and herself. She saw the girls laughing and whispering to each other. They were talking about her. Aubree blushed furiously. She looked at the floor. She folded her arms over her exposed stomach.

Matt looked up. *Excuse me, ladies.* He smiled at the two young girls. *I have to check these people out.* Matt turned towards Winston and Aubree. *Are you ready, sir?*

Winston took out his wallet. *Of course. What's the damage?*

Matt punched numbers into the computer. *It'll be \$78.95, sir.*

As Winston counted money from his wallet, Aubree could hear the girls from school whispering behind her. She felt blood rushing to her cheeks. She wanted to die. *Oh my gawd! I can't believe this is happening to me!*

Matt counted out the change and shook Winston's hand. *Thank you, sir. I hope you'll come again.*

Aubree continued to look at the floor, listening to the girls whispering behind her. She folded her hands behind herself, covering her exposed buttocks. She glanced up and saw Matt's eyes roaming over her breasts and stomach.

Winston grabbed her elbow and pulled her towards the front door. *Let's go, little girl.* His voice was loud.

Aubree allowed Winston to lead her to the front door.

She heard Matt call out behind her. *Later, Aubree! I enjoyed seeing you today!* She noticed how he emphasized the word *seeing*. She heard the girls giggling.

Winston pulled Aubree out of the store. He continued to lead her by the elbow as they walked across the warm pavement towards his truck.

Aubree felt ridiculous. The sound of her flip flops was loud as she hurried to keep pace with Winston. *** flip *** flop *** flip *** flop *** He walked so fast that she practically had to run to keep up. Her breasts jiggled under the thin t-shirt. She blushed furiously. From the waist down, she could just have well been nude. The bikini bottoms were so small that her entire bottom was on full display. Winston had rolled up her t-shirt to just beneath her breasts and tied it behind her, revealing her entire stomach. She felt positively sick.

Winston held her arm in his powerful grasp, pulling her towards the waiting truck. She tried to cover herself with her free arm. She glanced around the parking lot in total mortification. She could see people coming in and out of the stores in the shopping center. She felt multiple eyes on her body. She could hear laughter and whispering. Some of the comments of the onlookers were audible: ♦Look at the whore♦, ♦Disgraceful♦, ♦I'd screw her♦, ♦Look at that body!♦ Aubree's shame mounted.

She felt embarrassed and helpless.

As they arrived at the truck, Winston unlocked the driver's side door and pushed her inside. ♦Go ahead, miss. Get in. I think you've flaunted yourself enough.♦ Aubree crawled across the seat and sat down, relieved to be out of sight of strangers.

Winston climbed into the driver's seat and closed the door behind himself.

The interior of the truck was hot from the afternoon sun. The air was heavy and oppressive. The silence was complete, blocking out all outside noise. Aubree's bare butt felt hot on the heated vinyl. She shifted uncomfortably in the seat. The vinyl stuck to the bottoms of her bare thighs. She sat, looking at her folded hands in her lap.

Winston leaned over and brushed her hair off her face, tucking it behind her ear. His fingers touched her cheek. He caressed her earlobe with his fingertips.

♦Relax, angel. How do you feel about our little adventure today? What have you learned?♦ His large hand fell to her neck, massaging her beneath her hair.

Aubree felt like jumping from the truck and running away. She wanted to push his hand away. ♦Why are you doing this to me?♦ She shifted uncomfortably in the seat. Tears of shame rolled down her cheeks.

♦I want to help you, girl.♦ Winston slid his hand down her neck and onto her bare back. His other hand pressed against her bare stomach. He pinched her nipples through the thin t-shirt.

Aubree looked away from Winston. Her eyes roamed over the parking lot. There were still people looking at the truck♦ people who had seen her walk across the parking wearing next to nothing. She could see them talking and pointing. ♦Pl♦Please, sir. Can we just leave? She tried to push his probing hands away.

Winston grabbed her chin and turned her pretty face towards him. He leaned close. ♦Your lesson is just starting, little girl.♦ His eyes swept over her, taking in her round breasts, firm stomach and tan legs. He leaned forward and kissed her on the lips. Aubree tried to pull away but he held her by the back of the head, forcing his tongue into her warm mouth. He kissed her passionately, his tongue explored her soft mouth. Finally, he backed away♦

Winston leaned back into the seat as Aubree folded her arms in front of herself, her eyes locked on her bare legs. Her bottom lip quivered. ♦Please♦ I want to go home♦♦♦

♦No ma'am.♦ Winston's reply was quick. He turned the key in the ignition. The engine roared to life. Backing out of the parking space, Winston pulled the truck onto the main road.

Aubree felt herself shaking. She watched Winston out of the corner of her eye. She wasn't sure where they were going, but she knew he wasn't taking her home.

Winston turned on the radio. He began to hum along with the music. ♦I♦ can't get no♦ satisfaction♦ I can't get no♦ satisfaction♦♦ He bobbed his head along with the music. He appeared to forget Aubree was sitting in the truck next to him. He lit a cigarette. He tapped his fingers on the steering wheel♦ ♦But I try♦, and I try♦and I try♦ I can't get no♦ no, no, no♦♦ He turned up the volume and took a long drag on his cigarette.

Aubree slowly reached behind herself and loosened the knot Winston had tied on her shirt. She gently pulled the t-shirt down over her exposed midriff. She felt a little less exposed with the shirt fully covering her front again. She continued to watch Winston out of the corner of her eye. He appeared to pay no attention to her lowering the shirt. She eased her bottom off the seat and pulled the t-shirt underneath herself. Winston still paid no attention. Aubree felt better with the shirt covering her. She wished she had her jeans♦ She decided to take a gamble♦ ♦Please sir, may I have my pants? I'm cold.♦

Winston looked at her. He stroked his chin, as if deep in thought. ♦No. I don't think so. You'll probably just have to take them off again in a few minutes. It would be a waste of time.♦

Aubree didn't like his answer. She felt blood rushing to her cheeks. ♦Look. I want to go home! This is stupid! Where are we going? Just take me home. Haven't you had your sick fun?♦

Winston slapped her across the mouth. ♦You will not address me in such a fashion, young tramp!♦

Aubree held her hands over her face. She felt a trickle of blood starting on her bottom lip. Her jaw throbbed from Winston's blow. She began to sob.

Winston turned the music up louder.

Aubree wiped her lips with the back of her hand. Her jaw hurt. She looked out of the passenger side window. They were in a residential area. She swallowed her shame. ❖I'm sorry.❖

Winston turned down the volume. ❖What's that, miss?❖

❖I'm sorry.❖, Aubree repeated.

Winston smiled. ❖Just mind your tongue, girl. I don't like to be harsh with you. But, if you force my hand❖❖

Aubree was timid. ❖Okay.❖

Several minutes passed.

❖Where are we going?❖ Aubree looked out of the window. She didn't recognize this area.

Winston turned off the radio. ❖We're going to pick up a friend of mine. I want you to be on your best behavior.❖

There was only silence.

❖Do you hear me, girl?❖ Winston turned the truck down a back road.

❖Yes.❖ Aubree answered, weakly.

Winston elaborated. ❖If you embarrass me in front of my old friend, it will be bad for your bottom. Do you understand?❖

Aubree shuddered. ❖Yes, sir.❖

Chapter 5: A Walk in the Park

Winston turned into the driveway of a small house. He turned off the engine. He turned towards Aubree. ❖Go and knock on the door. My friend's name is Lester. Tell him you're here with me.❖

With hesitation, Aubree opened the door and stepped out of the truck. She closed the door behind herself and looked around. They were in a small neighborhood. The house in front of her was painted green with yellow trim. The yard appeared overgrown. She could hear birds in the trees. Somewhere in the distance a dog was barking.

She walked across the yard towards the front porch, thankful that her t-shirt was pulled all the way down. At least she was covered to mid thigh. She wished she had her jeans❖ She noticed the ground was wet. The moisture formed beads of water on her flip flops and made her feet cold. The sprinkler system must have been on recently❖

She approached the front door. She thought she caught a glimpse of someone in the front window. She walked to the door and rang the bell. After several seconds, the door opened. An older man wearing dark sunglasses peered out at her. He wore a ball cap with the logo: ❖Gone Fishing❖. He smiled at her. His teeth were yellow and stained❖

Aubree swallowed hard. ❖Hi. I'm Aubree. Winston is in the truck. He asked me to come and get you.❖ She tried to smile❖

The man adjusted his sunglasses. ❖Aubree, heh? So❖ you must be Winston's new project. I'm Les. He looked down at her bare legs. He glanced at his watch. ❖Well. Let's get going.❖

Aubree led Les to the truck. She opened the door.

❖After you, honey.❖ Les smiled.

❖Get in the truck, girl!❖ Winston demanded.

Aubree climbed into the cab, pulling her shirt down behind herself. She didn't want to give Les a peep show. She slid into the seat next to Winston, folding her hands in her lap. Les climbed in behind her and closed the door. Winston started the truck and backed out of the driveway.

Aubree was sandwiched between the two men. She felt claustrophobic. Winston reached across her and slapped Les's thigh. ❖Good to see you, old man.❖

❖Good to you, young man.❖ Les responded.

Winston and Les laughed together.

Aubree sensed this must be some joke between the two of them. She didn't care. She just wanted to go home. She glanced over at Winston. ❖I really should get home❖ I have to study for❖❖

❖You're not going home.❖ Winston cut her off in mid sentence. He placed a callused hand on her bare thigh. ❖You're going with Lester and myself on our Friday outing.❖ He patted her leg. ❖So, just stop your begging. You'll be spending the remainder of the afternoon with us.❖

Aubree felt a cold chill. ❖Please. I really should get home. I don't mean to be rude but❖❖

Winston squeezed her thigh. ❖Shut up, girl. You're staying with us this afternoon. End of discussion.❖

Aubree heard Les laugh. She felt goose bumps on her exposed legs.

❖She sure is a pretty little thing, Winston.❖ Les lifted his sunglasses and looked down at Aubree's bare legs. He pulled the bottom of her t-shirt up, exposing the bikini bottoms. ❖She reminds me of my grand daughter.❖ Aubree pushed his hand away and pulled her shirt back down.

Winston nodded. ❖Indeed. She's a very pretty little thing.❖ He glanced down at Aubree. ❖Take off your t-shirt and let Lester have a look at you.❖

Aubree felt the blood rush to her cheeks. ❖I'm cold. Please don't make me take off my shirt.❖

Winston cleared his throat loudly. ❖Do it❖ and do it now. Get it off. I don't want to hear any complaining, girl. Otherwise, you know what happens.❖

Aubree blushed. Slowly, she hitched her fingers under her t-shirt and pulled it over her head and off her shoulders. She held the crumpled shirt on her arms covering her stomach and legs. Her breasts were fully revealed beneath the skimpy bikini top.

❖Oooo❖wee❖ She sure is nice!❖ Les looked over her exposed body.

Winston nodded. ❖Just throw the shirt behind the seat, girl. You won't be needing it again this afternoon.❖

Reluctantly, Aubree pulled the shirt off her arms and dropped it behind the seat. She was now wearing only the skimpy bikini which did little to cover her charms. She folded her hands in her lap and pressed her arms together trying to cover herself as much as possible.

Winston patted her knee and winked at Les. ❖She started out very disobedient but she's coming along nicely now. I've had to take her across my knee a few times but she's learning her place. My little girl is starting to realize it's easier to obey me up front than to obey me after I redden her bottom.❖ He patted her knee and rubbed her bare thigh.

Les looked down at the pretty teenager. He whistled through his teeth. ❖She's definitely a looker. Put your arms down so Uncle Les can have a proper look at you, dear.❖ He pulled her hands apart and forced her arms to her sides. ❖That's it, sweetie. Let Uncle Les have a look see.❖ He pulled his sunglasses down to the tip of his nose and peered down at her, drinking in her lovely form.

Aubree felt uncomfortable as Lester's eyes roamed over her body. He rubbed her thighs and bare stomach. He cupped her breasts in his palms and tested their weight through the bikini top. ❖Mmmm❖ mmmmm! What firm little titties!❖

Les finished his probing and prodding of the shivering teenager and leaned back in the seat. He adjusted his crotch. ❖What's she like in bed, Winston?❖

Aubree felt the blood rush to her cheeks. She wanted to be anywhere but here, between these two old perverts.

Winston pulled up to a stop light and stroked his grizzled chin. ❖Well. She hasn't had much experience but she follows orders pretty well. She's a decent cock sucker and believe me, I put those lips to good use. Her pussy is nice and tight. In fact, I'm pretty sure she was a virgin a week ago.❖ Winston and Les laughed together as Winston continued. ❖She wasn't too happy about taking it in the butt but she didn't moan too much. I'd say over all she's probably a C+. But, with a little training, I figure she'll turn out to be a nice little fuck toy in the end.❖ Both men laughed.

Aubree felt nauseated. She couldn't believe how Winston was talking so casually about her, like she wasn't even in the truck and in front of a total stranger. She folded her arms in front of herself and stared down at her bare legs. ❖Please don't say these things. I want to go home. I'm not a fuck toy.❖

The light changed and Winston stepped on the gas. ❖Don't back talk me, girl. You're not going home. You'll be with Lester and I for the remainder of the afternoon. Plus, I'll call you whatever I wish, fuck toy.❖

Aubree was silent. She bit her bottom lip to hold back tears of shame.

Les looked down at her and lifted her chin in his hand, turning her face towards his. ❖You know Winston, she kind of reminds me of that one girl Margaret brought over a few months ago. You remember. What was

that little bitch's name? ♦

Winston nodded. ♦ Oh yes. Margaret's newest toy ♦ Kimmy, wasn't it? ♦

Les snapped his fingers. ♦ Yeah, Kimmy. That's it. This one has her personality. Her tits aren't quite as large though. ♦

Winston grunted. ♦ I'll have to give Margaret a call. She didn't attend the last auction. ♦ He turned the truck into the large driveway of the ♦ Municipal City Park and Gardens ♦.

Aubree sat silently. She didn't understand what the men were talking about but she didn't like the sound of their conversation. Who are Margaret and Kimmy? What auction? Aubree's mind raced.

Winston pulled into a parking spot and cut off the engine. ♦ Well, let's go. ♦ He opened the door and climbed out. Les got out on the other side. Both men turned and looked back at Aubree as she sat in the seat with her arms folded in front of herself.

Winston sighed. ♦ Come along, girl. ♦

Aubree's face was flush with embarrassment. She could see other cars in the parking lot and there were people walking in and out of the park entrance. ♦ Please, sir. Can I wear my shirt? I don't feel right being in public in this swimsuit. It's too small. ♦

Winston was exasperated. ♦ Do you know how much I just paid for that suit, girl? You've never seemed to have a problem flaunting yourself prior to today. I told you earlier, this day's lesson will be the difference between modesty and immodesty. Now, get out of the truck this instant or I'll have those bottoms down and my hand across your backside right here in front of all these people! ♦

With her lip quivering, Aubree climbed across the seat towards Winston. She heard Les whistle behind her. She could only imagine what his view must be as she crawled across the seat. She stepped out of the truck and stood beside Winston, trying to cover her body with her arms.

Winston slammed the door and grabbed her elbow. ♦ Come along, miss. ♦ He led her towards the park entrance with Les following, conveniently behind.

Aubree could see people looking at her as they approached the main gate. She knew how strange it must look ♦ her in the skimpy thong bikini walking between these two old men. Her breasts were bouncing in the thin top. Her butt jiggled as Winston pulled her by the arm.

Winston led them under the main awning and into the park itself. They turned to the right and headed to the area marked ♦ Nature Trail ♦. A group of skateboarders rode by. They slowed down and turned to watch, making crude comments about Aubree's body. Aubree could hear them hooting and whistling behind her. She felt positively sick with shame. She knew how provocatively her ass cheeks were moving. She couldn't help it. After all, she was in a thong bikini!

They arrived at the start of the nature trail and paused to allow an elderly couple to pass by on their way out. Aubree saw how the old man ogled her as the lady rolled her eyes in disapproval. She heard the woman comment to her husband. ♦ Little tramp. ♦

Winston released her arm and rubbed his palms together. ♦ Well, Lester. Are you ready for a nice little nature excursion? ♦

Les nodded. ♦ We gonna take her to the spot, Winston? ♦

♦ You know it, old man. ♦ Winston unbuttoned his shirt collar. ♦ Damn, it's hot out here. ♦ He looked down at Aubree. ♦ Stop trying to cover up, girl. Let's go. ♦ He motioned her forward. ♦ You lead, miss. ♦

Aubree walked ahead of the two men and started down the gravel path into the woods. The tall trees quickly engulfed them as they continued down the trail. Birds fluttered through the canopy of branches overhead. The smell of foliage was thick.

Les stayed a couple of feet behind Aubree as Winston took up the rear.

After a few minutes, Les reached out and placed a large hand on Aubree's bare buttocks. She tried to push his hand away but was stopped by a quick command from Winston. ♦ Let it be, girl. Lester can do as he sees fit. ♦

Les enjoyed the way Aubree's ass cheeks shifted on his hand as she walked. ♦ She has a mighty fine little bottom, Winston. I bet it felt real nice sticking your cock up there. ♦

Winston grunted. ♦ It's good and tight for sure. ♦

Aubree shuddered as Les squeezed her ass cheek.

They rounded a bend in the trail and Aubree immediately noticed a young couple sitting on a bench beside the path. They were obviously lovers. They held hands and were looking into each other's eyes, tenderly.

The young lovers turned to look as Aubree and the two men approached. Their eyes focused on Aubree in her little bathing suit. They whispered to one another as Aubree walked by, Lester's hand still cupping her bare buttocks. Aubree heard the girl giggle. She wanted desperately to slap Les and push his hand away but she didn't dare defy Winston's orders. She swallowed her pride and tried to think of another place anywhere but here.

Thankfully, after several minutes, Les released his hand from her butt. It was a small solace to Aubree as she knew he may have removed his hand but his eyes were certainly still locked on her bare bottom.

They approached a fork in the trail. Take the path to the right, girl. Winston said from behind. Aubree turned down the right fork. The path began to incline. After several minutes, Aubree felt beads of perspiration forming on her forehead. The heat was stifling. A trickle of sweat dripped down her chest and between her cleavage. She wiped her face with the back of her hand. Rocks and gravel filled her flip flops making her feet uncomfortable.

They came to a small clearing on the left of the trail.

Hold it. Winston stepped forward and grabbed Aubree's arm. This way, little girl. He pulled her across the field towards the trees on the other side. Les followed closely behind. Winston led Aubree into the trees and through some tall bushes. They arrived at a small meadow surrounded by trees on all sides. A large flat boulder sat in the center of the meadow. Winston walked over to the rock and sat down, wiping his forehead. Les took a seat beside him. Both men looked at Aubree as she stood in front of them, looking down at her flip flops.

Winston's next command was simple. Take the swimsuit off.

Aubree had expected this but now that the time had come, she felt more ashamed and helpless than ever. She looked up through her long lashes at the two men sitting on the rock. She noticed Les licking his lips.

Let's go, girl. Strip down. Bathing suit, flip flops, everything. I want you nude. Winston cracked his knuckles. Don't make me have to come over there. He unfastened his belt buckle and made a show of removing his belt.

Aubree slipped off her flip flops. She reached behind herself and untied the bikini top. She recalled how this was the second time she had been made to undress in front of a man today. Her heart was beating fast. She let the top fall to the grass. Her bare breasts were fully displayed. Les gave a low whistle. Aubree hitched her fingers into the bikini bottoms and pushed them to the ground. She stepped out of them and stood with her hands crossed in front of herself.

Come here, girl. Winston crooked his finger and motioned to her. Aubree slowly walked across the grass and stood in front of the leering men. The grass felt soft under her bare feet. She felt totally exposed standing naked in front of the men as their eyes swept over her body.

Winston leaned forward. Hands down, girl. Don't cover up. Aubree let her hands fall to her sides. She crossed her legs and turned slightly to her left, trying to avoid facing the men directly.

Winston slapped his thigh. Now. I want you to give my friend a good cock sucking.

Aubree had expected this. She watched as Les quickly unzipped his pants and eased his underwear down. His large erection sprang free. He gripped it in his hand and looked at her through his dark shades. Get to work. Do a nice job for your Uncle Lester. He licked his lips.

Aubree glanced up at Winston. His eyes narrowed and she knew there was no use arguing. She bent forward and took Lester's purple head into her mouth. She closed her lips around his shaft and began to suck. She heard Les moan. Her lips traveled up and down on his stiff penis. That's it, girl that's it. Les moaned. Now, lick my balls. Lick them good. Aubree let his cock fall from her moist lips and touched her tongue to his testicles. She started to lick them. Oh yes that's it. Lester groaned. Suck on my balls, girl. Aubree cupped his sack in her small hand and placed his testicles in her mouth. She sucked gently. She felt like gagging but suppressed the urge. She just wanted to get this over with. She knew there was no escape. Her best bet was to do what Winston wanted and get home as fast as possible. Her lips played across Lester's swollen balls. She felt his hand on her chin, lifting her head and forcing her mouth open. Suck me, bitch. He shoved his full erection down her throat. He pumped her mouth.

Winston watched as Aubree pleased Lester. He stood up and walked behind her. He looked down at her firm ass cheeks as she gagged on Lester's cock. Slowly and deliberately, he unfastened his trousers and lowered the zipper. He reached into his pants and pulled his stiff erection free. He licked his palm and greased his shaft. Stepping up behind the prone girl, he kicked her feet apart and thrust himself inside her. At first, her opening was dry. But, after several thrusts, her natural lubricants began to flow.

Aubree felt like a whore. An old man's cock in her mouth and another's cock in her pussy. She was literally taking it at both ends. She had seen porno films where the girls performed this way. She had always considered them to be sluts. A sudden thought occurred to her. I'm a slut. She felt warm tears flowing down her cheeks.

Les slapped her face. ♦Come on, girl. You can do better than this! Suck it like you mean it. Suck it like you would one of your little boyfriends.♦

An image of Matt flashed through Aubree's mind. I sucked him today♦ I wanted to date that boy♦ The tears streamed from her eyes. She could feel Winston's cock in her pussy. He was pumping her forcefully. The squishing sound between her legs made her ashamed. She sucked Les harder. Please cum♦ please cum♦ Aubree just wanted this to be over. She had known this would happen from the time Les got into the truck. However, truth was setting in. I'm a slut♦ nothing but a filthy little whore♦

Winston pulled out of Aubree's warm pussy. He stroked his throbbing erection. ♦Are you having fun, old man?♦ Winston slapped Les on the shoulder.

Les moaned. ♦Hell yes, young man! You've got quite the little cock sucker with this one!♦

Winston smiled. He stepped forward and placed his cock on top of Aubree's ass, nestling it between her crack. He reached down and eased her cheeks apart. ♦Aubree?♦

♦mmpfh..♦, Aubree tried to answer but her mouth was full with Lester's cock.

Winston laughed. ♦Aubree. I'm going to fuck you in the ass now. You just keep taking care of Lester. ♦ He placed his head against her tight rectum. He eased it inside, slowly. The tightness of her young anal opening excited him. He started to pump her slowly, increasing tempo against her firm buttocks♦ He was fully inside her. His hips thrust forcefully. He felt himself approaching orgasm.

Aubree grimaced in pain. Winston's cock was too big for her small hole. She felt Lester's head swelling in her mouth. Suddenly, he exploded. Semen sprayed across her tongue and down her throat. She gagged and stepped backwards, pushing her ass against Winston's hips, involuntarily...

Les fell back across the rock, moaning♦

Winston grabbed Aubree under the arms and lifted her into the air, continuing to pump her tight anus. He threw her face down across the boulder. He held her hips and pounded her ass furiously.

Tears streamed down Aubree's face. She bit her lip so hard that she drew blood. She held a balled fist to her mouth, biting her knuckles. The pain was intense. She felt fluid and blood trickling down her inner thighs. She screamed out in pain. ♦PLEASE STOP!!!♦

She tried to pull away♦ to get his penis out of her butt♦ The pain was overwhelming. She pitched forward onto the grass. Winston fell on top of her, still inside her. He pounded her ass savagely.

Sweat dripped from Winston's face. ♦I'm♦ going♦ to cum!!!♦ As soon as the words fell from his mouth, the semen poured into her rectum. He came long and hard. He fell across her, gasping. ♦That's a good little girl. Take it all♦ His penis spasmed. The last drops of semen drained into her ass. He rolled off her and onto the grass.

Several minutes passed. Aubree curled up into a fetal position. Her body trembled.

Slowly, Winston stood up and pulled his pants up. Lester zipped his own trousers. Both men stood looking down at the nude teenager as she lay, prostrate on the ground, shaking with pain and humiliation.

Les spoke first. ♦Well♦ She's a good cock sucker, Winston.♦

Winston nodded. ♦Indeed.♦ He prodded Aubree with his toe. ♦Get up, girl. It's time to go.♦

Aubree got to her knees. She stood up and slowly gathered her bikini and flip flops.

The men watched as she put on her bikini and flops.

♦Let's go, girl.♦ Winston led her across the field and back to the main trail. Lester followed behind, smiling.

The walk back through the park was a blur to Aubree. She felt numb. She allowed Winston to lead her. She was dimly aware of people passing by on the trail. She heard their comments♦ but she didn't care. She just wanted to go home. Her rectum ached and the taste of Lester's semen made her feel sick. Even the skateboarders hooting at her in the parking lot couldn't phase her. Her mind focused on getting home♦ closing her apartment door and being away from these perverted, hateful men.

As Winston shoved her into the truck, her mind began to clear. The men got into the truck beside her and Winston started the engine. Les placed a hand on her leg. He looked down at her. ♦Thanks for the blowjob, honey. Winston is right. You are a good little cock sucker.♦ Both men laughed. Aubree felt like spitting in Lester's face. She didn't♦

As they pulled into the driveway at Les's house, Aubree was happy to see Les step out of the truck. He looked back at Winston. ♦Thanks for the good time, young man. I owe you one.♦

Winston smiled. ♦Damn right you do. In fact, you owe me more than one. See you later.♦

Les slammed the door and walked towards his front door. Winston backed the truck out and pulled down the road. The sun was beginning to set.

Chapter 6: Unemployment

Aubree slid over into the passenger seat, trying to be as far away from Winston as possible. She spoke weakly. ♦Can I have my shirt now?♦

Winston looked over at her. ♦No. You may not.♦ He turned on the radio and lit a smoke.

Aubree sat silently, looking at her folded hands.

Winston opened the glove compartment and took out a pack of gum. He tossed it onto Aubree's lap. ♦Have a stick, girl. You've got sperm breath.♦

Aubree brushed the pack of gum onto the floor. ♦No thanks.♦

Winston backhanded her across the face. ♦I said take a piece of gum, little girl. Do it now. I don't want to smell your cum breath.♦

Aubree massaged her cheek. Her eyes watered. She picked the gum up from the floor and took a stick. She chewed it quietly. It was watermelon flavored.

Winston turned down the radio. ♦I'm going to take you home now. First, I want you to tell me what you've learned today.♦

Aubree stared out the window. Street lights were starting to come on as the sun sank below the horizon. ♦I don't know♦♦

Winston looked over at her. ♦You don't know? Well, I'll tell you♦ When you dress and act like a whore, you get treated like a whore. When you walk around in tight jeans and little bathing suits, you become a slut in the eyes of men as well as women.♦

Aubree chewed her gum and continued staring out the window at the passing buildings.

Winston continued. ♦The first day I saw you, I knew you were a slut. Shaking your ass and showing off your tits. Everything about you said, 'come fuck me'. Even though you hadn't been with many men, you projected sex. When I saw you at the pool in your little suit, I knew you needed my help. You see, you're a little whore, Aubree. Nothing but a tramp. You're a fuck toy.♦

Aubree chewed her gum harder. A warm tear rolled down her cheek. ♦I'm not a fuck toy. Don't call me that name.♦

♦Don't lie to yourself, little girl. I tried to teach you the difference between modesty and immodesty. You have no modesty. You have a lot to learn and I will be the one to teach you. Your next lesson will begin tomorrow morning.♦

Aubree rubbed her nose. ♦I have to work in the morning.♦

Winston chuckled. ♦You will call in to work in the morning and tell them you are quitting.♦

Aubree stopped chewing. ♦I can't quit. I have to pay my bills. I'm on my own♦ I ♦.♦

Winston squeezed her leg. ♦You will call into your job tomorrow and quit. From now on, I will be paying your bills. You will focus on your schoolwork and my lessons. Nothing more. I will take care of your bills. There will be no if's, and's or but's. Do you understand me, girl?♦

Aubree didn't respond. Her bottom lip quivered. She felt cold.

♦Do you hear me, girl?♦ Winston squeezed her thigh. ♦You will quit your job tomorrow. Your focus will be on schoolwork and my lessons. Nothing more. Do you understand?♦

♦Yes, sir.♦ Aubree answered weakly.

Winston smiled as he pulled the truck into the apartment complex. ♦Good.♦ He breathed deeply, enjoying the smell of the watermelon gum.

He pulled up in front of Aubree's apartment. He reached behind the seat and grabbed her t-shirt. He handed it to her. ♦Your jeans are in the bed of the truck. Go inside and take a bath and get yourself cleaned up. I want you to be in bed by nine o'clock. Don't bother wearing pajamas. I have a key to your apartment and I will be by later this evening to enjoy you. We will start your next lesson tomorrow morning.♦ He pulled her face towards him and kissed her fully on the lips.

Aubree stepped out of the truck, holding her shirt in front of herself. She retrieved her jeans from the pickup bed and walked slowly towards the stairs. She listened as Winston pulled away.

She unlocked her door and stepped inside her apartment. She collapsed on the couch, weeping...

The End.

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Aubree's First Apartment (cont.):

Chapter 6: A Rainy Night

Winston crushed out his cigarette in the ashtray. He listened to the voice on the other end of the phone. He nodded in agreement. Yes I think so I agree. Okay I understand I don't know soon. Just a little more time She's learning I know Okay. Very soon. Give me a little more time with her she'll bring a good profit She's my best find in years very submissive I hear you. I'm glad you liked the pictures the real thing will follow Okay I'll call you Trust me I know you have an interest here Soon Okay Goodbye. Winston hung up the phone. He wiped his forehead with the back of his hand. He glanced out the window into the darkened night sky.

The curtains shifted in the wind from the open screen. The smell of rain was in the air. Winston lit another smoke and smiled. In the distance, thunder rolled through the clouds.

Aubree stepped into the steamy bathwater. She sat down and allowed the soap suds to wash over her body. Leaning forward, she cupped her hands and scooped warm water onto her face. Rubbing her cheeks, she leaned back against the tub. She closed her eyes and breathed deeply, inhaling the steam. Her mind raced. Now he wants me to quit my job why? I can't quit I can't depend on him to pay my bills I'll be at his mercy A sudden realization came over her. She sat up in the tub. That's what he wants. He wants to control me completely. This is ridiculous I should just tell him to go to the police let him tell the dean of the university about my drug use who cares? Why am I so afraid of this man???

Aubree reached for a soapy sponge. She massaged the sponge across her legs and feet. The soles of her feet were dirty from her experience in the park earlier that afternoon. Seeing the dirt and grim reminded her of everything that had happened. She felt her bottom lip quivering. She scrubbed her feet vigorously. Suddenly, she dropped the sponge and held her hands over her face. The tears began to flow through her fingers. She felt helpless and hopeless. How did I get into this mess???? How can I get out of it??? She fell back against the tub and pounded the water with her small fist. Damn it!.. DAMN HIM! The tears rolled down her cheeks.

After finishing her bath, Aubree wrapped a towel around herself and walked into the kitchen. She glanced at the clock. It was almost eight. Aubree remembered Winston's word's, 'I want you to be in bed by nine o'clock. Don't bother wearing pajamas. I have a key to your apartment and I will be by later this evening to enjoy you.' She shuddered. She walked into the living room and looked over at the front door. The chain was in place and the inside deadbolt was latched. She felt a little better knowing that even if Winston had a key, he couldn't get through a deadbolt and chain. She hurried to her bedroom. Screw him and his damned key!

After putting on her panties and nightshirt, Aubree got into bed and grabbed the remote control. She turned on the television and laid back onto the soft pillows. She always slept with the television on. It made her feel safe. She lit a scented candle and tried to relax. As she flipped through the channels she felt her eyes becoming heavy. Within minutes, she sank into a fitful sleep.

Winston checked his watch 3:15 AM. He looked up at Aubree's apartment and smiled. His cock was already hard in anticipation. He picked up his duffle bag and crept up the stairs, stopping in front of her door. He looked over his shoulder at the parking lot. Not a sound no one moving. Setting the duffle bag on the ground, he slipped out the key and slowly pushed it into the latch. He turned the doorknob and wasn't surprised to find that it wouldn't open. She had locked the door from inside. Winston smiled. He had anticipated this. That's why he had unlocked her living room window several days ago. Little whore. Don't try to outsmart me. He inched over to the window and deftly removed the screen. Glancing around the parking lot below, he eased the window open. Grabbing his bag he quietly slipped inside.

It was dark in the apartment. Winston waited for his eyes to adjust. His nostrils flared. The place smelt like peaches. He could see the light of the television coming from the bedroom. The laughter of a studio audience wafted through the room. He slowly lowered the window and slipped the latches into place. Creeping across the living room, Winston heard Aubree roll over in bed. He paused and stood silently until he was sure she was still sleeping. He inched his way down the hallway and peeked into her room. There she was laying on her side, her back was towards him. The covers were halfway off and he could see her smooth legs and bare feet. He noticed her nightshirt which had ridden up onto her back, revealing her red panties and delectable ass. His brow creased. I told her not to wear pajamas. He felt himself becoming angry. She'll learn. One way or another, she'll learn to obey.

Stepping back into the hallway, he sat his duffle bag on the carpet. He unfastened his trousers and pulled off his shoes and socks. He took off his shirt and pants and placed his clothes in a pile in the corner. Slipping off his underwear and casting them onto the pile, he walked back over to the bedroom door. He stroked his erect penis as his eyes wandered over the sleeping teenager. He walked slowly towards the sleeping girl. His cock was rock hard. He sat down on the edge of the bed and leaned over her. He gently brushed her hair from her face and caressed her cheek. He noticed her eyes flicker slightly as she began to awaken. Suddenly, her eyes fully opened and she opened her mouth to scream. Winston clasped his hand over her mouth while encircling her neck with his powerful arm. Shut up, girl. Not a peep. He felt her go limp under his arm. Don't scream, little girl. If you do, it will be very bad for you. Do you understand? She nodded weakly. Winston released her mouth and let his hand fall across her firm breasts. He pinched her nipples. What did I tell you about wearing pajamas, girl? She began to shake uncontrollably. He repeated the question. What did I tell you about wearing pajamas tonight, little whore? He reached under her nightshirt, fondling her bare tits. Speak up, girl. I can't hear you.

Aubree was terrified. How did he get in here? Her heart pounded. She could feel his stiff erection touching her butt. He's naked. His thing is touching me. His hands were strong, holding her motionless.

What did I tell you about pajamas, girl? Winston squeezed her throat.

Not not to wear them. I I'm sorry please don't hurt me. Aubree felt sick with fear. She could hear the television in the background. Winston's hot breath was on her back. She was terrified.

Winston slowly eased his grip on the shivering girl. Now. I want you to sit up and take off your panties and nightshirt. I told you to be naked. Get them off, fuck toy.

Aubree sat up on her knees and faced away from Winston. She was afraid to look at him. She lifted her nightshirt over her head and let it fall beside the bed. She felt goose bumps rising over her exposed flesh. Outside, she heard the sound of rain starting against the window. Lightning flashed through the blinds. On the television, a salesman implored her to 'Shop at Joe's Auto. No credit? No problem!'

Winston plucked at her panties. Get these off too, missy. His breath smelled like beer.

Aubree pushed her panties down to her knees. Sitting down on the bed, she pushed them off her feet and dropped them on the carpet. She shifted on the bed and sat with her legs crossed, her back towards Winston. She held her big toes with her hands. She had always sat in this position whenever she was in trouble as a young girl. She did it now, subconsciously. Thunder rolled outside. The rain was coming down hard. She shivered.

Winston knelt behind the shaking girl and placed his hands on her shoulders. Sitting up, he pressed his stiff erection against her bare back, enjoying the feel of her soft flesh on his engorged penis. He reached under her arms and cupped her large breasts in his hands. With one hand, he brushed the long hair out of her face and tucked it behind her ears. His fingers traveled over her face outlining her eyes, nose and mouth. He felt

the wetness of teardrops on her cheeks. He slipped a large finger between her warm lips and across her tongue. ❖Suck my finger, little girl.❖

Aubree squeezed her big toes tightly as she began to suck on Winston's finger. She could taste the saltiness of her tears on his skin. He moved his finger inside her mouth, over her teeth and under her tongue.

❖Why did you disobey me, girl? I told you not to wear pajamas to bed. Did you think I couldn't get in because you locked your deadbolt?❖

Aubree didn't answer. She continued to suck on Winston's finger as it circled her tongue.

❖Answer me, girl. Why did you disobey me?❖ Winston slipped his finger out of her mouth and cupped her chin in his palm. He squeezed her mouth into a puckered position. ❖Answer me, girl.❖ He pinched her nipple with his other hand.

❖I'm sorry.❖ Aubree sniffed. Her nose was starting to run. ❖I'm sorry. Please don't be mad. I didn't know you would come here tonight. You said❖ you said the next lesson would be tomorrow❖ I❖❖ She squeezed her toes and shifted uncomfortably. She could hear the rain pounding the roof and rushing through the gutters outside. Lightning flashed through the blinds casting shadows across the wall. She saw her own small shadow with the evil man kneeling behind her. She wanted to run but couldn't bring herself to move.

❖Stop offering excuses, girl. You're only talking yourself into a corner.❖ Winston sat down behind her and placed a leg on each side of the trembling girl. He pushed up against her back. His testicles rested at the top of her butt crack. His erection pressed against the bottom of her back. He slipped a hand between her legs and stroked her trim pubic hair. ❖I told you I would be coming to enjoy you tonight. It is my privilege in return for the life lessons I'm offering you. Since you will be quitting your job in the morning and I will be responsible for your bills and upkeep, I will be expecting more things from you in the near future. Do you understand me?❖ He slipped a finger inside her. He felt her vaginal muscles tense. ❖You will be learning to use these muscles more effectively in the future, girl.❖ He probed inside her tight vagina. ❖Do you hear me, girl?❖

Aubree felt ill. ❖Yes.❖ Her voice was barely a whisper.

❖Yes what, girl?❖ Winston slipped his finger deeper inside her.

❖Yes❖ sir.❖ Aubree wiped her nose and sniffed loudly. ❖Please stop touching me there. Please❖ I don't want❖❖

Winston squeezed her nipple while plunging a second finger inside her. ❖Shut up, little girl. I will touch you wherever and whenever I so please. You have no say in the matter.❖

Aubree winced and clenched her toes. She crossed her hands over her stomach. The thunder roared outside and the rain came down harder.

Winston pulled on her nipple while continuing to probe inside her. ❖You have no say whatsoever, girl. I pay your bills. I oversee your lessons and progress. In return, I will enjoy you sexually at any time I wish. In fact, I will be enjoying you tonight. If you resist, I will have you across my knee for a good spanking and I will enjoy you afterwards. Is that what you want, girl? Do you need a good strapping before you pleasure me?❖

Aubree moaned. He was squeezing her nipple painfully. ❖No, sir.❖ The tears rolled down her cheeks. ❖No, sir❖ I don't need a spanking.❖

Winston smirked. ❖Good. That's a good little girl.❖ He slipped his fingers out of her vagina and released her nipple. He caressed her stomach and patted her lightly on the thigh. ❖Now, I think I'm in the mood for a good sucking.❖

Winston grabbed a pillow and leaned back against the headboard. He cupped his testicles in his hand. ❖Get down here, fuck toy. I want to feel that warm mouth.❖

Aubree slowly got to her knees and crawled across the bed towards Winston. *Don't call me fuck toy you bastard. I'm not a fuck toy.* She sat in front of him. She held her arms over her breasts hiding her nipples. She clenched her legs tightly together. She watched as he squeezed his testicles and stroked his erect penis. Her eyes rose to his face and they briefly locked eyes. His eyes were cold and dark❖ lifeless❖ like a reptile. She quickly looked down at her lap.

❖Get on with it, girl. Put that smart mouth to good use.❖ Winston pulled on her arm.

Aubree bent over and took his erection into her lips. She continued to hold her arms folded over her breasts. She allowed him to push his cock deeply into her mouth.

❖That's it, girl.❖ Winston moaned. ❖You had better get used to this. You'll be sucking me off on a regular basis from here on out.❖ He smiled. ❖You had best make my cock nice and wet because I'm going to be putting it in your tight little ass shortly.❖

Aubree shuddered. She felt him reach behind her and squeeze her buttocks. He slipped a large finger into her anus. She heard him laugh.

◆Yes, girl. That's a good little fuck toy. Suck it like you mean it, baby.◆

Aubree slid her lips up and down over his shaft. Her tongue played across the soft underside of his erection. She realized with disgust that she was actually becoming better at performing this perverted act. She shivered uncontrollably.

Winston looked down at the top of the young girl's head as she sucked his cock. He enjoyed the tightness of her anus on his finger as he probed her rectum. His eyes roamed over her bare back and legs. The only sounds in the room were those of the young girl slurping on his dick, the rain on the window and the chattering of some old sitcom on the television. Winston sighed. Life was good◆ he grabbed her ears and pushed her face harder against himself. He began to thrust his hips against her mouth. Her hair fell across his legs. ◆Mmmmm◆ That's the way, girl. Now, suck my balls.◆ He watched as she took his testicles into her warm mouth. ◆That right◆ that's right◆ suck on them like you suck on those joints you like to smoke, girl.◆ He remembered the first time he had seen the young tart◆ walking across the parking lot in her tight jeans and cutoff shirt. He remembered how badly he had wanted her. Now, he owned her. He pushed the head of his dick against her lips. ◆Open up.◆ He squeezed her mouth open and shoved his cock down her throat. ◆Watch the teeth, girl. If I feel those teeth again, you'll be across my knee.◆

Aubree let her tongue play across his shaft. She sucked his bulbous head, tasting his pre-cum. She listened as he moaned. She knew he was close. She felt like a cheap whore. Suddenly, he pushed her aside.

Aubree sat up and crossed her arms in front of herself. She was scared. ◆What did I do? I didn't use my teeth◆ I◆◆

Winston slapped her. ◆Shut up, tramp.◆

Aubree held a hand over her throbbing cheek. She watched as Winston got off the bed and walked into the hallway. He reappeared moments later carrying a duffel bag.

Winston dropped the bag onto the bed and stood back. He looked at the nude teenager cowering in front of him. Lightning flashed outside. He picked up the remote control and turned off the television. The room became dark but for the flickering of a scented candle beside the bed. It smelt like peaches. Shadows played across the walls.

Winston walked over and flipped on a bedside lamp. He looked down at the naked cringing girl. She sat on her knees with her hands cupped over her breasts. Her left cheek was red from the savage slap he had applied. Her cheeks were tear stained and a trickle of drool ran down her chin. She looked down at her legs, submissively.

Winston's gaze traveled up and down the girl's naked body◆ over her bare feet and slender legs◆ onto her trim pubic mound and delectable slit◆ across her tight bare stomach and cute bellybutton◆ over her large round mounds which she attempted to conceal beneath her arms◆ over her soft throat and onto her adorable face◆ the full, pouting lips◆ the button nose and large eyelashes◆ her shiny, thick and luxurious brown hair. His cock twitched◆.

He unzipped the duffel bag and began to rummage through the contents. ◆Tonight, I'm going to give you a little preview of tomorrow's lesson. Are you listening, tramp?◆

Aubree didn't respond. She continued looking down at her lap.

Winston took a step towards her. ◆Do you hear me, girl?◆

Aubree flinched. ◆Yes, sir. Please don't hit me again.◆

Winston smiled. He motioned towards the bedroom door. ◆Go into the dining room and get a chair. Bring it back here.◆ He watched as Aubree stood up and walked towards the hallway. His eyes locked on her bare butt. He enjoyed the way her buttocks shifted as she walked. *I'll be fucking that ass soon*◆. Winston shook his head. *The times they are a changing'*◆

Aubree walked across the living room. The carpet felt cold under her bare feet. She went into the dining room and looked at the table and chairs. She noticed her cell phone sitting on the table. She picked it up. She glanced over her shoulder. She could see Winston's shadow in the bedroom as he rummaged through the duffel bag. *One phone call◆ 911... I tell them there's an intruder in the house◆ He would go to jail◆ Then he would be the one getting it in the butt*◆ She dialed the first number. *You'll be the one in trouble now*◆

Suddenly, there was a savage slap across the back of her head. She staggered forward and dropped the phone as she fell to the floor in a daze. Winston was on her in an instant. Grabbing her by the hair, he yanked the nude girl to her feet. He spun her around and pinned her against the wall. He held his elbow across her throat. ◆What are you doing, girl?◆ He punched her in the stomach, knocking the wind out of her lungs. She fell to the floor at his feet, gasping for air. He grabbed her by the ears and yanked her to her feet. He banged the back of her head against the wall several times. ◆Who were you calling, girl?◆

Aubree gasped for air. She was weeping like a child. ◆No one◆ I wasn't◆ I didn't call anyone◆ I◆◆

Winston bent her over and grabbed her neck under his arm, placing her in a headlock... He dragged the prone girl across the room. Leaning over, he picked up her cell phone. He looked at the digital screen. He

thrust it in front of her face. ♦Mmmmm♦ 9...1... I wonder what the next number would be?♦ He dropped the phone onto the floor and crushed it under his foot. The phone broke apart under his heel. ♦It appears that you've lost you phone privileges, little girl.♦ He punched her savagely in the stomach. He heard her gasping for air under his arm. He threw her down.

Aubree lay on the carpet in a fetal position. Her eyes were closed. Tears rolled down her cheeks. She gasped for air while clutching her stomach. She felt Winston standing over her. She felt his hand on the back of her head, pulling her up by her hair. Suddenly, his hand fell across her bare butt.

*** Slap *** Slap *** Slap *** Slap *** Slap *** Slap ***

Her buttocks felt like they were on fire. Still, he continued the harsh spanking. His hand continued to fall across her bare butt. She could feel bruises rising on her bare cheeks. He was no longer spanking her♦ He was beating her. She tried to hold her hands over her butt. She was weeping uncontrollably♦ blubbering like a fool♦ Still his powerful hand fell across her backside.

*** Slap *** Slap *** Slap *** Slap **** Slap ***

♦Pleeease! Please stop! I'm sorry♦.♦

Winston threw her to the floor. He placed a foot on the back of her head, forcing her face into the carpet.

♦This is your one and only warning, girl. If you ever attempt to betray me again♦ it will be bad for you. Do you understand me?♦

Aubree went limp. Winston's foot pressed against the back of her head.

♦Do you understand, girl?♦

She was terrified. ♦Yes, sir. I promise. I will never betray you.♦ She meant it. The tears rolled down her cheeks. Her buttocks ached from the brutal spanking. As she lay on the carpet, she could see her crushed cell phone on the floor. She curled up into a ball. Her mind went blank.

Winston stood with his hands on his hips looking down at the weeping girl. He smiled. He prodded her with his big toe. ♦Stop your crying, girl. If you act like a child, you'll be treated like one.♦

Aubree continued to weep. Her butt hurt and her stomach was sore form his harsh punches.

Winston shook his head. Kneeling beside her, he gently caressed her back with his fingertips. His whole attitude seem to change♦ to soften. ♦Why do you make me hurt you, girl? If you would only do as I say♦♦ He stroked her cheek. ♦You must learn to trust me and obey my commands. I only have your best interests in mind.♦ He lifted her up and held her in his arms. ♦You're just a little girl♦ a baby♦ Let me teach you, girl. Don't resist♦ I am your only protection.♦ He brushed the hair from her face.

Aubree's heart was beating fast. ♦Please. Don't hit me again. I'm sorry♦ I♦♦

♦Shush♦ Be quiet, little girl.♦ Winston kissed her gently on the cheek. He cradled her in his arm. ♦Shhhh♦ stop your crying. You made a mistake. I trust you have learned your lesson. You must always remember one thing. I am your only protector. I am your teacher. I love you. No one else cares about you. I am the only one who truly loves you. I only ask that you love and trust me in return.♦ He wiped the tears from her cheeks. ♦Stop crying now.♦

Aubree sniffed loudly and rubbed her nose with the back of her hand. ♦I'm sorry.♦

Winston smiled. ♦I accept your apology.♦ He held her closer.

Aubree felt herself calming. Winston's tone was gentle. *Maybe he'll listen to me now*♦

Winston lifted Aubree's face up. He wiped the drying tears from her cheeks. ♦I care about you, little girl. It pains me when I see you making mistakes.♦ He leaned forward and kissed her on the mouth. She didn't resist. His hand fell across her bare stomach and onto her thigh. He kissed her chin. ♦Why do you defy me, girl? Don't you know that I am here for you? I know you better than anyone else. More than your parents♦ your little boyfriends♦ more than anyone. I accept you as you are. I am only trying to teach you♦ to help you♦ Why do you betray me?♦

Aubree looked down at her lap. She could feel his warmth and smell his scent. She wanted to pull away from his embrace but she was afraid. ♦I didn't betray you. I didn't call anyone♦ I♦♦

Winston placed a large finger on her lips. ♦Stop lying to me. You tried to call the police. Why?♦

Aubree's heart began to beat faster. ♦I'm sorry. I won't do that again. I promise.♦

Winston placed his hand between the young girl's legs. He caressed her soft pubic hair. ♦ I didn't ask you to apologize, girl. I asked you why you betrayed me.♦

Aubree shivered. ❖I'm sorry❖ I❖ I'm not a fuck toy. I don't like it when you talk to me like a ❖❖

Winston silenced her with a pat on her inner thigh. ❖No. You're not a whore. You're a little girl in a woman's body. You know the desires that you bring out in men. You play on those desires. It's your female instincts. Like all females, you're a nest builder❖ looking for a mate. You dress in tight clothes and revealing bathing suits. But, you don't know how to use your body. You attract men but when they come, you don't know what to do. I am here to teach you those things. I am here to make you a woman. I am here to help you.❖ He squeezed her bare foot. ❖You're just na❖ve.❖

Aubree's bottom lip quivered. She felt him slip a hand between her legs.

❖Do you understand me, girl?❖ Winston pulled her lips apart and gently stroked her clitoris.

❖Okay.❖ Aubree's voice was barely audible. The tip of his finger played over her clit.

Winston bit her earlobe gently. He whispered in her ear. ❖Now❖ I want you to go into the bedroom and wait for me. I have some toys for you.❖

Aubree stood up. ❖Okay.❖ She massaged her aching butt as she walked towards her bedroom.

Winston watched her walk away. His eyes were fixated on her swaying ass. *I'm going to fuck you good, little girl.* He smirked.

Aubree sat down on her bed. She held her hands in her lap and looked down at her bare feet. She could hear the rain on the window outside. The worst of the storm had passed. The rain was quiet and gentle. The thunder was just a distant rumble. She looked up as Winston entered the bedroom, carrying one of her dining room chairs. She noticed his penis was still erect. She shivered and clenched her legs together...

Winston sat the chair down by the bed. He walked over and opened his duffle bag. He pulled out a video camera and tripod. ❖I want you to start getting comfortable being in front of the camera, girl.❖ He winked at her. Aubree blushed.

She watched as he set the camera up. ❖Why do you need a camera? I don't like❖❖

Winston silenced her with a raised finger. ❖Stop talking. I am not concerned about what you want. I am only concerned with what you need.❖ He finished setting up the tripod and went back to the duffle bag.

Aubree watched as he pulled out a large rubber penis complete with testicles and a suction cup on the bottom. The penis was huge. It looked to be at least ten inches long and very thick. There was an electrical cord attached.

❖What is that for?❖ Aubree felt stupid as soon as the question fell from her lips. *It's for me*❖

Winston laughed. He placed the large dildo on the chair and affixed the suction cup, securing it in place. He plugged the cord into the wall outlet. He gave the rubber penis a thump causing it to sway back and forth. ❖What do you think it's for, girl?❖

Aubree felt the blood rushing to her cheeks. She remained silent.

Winston reached back into his bag. He pulled out a bottle of lubricant. He squeezed the oily substance onto the large dildo and greased the shaft. He looked over at the blushing teenager. ❖Come here, little girl.❖

Aubree stood up slowly. She looked down at the carpet. She heard Winston snap his fingers. ❖Are you defying me, girl?❖ She walked over to the chair.

Winston patted her bare butt. He walked over to the camera and looked through the lens. He adjusted the focus. ❖Now, I want you to have a seat.❖

Aubree looked up at the camera. ❖I really don't want❖❖

❖Do it.❖ His command was simple.

Aubree backed up to the chair. She sat down slowly. She felt the large penis on her butt.

❖Put it inside you, girl.❖ Winston motioned with his hand.

Aubree reached between her legs and guided the dildo towards her vaginal lips. She eased down, allowing it to enter her slowly. First the head. Then, part of the shaft. It was huge. ❖It hurts, sir. It's too big❖.❖

Winston adjusted the camera. ❖Stop complaining. If you think that's big, you'll be in for a rude awakening tomorrow. Now, sit down. Take it all.❖

Aubree bit her bottom lip as she pushed the thing entirely inside. She felt like her insides were ripping. ❖It hurts! Please don't make❖❖

Winston snapped his fingers. ❖All of it. I want you fully seated.❖

Aubree whimpered as she forced the foreign object all the way inside. Finally, she was fully seated. The rubber testicles rested against her clit.

Winston smiled. He checked the camera to make sure it was recording. Leaning over, he picked up a small remote control. He flipped the switch.

Aubree felt the dildo begin to vibrate. It startled her.

◆Now, I want you to ride it. Up and down. Up and down, girl.◆ Winston focused the camera on her swollen labia.

Aubree hesitatingly began to move up and down on the dildo.

◆Smile for the camera, girl.◆ Winston zoomed in on her face.

Aubree forced a weak smile.

◆That's the way, little girl. Hump it. Imagine it's your little boyfriend. Up and down◆◆

Aubree slowly fucked the dildo. Her leg muscles ached. Her vaginal muscles ached worse. She watched as Winston zoomed in and out on her face, her body◆ her pussy. She blushed furiously. He's video taping me! Why am I letting him do this?

Winston slapped his thigh in rhythm with her movements. ◆Up and down◆ up and down◆ that's it◆◆ He grasped his stiff erection and began to stroke. He moved his hand over his shaft in unison with the young girl's thrusts. ◆Hump that cock, baby.◆

Aubree began to feel aroused. She tried to resist the feeling but the dildo was hitting her spot. She started to realize it wasn't just the lubricant which greased the dildo. Her own juices were flowing. She felt ashamed.

Winston zoomed in on her face. He could see the unmistakable look of arousal. Her eyelids were half opened. She licked her lips. He moved the camera down, across her jiggling breasts and hard nipples◆ down her firm belly and adorable navel◆ to her pussy. The squishing sound coming from between her legs was increasing. Little whore◆.fuck that dildo, slut◆

He zoomed in on the large dildo. She was taking it all. He stroked his own cock harder. ◆That's my little girl.. Hump it like your little boyfriends. Imagine it's Matt you're fucking. girl.◆

Aubree felt herself approaching orgasm. She was so ashamed. But, she couldn't resist her own body. Her juices were flowing. I'm a whore◆

As she approached her climax, the vibration suddenly stopped. She looked up at Winston. He flipped off the camera. He walked over to her. ◆Good job, girl.◆ He placed a hand on her shoulder. ◆I think you're a natural for the camera.◆ He lifted her by her elbow. ◆Stand up now.◆

Weakly, Aubree stood up. Her vagina was moist. Her body tingled.

Winston guided her towards the bed. ◆Bend over, girl. I want to enjoy your butt.◆ He pushed her forward.

Aubree bent forward across her bed. She felt Winston step up behind her. She felt the head of his penis on her sphincter. With one motion, he thrust inside her. She heard him moan. Then, he was pumping her. She bit her lip and clenched her toes as he pounded her butt. She felt his testicles slapping against her thighs. She felt like she needed to use the bathroom.

For several minutes there was only the sound of his legs slapping against her thighs. She felt his testicles against her buttocks. The pain was overwhelming. She heard him groan loudly. His penis swelled. Suddenly, he exploded inside her. She felt his warm semen flow into her anus. He collapsed on top of her.

Aubree lay completely still◆ afraid to move. Her rectum hurt and she could feel Winston's warm semen running out of her anus and onto her thighs. She was positive her rectum was bleeding◆ the pain was intense, stinging the lining of her anal cavity. She felt Winston ease himself out of her◆ She listened silently as he stood up and began to get dressed.

Winston zipped his trousers and fastened his belt. He glanced at the nude teenager and smiled. ◆Get some sleep, little girl. I'll be by to pick you up at seven tonight. We're gonna have some fun◆And remember, first thing in the morning I want you to call the Donut Palace and tell them you're quitting. Do you understand?◆

Aubree sniffled loudly and rubbed her nose. ◆How can I pay my rent without a job?◆

Winston laughed. ◆Don't worry about the rent, little girl. I'll take care of you from here on out. You will quit the Donut Palace in the morning. Do you understand?◆

Aubree wiped her nose and clenched her knees tightly together. ◆Yes◆◆

◆Yes, what?◆, came Winston's quick reply.

◆Yes, sir.◆ Aubree felt tears running down her cheeks.

◆That's better, whore.◆ Winston finished loading his gear into the duffle bag and zipped the top. ◆I'll see you at seven.◆ He turned and walked out of the room.

Aubree listened as Winston closed the front door behind himself. She slowly sat up and looked down at the bed. She could see red droplets on the sheets. She knew it was her own blood. She gently caressed her aching buttocks and tender anus. Her hand came away moist with blood. She collapsed onto the mattress, weeping.

Chapter 7: From Accomplice to Victim

Aubree awoke suddenly. There was a loud knock at the front door. Bright sunshine glared through the bedroom blinds. She looked at the clock by her bed◆ Two o'clock in the afternoon◆ she had been asleep for at least eight hours.

The knocking started again. Aubree sat up and rubbed her head. She stumbled to her feet and staggered into the living room. The knocking at the door was louder now, as if someone were pounding on her door with a clenched fist. Aubree grabbed a robe and tied it tightly around herself. She crept towards the front door. Peeking through the eyehole, Aubree could see James, an employee at the Donut Palace. *Damn! I was supposed to be at work this morning!*

Aubree unlatched the door and opened it a crack. She peeked outside. ◆Hi, James.◆

James looked irritated. ◆Hi, Aubree. Where were you this morning? We were really busy. We missed you.◆

Aubree brushed the hair out of her eyes and squinted into the bright sunshine. ◆Sorry, James. I couldn't make it. In fact, I can't work at the Donut Palace anymore. Something has come up. Forgive me?◆

James looked confused and concerned. ◆Aubree, what's going on? You don't seem like yourself.◆

Aubree sighed. ◆James, just listen. I can't work there anymore. Tell Mr. Jones that I quit. Okay? I won't be coming back◆ okay?◆

James looked down at the ground. ◆Well, you might have given a little notice.◆

Aubree slammed the door shut and latched the deadbolt. *There's your notice, jerk!*

Aubree parted the blinds and watched James walk down the stairs and get into his car. She saw him look up at her door. She frowned. *Poor guy. He's always had a crush on me◆ He doesn't think I know but, I do◆* She watched him back out and drive away.

She walked back into the kitchen and opened the refrigerator. Taking out a bottle of orange juice, she took a big swallow. Glancing over at the counter, Aubree noticed a note beside the sink. She sat the juice container down and walked over to the sink. She picked up the note. It was from Winston◆

'Aubree- Remember I will be by to pick you up at 7 pm this evening. I have placed the clothes I wish you to wear on the bathroom counter. You are to wear no bra. Panties only. I will be checking to make sure you comply with my demand. Don't make me punish you. It pains me to do so. Be ready at seven sharp. Don't keep me waiting. - W.'

Shaking, Aubree walked towards the bathroom. She flipped on the light. Her clothes had been laid out neatly on the counter◆ A pair of cut off shorts, a halter top, a pair of g-string panties and high heels.

She picked up the small halter top and held it up. The words, ◆Daddy's Girl◆ were emblazoned across the front. An image of her aging father flashed through her mind. She winced. *Poor Daddy◆ I'm glad he can't see me now◆* She dropped the shirt onto the floor. She picked up the cut off shorts. They looked to be two sizes too small and were extremely short. She tossed them onto the ground. Picking up the high heeled shoes, Aubree held them at arm's length in front of her. The heels were at least three inches and the shoes looked to be terribly uncomfortable. She dropped them onto the growing pile of clothes at her feet. Lastly, she reached for the g-string panties◆ they were the tri-string variety with three small stings in front and a whale's tail in the back. *Disgusting.* She dropped them onto the pile.

Aubree looked at herself in the bathroom mirror. Her eyes were bloodshot and her cheeks were tearstained. Her hair was disheveled and her lipstick smeared. *Oh my gawd! What did James think of me just now???* She turned on the faucet and splashed cold water over her face. She looked back up at the mirror and watched as the water droplets cascaded down her face and splashed into the sink. She realized she was crying◆ the warm tears trickled down her cheeks intermixing with the cool water. Her bottom lip quivered. She sucked

in a deep breath. *Crying! Like the little girl he says I am!* She slapped herself savagely across the face. Her cheek turned red. She slapped herself again. *Stop blubbering like a little girl!* She slapped herself again. She could see red hand prints appearing on her cheek. Winston's words began to echo through her mind ♦ *Fuck toy ♦ whore* ♦ She slapped herself again, *harder. Stop crying, little girl* ♦ Suddenly, *Aubree sank to the floor.* She leaned back against the wall and cried like a baby. She fell on her side, collapsing into a fetal position on the bathroom floor. *Little girl ♦ little whore* ♦ blackness engulfed her.

Winston looked up from the sink. Water cascaded down his freshly shaven face. He smiled, showing his yellowed, nicotine stained teeth. He frowned and picked up the tube of toothpaste from the counter. He examined it. *Whitening Power, Extra Strength* ♦ *bull fucking shit!* He tossed the toothpaste into the wastebasket. *Fucking liars!* He grabbed the bottle of cologne from the counter and twisted off the top. Splashing an ample amount onto his cheeks, he grimaced as the alcohol burned into the razor cuts. *Need a new razor* ♦ Suddenly, the phone rang.

Winston walked into the hallway, wiping his face with a towel. He picked up the phone. ♦ Hello ♦. Hey there ♦ Yes ♦ tonight ♦ for sure ♦ normal place ♦ you have my word on it ♦ no ♦ nothing is free ♦ you can sample her tonight ♦ the normal amount ♦ I'm glad you enjoyed the pictures ♦ the real thing will be tonight, then you can decide ♦ okay ♦ goodbye for now ♦ ♦ Winston hung up the phone. *I hate to let this one go ♦ but money is money* ♦ He smiled and walked back into the bathroom.

Aubree looked at the clock. Six thirty ♦ *A half an hour to go* ♦ She walked back into the bathroom and looked at herself in the mirror. The cut off shorts barely came to the top of her thighs and rode low on her hips, several inches below her exposed navel. The halter top barely covered her breasts. She might as well have been naked. She could see the outline of her nipples protruding from the tight fabric ♦ Winston's words sprang into her mind ♦ *No bra* ♦ She looked down at the high heeled shoes lying in the corner. Slowly, she picked them up and walked into the living room. Sitting down on the couch, she unfastened the straps and put the heels on. She stood up. She felt off balance. The heels were much too high. She felt like an idiot. Walking to the kitchen, Aubree grasped the counter. *How does any girl manage these heels???* She glanced at the clock. *Almost time* ♦ She looked over at the front door. *I could just leave ♦ get in my car and drive home ♦ to Daddy and Momma* ♦

There was a loud knock at the door. Aubree looked at the clock. 6:49 ♦ *the bastard is early!* She walked over and opened the door. Expecting to see Winston, she was instead surprised to see Matt. *Matt from school! Matt from the Blue Lagoon who saw me naked yesterday!* She stood looking at him, slack jawed.

♦ Hi, Aubree. ♦ Matt winked at her. His eyes traveled up and down her skimpy attire.

Aubree stood back quickly and pushed the door closed to a crack. Hiding behind the door, she peeked out. ♦ What do you want? ♦

Matt shifted his feet and shrugged his shoulders. ♦ I figured we had a moment yesterday ♦ you know ♦ I thought ♦ I thought maybe we could get together sometime. ♦ He pushed on the door.

Aubree pushed the door. ♦ No, Matt. I'm sorry. We didn't have any type of moment. I can't explain now. Please just leave. ♦

Matt ran his fingers through his hair. ♦ No ♦ I think we had a moment, Aubree. You took your clothes off yesterday ♦ remember? Why did you strip in front of me unless we had a moment? Why did you suck me off if we didn't have something? By the way, you're really hot! You're the sexiest girl I've ever seen. ♦ He stepped forward. ♦ We should hook up. I think we have something. ♦ He pushed on the door.

Aubree shoved against the door with all her force. ♦ NO, MATT! WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY MOMENT! ♦ She heard Matt howl as the door crashed against his fingers. ♦ JUST GO AWAY! ♦, Aubree screamed.

Matt staggered backwards in shock as Aubree slammed the door shut. He heard the deadbolts clicking into place. He shook his head in amazement. Shaking his stinging fingers, he headed towards the steps. *Crazy bitch.*

Aubree watched him through the blinds. She watched him walk down the stairs. *How does he know where I live?* She watched as he walked across the parking lot. She suddenly saw a pick up truck coming down the drive. *Winston! Hurry, Matt! Get into your car!* She looked over her shoulder at the clock ♦ Seven o'clock sharp! Her heart raced.

Aubree watched as Winston pulled into the parking space. She watched Matt as he walked towards his car. He seemed to be moving in slow motion. *Hurry! Get out of here, Matt!*

Suddenly, Winston honked his horn. Aubree's heart sank as she watched Matt turn around. She watched in disbelief as Winston stepped out of his truck. He walked towards Matt, smiling. She watched as Winston shook Matt's hand. The two had a short discussion. They both glanced up at her apartment. Winston said something to Matt and he seemed to nod in agreement. Aubree's heart sank as Winston got back into the truck and Matt turned and started towards the steps to her apartment. What did they talk about???

Aubree dropped the blinds and walked backwards into the living room. Her heart raced. She could hear Matt's heavy steps coming up the stairs. She sank down onto the floor, her arms wrapped tightly around her knees.

Moments later came the knock at the door. Aubree looked up and brushed the hair out of her eyes. She stood slowly and walked to the door. She peeked out of the eyehole. Matt stood outside, grinning.

Slowly, Aubree unfastened the deadbolts and opened the door slightly. ❖I thought I told you I was busy.❖

Matt laughed. ❖You're not busy, Aubree. Come on out.❖

Aubree felt like throwing up. ❖Please, Matt. Please, just go away.❖ She pushed on the door.

She was surprised as Matt pushed the door fully opened. She backed away into the living room, almost tripping over the high heels. Matt stood in the doorway.

❖Hello, Aubree. Winston told me to come up here and get you. He said not to take no for an answer.❖ Matt smiled. He stepped into the entry way. ❖Winston told me to make sure you're wearing the correct attire.❖ Matt stepped forward. ❖More specifically, he wanted me to make sure you're not wearing a bra.❖

Aubree felt the blood rush to her cheeks. ❖Look, Matt. Just go away, okay?❖

Matt stepped towards her. ❖Nope. Sorry, Aubree. I promised Winston. Now, just lift your shirt up and let me have a look.❖

Aubree slapped Matt across the face. ❖Fuck you! You're not looking at anything pervert!❖ She shoved him outside. ❖Get out of my apartment!❖

Matt rubbed his aching cheek. ❖Well, Winston isn't going to like your attitude.❖ He glanced over his shoulder. Aubree followed his gaze and saw Winston leaning on the hood of his truck, staring up at them. He frowned at her.

Aubree shook her head. ❖No way. No way.❖

She stepped backwards into her apartment and slammed the door. She slid the deadbolt into place. *I'm done. I'm not going anywhere with these perverts*❖

She heard loud footsteps coming up the stairs. Crossing her arms in front of herself, she backed into the kitchen. She strained to hear the muffled voices of Winston and Matt outside her door. Then, came the loud knock. ❖OPEN THE DOOR, LITTLE GIRL.❖ It was Winston. Aubree shuddered.

The knocking came again. ❖OPEN UP, LITTLE GIRL.❖ She could hear aggravation in Winston's tone.

She walked slowly towards the door. Pressing her ear against the wood, she listened intently. She could hear Matt talking❖ something about Winston being his hero. The knocking resumed, causing her to jump back from the door. ❖YOU'RE STARTING TO UPSET ME, LITTLE MISSY.❖

Aubree felt her heart pounding. She took a step forward and slowly unlatched the deadbolt. Leaving the chain on the door, she opened it a small crack. Winston stood outside, inches away, glaring at her angrily. She could see Matt standing just behind Winston. He was smiling broadly. Winston put his hand on the door and leaned forward causing Aubree to back away. ❖I will tell you one more time. Open this damned door or you'll be in worse trouble than you already are.❖

Aubree could smell the whiskey and tobacco on Winston's breath. She shook her head. ❖No. I can't. Not while he's here.❖ She looked nervously over Winston's shoulder at Matt. ❖Make him go away.❖

Matt broke into an even bigger grin. ❖Don't be so shy, Aubree. It's not like I haven't seen everything already.❖ He laughed. ❖A simple bra inspection shouldn't be any big deal.❖

Aubree pushed against the door, trying to close it again. Winston pushed back, forcing the door open to the full length of the inner chain. ❖Little girl, I'm going to count to three and this chain had best be unlatched.❖

Aubree's heart raced with fear and she felt herself blushing furiously. ❖Please. Make Matt go away. Why does he need to be here?❖

Winston started to count❖ ❖One❖❖

Aubree felt her bottom lip quivering. She suppressed the urge to weep. ❖Please. Please. Make him go away!❖ She saw Matt cross his arms and lean against the rail, smiling.

Winston continued, ♦Two♦♦

Crestfallen, Aubree slowly unlatched the chain and backed away from the door.

Winston pushed into the apartment, trailed closely by the grinning Matt. He stepped towards her and grabbed her by the arm. Without speaking he led her towards the couch.

Aubree could hear Matt laughing in the doorway as Winston dragged her across the room. She tripped over the high heels and stumbled to her knees. Winston harshly yanked her to her feet and pulled her over to the couch. He sat down and spun her around by the hips until she stood facing him. He looked up at her angrily.

Aubree looked down at her feet. She felt helpless. She felt Winston's hands on her hips. He exhaled deeply. ♦Why do you disobey me, girl?♦

Aubree shot a look at Matt. He was still smiling. She blushed in embarrassment.

Winston repeated his question. ♦Why do you disobey me, little girl?♦

Aubree fought back the tears. *I won't cry in front of Matt*♦ Her voice shook as she responded, ♦I'm not trying to disobey. I only wanted him to go away.♦ She shot a glance at Matt.

Winston shook his head slowly. ♦You did disobey. And now, I'll have to punish you. Because you disobeyed me in front of Matt, it's only fair that he witness your punishment.♦ Winston looked up at her. ♦What happens when little girls are disobedient?♦

Aubree looked down at Winston's face and quickly looked over at Matt. He was leaning against the door with his hand held over his mouth, his elbow resting in his other hand. It was clear he was smiling. He winked at her.

Aubree was angry and ashamed. She wanted to pull away from Winston and punch the grinning Matt right in the mouth.

Winston slapped her thigh. ♦What happens when you disobey me, little girl?♦

♦I don't know.♦ Aubree tried to step backwards but Winston's hands held her firmly by the hips.

♦Well, I guess I shall have to remind you.♦ Winston unsnapped the button on her shorts and lowered the zipper.

Aubree tried to push his hands away as he lowered her shorts off her hips and pushed them to her ankles. She closed her eyes as he reached into the elastic waistband of her panties and pulled them down. She felt the cool air rush across her bare butt and exposed pubic area.

♦Get across my knee.♦ Winston pulled her forward.

As Aubree leaned forward across Winston's lap, she saw Matt step forward, grabbing his swollen crotch. The smug smirk on his face made her sick.

Winston placed a hand on her bare backside. He rubbed his palm across the smooth flesh of her buttocks. ♦You'll get ten swats. You will count aloud.♦

He raised his hand and came down across her butt savagely. *Thwack!* The sound of his hand on her bare flesh echoed through the room.

♦one♦♦ Aubree's voice was weak.

Thwack!

♦two♦

Thwack!

♦three♦♦ Aubree could see Matt out of her peripheral vision as he maneuvered for the best view. *I won't cry*♦ *I won't cry*♦

Thwack!

♦four.♦ Aubree choked back the tears.

Thwack!

♦five♦

Thwack!

♦six♦

Thwack!

seven Aubree sniffed. She felt the tears start down her cheeks. She tried to wipe them away but, Winston forced her hand back to her side.

Thwack!

Aubree swallowed. eight

Thwack!

nine

Thwack!

ten

Winston sat back and pulled Aubree up by the elbow. She stood, looking down at her feet. Her shorts and panties were around her ankles. She held her hands over her pubes. She faced away from the grinning Matt and could feel his lustful gaze on her bare butt.

Winston folded his hands in his lap. Now, I want you to walk over to Matt and tell him you're sorry for your misbehavior.

Aubree leaned over and started to pull her pants up.

Winston stopped her. No. Keep the pants where they are. Go tell Matt you're sorry.

Aubree held her head in shame. She was crying now. She watched the tears drip from her face onto the carpet. She slowly turned and looked at Matt.

Matt stood with his arms crossed over his chest, smiling.

Aubree dragged her feet across the carpet. She moved very slowly, afraid that she might trip on the high heels and tangled shorts and panties around her ankles. She stopped in front of Matt. She couldn't look at him. Instead, she looked at his shoes. His shoes were dirty. Disgusting bastard. How was I ever attracted to this pig?

She heard Matt cough. I'm ready for my apology, Aubree. She heard the mirth in his voice.

Aubree looked down at the carpet. Her hands were folded in front of herself. The teardrops dripped down her face and onto the floor. Stop crying stupid!

She forced out the words, I'm sorry. She just wanted this all to be over.

Matt reached around and pinched her bare butt. You're forgiven. He gave her butt cheek a slap.

Winston sighed. Now, if you had done what I asked originally, we wouldn't be here right now. He cracked his knuckles. Now lift your shirt and let me confirm you're not wearing a bra.

Aubree turned around to face Winston. She slowly lifted her shirt. Her large breasts sprang free from the tight material. Her nipples were hard in the cold air.

Aubree felt sick. She stood, holding her shirt up, her shorts and underwear around her ankles. She felt Matt pinch her butt. She heard him laugh.

Winston chuckled. That's good, little girl. Now, pull your pants up and stop parading around like a whore.

Aubree lowered her shirt and pulled up her panties and shorts. She pulled on the shirt, wishing it would offer more cover. The bottom of the skimpy garment only fell to just beneath her ample breasts. The shorts weren't any better. They rode low on her hips and were so tight that she was barely able to fasten the zipper. She stood in the middle of the room looking down at her high heeled shoes. She wiped her cheeks with the back of her hand. I cried Damn them. Damn me! I cried again

Winston stood up and reached into his pocket. Pulling out a pack of smokes, he lit one up. He turned to Matt. Okay, young sir. Thank you for your help. You may leave now.

Matt looked hurt. He shot a look at Aubree and turned back to Winston. Why? I mean I thought I'm not busy. Can I hang with you guys tonight? I mean I thought maybe you know. He squeezed his crotch and looked towards Aubree.

Not tonight. Winston nodded at the door. See you around.

Matt took a step forward. ♦Wait a minute, man. You can't just make her strip down and show it off without a little finishing act. I'm horny as hell. I know you deleted the pics I snapped yesterday. I mean, I ain't asking for the pics♦ That's cool. Just a little blowjob or even a hand job. You know? I need to get off.♦

Winston was on him in a split second. He struck like a snake. One instant, Winston was standing calmly, taking a drag on his cigarette. The next instant, his hand was wrapped around Matt's throat, forcing him to his knees. ♦I asked you to leave, boy. Are you defying me?♦

Matt's hands flew to his throat in an attempt to pull Winston's powerful grip away. He tried to stand up but Winston forced him further to the ground. ♦I♦hmmph♦♦, he was unable to speak. He gasped for breath.

Winston squeezed tighter. ♦I told you once, boy. The party is over. I gave you a free show not once, but twice. Now, you insult me?♦

Matt strained for air. He felt his face turning blue.

Winston jerked him to his feet and punched him savagely in the stomach. Matt fell to the ground, gagging.

Aubree backed into the corner. Her heart raced with fear as she watched Winston manhandle the helpless Matt.

Winston put his boot over Matt's neck, pinning him to the ground. ♦I think the free show is over, boy. I gave you an inch and you want a mile. Now, you'll pay. The way I see it, you owe me for two free nudie shows and one damn good blowjob.♦

Matt shook with fear and shame. ♦What do you want, mister? I don't understand♦♦

Winston reached down and pulled Matt's wallet from his back pocket. He kept his foot over Matt's neck as he opened the wallet. ♦Now, let's see what you have to offer, boy.♦ Winston pulled out a wad of cash. He thumbed through it quickly. ♦Three hundred twenty-two dollars. That sounds about right.♦ He lifted his foot off Matt's neck and shoved the money into his pocket. ♦I think we're even.♦ He tossed the wallet at Matt.

Matt slowly got to his knees. He held his head low in shame. He picked up his wallet and pushed it into his back pocket. His throat ached and he could feel bruises forming. He couldn't look at Aubree.

♦Now, get out.♦ Winston pointed towards the door.

Aubree watched as Matt slinked away. Her mind swirled with emotions♦ Fear, shock, desperation and uncertainty. She looked at Winston. He was staring intently at her. She watched him take a deep drag from his cigarette.

Winston walked over to Aubree and stood looking down at the cowering girl. ♦You sure are one fine piece of meat.♦ He reached under her shirt and pinched her bare nipple. ♦I'd almost like to take you to your bedroom for a good fuck session but, we're already running late.♦ He looked down at his watch. ♦Get moving.♦ He pushed her towards the front door.

Aubree walked gingerly down the steps, being careful not to trip over the uncomfortable heels. Her mind raced♦ one fine piece of meat♦ She felt Winston pushing her along. ♦Hurry up, girl. Get to the truck.♦

Winston slammed the truck door and started the engine. He turned towards Aubree. ♦Now, I want you to be on your best behavior tonight. We're meeting a very important friend of mine. I want no defiance out of you. If there is defiance, I'll have my belt across your little tight ass. Do you hear me?♦

Aubree folded her hands in her lap and looked out the window. ♦Yes, sir. I understand.♦

Winston smiled. ♦That's good. Very good.♦ He punched the gas and the truck sped out of the parking lot and into the busy street.

Chapter 8: Eight Ball, Corner Pocket

Aubree watched the streetlights passing by the window as the truck sped down the highway. She was afraid to look at Winston. She had been afraid of him before but after witnessing the beating he administered to Matt, her fear had turned to pure terror. She looked down at her exposed midriff and legs. She felt shame wash over herself. How did I get here?? She crossed her arms over her stomach and resisted the urge to cry.

Winston placed a large hand on her bare thigh and squeezed. ♦Get those damned heels off, tramp. All you do is trip in them anyway. I thought you could handle wearing a woman's shoes, but it is apparent that you're still a little girl. Better you should go barefoot than stumble around all night.♦

Aubree leaned forward and unfastened the high heels and slipped them off her feet. She could see the red outlines of the shoe straps on the tops of her feet. She wiggled her bare toes, glad to be free of the cumbersome heels.

Winston looked down at her. ♦Throw them behind the seat.♦ He watched as Aubree placed the shoes in the back. He laughed. ♦To think, I thought you might be a woman and able to handle those heels. Foolish me. You're just a little girl in a woman's body.♦ He pulled out a smoke and lit it quickly. ♦Now, remember. No damned back talk. The first negative word you utter will be your last. Got it?♦

♦Yes, sir.♦, came Aubree's weak reply.

Winston chuckled and turned on the radio. An old rock n roll song poured out of the speakers♦

Well, I'm a back door man,

I'm a back door man.

Whoa, baby— I'm a back door man.

The men don't know

But the little girls understand.

Winston laughed out loud. ♦How fitting♦ How god damned fitting.♦ He pulled on his cigarette and turned the volume up. ♦How fucking ironic♦♦ He shook his head as he steered the truck towards the exit.

Winston slowed down and pulled into the parking lot of a non descript building. Aubree looked at the sign over the door♦. BIG JACK'S HOUSE OF BILLARDS. She glanced around the parking lot. There were maybe a dozen cars and a couple of motorcycles. The parking lot was dimly lit. It was one of those buildings you could drive by everyday without noticing. She got an uncomfortable feeling in her stomach. *Something's wrong here*♦ An image of her aging father flashed through her mind. *Daddy*♦

Winston turned off the engine. He shot a look at Aubree. ♦Stay with me and do everything I say without question.♦ It was a statement. Aubree simply nodded.

Winston got out of the truck and walked around to the passenger side. He opened the door and pulled Aubree out by her arm. Slamming the door he pulled her across the parking lot towards the main entrance.

Aubree almost had to run to keep up with Winston's fast pace. The rocks and pebbles on the parking lot hurt her bare feet. She heard the sound of muffled music coming from within the establishment.

When they reached the front door, Winston knocked twice. Aubree looked at the sign hanging on the door. MEMBERS ONLY. NO SOLICITING. She felt sick.

The door was quickly opened. A large bearded man stood in the doorway. He wore a leather vest and torn blue jeans. A large chain hung from his belt loop, securing his wallet. Tattoos covered his bare arms. His eyes traveled over her body. He examined her from head to toe. He turned to Winston. ♦Hey, man. Good to see you again.♦ He extended a hand. Winston grasped his hand. ♦Good to see you. I have an appointment with Mr. Black.♦

The bearded man nodded. ♦He's been expecting you.♦ He glanced down at Aubree and winked at Winston. ♦Fly in the web?♦

Winston nodded. ♦Yeah. Could be.♦

The bearded man smiled and opened the door. ♦Looks young. Come on in.♦

Winston pulled Aubree into the darkened interior. The door closed behind them.

Aubree looked around, nervously. They were in a large open area with a low ceiling. The room was dark and filled with smoke. At least a dozen pool tables were lined up across the entire length of the chamber. At the far end of the room was a bar. Loud music pumped through speakers hanging throughout the room. Although the place could hold several hundred people, there appeared to be only twenty or so individuals. Aubree was stunned at the diversity of their appearance. Some of the people seemed to be the biker sort♦ leather and chains♦ Others were wearing suits and ties. The most disturbing thing was there seemed to be only men in the building. She glanced around the room♦ *where are the girls???* She felt a sinking sensation in the pit of her stomach.

The bearded man looked at Winston. ♦Mr. Black is in the office. He asked that you be brought in straight away.♦

Winston nodded. ♦Of course he did.♦

The bearded man led them down into the pool hall. Winston grasped Aubree's hand and pulled her along. He looked over his shoulder and squinted his eyes at her. He didn't speak but Aubree understood♦ *shut up and obey*. She felt sick.

Aubree felt totally exposed in her skimpy attire. The air was cold against her bare stomach and her nipples hardened in the chill atmosphere, pressing against the tight fabric of her shirt. Daddy's Girl. Aubree remembered the statement emblazoned on her shirt. She sniffed, loudly. I am Daddy's girl! The hard floor was cold on her bare feet. She almost wished she still had the high heels. She looked around the room and noticed the men had stopped playing pool. All eyes were on her. She heard whispers throughout the room. She couldn't make out exactly what they were saying but, she got the general idea. hot, young girl. Her nervousness increased.

When they reached the bar area, Winston motioned Aubree towards a stool. Have a seat. Wait here. Don't move. He squeezed her arm and guided her into the stool. Don't move, he reiterated.

Aubree watched as Winston walked away, following the bearded man. They vanished down a darkened hallway at the rear of the bar and were gone. Aubree was left alone. She looked around the room. Most of the men had resumed their games. The sounds of pool echoed throughout the chamber, intermingling with the loud music. Tobacco smoke was thick in the air. Aubree turned her back to the room and faced the bar. She smoothed her hands across her cut off shorts and pulled on the skimpy top. She felt totally exposed and was glad to have the cover of the bar.

She glanced around the bar. There were several men leaning against the counter to her immediate right. Mostly, the biker type. They talked loudly amongst themselves but, Aubree noticed their eyes were all turned towards her. She looked to her left and saw a short, white haired man in a business suit sitting at the far end of the bar. He was looking directly at her. He lifted his glass towards her and smiled. Aubree nodded and quickly turned away. Where are the girls???

As if in answer to her unspoken question, a curtain parted behind the bar and a young woman stepped out. She was wearing the skimpiest of black bikinis, high heeled shoes and nothing more. She had long dark hair and the brownest eyes Aubree had ever seen. She looked to be in her early twenties. Aubree watched, fascinated, as the girl walked over to the bikers and took their order. As the girl handed them their full mugs, Aubree took notice that no money was exchanged. Odd. The girl walked down the bar, her hips swaying provocatively in the skimpy thong bikini. The bikers hooted and whistled at her. Hey, Kimmy! Shake that money maker! Shake that little ass, baby! The girl appeared not to notice. She walked past Aubree without looking at her and approached the white haired man at the opposite end of the bar. Aubree noticed a tattoo on Kimmy's left shoulder. It read, 'Property of M.F.'. Aubree wondered who 'M.F.' could be. she must really love him to get his initials tattooed on herself.

Aubree continued to watch as the bikini clad Kimmy approached the white haired man. He leaned forward as she approached, waving what appeared to be a hundred dollar bill in the air. Aubree heard him say, Let me have another one of the same, cutie. Kimmy took the man's money and ran her hand across his cheek, smiling. Coming right up, honey. Aubree watched Kimmy fix the man's drink. She poured a large amount of several different alcohols into his glass before topping the concoction off with cola. She handed him the glass and took his hundred dollar bill. Aubree watched her deposit the bill into the register. She was surprised to see no change returned to the man. That's one expensive drink.

Kimmy turned towards Aubree and walked in her direction. Aubree realized she had been staring. She quickly looked away. She felt uncomfortable as Kimmy leaned on the bar in front of her.

What will you have, cutie pie? Kimmy rested her elbows on the counter and stared at her. Aubree felt self conscious. I'm not twenty-one yet. I can't drink.

Kimmy laughed. You're twenty-one here, girl. What would you like?

Aubree shifted uncomfortably on her stool. She pulled on her skimpy top, wishing it covered more. Okay. Just a beer. Thanks.

Kimmy leaned over the bar and looked down at Aubree's body. You're a pretty one. You have a really tight stomach. I'm jealous. You work out?

Aubree didn't understand how Kimmy could be jealous. She had one of the hottest bodies Aubree had ever seen.

Sometimes. Not much. Aubree looked away.

Kimmy smiled. Not much, huh? With a toned body like that, I know you're lying. You must work out everyday. Kimmy tapped her long red fingernails on the bar. I need to work out more, but I can't stand treadmills. She brushed the hair off of Aubree's forehead. Pretty hair. You here with your 'boyfriend'?

Aubree didn't like the question or the way Kimmy stressed the word 'boyfriend'. No. He's just an acquaintance. We won't be staying long.

Really? Kimmy shrugged. Okay, cutie pie. She walked over and poured beer into a frosty mug. Here you go, cutie. She placed the mug in front of Aubree on the counter.

Aubree suddenly realized she had no money. I I seem to have forgotten my purse. I I

Kimmy laughed. It's okay. You have credit here, sweetie.

Kimmy looked around the bar. ♦Slow night.♦

Aubree nodded.

Kimmy leaned forward, inches away from Aubree's face. ♦I can see you don't know where you are. Take my advice. Get out of here, girl.♦

Aubree felt a chill on her spine. ♦What do you mean?♦

Kimmy started to speak, but was interrupted by the bikers at the end of the bar. ♦WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, KIMMY? DON'T SCARE OFF THE NEW CLIENTS!♦ A fat biker with a long beard walked down the bar. ♦What are you two little ladies chatting about?♦ He leaned against the counter. His eyes were cold and black. ♦WELL?♦

Kimmy flipped her hair. ♦Nothing, Animal. Take it easy. I was just telling the new girl how pretty she is.♦

The large biker nodded. ♦All right. Fine. Just watch the mouth.♦ He glanced down at the end of the bar. His eyes rested on the white haired man. ♦Looks like Jones needs some company. Why don't you give him some?♦

Kimmy looked over her shoulder. The white haired man winked at her and produced another hundred dollar bill, almost magically.

Kimmy sighed. ♦Must I?♦

Animal nodded. ♦Yep. Get movin.♦

Kimmy shot a glance at Aubree before turning away. She walked to the end of the bar and said something to the white haired man. He smiled and followed her into the back hallway. They vanished into the darkness.

Aubree took a sip of her beer. *This must be some kind of brothel♦ that girl was a whore♦ I need to get out of here♦*

Aubree realized the fat biker was still leaning on the counter beside her. Her bare toes clinched on the bottom of the stool. She tried to look away from him, sipping on her beer.

The biker took a long swallow from his mug and looked down at Aubree. ♦Hey there, honey. You'll have to forgive our little Kimmy. She's a little coo-coo sometimes.♦ He made a swirling motion with his finger beside his head. ♦Coo-coo.. Coo-coo.♦ He laughed as if he had made some fabulous joke.

Aubree smiled, politely. She took another drink of the cold beer. *Just go away♦*

The biker snorted. ♦Don't talk much do ya?♦ He cleared his throat loudly and held one finger over his nostril. He blew loudly, expelling a large amount of snot onto the floor. ♦Excuse me.♦ He laughed.

Aubree felt sick. She looked over her shoulder at the front door. *I have to get out of here♦*

The biker leaned forward onto the bar. ♦Oh well. If you're one of Winston's girls, we won't need you to talk much. I think I'll be seeing a lot more of you later.♦ He glanced down at her breasts. His gaze fell across her bare stomach and legs. ♦Damn! You sure are fine.♦ Snorting loudly, he walked away.

Aubree's heart was beating fast. Her palms felt cold. *I may be young but I'm not stupid♦ She stood up quickly and walked towards the front exit♦ I'll call my friend, Jill♦ she'll come get me♦ why did I let him bring me here??? Where are we exactly??* Aubree tried to remember the name of the exit Winston took♦ *McGowen? McCowen??* ♦ She wished she had her cell phone. *Winston smashed it♦ bastard♦*

Aubree walked quickly through the pool hall. She could see men looking at her from every direction. She realized what a sight she must be in her tiny shorts and halter top. *I may as well be nude!* She stepped on a bottle cap and winced in pain as the sharp edge cut into her bare foot. *Damn it!* She looked up and could see the front exit just ahead. Suddenly a pool stick came down in front of her. She stopped dead in her tracks. She looked over at the man holding the stick. He was at least six and half feet tall and wore a jean jacket emblazed with multiple patches. His hair was long and stringy. Silver rings shined on all his fingers. A cigarette hung from his bottom lip. He stepped towards her.

♦Where you headed, missy?♦

Aubree thought fast. ♦My purse. I left it in the car.♦

The big man chuckled and tapped her bare stomach with the pool stick. ♦Purse, huh? Don't worry about your I.D., we don't need it here.♦ He stepped in front of her and leaned on the stick. ♦What's your name, sexy?♦

Aubree contemplated running past the man and breaking for the door. She looked at him nervously from under her eyelashes. ♦Aubree.♦

The man took a long drag on his smoke. ♦ You don't look like an Aubree. You look like a Baby. I think I'll call you Baby. Okay? ♦

♦ Whatever. ♦ Aubree tried to push past him. He stopped her with a large hand on her shoulder.

♦ Whoa, Baby. You ain't goin no where. ♦

Aubree's heart was racing so fast that it felt as if it would burst through her chest. ♦ Look, mister. I need my purse. I drank a beer and I have to get my money. ♦

The man didn't respond. He just leaned on the pool cue, staring at her.

♦ I already called my friend. She's on the way up here. ♦ Aubree didn't know why she said that. It just sprang out of her mouth.

The man rubbed his chin. ♦ Is she as sexy as you? ♦

♦ No. She's older. Not sexy at all. She's a cop. ♦ Aubree hoped her gamble would pay off.

♦ A cop? Mmmmm ♦ I don't like cops. ♦ The man leaned forward. ♦ Are you a cop? ♦

Aubree had never been so afraid in her life. ♦ No. I'm not a cop. She's my friend. I just mean she's older. You know? I need to get my purse. ♦

The man frowned. ♦ Nope. Don't know what you mean. I think you might be an undercover officer. Are you wearing a wire? ♦

'No! ♦ Aubree shuddered. This was getting strange and out of control. ♦ No, I'm not wearing a wire. I'm not a cop! Look mister, I need to get my purse. ♦

♦ Nope. I don't think so. I think you're wired. ♦ The man looked over his shoulder. ♦ Hey, Animal! This bitch is wired! ♦, he yelled.

Aubree saw Animal walking towards them. He looked menacing.

♦ What are you talking about, Mongrel? ♦ Animal walked over and stood with his fists on his hips. ♦ This bitch ain't a cop. She's with Winston. You saw them come in together. Besides, she's way too young to be a fucking cop. ♦ Animal looked down at Aubree. ♦ How old are you, sweet thing? ♦

♦ Eighteen. ♦ Aubree looked nervously between the two men. ♦ I'm eighteen. I'm not a cop. I just want to get my purse. ♦

Mongrel grinned. ♦ Eighteen ♦ whoa doggies! Eight fuckin teen! Barely bleedin! ♦

Animal laughed and slapped Mongrel on the back. ♦ Fresh outta school, bro. Premium flesh. That Winston knows how to find em' young. ♦

Aubree really didn't like the way the discussion was progressing. ♦ Look. I just need to get my purse ♦ I'll be right back ♦ I ♦. ♦

Animal silenced her with a raised hand. ♦ Shut up now, little Miss Eighteen. You ain't gonna be goin anywhere right yet. Go back to the bar and sit that pretty ass of yours down. ♦

Aubree felt her heart sink. The exit was just a few steps away. She turned slowly and walked back towards the bar. She heard Animal and Mongrel talking behind her. They were talking about her ass. What they would do with it ♦ Aubree was scared.

As she approached the bar, she saw Winston step out of the darkened back hallway. He raised a finger towards her and beckoned her.

Aubree hurried over to him. She was almost glad to see him ♦ almost ♦

Aubree looked up at Winston. ♦ I need to get home ♦ I ♦ ♦

Winston shook his head. ♦ Not now. Shut your mouth. ♦

Aubree's full lips turned downwards. ♦ I have to go ♦ I need to study for class ♦ ♦

Winston shook his head. ♦ No more studying tonight. Follow me. ♦ He looked at her through narrowed eyelids. ♦ I don't need any trouble from you. ♦

Aubree followed Winston into the darkened hallway. The sounds of the pool hall slowly faded away as they made their way into the dimly lit corridor. They reached a wooden door which Winston quickly opened. On the other side of the door, a steep flight of stairs led down to a lower level. Winston grabbed her arm and pulled her down the stairs.

At the bottom of the stairs they entered another hallway. This hall was richly adorned with shiny oak floors and wall panels. A red carpet extended down the entire length of the corridor. Fancy candlelight fixtures lined the walls. There were three closed doors on each side of the hallway. At the far end of the hall, two oak double doors stood closed.

Winston looked down at Aubree and squeezed her arm. ♦I want you to shut you mouth. Do exactly what I tell you without question.♦ He squeezed her arm again. ♦I mean without question. It will be bad for you if you disobey.♦

Aubree nodded. She had a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach. Warm tears formed at the corners of her eyes.

Winston pulled her down the hall approaching the double doors. Aubree heard sounds coming from behind the closed side doors as they walked down the hall. The sounds were unmistakable. Sex. Aubree shivered. People are having sex in these rooms♦ She thought she heard Kimmy's voice. She was moaning.

Aubree looked up at Winston. Please let me go♦ She pulled on his hand. ♦Sir?♦ Her voice was a mere whisper. He turned to face her. ♦Please. Let's just leave. I'll suck your dick in the truck. Please?♦

Winston punched her in the stomach. She fell to her knees, gasping for breath.

He leaned over. ♦I told you not to speak. If I didn't need your pretty face, I'd give you a black eye. Don't open that mouth again.♦ He pulled her to her feet.

Aubree took deep breaths, trying to regain her wind. Winston pulled her towards the double doors. He stopped at the end of the hallway, just outside the doors. He looked down at the gasping girl.

♦Take your clothes off.♦

Aubree froze.

Winston repeated his command. He clenched his fist. ♦Strip. Everything off. Now.♦

Aubree felt sick as she pulled the skimpy halter top over her shoulders and dropped it to the floor. She unfastened the button on her shorts and lowered the zipper. She stepped out of the garment and stood fully nude.

Winston cupped his hand under her buttocks. ♦Get on your hands and knees.♦

Aubree knelt onto the floor. She wanted to speak but her fear suppressed her urge.

Winston produced a leash and dog collar from his pocket. He fastened the collar around her neck and latched the leash onto the collar. He laughed. ♦You're a dog now. Act like it.♦ He shoved her face to the ground with his foot. ♦Don't open that fucking mouth again.♦

Aubree knelt on all fours. The leash was tight around her neck. A few moments before, she had wished the shorts and halter top would offer more cover. Now, she wished to have the shorts and halter top back. She was as naked as the day she was born.

Winston knocked twice on the large double doors. He turned the handle and pushed the doors fully open.

The interior room was dark. Very dark. A voice seemed to materialize out of the blackness. ♦Come in.♦

Winston pulled the leash and led her forward into the black room.

Aubree's mind went blank. She went to a happy place. Mommy and Daddy in the old garden♦ dolphins in the ocean♦ She blacked it all out. Her mind became numb.
(Next Chapter: ♦Sold♦. Coming soon♦)

Aubrees First Apartment (cont.);

Chapter 9: Sold, Temporarily

Aubree trembled as Winston pulled her into the room. It was dark and cold. The freezing air cut like razors on her exposed flesh. The hard floor felt like ice on her bare feet.

A low voice spoke from the blackness. ♦My, my♦ Isn't she just adorable? The pictures you provided fail to do her justice. She's the image of female perfection. A genuine Aphrodite♦

Winston nodded in agreement. ♦I told you as much♦ He yanked hard on the leash, pulling Aubree forward. ♦Get on your knees, little girl.♦ Winston spoke in a hushed voice. ♦Do exactly what you're told if you want to be in your own bed tonight♦ He squeezed her face with one hand, forcing her mouth into a puckered position. ♦No back talk.♦

Shivering, Aubree sank to her knees. She squeezed her bare thighs tightly together and held her arms over her heaving, naked breasts. She felt her nipples hardening in the cold air, like pencil erasers. Her eyes darted around the darkened room. She couldn't make anything out as her eyes adjusted to the inky darkness. The only light came from the open doorway through which they had entered. Oh my god♦ Oh my god♦ Her heart raced, feeling as if it would explode through her chest. Her mouth was dry. She licked her lips, tasting the lipstick. Why am I wearing lipstick?♦ This isn't some date! Stupid♦ stupid♦ stupid♦ I have to pee♦ Aubree realized her bladder was full from the beer she consumed earlier. She dropped a hand to her tummy. Ohhhh♦

Aubree heard heavy footsteps approaching from her right. She glanced in that direction and saw a shadowy form approaching. As the figure stepped into the dim light of the open doorway, Aubree realized it was the bearded biker who had greeted them at the front door.

She watched, terrified, as Winston handed the leash to the biker and walked away. She strained her eyes into the darkness trying to see where Winston was going. Don't leave me! Help!

As Winston vanished into the blackness, Aubree's eyes began to adjust to the very dim lighting. She thought she could make out a large reddish curtain immediately in front of her. The curtain seemed to go from floor to ceiling. She realized the floor beneath her was made of wood. She had the vague impression of being on some type of stage.

The bearded biker yanked on the leash, forcing her to her feet. He leaned over and peered down at her. ♦Now, don't give me any problems, girlie. Just stand your skinny ass right there and look pretty♦ and don't try to cover up.♦ He gave her butt a squeeze, reminding her of her nakedness.

Suddenly, there was the loud noise of a switch being thrown into place. Bright, arena style lights suddenly engulfed the room in a brilliant radiance. Aubree's bottom lip quivered as she squinted up into the glaring brightness. The lights were shining directly on her. She could see they were stadium lights. She ran her hands up and down her bare arms in an attempt to calm her raging fear. A chill ran up her spine causing her the jerk involuntarily.

The large red curtain began to part as the biker pulled her forward. She trembled as her eyes traveled over the newly revealed scene. She was on a large wooden stage. The stage floor was polished and reflected the bright light from above, making her squint. The biker's boots were loud on the wood floor as he pulled her forward.

As the curtain parted, Aubree realized she was in a huge chamber with high ceilings. The area in front of the stage was open and bare with a simple tile flooring. About fifteen feet away she could see a low half wall beyond the tiles. Past the wall, there appeared to be stadium seats. It was as if she were in a small theatre or arena. A dozen or more shadowy figures sat on the benches, their faces obscured by the bright light shining in her face. There was the sound of applause. They were clapping. Aubree felt sick. What's happening? I have to get out of here! Why are they clapping? I'm naked! Instinctively, she held one arm over her breasts and the other over her pubic area. Nausea overwhelmed her. The applause continued and seemed to increase as she dropped her head in shame, looking down at her bare toes.

The biker raised his hand, motioning for silence. ♦Gentlemen♦ gentlemen♦ thank you♦ thank you♦♦ He bowed and tossed his arm in the air in a sweeping motion.

Aubree shot a glance to her right. She saw Winston standing next to a man just offstage. The man sat on a high stool and appeared to be saying something to Winston while motioning with his hand in a curving fashion. He had long shiny black hair pulled back into a tight ponytail. He was clean shaven and appeared to be in his late thirties or early forties. He was very muscular. He wore dark sunglasses. Why is he wearing sunglasses in this place???♦ The man wore a long sleeved white shirt covered by a black leather vest. Black jeans and shiny leather boots completed his attire. Aubree noticed his fingers were covered with gold rings. In one hand was a wooden walking cane topped with a large ram's head. The man tapped the cane against his boot rhythmically, as if listening to a song heard only by himself. A half empty beer bottle sat on the ground at his feet. He glanced up at Winston and made some remark, which Aubree couldn't make out. Winston appeared to laugh at the man's comments.

Aubree turned her attention back to the arena. She held her head down, allowing her hair to fall across her face. Looking through her hair at the men seated in the stands, she tried to make out their features but the bright light shining in her face obscured details. Who are these men? I want to go home♦

As the applause dwindled, the biker raised his hand. ♦Thank you♦ Thank you♦ Gentlemen, we have quite an offering for you this evening. Allow me to present for your viewing, please♦ Aubree!♦ He made a sweeping motion with his hand as the applause resumed. After several seconds, the biker motioned for silence.

♦Little Aubree is eighteen and fresh. Look at her, gentlemen! A fresh squeezed cup of girlish innocence. Barely touched by man, if ever! Imagine the pleasure!♦ He placed a large hand on her arms, pulling them away. He glanced down at the fully exposed girl. In a barely audible whisper her commanded her, ♦hands on your head, bitch♦ now.♦

Shaking, Aubree placed her hands on top of her head. What's happening! Oh my god♦ Her eyes raced across the room. She felt weak. Her bladder was full. I have to pee! She felt her heart pounding in her chest. She felt sick as the biker continued♦

She's as fresh and pure as they come. A completely new girl and trained by one of our best recruiters. He ran a large hand over her bare breasts and stomach, stopping to squeeze each erect nipple. He made a kissing motion in the air and shook his long stringy hair. Pausing for a moment to allow his comments to sink in, he continued. It's my understanding that she can be a bit unruly at times but accepts discipline when required. He laughed and gave her backside a slap. Who among us would pass up the opportunity to discipline this tight little ass? He grabbed Aubree's shoulders and spun her around, revealing her bare buttocks to the hushed crowd. Gentlemen? Imagine the things you could do with this. He placed a hand on each of her cheeks and pulled them apart, revealing her tight anus. He looked up at the audience and licked his lips.

Aubree felt tears starting in the corners of her eyes. She trembled violently. I wanna go home. I have to pee. She could feel the men's lustful eyes burning into her bare butt. I don't accept discipline. I'm not a child! She could smell the beer on the biker's breath. The applause from the stands made her sick.

She glanced over at Winston and the strange man. Winston held one hand over his chin, stroking gently. The long haired man continued to tap the cane against his boot. He looked intently in her direction. The bright lights reflected off his dark sunglasses.

The biker continued. Gentlemen, just look at her body. Lean, trim and all natural. What would you pay for a night with her? He paused for several seconds. Where will the bidding start?

Aubree felt sick and anger was starting to build in her stomach, coupled with an intense fear. I'm not some animal to be sold at auction. screw this. screw all of them! She could hear the bidding. The sound was remote as if coming from far away.

1000. 1250. 1500. The shouts from the audience were loud and sounded desperate. The men sounded hungry like wolves.

She listened as the biker prodded the audience. No no, gentlemen. He shook his head disapprovingly. A fine specimen like this? I should hear at least three thousand as an opening bid! Shall we start again? A full night with this little girl? Think of the pleasure! Money should be no impediment! Come on!

The bidding resumed. 3000. 3100. 4000. The shouts from the arena continued.

Aubree stood with her back to the audience. Her eyes fell to the open doorway at the back of the stage. The door we came in. She could see her clothes lying in the hall, exactly where she had left them at Winston's command. Her heart pounded. I have to get out of here. She listened as the biker continued to auction her like an animal. The realization of her predicament began to set in. I'm being sold like a whore. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, Aubree lowered her hands from the back of her head and onto the collar fastened around her neck. Her lithe fingers found the buckle beneath her long hair. She listened as the auction continued.

4100. 4500. Do I hear 5000? Going once. Going twice. The biker's voice rose to a crescendo. Sold to the gentleman in seat seven for the bargain price of 4500! Payable in cash only. Congratulations, sir.

Aubree slipped the buckle loose and felt the collar slip away from her neck. I'm no animal! And, I'm damn sure not for sale! Screw all of you!

In a sudden burst of speed, Aubree pulled the collar from her neck and made a mad dash for the doorway at the back of the stage. Her eyes focused intently on her clothes, lying in a pile in the hallway.

The biker stopped in mid sentence, stunned. He looked over his shoulder at the retreating girl in disbelief. He looked down at the empty collar. Fucking bitch! He turned and ran after her. A loud gasp of shock came from the audience.

Winston watched as Aubree ran across the stage for the open doorway. His eyes narrowed as he watched her jiggling buttocks and bouncing breasts. Fucking little tramp, he murmured under his breath. He looked down at the man sitting on the stool. Sorry, Black. I told you it was too soon.

Black laughed. Adorable. He tapped the cane against his boot. Just adorable. Such spirit! He grabbed up the beer bottle at his feet and took a long gulp. Swallowing loudly, he looked up at Winston. Fetch, boy.

Winston raced across the stage.

Aubree hit the doorway at a dead run. She scooped up her clothes and raced down the hall. She could hear shouting behind her. She rounded the corner and looked up the steep stairway. With barely a pause, she took the stairs two at a time. She was aware of someone behind her. Glancing over her shoulder, she saw the biker. He was gaining ground. She increased her speed and burst into the pool hall at a dead run.

The men in the hall gasped as the nude girl ran full speed through the room. Pool sticks and beer bottles hit the ground. Shouting and whistles erupted.

Aubree could see the front door. Holding her clothes in front of herself, she dodged several stunned men and burst full speed through the door and into the parking lot. She heard a window shatter behind her as the door slammed shut. Glass tinkled onto the pavement.

Turning to her left, she ran the length of the building and turned into an alleyway. Her breathing was labored. The air felt like fire in her lungs. Without hesitation, she plunged into the darkened alley. Pebbles cut into her bare feet as she ran across the broken pavement. At the end of the alleyway was a low fence. Aubree jumped onto the fence and pulled herself over. Her shorts got hung on the fence and she let them go.

Gripping her shirt tightly in her hands, she ran through a darkened field behind the building. On the other side of the field she could see tall trees. She ran desperately for the tree line. She could hear the biker stumbling over the fence behind her. He was cursing and out of breath.

Aubree increased her speed and burst into the trees. The ground in front of her declined sharply and Aubree lost her balance. She stumbled, rolling down the embankment. At the bottom of the hill she lay on her back breathing heavily, looking up through the branches at the night sky. Slowly, she rose to her hands and knees and looked back up the incline through the trees. She could hear distant voices but there appeared to be no immediate pursuit. I lost them! Bastards!

Aubree looked around. Her shirt had slipped from her hands and lay several feet up the embankment. She stood up, brushing leaves and twigs from her nude body. A branch snapped behind her causing her to freeze. She looked over her shoulder. It was hard to see anything in the moonlight. She couldn't detect any movement. Probably just an animal. Trembling, Aubree walked over and picked up her shirt. It was the only garment she had been able to retain. She shook it out and pulled it over her head. She looked down at herself. The shirt came to just beneath her breasts. Aside from that, she was fully nude. Now what? I don't have a cell phone. I'm not even sure where I am. I can't walk around like this. I'm naked! Aubree felt sick. She crouched down and held her arms around her knees, squeezing her big toes. Oh god. Oh god.

Chapter 10: The Hunter, the Hunted, the Homeless and the Law

Winston stood with his hands on his hips, looking across the field behind the building. Fucking little tramp. He shook his head in disbelief. Little tramp. He spit on the ground in disgust.

The bearded biker walked up to him. He handed Winston Aubree's shorts. I guess the little bitch ain't gonna get far without her pants. I found them snagged on the fence.

Winston held the shorts by his side and ran a hand over his damp forehead. Yeah. She isn't going to get anywhere except across my knee.

The biker laughed. You got a real livewire this time, Winston. I ain't never seen a girl run that fast. She should be in the fucking Olympics!

The sound of car doors slamming and engines turning over came from the parking lot in front of the building. Winston glanced over his shoulder.

Mr. Black rounded the corner and approached Winston. Gravel crunched under his boots. Well, my good friend. It would seem your little Aubree has spooked my clientele. Most unfortunate.

The sound of screeching tires came from the parking lot. Mr. Black looked up at the night sky, shaking his head slowly... Unfortunate, indeed.

Winston nodded. Sorry, Black. But, I told you it was too soon for this.

Mr. Black waved his hand in the air as if brushing off Winston's comment. Dust in the wind. Mist on the ocean. He tapped his walking stick on the gravel.

Black looked at the biker. Roger, go back and try to calm whatever of our clients still remain. Tell them everything is under control and drinks are on the house. And hurry up. We're bleeding money with every second.

Yes, sir. Roger walked away quickly.

Black walked over and placed a hand on Winston's shoulder. It goes without saying that this is your problem, Winston. He squeezed his shoulder. Find the girl and make sure nothing gets out. It's bad enough that many of my regulars were frightened by this incident. To have a half naked teenager with a loose mouth picked up by the police would be catastrophic.

Winston nodded. Don't worry, I'll find her.

Black smiled. I'm sure you will. Nothing but faith, old friend...nothing but faith and by the way, my offer still stands. Little Aubree will be the jewel in my crown. He cracked his knuckles while holding his walking cane under his elbow. She's the best find you've had in years, my good man. I'm particularly fond of her natural breasts. Hard to find an all natural girl these days. what a pity.

Winston was irritated. Just go away, you unbearable prick. He smiled at Mr. Black. Don't worry, I have an idea.

Black slapped Winston on the back. Good hunting, old man. He walked away, gravel crunching under his boots. Good fucking hunting.

As Mr. Black approached the corner, he turned back. Pausing, he shot a glance at Winston, lifting his cane like a sword. Don't let me down or you know I'll have your head on a platter. The cane whistled through the air in a cutting motion. Black laughed as he vanished around the corner.

Winston watched as Mr. Black walked away. Screw you, You arrogant dick. Winston pulled out a cigarette and lit it. His hands shook. Pulling deeply, he exhaled the smoke into the moonlight. He turned around and headed back to the parking lot.

Opening his truck, Winston reached into the glove box. He pulled out a flash light, his cell phone and a pair of hand cuffs. He tossed Aubree's shorts onto the floorboard. Slamming the truck door, he headed back to the rear of the building. You're going to pay for this, little girl. dearly.

Meanwhile.

Aubree looked around at the dark trees. Sweat coated her bare stomach and thighs. Her breathing was short and quick. Panic engulfed her. She stumbled through the trees. Her bare feet were bruised and aching. Perspiration trickled down her back. She was hot and frightened. Mosquitoes buzzed around her head. The skimpy shirt clung to her breasts. Her nipples were outlined through the wet fabric. Leaves crunched beneath her feet as she walked through the darkened woods. Where am I?

Aubree continued through the darkness for several long minutes. Her heart pounded with fear. Every noise made her jump. I'm going to get ticks. She continued walking, forcing one bare foot in front of the other.

Suddenly, she broke out of the trees and stood looking down a hill. At the base of the hill, she saw railroad tracks. Beyond the tracks, she saw a warehouse complex. Several buildings squatted under the pale glow of fluorescent parking lot lights. There was no movement.

Aubree started down the hill towards the railroad tracks and the warehouses beyond. Maybe there's a payphone down there. I could call collect.

She carefully made her way down the hill. She stepped gingerly over the railroad tracks and walked quickly towards the light from the silent warehouse complex. There has to be a phone. I need to pee.

Winston slapped a mosquito on his cheek and cursed. He wiped his palm across his jeans and aimed the flashlight at the ground. He stood at the bottom of a steep embankment, surrounded by tall trees. He scanned the ground with his flashlight. Broken twigs. crushed leaves. She's been here. I can smell her. Kneeling down, Winston brushed aside the leaves, revealing the damp earth beneath. He smiled at the footprint in the mud. What cute little feet you have, girl. He stood up and continued through the darkness.

Aubree hurried towards the large fence which surrounded the warehouse complex. She felt a droplet of sweat running between her bare buttocks. I'm so hot.

Reaching the base of the fence, she looked up at the barbed wire. Damn it! She quickly glanced around. Damn it! A few feet away stood a clump of bushes. Aubree hurried over to the shrubs. Squatting down, she urinated onto the dirt. The sound of her urine was loud in the still night air. She had never had to use the bathroom so badly. She held a hand over her bare stomach as if trying to push out every last drop.

Standing up, she looked back across the railroad tracks and up the steep hill beyond. Through the dark trees she thought she saw a flashlight. She strained her eyes, squinting into the darkness. It was definitely a flashlight. She could see the beam darting through the trees. They're coming after me! Oh no. A trickle of urine ran down her bare thigh.

Winston stood at the top of the hill, looking down at the warehouse complex. That's where the little bitch went. probably looking for a phone. He switched off the flashlight and pulled out his cell phone. He scanned through his contact list and dialed a number. He slapped a mosquito on his arm and cursed.

He listened as the cell phone connected. After a couple of rings a voice came through.

Yeah.

Winston smiled. Sam? Hey, It's Winston. Are you on the beat?

Yeah. why?, the voice responded.

I have an issue. need a favor.

What the fuck, Winston? I thought we were even.

Winston grimaced. Not yet, Sam. I need one more favor.

There was silence at the other end.

Winston continued. I lost a girl tonight. I think she's at the old scrap metal plant. I need your help.

The voice on the other end was weak. Okay. scrap metal plant. girl. got it. but this is it, Winston. No more.

Winston spit. ♦Fine. No more. I'm sure your wife would love to see the video tape. ♦

There was silence.

♦Sam? ♦Winston looked at the phone to make sure he still had a connection. He frowned.

The voice came from the other end. ♦Yeah. Fine ♦no issues ♦So, what's this chick look like? ♦

Winston smiled. ♦She's practically naked ♦I think she has a cut off shirt ♦says Daddy's Girl on the front. Aside from that, she's as naked as the day she was born. Just look for a nude girl at the scrap metal plant. If you find her, call me. ♦

♦Fine. Nude girl at the scrap metal plant. Got it. ♦ There was a long silence.

♦Winston? ♦

♦Yeah? ♦Winston smiled.

The voice continued. ♦If I find this girl, I assume I'll get some? ♦

Winston laughed. ♦Yeah, Sam. You're on. ♦

Winston hung up the phone and ran a sweaty hand through his thin hair. *Fucking bitch ♦don't fuck with me!* ♦

Aubree walked slowly down the fence line. Brambles cut into her bare feet and legs. She winced. Her breathing was short and quick. Sweat glistened on her naked flesh. She looked through the fence at the warehouses beyond ♦these buildings look vacant ♦ Her heart pounded. She pulled on the hem of her shirt, wishing it would at least cover her stomach. ♦

She rounded the corner of the fence line and stopped. A barren parking lot lay before her. A lone van sat forlornly under a street lamp. The van was rusted and sat on flat tires. Aubree looked across the parking lot. A darkened guard shack stood at the entrance to the complex. *Maybe there's a phone* ♦ Aubree hurried across the warm pavement towards the guard shack. She held one hand over her bare pubic area and the other over her buttocks in a futile attempt to hide her nudity from anyone who may be looking. The pavement felt hot under her feet reminding her of the reality of her situation. ♦He's after me ♦I'm nude!

As she approached the abandoned shack she noticed headlights in the distance ♦a car ♦ She rushed towards the guard shack. She looked over her shoulder to see if there was any pursuit. *I know Winston is looking for me* ♦ She ran, full speed towards the guard shack.

Keenan sat in the abandoned van which he called home. His hands gripped the decaying steering wheel as he pumped the accelerator. ♦Varoom! Varooooom ♦ He made engine noises and pretended to be on the open road. ♦Varooooom! ♦ He fell back against the seat, laughing. *Holy shit, baby! If I could get you running we would take a tour all round this fucking country!* ♦ He leaned forward and grabbed the whiskey bottle at his feet. Leaning back, he took a huge gulp. He grimaced as the warm fluid ran down his throat. *Fuck yeah* ♦ He fell back into the driver's seat and reached into his pocket looking for the half cigarette he had found in the street. *Come to daddy* ♦

Suddenly, Keenan froze. There was movement on the fence line. *What the freakin hell?* He squinted his eyes into the darkness. *What is that? His vision cleared momentarily and he made out the image of a young girl. The girl was nude from the waist down. Her skimpy shirt barely covered her heaving breasts. She couldn't be a day over eighteen* ♦young ♦ Keenan's cock sprang to life. *What the fuck is you doing out here, honey?* He leaned forward towards the van door. *Let's see if I can give you some directions* ♦ He stopped. Looking down the road he made out approaching headlights ♦ *them is cop lights for sure* ♦ Keenan pulled the door closed and sank back into the seat. *Fuckin pigs* ♦ He strained his eyes to see the girl. She was running towards the guard house. *In trouble, girlie? He sank lower in the seat and gripped his stiffening penis in his hand. I know trouble, girlie* ♦

Aubree reached the guard shack and placed a hand on the cold brick wall. She shot a glance at the street and saw the headlights getting closer. *I'm nude! I need to hide!*

Aubree hurried over to the door of the darkened shack. She turned the handle and the door opened easily. *Thank god!* ♦ She stepped into the guard shack and closed the door behind herself.

She glanced around the interior of the shack. Rubbish covered the floor. The electronic control panel was covered with cobwebs. Her eyes came to rest on the phone. *I'll call for help! Aubree grabbed the phone and held it to ear. There was only dead silence ♦no dial tone. She slammed the phone against the wall. God help me! Give me a break! Please!* She tossed the phone receiver to the ground. Tears of frustration ran down her cheeks. ♦

Crouching down, Aubree looked over the control panel and through the window. The headlights from the approaching car grew brighter.

As the car approached and pulled into the vacant parking lot, Aubree realized it was a police car. *The police! I'm saved!* She stood up and strained her eyes through the dusty glass of the guard shack. *Police! It's the police!* Aubree took a step towards the door.

Officer Sam Conner slowed the police cruiser to a stop. The crackling voice of the police dispatcher echoed through the car. He turned the volume down. Rolling down the window, he activated the cruiser's search light and aimed the bright light at the barbed wire fence surrounding the abandoned plant. *Nude girl ♦God, please let me find her* ♦ He opened the car door and stepped into the parking lot. His boots echoed through the parking lot as he closed the door and reached for his flashlight. He walked slowly towards the fence, shining the flashlight around the vacant parking lot. His eyes narrowed and he licked his dry lips.

Suddenly, Officer Conner noticed movement from his peripheral vision. He shot a glance to his right. The door to the guard shack was opening. *What the fuck? He aimed his flashlight at the guard shack. ♦Hold it! Step out of the shack where I can see you!* ♦ He fingered his gun holster. ♦Come out, now! ♦ He took a step towards the guard shack.

Aubree was nervous. Her heart pounded. *The police! Thank God! The police* ♦ *I can tell them what Winston has been doing ♦ why I'm nude* ♦ She opened the door completely and stood behind it, peeking around the corner. She called out to the police officer. ♦Officer? Please ♦ I need help ♦ I don't have any clothes. Some men tried to attack me. ♦

She watched as the policeman turned his flashlight towards her. She heard him shout for her to come out. *No! I'm not dressed!* She stepped back into the guard shack. She yelled out the door. ♦I can't come out. I don't have any clothes! ♦

She ducked behind the door and listened as the policeman walked across the parking lot towards the shack. He called out again. ♦STEP OUT OF THE GUARD SHACK AND KEEP YOUR HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM!♦

Aubree shook with fear. She leaned out the door. ♦I can't come out. I'm not wearing any clothes! Some men tried to hurt me. Please give me something to cover up with.♦

Sam smiled as he walked towards the shack. ♦Stupid girl♦ He aimed the flashlight at the base of the guard shack door. He caught a glimpse of the girl's bare foot. He smiled, remembering Winston's words. ♦She's practically naked♦ I think she has a cut off shirt♦ says Daddy's Girl on the front. Aside from that, she's as naked as the day she was born.♦♦ Sam stopped ten feet away from the guard shack. He aimed the flashlight at the door. ♦Step out of the building and keep your hands where I can see them! DO IT NOW!!♦

Aubree shook with terror as she slowly stepped from behind the door. She held her hands outstretched in front of herself. She bit her bottom lip as the beam from the policeman's flashlight traveled over her exposed body.

♦Put your hands behind your head and lace your fingers together.♦, the policeman commanded.

Aubree complied. As she laced her fingers together, she realized the skimpy shirt had lifted considerably, baring the bottoms of her large breasts. She tried to reason with the officer. ♦PL, please, sir. I need help♦ some men attacked me. I lost my clothes and♦♦

The officer silenced her with a barking command. ♦Shut your mouth. I'll ask the questions. You'll answer them. Understood?♦

Aubree nodded her head. ♦Yes.♦ ♦Why is he acting like this towards me? Can't he see I need help?

Sam moved the flashlight up and down Aubree's slender figure, drinking in her bare legs and firm stomach. His eyes fell to her trim pubic hair and slit. ♦Turn around and get on your knees. Keep your hands on top of your head. Don't make any sudden moves.♦

He watched as the trembling girl slowly turned and sank to her knees. His eyes locked onto her incredible ass. He felt his cock hardening. He adjusted his crotch with one hand. Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out his phone and fired off a quick text message to Winston. ♦got the girl, in front of the plant by guard shack.♦ He put the phone back into his pocket and stepped towards the kneeling teenager.

Keenan watched from the van as the officer ordered the practically nude girl out of the guard shack and onto her knees. You is in real trouble now, girlie. Running around out here without no clothes♦ the police is gonna do your ass real good♦ He took a long pull on the whiskey bottle. I just hopes I get to see em stick it up, you good! He strained his bleary eyes and tried to focus on the action at the guard shack.

Winston was struggling to get down the steep hill and to the railroad tracks below when his cell phone beeped. He fumbled in his pocket and pulled the phone out. He read the text message and smiled. ♦Damn, Sam! They should make you a detective! That was some fast work! He switched off his flashlight and continued down the hill, smiling.

Sam looked down at the quivering girl. His eyes swept over her bare back and delectable butt coming to rest on the soles of her cute little bare feet. ♦All right, young lady. Care to explain why you're trespassing on private property and in such a state of undress?♦

Aubree inhaled deeply. ♦A man from my apartments named Winston has been blackmailing me into doing stuff♦ he's been threatening me if I don't do what he says. He took me to some club or bar just on the other side of the woods over there. I didn't want to go with him but he forced me♦ when we got inside the club Winston and some other men made me get undressed and I think they were going to auction me for sex♦♦ Aubree sniffled as tears started to run down her pretty cheeks. ♦They were going to assault me. I managed to run from them and I got out the front door and ran through the woods until I got here♦ I wasn't able to get any of my clothes except this shirt♦ I was looking for a phone and♦♦

Sam stopped her. ♦Slow down. Slow down. Are you talking about Big Jack's♦

Aubree nodded. ♦Yes. I think that's what the sign said. There were awful men in there♦♦

Sam cut her off. ♦You say some guy named Winston is blackmailing you? What's his last name?♦

Aubree suddenly realized she didn't even know his last name. She stammered♦ ♦I♦ ♦I♦ I'm not sure what his name is♦ just Winston♦ I know what he looks like and♦ he works at my apartments♦ he's♦♦

Sam shook his head. ♦You don't know his name, heh? What's your name, missy?♦

♦Aubree Sidney♦

Sam chuckled. ♦I'd ask for your identification but we can both see you aren't carrying any.♦

Aubree looked up at the bright street lamp. ♦Why is he laughing??♦ Tears rolled down her face.

♦Okay then. Where do you live?♦

♦Green Meadow Apartments♦ Look mister, can I put my hands down? Do you have a blanket or something? I need to cover up, I'm embarrassed.♦

Sam walked around and stood in front of Aubree looking down at her. He read the slogan emblazoned on the front of her skimpy shirt. ♦Daddy's Girl, huh? And where is your daddy exactly♦

Aubree pressed her thighs together tightly. ♦In Reed♦ I'm from Reed♦♦

The officer nodded. ♦Now that's a small town.♦ He gave her a hard stare. ♦Have you been drinking? I think I smell alcohol.♦

Aubree swallowed hard. ♦The men gave me a beer at the club. I didn't want it but I was scared.♦

♦How old are you, Ms. Sidney?♦

Aubree looked down at the ground. ♦Eighteen.♦

♦Do you know the legal drinking age is twenty-one, Ms. Sidney?♦

Aubree breathed deeply. ♦Why isn't he listening to me?♦ ♦Yes. Please didn't you hear what I said? Some men attacked me♦ Winston is probably looking for me right now. Shouldn't you call for back up or something?♦

Sam smiled. He walked back around behind the nude teenager. ♦You can put your hands down now, miss. In fact, you can put them behind your back.♦ He unclipped the handcuffs from his belt.

The sound of the officer unfastening his handcuffs made Aubree's heart leap into her throat. She was shocked and frightened. ♦Why? Why are you getting the handcuffs? I told you what happened and♦♦

♦Shut your mouth.♦ Sam held the flashlight under his arm as he leaned over and grabbed Aubree's hands, pulling them down behind her back. He slapped the cuffs on her wrists and locked them in place. ♦I'm arresting you for public intoxication, trespassing and public indecency. Now get up.♦ He grabbed her under the arm and lifted her to her feet.

Aubree was crying uncontrollably and could barely form words. ❖Wh❖ what? Why are you❖ what are you doing? Please❖❖

Sam pulled the nude and sobbing girl towards the squad car. When they got to the car, he spun her around and pushed her back against the car. He kicked her legs apart and looked down at her body. He placed a hand between her legs and traced her slit with a callused finger. ❖Are you hiding anything down here?❖ He slipped a finger inside her. Aubree squirmed and tried to close her legs but Officer Conner forced her legs apart with his knee. He looked up at her ample chest. ❖Are you concealing anything under your shirt.❖ Oh yeah❖ you're definitely concealing those big melons❖

Aubree felt the blood rushing to her cheeks. She wished she could wipe the tears from her face but her hands were cuffed firmly behind her back. ❖No. What could I be hiding?❖, she stammered.

Sam put his fingers under the hem of her shirt and pulled it up. Her bare breasts sprang from under the skimpy material. He bunched the shirt up under her chin and looked down at her ample mounds. ❖You never know. I can't be too cautious, Ms. Sidney.❖ He inspected her bare breasts.

He pulled her to the back of the car and opened the door. ❖Get in. Watch your head.❖ He placed his hand on top of her head and guided the nearly nude teenager into the backseat. He slammed the door shut and walked around the car.

Aubree sat in the back of the police cruiser and watched through tear stained eyes as the officer walked around to the driver's side door. She realized her shirt was still pulled up above her breasts. She wriggled in the seat attempting to get the t-shirt to fall back down over her exposed mounds. Unfortunately, her breasts were so large that the shirt wouldn't fall back into place. Her wrists felt numb from the tight handcuffs. Fresh tears started in her eyes.

Officer Conner opened the driver's side door and sank into the seat pulling the door closed behind himself. He turned the volume up on the scanner and flipped on the backseat light. He turned around and placed an elbow on the seat looking at the naked girl in the back. He drank in her lovely form❖her pretty face and full lips.. her round firm breasts❖ with erect nipples and large areolas❖ firm stomach and adorable little bellybutton❖ smooth tan legs and cute little petite feet❖ He had a sudden thought. Reaching into the glove compartment, he pulled out his digital camera. I have to get some pictures of this little hottie❖

Turning around, he aimed the camera at the nude girl. He zoomed in on her tits and stomach. The flash from the camera caused Aubree to jump. She looked up at him with wide eyes. Her mouth hung open in shock. She tried to form words but couldn't❖.

Sam smiled and zoomed out to take in her entire figure. He snapped another picture.

Aubree finally found words. ❖What in the heck are you doing? You can't just take pictures of me like this!❖ She bit her bottom lip.

Sam shrugged. ❖It's procedure Ms. Sidney. I have to be able to prove there were no bruises on you at the time of the arrest.❖ He smiled reassuringly. ❖Now, I need you to get up on your knees and turn around in the seat and face away from me so I can document your backside as well.❖

❖No! This isn't right! I've never heard of this type of procedure! You're just being perverted!❖ Aubree's heart felt like it would explode through her chest.

Sam frowned. ❖Don't make me have to come back there Ms. Sidney. We can document this the easy way or the hard way.❖

Aubree bent forward in the seat, pressing her breasts against her bare thighs. Her hair fell across her legs concealing her nudity.

Sam was getting irritated. Suddenly, his cell phone rang. He dropped the camera in the seat next to him and pulled out his phone. ❖Yeah❖❖❖ I still have her.❖❖❖❖ Okay, I'll see you there.❖ He clicked off the phone and flipped off the backseat light. He pulled the cruiser through the abandoned parking lot and headed towards the rear of the plant.

Aubree slowly sat back up in the seat. Her wrists were really starting to hurt and her tummy was aching. ❖Where are we going?❖ She was nervous. Why is he pulling back here? Shouldn't we be headed to the main road?

Sam didn't answer Aubree's question. He turned up the scanner allowing the police dispatcher to drown out Aubree's pathetic pleas.

Keenan watched the police cruiser pull through the parking lot and round the corner headed towards the back of the factory. Holy shit. That pig is gonna get him some of that little ho for sure! Pullin back there and all❖ he's goin to the dark spot❖ she must have agreed to give up the booty to stay outta lock up❖ He rubbed his palms together and grabbed his bottle. Opening the door of the van slowly, he looked around the parking lot. Once he was sure no one else was around, he stumbled across the parking lot and peeked around the corner of the fence. A narrow lane of pavement continued for about a hundred yards and ended at an old loading dock facility. Several abandoned trailers were backed into the loading bays. Keenan could make out the police car as it backed between two of the abandoned trailers. Silently, Keenan crept down the pavement❖ I gotta see this here shit❖

Aubree was definitely not liking the look of things as the officer pulled to the back of the complex and backed the cruiser in between two old trailers. She watched as he shifted the vehicle into park.

❖What are you doing? Shouldn't we go to the station?❖ The officer didn't respond. Aubree wiggled her bare toes on the floor mat. ❖Sir? Please can you tell me what we're doing?❖ The officer remained silent.

Aubree bit her bottom lip. ❖Please, officer. Didn't you hear what I said earlier? This man from my apartments has been threatening me and making me do stuff❖ bad stuff❖ he made me go with him to the club tonight and made me get undressed❖ I wasn't just running around without clothes❖ I can give a statement.❖ She was frustrated at the officer's continuing silence.

She strained against the handcuffs. ❖Please, sir. Can you at least loosen these cuffs? I think they're cutting off the circulation in my hands. I can't feel my thumbs.❖

Suddenly, Aubree noticed a shadowy figure walking across the pavement towards the police cruiser. She swallowed hard. The front door opened and she watched as the officer stepped out of the car, slamming the door shut behind himself.

She was left alone in the squad car. The sound of the police dispatcher echoed through the interior of the car. She struggled against the handcuffs. Oh god❖ oh god❖

She watched as the officer stopped at the hood of the cruiser and waited for the approaching figure. As the shadowy form got closer she could begin to make out his features. Winston! Oh my god!

Aubree's eyes widened as she watched Winston walk up to the officer and shake his hand. They had a brief discussion and Winston turned towards the car, glaring at Aubree through the window. He slowly unfastened his belt and walked towards the back door.

Aubree was terrified. She couldn't understand what was happening. She slid to the far side of the car, away from the door which Winston was approaching. She felt her bladder release as warm urine ran down her legs. ❖Help!❖ She screamed at the window. She struggled against the handcuffs as Winston opened the door and leaned into the car.

Winston snarled as he reached into the backseat of the police car. ❖Come here you little bitch!❖ He grabbed Aubree's arm and pulled her towards him. ❖You thought you could just run away and embarrass me in front of my business acquaintances?❖

Aubree pulled back and tried to wrench her arm free from Winston's firm grasp. ❖Stop it! Please!❖ She kicked at Winston, striking his chin with her bare foot. ❖Get away from me!❖ She pulled back, feeling her own warm urine on the vinyl seat. The bottoms of her thighs were wet and slick. ❖Get away!❖ She kicked her feet in Winston's direction. He grabbed her ankle and pulled her towards the door. Try as she might, Winston pulled her across the seat towards the door.

Winston grabbed a handful of Aubree's hair and yanked her forcibly from the car. She sank to her knees in front of him on the hot pavement. He balled his fist and struck her full force in the face. The sound of his fist striking her face echoed through the parking lot.

Aubree collapsed onto the pavement. She was dazed and seeing stars. She tasted blood on her lips. Vaguely, as if far away, she heard the officer walking over to them. His voice was distant❖❖ Take it easy, Winston. Don't kill them damned girl.❖

Shut up, Sam! Winston yelled. He grabbed the cringing girl's arm and pulled her to a standing position. Aubree's eye's rolled back in her head. She felt nauseated. Her knees buckled and she would have fallen back to the ground were it not for Winston's firm grasp. He balled his fist again and punched her hard in the stomach, knocking the wind from her lungs. He released her arm and allowed the girl to sink into a ball on the pavement.

Winston's eyes burned with rage as Officer Conner took a step towards him. Look, Winston calm the fuck down. Stop hitting the chick. You're going to kill her.

Winston took a step back, wiping the sweat from his forehead. Fuck you, Sam.

Sam walked over and stood looking down at Aubree. He listened as the prone girl gasped for air. He shot a glance at Winston. Look. That's enough. She's learned her lesson.

Winston ripped his belt from his waist. She hasn't even come close to learning! He raised the belt like a whip and came down across Aubree's bare butt. Smack! Smack! Smack! The belt continued to fall. Aubree cried out in pain.

Sam Conner took a step forward and stopped Winston with a hand around his wrist. Stop it now, Winston. That's it. That's enough.

Winston stared at Officer Conner with fury. Get the fuck off me, Sam. He raised the belt again.

Sam pushed Winston backwards. I said that's enough.

Winston gripped the belt in both hands. His eyes were like an animal's. Slowly, he stepped back. His eyes seemed to clear. Yeah. Maybe you're right. He fell back against the car and wiped his forehead. Sorry. It's just that this little whore could have got me killed tonight.

Sam nodded. Understood. I know Black. Just take it freaking easy.

Winston squatted down. Fine, Sam. You're right. He dropped his belt on the ground.

Winston looked up at Officer Conner. So? You still want to dip your wick?

Sam smiled. You bet.

He walked over to Aubree and knelt down. Hey, honey baby. You okay?

Aubree heard the policeman's voice. She rose to one elbow. Please please help me.

Sam placed a hand on the girl's shoulder. It's okay, honey. You're okay. He stroked her long hair, gently. He unlocked the handcuffs and pulled them off her wrists. Can you feel your thumbs now?

Aubree looked at the officer's face. The police he'll take care of me it's his duty. Yes. I think so.

Aubree glanced at Winston. She looked up at Officer Conner. He's the one. He's been blackmailing me. I'll swear to it.

Sam smiled and rubbed Aubree's back. It's okay, honey. I know. He helped her to her feet, holding her by her elbow. I know. He reached under her shirt and pulled it over her shoulders. Let's take this off.

Aubree felt dazed. She allowed Officer Conner to pull the shirt over her head and watched him drop it to the ground. He led her to the front of the squad car.

Aubree wiped tears from her cheeks. She looked at the officer. Winston is the one he's been making me do stuff bad stuff. She could taste the blood on her bottom lip.

Sam nodded. It's okay. Don't worry.

Aubree felt sick. Why did you take my shirt off? What are we doing? She sniffed and wiped her nose. That's Winston. He's the bad one. I'll sign a statement. Aubree glanced up at the officer's face. Please.

Sam nodded. Okay. I'll get that statement from you in a minute. First, I'm going to fuck you in the ass, okay?

Aubree tensed. No!!! Every muscle in her body contracted. What do you mean??? I don't want to do that I want to press charges against that man.

Sam caressed the girl's hair. It's okay, honey. I'll take your statement later. First, I just want to fuck you in your little butt, okay?

No! Aubree struggled to free herself from the officer's grasp. Stop it! She wrenched an arm free and grabbed the hood. Get off me!

Sam grasped the girl's hand and pulled it down. Now, just bend over the car and spread your cheeks. Don't make me have to do this the hard way.

No! Aubree twisted in the officer's strong arms. She scratched his face. Get away!

Winston stood up and walked over to the struggling girl. Now, now, calm down, little girl. The officer has been kind enough to overlook your public drunkenness. Now, you're going to bend straight the fuck over and spread those tight little ass cheeks and show him how thankful you are. He gripped Aubree's shoulders and spun her around, pushing her face down on the hood. He shot a look at Sam. I'll hold the little bitch down. Go ahead and give it to her.

Aubree strained against Winston's firm grasp. She listened as the officer unbuckled his belt and lowered his zipper. She kicked her feet behind herself. She felt the officer step up and place the head of his cock against her anus. She heard him spit and grease his shaft with his palm.

No! Get off me! Please! Aubree felt the officer plunge his thick cock into her rectum. Ohhhh. She went numb.

Aubree lay with her face pressed against the warm hood of the police cruiser. She could hear the engine humming beneath the hood. The bright headlights felt hot on her bare thighs. She heard the officer groaning as he violated her anally. Winston pressed down on her shoulders, holding her in position. Her eyes rolled back into her head as the officer plunged deeply inside her. She tried to remember how many times she had been violated in this way in the past week. Three? Four? Everything seemed to run together. Dolphins in the ocean swimming free.

Keenan watched from the shadows. He strained his eyes as the officer lowered his trousers and started to fuck the nude young girl. You is getting it good, honey baby. Awww yeah right in that little ass. He continued to watch as the odd man held the girl down while the policeman pumped in and out of her ass. He's like a bull fucking a cow! Keenan laughed under his breath as the policeman put one foot on the bumper to get a better angle on the poor girl's exposed anus. He heard the girl's pitiful whimpers. He turned the bottle up and took a big gulp. The whiskey burned as it went down. Burns so good.

Sam felt as if he had died and gone to heaven. Aubree's ass was so tight! He plunged his cock as deep as it would go and then pushed harder. Fuck yes fuck yes, baby! Her sphincter seemed to grip his cock like a glove. He thrust against her harder. He placed his hands on her buttocks and pulled them apart. That's right. Take it all you little bitch. His pumping increased.

Aubree felt the man's penis as it plunged deep inside her. Just get it over with. She felt the head of his penis swelling. Seconds later, she felt the warmth of his sperm as he ejaculated into her rectum. She felt him ease his penis from her aching anus. She passed out.

Sam wiped his sweaty forehead. He squeezed his cock, pushing the remaining cum onto her bare buttocks. He pulled his trousers up and fastened his belt. He looked down at the nude teenager. Get her off my hood, Winston. She's smearing the wax job.

Winston yanked Aubree up by her hair and guided the barely coherent girl to the back of the car. He opened the door and pushed her inside. She collapsed on the seat like a rag doll. He slammed the door shut.

He walked over to Sam, stopping to pick up Aubree's discarded shirt. ♦ I appreciate your help, Sam. Can you give me a ride back to Big Jack's to get my truck? ♦

Sam nodded. ♦ Sure, Winston. That little bitch has one tight ass. That'll get you a free ride. Get in. ♦

Keenan took another gulp of whiskey. He watched as the men got into the police car. Where they takin that little bitch now? He took another gulp of whiskey, I sure wish I was with em. ♦ I'd fuck the shit outta that little ho. ♦ He watched the police cruiser pull away. Oh well. ♦ showtime is over. ♦

He turned and headed back to the van. By the time he reached the abandoned van, his pants were already open. He slammed the door closed behind himself and started stroking his raging erection. Images of the cute little teenager getting butt fucked flashed through his mind. Helllll yesss. ♦ ♦

Sam eased the car to a stop next to Winston's truck. ♦ All right, man. We'll see you. Just not soon, I hope. ♦

Winston nodded. ♦ Thanks, Sam. ♦ He noticed Sam looked pale. ♦ Take it easy, man. Everything is cool. ♦ He stepped out of the car and opened the back door. He pulled Aubree from the backseat. ♦ Come on, girl. You've caused enough problems for one night. ♦

Winston quickly scanned the parking lot. After being satisfied no prying eyes were near, he pulled Aubree to his truck and threw her into the passenger's seat. He tossed her shirt into her lap and slammed the door. He hurried around the truck and jumped into the driver's seat. He watched as Sam pulled the police car into the street and sped away.

He turned to Aubree. She was curled into a ball on the seat with her hands wrapped around her knees, squeezing her big toes. She looked up at him. Her eyes were wide with fear. Dirt streaked her tearstained face.

♦ It goes without saying that you've made me very angry, little girl. ♦ He placed a hand on the back of her head and pulled her hair back. ♦ You embarrassed me in front of my friends and associates. You cost me dearly needed money. ♦ money which I need to support you. ♦ now that you're without a job and have become my dependent. ♦

Aubree didn't speak. She closed her eyes and listened to his threatening tone as he continued. ♦ You have inconvenienced the police. ♦ and hopefully, you see now that going to the police will do you absolutely no good whatsoever. ♦ He gripped her hair tightly and pulled her head back. ♦ Do you hear me, girl? Do you understand? ♦

Aubree's voice was weak. ♦ yes, sir. ♦

Winston smirked. ♦ Therefore, because of your incorrigible behavior, you will not be returning to your apartment tonight. You will come home with me. And. ♦ you will be punished. ♦ severely. Do you understand? ♦

♦ yes, sir. ♦ Aubree felt faint.

Winston unbuttoned his pants and slowly lowered the zipper. He eased his hard cock free and gave it a firm squeeze. ♦ Get over here and suck my dick, little girl. ♦

He smiled as Aubree obediently leaned forward and took his manhood into her warm mouth. ♦ That's it girl. Suck it good. Suck it like those joints you like to smoke. ♦ He placed a large hand on the back of her head and guided her forward onto his raging erection.

For a moment, Winston listened to the slurping sound of Aubree's mouth on his cock. Then, he cranked the engine and pulled out of the parking lot. ♦ That's it, little tramp. ♦ ♦

He punched the gas and sped down the street. He flipped on the radio and leaned back against the seat. Life is good. ♦ it's good to be a man. ♦ Winston laughed out loud.

The door to Big Jack's Billiard Hall slowly opened as Winston sped away. A tall dark figure stepped into the moonlight. The flash of a lighter cast shadows across his deep set eyes. A roach ran across the pavement.

Mr. Black drew heavily on his cigar and smiled. He tapped the cane against his leg and blew smoke into the still night air. Somewhere in the distance a forlorn siren wailed through the night. Black smiled. He stepped forward and smashed the roach beneath his heel. ♦ Aubree. ♦ dear little Aubree. ♦

To be continued.

Aubree's First Apartment (cont)

Chapter 11: A Night in the Closet / A New Prospect Discovered

Winston pulled into the parking space and switched off the engine. He glanced over at the cringing teenager.

♦ Well. Here we are, girl. Green Meadows. Home sweet home. ♦ He chuckled. His gaze fell over Aubree's exposed body. Wearing only the short, cut off shirt which barely covered her large breasts, she sat with her arms wrapped around her knees. She squeezed her big toes. Winston's eyes traveled over the teenager's tight body. He smiled as he saw his thick semen running down her chin.

◆Stop your whimpering, girl. Wipe your face. You don't want to look like a cum guzzler do you?◆

Aubree sniffed loudly and ran the back of her hand over her chin. She wiped the semen onto the seat. I'm not a cum guzzler.

Winston frowned. ◆You'll be washing this truck tomorrow. Inside and out. Thoroughly.◆

He stepped out of the truck and slammed the door. He looked up at the full moon and cracked his knuckles. Walking around to the passenger's side, he opened the door and motioned Aubree out of the vehicle.◆Disgusting little whore.◆

Aubree's eyes raced across the apartments. She noticed several young men and women on a second floor balcony drinking beers. She was aware of her nudity. She held her head down and cast a furtive glance at Winston.◆Where are my shorts? Can I have them?◆

Winston snorted.◆Why? You act like a little whore. Why not be a little whore? It's obvious to me that you have no shame. Why do you need pants? You weren't so shy when I took nude photos of you.◆ Winston smiled.◆Get out.◆ He paused.◆Unless, of course, you would like those nude photos all over the internet◆◆ He snapped his fingers.◆Let's go.◆

Aubree slowly stepped out of the truck. Naked from the waist down, she held her hands over her private area. She attempted to hide behind the truck door.◆Please, sir. Please◆ I'm naked.◆

Winston smirked.◆You're not naked. You have your shirt.◆ He winked.◆If you keep running at the mouth, I'll have you nude. If you want to keep the shirt, then you had best start walking and stop acting like a little baby.◆ Winston coughed and spit. He gave Aubree a hard stare. He reached over and plucked the hem of her shirt, lifting it off her stomach. Aubree shivered and pushed his hand away.◆Stop it.◆ She pulled the skimpy garment back down, attempting to cover as much bare flesh as possible.

Winston laughed.◆What a little◆baby◆ girl.◆ He made an exaggerated show of wiping his eyes.◆Little, baby girl. Do you want to cry?◆ He burst into laughter.

Aubree's eyes traveled up to the balcony. The young men and women were looking towards the truck. She could hear them whispering and laughing.

◆Pl◆Please sir. Please◆ may I have my shorts?◆ Aubree felt her cheeks turning red. Tears started in the corners of her eyes.

Winston folded his arms over his chest.◆Absolutely not. Now, close the door and follow me.◆ He took a step back.◆Shameful little girl. Just disgusting. Filthy little baby.◆

Reluctantly, Aubree pushed the door shut and followed Winston across the parking lot. She held her head down causing her long hair to fall across her face. Like a mask◆No one can see me◆ She looked at her bare feet as she hurried across the warm pavement. She practically had to jog to keep up with Winston's fast pace. She heard the young people on the upper balcony. They were laughing at her◆ talking about her◆ she heard the word slut◆ She swallowed hard. I'm not a slut◆ Goose bumps rose over her bare buttocks.

Winston stopped midway across the parking lot and nodded his head, indicating that she should walk in front. She hesitated and glanced up at his face. Motioning to the stairway, he ordered her forward with an extended finger.◆Walk◆. Aubree bit her bottom lip and hurried forward, tears rolling down her cheeks. The kids on the balcony were talking about her. Shut up! You don't understand!

Winston scratched his chin. His eyes roamed over Aubree's adorable bare buttocks as she walked quickly towards the stairwell. What an ass◆ perfect crack◆ absolute perfect motion◆ shake it, baby!

Aubree rushed towards the stairs. Her eyes fell across the balcony◆ they're laughing at me◆ She could see the people looking at her. The young women were pointing and laughing. The men started whistling and hooting. Aubree's face felt hot. She pressed her palms over her privates and quickened her pace.

As she walked underneath the balcony and into the breezeway, she shifted her hands to her bare butt, trying in vain to hide her jiggling buttocks. The young men only hooted louder. She saw a camera flash. She heard the girls giggling and commenting loudly on her butt. Aubree rushed into the breezeway to get away from their prying eyes. She paused at the foot of the stairs. Her breathing was heavy◆ I'm hyperventilating◆

Winston walked up behind her.◆Are you ashamed, girl?◆ He stared at her. His eyes were cold.

Aubree looked down at her bare toes.◆Yes. I am ashamed. Please sir. Please◆◆

Winston cut her off with a wave of his hand.◆Get up the stairs and to my apartment, little tart.◆ He gave her butt a hard slap. The sound of his hand on her bare backside echoed through the breezeway. Aubree jumped and rushed up the stairs.

Once she reached the second level, she hurried over to Winston's door. Apartment 34C. She frowned. Bad times here◆

Winston walked up behind her and pushed his key into the lock. He pushed the door opened and squeezed Aubree's bare backside. He enjoyed the feel of her firm butt cheek in his palm.◆Get in there, girl.◆ He

pointed into the darkness.

Aubree rushed into his apartment, thankful to be out of public view. She watched as he closed the door behind himself and locked the deadbolt.

He turned towards her and switched on the hall light... His eyes became dark and evil. He licked his dry, cracked lips. ♦Do you know what jeopardy you've put me in tonight, little tramp?♦ Winston lit a cigarette and blew smoke in Aubree's face.

Aubree coughed and looked down at the carpet. ♦No♦ I'm sorry ♦ I felt♦♦

Winston cut her off. ♦Shut up, whore! Who gives a damn about what you felt?♦ He took a step forward. ♦You could have gotten me killed!♦ He slapped her savagely across the face. Aubree collapsed onto the floor and curled into a ball.

Winston stood, looking down at the cowering teen with his hands on his hips. He shook his head. ♦You're a disobedient little slut.♦ He grabbed the back of her flimsy shirt and gave it a hard yank. The material ripped easily and he tore it from her body, leaving her nude and shaking. ♦Fucking little bitch.♦ He cast the shredded remains of her shirt onto the floor. ♦Stay here.♦

Aubree listened as Winston walked away. She peeked through her fingers at the apartment door. *I should run away. I should escape♦It's just pot♦ how much trouble can I be in?♦* A tear ran down her cheek. She rose to a knee. Her thoughts raced. *The pictures♦ he has nude pictures of me♦I'm naked♦ I can't leave♦* She sniffed loudly and fell back onto the floor. She curled into a ball and squeezed her big toes. *Please♦ please♦*

Winston suddenly walked back into the room. He grabbed Aubree by the back of her hair and jerked her to her knees. He forced a ball gag into her mouth and tightened the strap behind her head. He pulled a black hood over her head and tied it at the neck.

Aubree was in complete blackness and couldn't speak. She felt sick. She shuddered as Winston grabbed her arms and pulled them behind her back. She chewed on the ball gag. She felt him slip handcuffs onto her wrists and lock them into place. He then jerked her into a standing position and guided her down the hallway. ♦What a little, pathetic baby.♦ Winston squeezed her bare arms. ♦Sniveling♦ little♦ baby.♦

Aubree stumbled as Winston led her forward. The carpet burned her bare feet. She was blind and terrified. She heard Winston open a door and push her forward. She fell onto the ground in a heap. She heard the door close and the lock being slipped into place. From the other side of the door she heard his voice. ♦Stay here, little girl, and think about your deplorable behavior.♦ After that, he was gone.

Aubree lay on the ground for few minutes, listening. Her nose itched but she couldn't move her hands to scratch the annoying itching. After several minutes, she sat up and crossed her legs in front of herself. She strained against the handcuffs but try as she might, her wrists were locked tightly behind her back. She kicked her feet out and struck a solid wall. Probing with her bare toes, she realized she was in small space, maybe four feet by three feet. The ceiling was less than three feet above. The blackness was complete. The sound of some type of furnace or water heater hummed just above her head. *I'm in a closet♦ I want my daddy♦* Aubree cried. Panic overwhelmed her. *I am a baby♦* tears rolled down her pretty cheeks.

Winston collapsed onto the couch. Wiping his sweaty forehead, *he* flipped on the television and scrolled through the channels. *What a fucking Saturday night.* He crushed out a cigarette in the ashtray and immediately lit another. He listened to Aubree crying in the hall closet. He heard her kicking the door. *Damned bitch!*

Suddenly, the phone rang. Winston looked down at the caller id. A chill ran down his spine. He turned the volume up on the television and tried to ignore the ringing.

After several more rings, Winston grabbed the phone. He walked out onto the balcony and closed the sliding door behind himself.

♦Yeah.♦ Winston frowned and ran a hand through his disheveled hair.

♦Yeah. I found her. She's with me now. She's in for some real punishment.♦

♦Okay.♦ Winston wanted to throw the phone over the balcony.

♦Sure. I have her free for a couple of days. She doesn't go back to school until Tuesday.♦

Winston shot a glance to his right as voices and laughter drifted across the parking lot from an opposite balcony. A group of young men and women were drinking beers on another balcony. *Fucking kids♦* Winston's eyes narrowed as he noticed a particularly pretty young blonde girl. *She's nice♦ not a day over eighteen♦ if that♦ nice tits♦ look at that ass♦ I would♦*

The voice on the other end of the phone snapped him out of his thoughts.

◆What? Oh yeah. Right. Tuesday.◆

Winston flipped his cigarette butt over the balcony and watched the red cherry burst onto the pavement. Like a bomb◆

◆Yeah. Tuesday. It's Mercham University◆ you know◆ that Christian school. Good little catholic girl◆◆ Winston laughed while looking at the opposite balcony.

He listened to the voice on the other end of the line. He raised his eyebrows. ◆Oh yeah? The dean? No shit?◆ His eyes became dark. ◆The dean??? Are you positive???◆ He glanced back into his apartment. ◆Sure◆ sure◆ I believe you. I never doubt you, Black.◆

Winston walked back into the apartment and went to the refrigerator. He grabbed a beer and cracked the top. The foam ran out of the can and over his hand. He cursed internally. *Son of a fucking bitch*◆ He wiped his foot across the floor, smearing the spilled beer across the tiled floor. *Son of bitch*◆

The caller's voice continued. Winston paused.

◆The dean of Mercham? A member? No fucking shit?◆ Winston took a long pull on the beer. ◆Well, that could be useful indeed.◆ He belched loudly. ◆He does? Knows Aubree?◆ You think? How much? Got his number?◆

Winston grabbed a pad and pen and scribbled down a number.

◆Five big bills, huh? I assume the referral would be a fifty/fifty split? Yeah◆ okay◆ 60/40... Cool.◆

Winston tore the page off the pad and stuffed it into his back pocket.

◆Done deal. Thanks. I'll see you soon. But, I want◆◆ The line went dead.

Winston clicked the phone off and pulled on the beer. *I'll be damned*◆ *if I ain't already*. He laughed. *If I ain't already*◆ He squatted down and looked at the spilt beer. *Fucking little son of a* ◆

Aubree lay in darkness. Her feet ached from kicking the solid door. The tears had stopped and she now felt numb. She curled into a ball, pulling her knees up to her bare breasts. *I have to go number two*◆ She listened to the distant sound of the television and thought she could hear Winston talking somewhere far away. *Dolphins in the ocean. Momma and Daddy in Reed*◆ She slowly drifted into a fitful sleep.

Winston walked out of the apartment and down the stairs to the parking lot. He leaned against the wall and watched the party breaking up in apartment 42B. He watched the young men and women walking to their cars. He checked his watch. 2:12 AM.

Fucking kids◆ no discipline anymore◆

His eyes followed the young blonde girl he had noticed earlier. He watched her walk to her car and kiss her boyfriend goodnight. *How sweet*. He licked his lips. *Sexy little bitch*◆ Winston's eyes roamed over her body. She wore a tight white shirt which accentuated her firm young breasts, a short jean skirt which barely came to mid-thigh and low boots. Her butt was round, shapely and firm. She held her head high◆ *arrogant*◆ *stuck on herself*◆ Winston's cock jumped as his eyes traveled down the back of her smooth legs. *Little cutie pie◆ I'll be seeing you soon◆*

As she pulled away, Winston jotted down her license plate number. *Very soon*◆ He smirked.

Winston turned back to the stairs and slowly walked to his apartment.

Closing the apartment door, Winston flipped the deadbolt into place and switched off the hall light. He felt his cock hardening as he looked at the closet. *Little Aubree*◆

Winston paused and listened to Aubree's rapid breathing through the closet door. *Sleeping*◆ *Fucking little girl*◆ He started to reach for the doorknob. He hesitated. *No◆ screw it◆ It'll do her good to spend a night in the punishment closet*◆ He smiled.

Winston unbuttoned his shirt as he walked into the bedroom. Stretching, he sat down at the computer desk and logged onto the internet. He pulled a small scrap of paper out of his pocket and looked down at the license plate number scribbled there. *Blondie*◆

Winston typed on the keyboard and lit a smoke. After a few seconds, he arrived at the correct website. He punched in the license number and waited. In a blink of the eye, his requested information appeared like magic.

OWNER: Amber Anderson
DOB: 04-27-1990
HEIGHT: 5'6
WEIGHT: 105 lbs
EYES: Green
HAIR: Blonde

Winston scrolled down and looked at her current address. Mmmmm close by.

Winston navigated to another website. Gotta love social networking ignorant young fools.

He typed the letters slowly.

A M B E R A N D E R S O N

Zip code

He clicked the enter button and watched the results. Scrolling through the applicable results, Winston slowly narrowed the field until he found his desired girl.

There she is stupid little girl.

He clicked on Amber's homepage and reviewed the description. He stopped dead in his tracks Mercham Christian University freshman Holy shit! Holy fucking shit!

Winston fumbled through his pockets until he located another scrap of paper. The dean maybe you and I can do business after all, little buddy! Winston chuckled his chuckle turned to outright laughter life is good short, but good! Winston slapped the desk. Hell yes! Hell yes! He blew a smoke ring and drummed his fingers on the desk. He stared hard at the picture of Amber on the computer screen. I'm gonna get me some of that! He pulled hard on the cigarette and smiled. Damned straight!

Unfastening his pants, Winston pulled out his raging erection. He focused on the computer monitor and began to stroke. Soon, baby soon!

Aubree awoke suddenly. She was in complete blackness. The memory of her current predicament rushed over her. She strained against the handcuffs. She tried to stand up but her head struck the low ceiling. She attempted to spit out the ball gag but it was securely in place. She collapsed slowly onto the floor. Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh my god! She felt nauseated. Oh my god! dolphins! dolphins! She sank back and closed her eyes, crying herself to sleep.

Chapter 12: Sunday Morning Breakfast

Aubree awoke to the smell of fresh bacon. The aroma was rich and filled her nostrils. She sat up on one elbow. Her hands were numb from the tight handcuffs. I can't feel my thumbs! She realized she was hungry and thirsty. Her mouth was dry. The floor was wet beneath her. I must have peed! She strained against the handcuffs and kicked at the closed door in front of her. She screamed into the ball gag. The muffled sounds of her screams gave her a hopeless feeling. No one can hear me!

Suddenly, Aubree heard the latch being unfastened on the door. Light poured through the dark hood covering her face. The voice of Winston spoke!

Well. Good morning, little tramp!

Aubree felt Winston's hand on her head. He pulled the hood off her face. The light was blinding. Aubree squinted and gagged on the ball gag over her mouth. She felt spittle running down her chin. She closed her eyes tightly against the bright light. She felt sick.

Winston looked down at the cowering, nude girl. His eyes traveled over her exposed breasts and down to her bare slit. Good morning, girl! He slapped her face lightly. Open your eyes, tramp! He gave her

another slap.

Aubree opened her eyes and focused on Winton's down turned face. She chewed on the ball gag. Please
The light burned her eyes. She squinted.

Winston smacked her face again. Open your eyes, stupid little girl!

Aubree forced her eyes open and stared up at Winston's face. She made no attempt to cover her nakedness. She was terrified.

Winston smiled. He leaned forward and unfastened the ball gag and cast it aside. He laughed as the drool ran down Aubree's chin. He patted her on the head.

Good morning, baby girl. Did you sleep well?

Aubree ran her tongue over her dry lips. No, sir. Stop calling me 'baby'. I'm not a baby

Winston chuckled and stood with his hands on his hips. I'm sorry to hear that, little girl. I really need you to be rested. You have a busy day ahead of you.

Aubree felt sick. What do you mean?

Winston stretched. Never mind that. Are you hungry?

Aubree gasped. Yes, sir! The smell of fresh bacon lingered in the air. Her mouth watered. I'm hungry and thirsty

Winston smiled. He took a step forward. I'm sure you're hungry and thirsty, girl. A night in the closet will do that to you. It looks like you missed your bathroom privileges as well. He laughed while looking down at the wet spot under her ass. If you had obeyed me last night you would have been sleeping in your own bed instead of sleeping in your own piss. He placed a hand under her chin and lifted her head. He looked down at her adorable upturned face. Will you disobey me again?

Aubree shivered as goose bumps rose on her bare skin. No, sir. She meant it.

Winston nodded his head. I just might believe you, baby girl. He lifted her out of the closet by her elbow. Spinning her around, he paused to admire her delectable bare ass before slipping the key into the handcuffs and removing them from her hands. He watched the terrified naked teenager as she massaged her numb wrists. Stupid little tramp

He turned and pointed down the hallway towards the kitchen. Get along, girl. I have some fresh bacon ready for you. Aubree practically ran down the hallway. She was beyond hungry.

Winston motioned her into the kitchen and pointed at the floor. Sit.

Aubree sank to the tiled floor and crossed her legs. Squeezing her big toes, she looked up at Winston. The floor felt sticky dirty.

Winston was happy to see that she made no attempt to cover her nudity. You're learning, little cunt. You're learning. That cute little body belongs to me now

Winston grabbed a plate of fresh bacon from the counter and handed it to Aubree. Eat, girl. You'll need your energy today.

Aubree took the plate eagerly and began to shove the bacon into her mouth. Oh my god! Soooo good! I'm famished!

After consuming several strips of bacon, she looked up at Winston. May I have a glass of water, sir? The salt from the bacon compounded her burning thirst. She licked her dry lips.

Winston unfastened his trousers. No. I'm afraid not. Your liquid nourishment will be my semen this morning, little baby girl. He eased his raging cock out of his pants and held the thick shaft in his hand. He slowly began to stroke. Keep eating your bacon, little girl. He ran his hand up and down his hard erection. His cock began to stiffen. Spread your legs and let me look at your pussy.

Aubree slowly chewed on the bacon. She stared down at the floor. She could hear Winston masturbating. She swallowed loudly. Please, sir. I'm thirsty.

Winston stroked harder. I know you're thirsty, little girl. Spread your legs and let me look at your pussy and you'll get something to drink.

Aubree was ashamed. I'm a filthy little whore. She uncrossed her legs and spread them completely. Her pussy lips were on full display. She clenched her toes and took another bite of bacon and tried to look away.

from Winston. She crunched on the bacon slowly. *I'm so thirsty*

The sound of Winston masturbating became intense as pre cum coated the firm length of his penis. She heard him moan. The slick, wet sound of his hand on his hard cock was loud in the still room.

Winston squeezed his cock and pumped up and down while looking down at the nude teenager. *Fucking little tease. He felt himself approaching orgasm. He slowed his strokes. He enjoyed the feeling of the moist pre cum between his thumb and fingers. His cock was slick. He motioned at the cabinet. Put the bacon down and go to the cabinet. His breathing was labored deep and fast.*

He watched as Aubree placed the plate on the floor and rose to her knees. She stood and slowly walked across the floor and opened the cabinet. Her bare feet hardly made a sound on the soft tile. He grimaced with pleasure as his eyes traveled over her nude form, his hand moving up and down over his wet, pre cum covered cock. He looked at her bare back and beautiful ass crack. His eyes fell down her long legs and petite feet.

Take out a glass. Winston stroked his cock gently. He paid particular attention to the sensitive head. Prickling sensations ran over his thighs and lower back as he approached climax.

Aubree took out a glass. She felt sick. She stood with her back to Winston, listening to the squishing sound of his hand in motion. She shivered as he spoke

Okay, little girl. Come over here and kneel in front of me.

Aubree slowly walked across the kitchen. She paused in front of Winston and tried to avoid looking at his stiff cock. She knelt slowly and looked at the ceiling. She bit her bottom lip

Winston caressed her cheek with his left hand while stroking his erection in his right hand. Good girl. Good little girl. He began to pump faster. His eyes roamed over her fully exposed body the heaving breasts and pert nipples, firm stomach and adorable little bellybutton, hard thighs and the tight little slit. Now you'll get your juice, little whore. He pumped faster. Hold the glass over my dick. I'm going to cum. Don't miss a drop I want it all in the glass or I'll have you over my knee.

Aubree tried to position the glass over his cock. She thought of his words *Don't miss a drop I want it all in the glass or I'll have you over my knee*. She couldn't get a good angle on his penis, as it was stiff and facing upwards. She closed her eyes and placed a small hand around his shaft. She pulled the erection downwards and aimed it into the glass. She closed her eyes. *Please don't miss please*

Winston watched as Aubree grasped his cock and aimed it into the glass. That's a good, girl. Squeeze it out.

Aubree squeezed and ran her tight hand over his slick erection. *Squishy wet* She felt his cock jump with arousal. She tried not to look. However, she couldn't help but peek from beneath her long lashes as he squirted into the glass. She watched the cum spray out like a fountain and run down the inside of the glass.

Winston gritted his teeth and released himself fully. He groaned loudly, squeezing his testicles. He pushed forward against the glass, unleashing every drop of semen. He took a step back and zipped his trousers. He stared down at the cute young teenager holding the glass filled with his cum.

He watched her eyes. She looked down at the floor. *Stupid arrogant little whore Now you'll swallow it, bitch.*

He stepped forward. Drink it, baby girl. He squeezed his crotch.

Aubree felt sick. Please, sir I'm thirsty She looked at the cum filled glass with disgust. The salt from the bacon burned her tongue. Her lips were dry and parched.

Winston laughed and walked over to the refrigerator. He took out a can of soda and popped the top. Walking over to Aubree, he knelt down beside her and held the soda in front of her face. Would you like this, girl?

Aubree licked her dry lips. Yes. Please, sir. She listened to the sound of fizz coming from the soda can. Please She reached for the can.

Winston pushed her hand away. He stood up and pointed at the cum filled glass. Drink, whore. Then, you can have the soda.

Aubree grimaced. She glanced at the soda can in Winston's hand and looked down at the glass in her own hand. *I'm sooo thirsty*

Winston watched with delight as Aubree raised the glass to her lips. *Just like a little dog offer her a treat and she'll do a trick*

Aubree slowly lifted the glass to her lips. She hesitated. She looked up at Winston. His eyes were cold. Snake like. She held her head back and downed the semen in one gulp. She felt her stomach churn. *Uggghh* She gagged. Dropping the glass, she fell backwards onto the floor and held a hand over her mouth. *Yuck!* She repressed the urge to vomit.

Winston smiled. ♦ Good, little girl ♦ good baby girl. ♦ He patted her on the head. Like a dog ♦

Winston handed Aubree the soda. ♦ Drink up, cum guzzler. You've earned it. ♦ He laughed and walked into the living room.

Aubree downed the cold soda in seconds. She licked her dry lips and glanced over at Winston. He was sitting on the couch, flipping through channels on the television. She stood up slowly and placed the empty can on the counter. She was cold. She shivered and crossed her arms over her breasts. She stood in the kitchen for several minutes, watching Winston. He appeared to have forgotten her. She slowly walked over to him. She stopped at the edge of the couch. Winston appeared not to notice.

Aubree looked down at her bare toes. She massaged her freezing arms ♦ ♦ Sir? ♦

Winston aimed the remote at the television.

Aubree coughed. ♦ Sir? ♦

Winston slowly looked up at the cowering teenager. ♦ What? ♦ He seemed irritated.

Aubree felt the blood rush to her cheeks. ♦ Where are my clothes? May I go home now? ♦

Winston rubbed his chin. ♦ I think not. ♦ He aimed the remote and changed the channel.

Aubree stood in silence ♦ ashamed and frightened. She looked at the television. Her breath caught in her throat ♦ there, on the television, was her image stroking Winston's stiff penis! She watched the screen in shock ♦ everything that had just happened in the kitchen was right there ♦ on the screen! She watched herself drink his cum and fall back onto the kitchen floor.

Winston smiled up at Aubree. ♦ You're becoming a real film star, little girl. ♦ He hit the rewind button and watched Aubree rise to her knees on screen and lift the cum filled glass to her delicate lips. He laughed.

Aubree felt the blood pounding in her temples. ♦ You were filming me? ♦ She was shocked.

Winston shrugged. ♦ Duh. ♦ He looked up from the couch and smiled. ♦ I have nude pictures and now ♦ hardcore porn videos of you, little tramp. ♦ He cracked his knuckles. ♦ I bet you never thought you would be a porn star. ♦ He smiled.

Aubree stood in silence for a moment. She looked into the kitchen. She scanned the cabinets and ceilings but, try as she might, she couldn't see the hidden camera.

Winston switched off the television and placed the remote control on the table. He rested his chin on his hands and stared up at Aubree. ♦ You know ♦ I could open a website and call it 'Sexy Little Aubree ♦ Cum Guzzling Whore.' I bet it would be a real money maker. What do you think? With your nude pics and hardcore vids? I could make a bundle of cash. What do you think, girl? How would you like to be an internet porn star? ♦ Winston smiled.

Aubree covered her breasts with her arms and stood looking down at her bare feet. You fucker. She felt hopeless. The words rose from her throat uncontrolled. ♦ YOU FUCKER!!! ♦ She screamed at him, in a rage. She balled her fists.

Winston stood up. ♦ Yes. That's right. I am a fucker. You had better believe that, little baby girl. And, unless you want to be an internet sensation, you had best remember who is in charge here. ♦

Aubree stepped back and placed one bare foot over the other. Son of a bitch ♦ son of a bitch ♦ She chewed her bottom lip and attempted to regain her composure.

♦ Please ♦ please ♦ just leave me alone. What have I ever done to you? ♦ She looked at him. Her eyes pleaded for sympathy. ♦ What have I done???

Winston shrugged. ♦ Nothing. You've done nothing to me personally. ♦ He lit a cigarette. ♦ What you've done is to be pretty and sexy ♦ blame your parents ♦ blame your genes ♦ You've done nothing except to be a beautiful specimen of youthful female perfection. ♦ He laughed and blew smoke in her face.

Aubree sank to her knees, coughing. She attempted to hide her nudity with her arms.

♦ However, you have also been an arrogant little bitch... Flaunting your body. Tempting men. Therefore, it is my calling ♦ my duty ♦ to put you in your place. ♦

Winston stepped forward. ♦ You are a sniveling little girl. You have a very nice body which was created for the enjoyment of man. The sooner you understand that, the better. ♦ He smiled. There was no humor in his smile.

Winston continued. ♦ You are a fuck toy. Nothing more. You are here to be an object of amusement for men. Nothing more. ♦

Aubree sucked in air she gasped. She pressed her arms closely over her bare breasts.

Winston slapped her arms aside and squeezed a bare nipple. You are a fuck doll. You are a little fuck toy. Nothing more. He stood up and walked to the couch.

Winston sat on the edge of the couch and watched as tears rolled down the lovely teenager's face.

Do you understand me now, Aubree? He flicked an ash at her.

Aubree watched the ashes fall over her bare thighs. She looked down at the carpet.

Winston pressed her. Do you understand, girl?

Aubree felt sick. Yes. I understand.

Winston grabbed the remote control and flipped on the television. The scenes of Aubree in sexual situations played across the screen. What do you understand, little girl? Winston smiled. What do you understand, baby girl?

Aubree hesitated. Tears rolled down her face. She spoke in a quiet voice. I'm a fuck toy.

Winston felt happy. What? Say again, girl.

Aubree held a slender hand over her face. I'm a fuck toy. Nothing more. Snot ran down her face along with her tears.

Winston nodded. That's better. From here on out your name will be Fuck Toy. You will answer to that name. Okay, Fuck Toy?

Aubree felt shame. I'm Fuck Toy. Yes, sir.

Winston nodded. He smiled. His mind traveled back, remembering the first time he seen Aubree. He recalled her walking across the parking lot in her low hip hugger jeans and cut-off shirt ass shaking for the world to see. He recalled watching her in her little bikini at the pool, reading her magazine and showing off her smooth body. Now, she belonged to him. Fuck Toy.

Winston clapped his hands. Okay, Fuck Toy. Let's go. Get into the bathroom and clean yourself up. You have a busy day ahead. He pointed down the hallway. Move it!

Aubree walked down the hallway. She looked down at her bare toes. She held her hand on the wall, choking back tears.

She heard Winston's voice behind her. Move it, Fuck Toy! Get in there and clean your filthy little whore ass!

Aubree slowly entered the bathroom and closed the door behind herself. She could hear Winston laughing in the living room. She flipped on the light and looked at the bathtub. I'm Fuck Toy she sank to her knees. Hopelessness washed over her. She broke down and wept uncontrollably. I'm Fuck Toy.

To be continued.

Aubree's First Apartment

Part 6

Chapter 13: A Deal Made / An Alliance Formed

Winston sat in the large study. Bookshelves lined the walls. The smell of stale cigar smoke hung in the air mixed with the thick scent of old manuscripts. Drumming his fingers impatiently on his thigh, he looked across the large wooden desk at the small man seated on the other side.

After several minutes, Winston leaned forward. Well? What do you think? Do we have a deal or not? I haven't got an eternity here. Winston felt irritated and impatient. What more do you need? She's as pretty as they come and well trained.

The small man rubbed his chin and looked closely at the pictures spread across his desk. Yes. She's very cute. Nice breasts, excellent buttocks truly a fine specimen of womanly charms. He coughed and cleared

his throat. ♦Cute indeed.♦

Winston wanted to reach across the desk and strangle the annoying little bastard. He refrained. ♦Yes♦ Cute. Not quite the word I would use but cute works. Very sexy♦ Indeed.♦ He took out a cigarette and flicked the lighter. Blowing smoke into the air, he stared at the annoying little man. ♦Come on, Dean Smith. For god's sake, you're a man of action♦ take a stand♦ do you want your stiff prick up her ass or not?♦ Winston leaned back in the chair and pulled on the cigarette.

George Smith, Dean of Mercham Christian University, sighed and ran his thin fingers over the pictures spread across his desk. ♦Yes. Without question. I would like to put my 'stiff prick' up this girl's ass, as you say. However, I must be careful. She could easily go to law enforcement and I would be ruined.♦ He frowned at the scraggly looking figure seated across from him. ♦You make a decent offer but, how can I be sure this one is trained? After all, I heard all about the events at the club on Saturday night.♦ He frowned. His hands shook as he wiped his forehead with a handkerchief.

Winston looked down at the cigarette between his fingers. His jaw clenched. A quick move and this cigarette is in your beady little eye♦ He smiled. ♦Relax, Mr. Smith. This one is trained. Would Black refer me were it not so? Saturday was an unfortunate occurrence. The girl has been duly disciplined. She knows her place.♦ He flicked an ash onto the floor and smiled. ♦Come on now, Smith. You're a V.I.P. club member. Besides, it was my understanding that you've had your eye on young Aubree for quite some time now.♦

Dean Smith watched the ash fall to the floor. He grimaced. *Uncouth fool.* His gaze fell across Winston. *Filthy bastard.* He smiled. ♦Indeed, I've had my eye on our young Aubree for some months now. I've often watched her in the halls and imagined her naked and under my power. However, she always seemed aloof and arrogant. In fact, I consider it a miracle that you've managed to bring her into the fold... Your fame as a trainer is only highlighted with this one.♦ Smith hesitated and stared at the ceiling. His brow creased. He folded his hands on the desk. ♦I would hypothesize that Mr. Black would be reluctant to send you here unless he trusted you completely♦♦ He paused again and sighed♦ He seemed to be deep in thought.

Winston stared at Smith with unfeigned disgust. He opened his mouth to speak, but stopped himself just in time. Instead, he took another drag of his cigarette and glanced down at his watch. *Fucking bastard♦ arrogant little man♦ arrogant little man with lots of cash♦* He exhaled a cloud of smoke and smiled pleasantly.

Finally Dean Smith cleared his throat. ♦Black trusts you. So, I will trust you as well.♦ He leaned forward and placed his chin on his hands. ♦jacta alea est♦.

Winston stared blankly. ♦What?♦

Dean Smith laughed. ♦The die is cast my new friend. The die is cast.♦ He opened a desk drawer and pulled out an envelope. Leaning across the desk, he placed the parcel on the desk in front of Winston. He tapped it with his finger. ♦The agreed amount.♦

Winston snatched the envelope up and looked inside. He ran his thumb across the wad of money. ♦I assume I don't need to count it?♦ The cigarette hung on his lip.

Dean Smith smiled. ♦Do as you must.♦ *Watch the ash you filthy bastard.*

Winston shoved the envelope into his pocket. ♦Now for the other part of our deal. The cash covers the club's fee. However, to get Aubree for two nights alone♦ unattended♦ that's another matter entirely. You know there are strict rules regarding unattended access to the girls♦ Especially access outside of the club environment♦ outside of Black's consent. ♦ Winston flipped his ash onto the floor.

Dean Smith grimaced. ♦Yes. A regrettable but understandable regulation.♦ He sniffed loudly and pulled a large manila folder from under his desk. ♦Amber Anderson, heh?♦ He opened the folder and glanced down. ♦A freshman♦ 19 years of age♦ nubile♦♦ He flipped through the file. ♦I've reviewed her performance. Not such a good student♦ on the verge of failing in fact. Certainly in need of extra credit.♦ Dean Smith raised an eyebrow at Winston. ♦Your plan may have a chance.♦

♦A damned good chance.♦, Winston said as he leaned forward in the chair and crushed his cigarette out on the heel of his boot. ♦A damned good chance♦ Plus, if you want Aubree alone, this is the only way♦ Amber for Aubree♦ and I did all the work with Aubree♦ she's trained. Amber is raw material. I'd say your getting the better end of this agreement, Dean.♦

Dean Smith took an inhaler out of his pocket and placed it on his lips. He pressed the button and inhaled deeply. He stared hard at Winston through troubled eyes. ♦I don't know♦ I'm not a gambling man but, my desire for young Aubree compels me to agree to this crazy plan.♦ He leaned forward and pressed the intercom button.

♦Yes, sir?♦, the voice on the other end of the intercom crackled.

♦Send Ms. Anderson in please.♦ Smith released the intercom button. He looked at Winston and lowered his thick white eyebrows... ♦Remember♦ nothing rash♦ we both have irons in the fire here. Proceed with all due caution.♦

Winston nodded. *Yeah. Whatever. Fucker.* He smiled and gave Dean Smith a wink. ♦No worries, old chap.♦ He turned and looked over his shoulder as the door opened. His mouth watered as the young girl stepped

inside. Blondie. ♦No worries.♦

Amber Anderson was nervous as she stepped into the Dean's office. The air was cold on her bare legs. She smoothed her skirt and looked up at the two men seated in front of her. She trembled slightly. She knew her grades had been bad. But, it wasn't her fault♦ she tried her best♦ she studied every night and listened closely to her professors. She took copious notes. Still, she was failing. Her dad would simply kill her if she flunked out of Mercham. Now, here she was in the Dean's office. It's not fair♦ just not fair! This is lame♦ maybe it's not about my grades♦

She swallowed hard as she stepped forward. ♦You wanted to see me, sir?♦ She glanced up at the Dean through long lashes. Her bright green eyes darted between the Dean and the strange man seated in front of the desk. Who is this guy? He looks familiar♦

Dean Smith nodded. He motioned her forward. ♦Stand here, Amber.♦ He pointed at a spot in front of the desk. He watched as Amber walked forward and stood before him with her hands folded in front of herself. Picking up a pen, he tapped it gently against his chin. ♦I've been looking over your records, Amber. Frankly, your grades have been less than desirable of late.♦ He creased his brow and lowered his thick spectacles. ♦We pride ourselves on academic achievement here at Mercham. It troubles me to see any student failing. It is the reason I've called you here this afternoon.♦ His eyes narrowed and he stared hard at the nervous girl over the rim of his glasses.

Amber shifted her feet and smoothed her skirt. ♦Sir♦ I've really been trying♦ I've been studying and doing everything the professors have recommended. I'm really doing my best♦♦ She blinked rapidly♦ as she always did in uncomfortable situations.

Winston listened to the exchange between Amber and the Dean. Their voices sounded distant. His focus was on the young girl's shapely figure. He scooted his chair backwards to get a better look at her backside. She wore a simple black skirt and off shoulder white top. Her legs were bare down to her black heels. His eyes traveled up the back of her legs and across her firm ass. He could make out the thin outline of her panties through the tight fabric of her skirt. I wonder if you're a true blonde? Several inches of bare flesh were exposed above the top of her skirt and the bottom of her shirt. Her lower back looked smooth and soft... tan. Her hips were shapely and her legs were perfect. He noticed the tattoo peaking from the top of her skirt. Tramp stamp. He smiled. He was fascinated by her firm thighs and curvaceous butt. He leaned forward to get a side view and was delighted by her large bosom. Nineteen going on twenty-five♦ girls grow up fast these days♦not wearing a bra either♦yum! He felt his cock stiffening and adjusted his jeans.

Dean Smith waved his hand in the air, stopping Amber's protests. ♦I understand you've been trying, dear girl. Effort is not the issue here. Your failing grades are the issue. It would seem the university isn't connecting with you♦♦ He cleared his throat. ♦At Mercham, we strive to provide our students with every possible resource to ensure success. In your case, I feel additional guidance will be required. Allow me to introduce Mr. Winston.♦ He extended his hand towards Winston.

Amber turned towards Winston and nodded. ♦Hello.♦ She smiled politely. Weirdo..

Winston smiled back. ♦Hello, Amber.♦ His eyes traveled over her ample chest. Hello, Blondie.

Dean Smith grunted. He looked down at Amber's file. ♦I see you are majoring in The Arts.♦ He looked up at Amber.

Amber shook her head, weakly. ♦Yes, sir♦ The Arts.♦

Dean Smith smiled. ♦Well, Mr. Winston operates a private photography studio and has generously volunteered to work with some of our pupils from the Art Department♦ on an extra credit basis.♦ He looked back down at Amber's file and thumbed through the pages. Glancing back up, he continued, ♦Mr. Winston has agreed to allow you to work at his studio after school to obtain extra credits. I believe this would be a great boon to your academic prospects.♦ He pursed his lips and nodded in Winston's direction.

Amber looked at Winston and back at Dean Smith. ♦A photography studio?♦

Dean Smith nodded. ♦Yes, dear. A photography studio. You will be given extra credits for working with Mr. Winston at his studio. Hopefully, these extra credits will be enough to give you a passing grade. Your academic success is Mercham's overriding goal.♦ He lowered his thick eyebrows.

Amber smoothed her skirt. ♦What would I be doing at the studio?♦ Amber was nervous and somewhat excited♦ working in a real studio♦ extra credit♦ Amber's heart raced. She wanted to be a professional photographer.

Dean Smith cleared his throat. ♦You will work at Mr. Winston's discretion. It will be a learning experience in a real world environment. Mr. Winston will assign tasks and grade you on performance. In the end, his judgment will be final.♦ Smith paused. ♦You should consider this to be a second chance at academic achievement.♦ He paused. ♦The alternatives look bleak with the grades you have received thus far.♦ He glanced down at her file and shook his head disapprovingly.

Amber nodded. ♦I could sure use the extra credits♦♦ She brushed her long blonde hair off her shoulders. ♦I appreciate this chance, sir. My dad would positively disown me if I flunked out of Mercham.♦ He'd take

my car ♦ my allowance ♦ stop paying my bills ♦

Dean Smith closed Amber's file and rapped his knuckles on the desk. ♦ Done. You will work at Mr. Winston's studio two nights each week, Tuesday and Friday. You will start tomorrow. ♦

Amber nodded. So sudden??? She looked over at Winston.

Winston produced a small business card from his shirt pocket. He had used the photographer scam before ♦ it paid to have friends in the art community. Calling in another unpaid favor ♦ Winston smiled and extended the card to Amber. ♦ The address is on my card. Dress casual ♦ Does 6 PM sound good? ♦

Amber took the card. ♦ Yes, sir. 6 PM is okay. I have plans for later tomorrow night ♦ How long will I be working at the studio? ♦ He looks familiar ♦

Winston shrugged. ♦ Should be a couple of hours each evening ♦ we'll see. ♦ Plans? Like drinking beer with your little boyfriend? His smile broadened.

Amber nodded in agreement. ♦ Okay ♦ I'll plan on 6-8 PM. ♦ She turned to Dean Smith. ♦ Thank you for allowing me the opportunity to earn these extra credits. I promise I'll take every advantage, sir. ♦

Dean Smith nodded. ♦ Indeed. Very well then, Amber. I certainly hope to see your marks increase in the very near future under Mr. Winston's added care. I'm sure you'll make your father proud. ♦ He smiled.

Amber looked nervously around the room. ♦ Thank you, sir. Thank you again for allowing me this additional assistance. ♦ She turned to Winston. ♦ Pleasure again to meet you, sir. ♦ A photographer? Doesn't look like a photographer ♦

Winston held out his hand. ♦ The pleasure is all mine, Amber. See you at tomorrow. ♦

Amber shook Winston's hand and turned towards the door. Her heels clicked loudly on the wood floor as she closed the door behind herself. That was lame.

Both men watched the adorable teen as she left the room. Her hips swayed seductively ♦ almost unconsciously ♦ almost. Winston adjusted his pants while looking at the top of the girl's tattoo peeking from beneath her skirt ♦ I'll be seeing more of that soon ♦

As the door closed, Dean Smith stood up. ♦ I'm somewhat nervous about this whole thing. I trust again that you will do nothing rash? ♦ He raised a questioning eyebrow in Winston's direction.

Winston laughed. ♦ Calm down, old man. I'm a professional. I've played this game on more than one occasion. This isn't my first rodeo ♦ Isn't that what you say in the south? ♦ He chuckled.

Dean Smith nodded. ♦ Fine. A professional ♦ a real cowboy ♦ ♦ He walked over to the cabinet and pulled out a bottle. Pouring himself a drink, he turned to Winston. ♦ I assume we'll break the news to young Aubree tomorrow when she returns to school? ♦

Winston stood up. ♦ Yep. I think she'll be excited to hear she'll be spending a couple of days at your country house and away from me. She doesn't like me very much. ♦

Both men laughed.

Winston was excited as he left the Dean's office ♦ A new conquest ♦ a new challenge ♦ a new slave ♦ He whistled as he walked to his truck.

Chapter 14: Sentence Passed

Aubree awoke suddenly. She shot a glanced at the clock beside her bed. 7 AM already? She sighed. Sitting up, she rubbed her eyes and stretched. Back to school ♦ I'm so not ready ♦

She stumbled into the bathroom and flipped on the light switch. Placing her palms on the counter, she leaned forward and stared at her reflection in the mirror. Her mind raced. She closed her eyes ♦ remembering ♦ Sunday had been a bad day. Winston had forced her to clean his truck inside and out. After that, he had taken her back to his apartment and put her to work as his own personal cleaning service ♦ making her scrub the bathroom, vacuum the floors and do his laundry. All the while, he continued to call her Fuck Toy. Periodically, he had taken her to his bedroom. On Monday morning after forcing her to give him a blowjob, he had sent her home telling her to, 'study hard' for school. He had stayed away all day on Monday and Aubree had tried to resume her studies without success. She just couldn't seem to focus.

Now, it was Tuesday morning. Her first class was in a little over an hour. She was unprepared. She turned on the faucet and splashed cold water on her face. Slipping out of her nightshirt, she pulled the shower curtain

aside and stepped in. I have to keep going until I can figure this out ♦ As the steamy water streamed over her body, she began to relax. Maybe I can move ♦ switch schools ♦ never let him know where I've gone ♦ I need to call daddy and momma ♦ I haven't spoken with them in ♦

Suddenly, there was a loud knock on the bathroom door causing Aubree to jump and scream. Then came Winston's voice, ♦ Fuck Toy? Are you ready for school? ♦ Aubree's eyes widened as she backed against the shower tiles, covering her breasts. She watched in stunned silence as the shower curtain parted. Winston smiled in at her, his eyes roaming over her nude body. He pulled the curtain completely aside and looked down at his watch. ♦ It's 7:15. Why aren't you dressed? Your first class is at 8:30 and we have a little meeting to attend prior to class. ♦ He grinned devilishly. Grabbing her arm, he spun her around and swatted her backside. The sound of his hand on her bare butt was loud. ♦ Get the soap rinsed off and be quick about it, girl. ♦ He spun her back around and looked down between her legs. Reaching out, he ran his hand over her pubic area. ♦ And let's have this shaved ♦ all of it ♦ if there's one thing I can't stand it's an unruly bush. ♦ He laughed. ♦ I want it as smooth as the day you were born ♦ get moving! ♦

Aubree was in shock. Although she had started to expect his unannounced appearances, she just couldn't completely accept her new loss of privacy. She stammered ♦ Yes, sir. ♦ She reached for the shower curtain. Winston slapped her hand away. ♦ Leave it open, tramp. I want to watch ♦ to make sure you get all nice and clean. ♦ He sat down on the counter and folded his arms. ♦ Get busy, Fuck Toy. ♦

Aubree stepped back under the showerhead and began to wash the soap out of her hair. Water is getting on the bathroom floor ♦ She ran her hands over her face and turned to allow the water to run down her back. Out of her peripheral vision she could see Winston watching her. Pervert. He produced a camera from his pocket and Aubree saw the flash. She felt sick. More pictures ♦ I'm in deeper and deeper ♦ What did he mean about a meeting to attend???

Winston snapped another picture. ♦ Bend over and rinse that filthy little crack, tramp. ♦

Aubree bent forward and allowed the water to stream between her buttocks. The camera continued to flash. You sick bastard ♦

Winston stood up. ♦ Get moving, Fuck Toy. Let's get that pussy shaved. ♦ He grinned and snapped another picture.

Aubree slowly reached for the shaving cream and razor. Her eyes darted around the bathroom. What's happening? Who am I? ♦ She squeezed a small amount of shaving cream onto her palm. Glancing back up at Winston, her adorable lips turned into a frown. ♦ Please don't take anymore pictures, sir. ♦ She hesitated. ♦ I'll shave it off ♦ okay? Please just stop taking pictures ♦ I don't want ♦ ♦

♦ Shut up, baby girl! ♦ Winston laughed. ♦ I don't care what you want. You are my property now. I'll take pictures whenever and wherever I see fit. Now get busy! Shave that filthy fuckhole! ♦

Aubree choked back tears. It's not a fuckhole ♦ She massaged the warm cream between her legs and worked it into a lather. As she applied the razor, Winston continued snapping away. ♦ That's it, girl. Get it all off ♦ I want you bare ♦ like the little baby girl you are ♦ ♦

Aubree couldn't look up at his face. Shame washed over her. No matter how many times he humiliated her, the shame never seemed to dull. Dolphins in the ocean.. Swimming free ♦

Finally, she was done and splashed water between her legs, looking up at Winston as she stood beneath the shower spray.

He smiled. ♦ Stand up straight, girl. Hands at your sides. Spread those legs. ♦ He walked over and bent down, running his large hand over her privates. He slipped a finger inside her. ♦ That's good. Nice and smooth. ♦ He gave her butt a squeeze. ♦ Now get that water turned off and dry your filthy little ass. ♦ He turned and walked out of the bathroom, shaking water from his hand.

Aubree turned the water off and stepped out of the tub. She dried herself off and squeezed out her long hair. She paused momentarily, listening to the water drip in the bathtub. Her heart raced. Wrapping the towel around her body, she stepped into the hallway and looked around. She could smell his cologne. Jerk ♦ She crept forward and peeked around the corner.

Winston was in her bedroom, sitting on the bed. Dolphins ♦ dolphins ♦ free ♦ She swallowed hard.

Winston looked up. ♦ Get your little ass in here, Fuck Toy. ♦

Aubree slowly stepped into her bedroom. She noticed a small bag sitting on the bed next to Winston. He reached over and opened the bag. ♦ I decided to buy you a little something when I was out yesterday. ♦ He glanced up at her and winked. ♦ Lose the towel, baby girl. ♦ He snapped his fingers.

Aubree felt hatred for this despicable man. I'm not a child! I'm eighteen! I'm an adult now! She looked at Winston's eyes. A cold chill ran down her spine. He's pure evil ♦ what momma would call a devil's spawn ♦ dolphins in the ocean ♦ swimming free ♦

Aubree let the towel fall to the floor and stood fully nude in front of her tormentor. She watched as he reached into the bag. He produced a small red bra and a matching pair of satin lace-up hipbucker panties.

The panties had a criss-cross back which would fully expose her butt. He thrust them at her. Put these on.

Aubree took them from him with hesitation. I have my own pants.

Winston cut her off. Shut up, Fuck Toy. I spent my hard earned money on these and you will be wearing them today. He folded his arms and smirked.

Aubree hung her head in resignation. Yes, sir. She stepped into the panties and pulled them up. They were small very small and very tight. Her exposed butt felt cold underneath the criss-cross back. She could feel her crack on full display. She pulled the bra over her shoulders and fastened the clasp. The material barely covered her nipples much less her ample cleavage.

Winston eyed her from head to toe and nodded approvingly. Perfect fit. He glanced down at her bare feet. Your toenails need to be painted. With those pretty feet, you should show them off. I want those nails painted red. I assume you have polish?

Aubree nodded. I don't like red I have some but

Shut up, girl! Winston stood up and cracked his knuckles. Get the polish out and get busy. I want you to look your best today. Hurry up.

Aubree walked across the hall and into the bathroom. She could feel Winston watching her. She opened the bathroom cabinet and took out the red nail polish.

Winston walked across the hall and leaned against the bathroom door. He looked down at his watch. Hurry it up, girl!

Aubree sat down on the edge of the tub and painted her toenails. Red I hate red

Winston watched the nude girl as she painted her nails. Such pretty little feet. His eyes roamed up her bare legs and over her firm breasts and sexy little face. He looked at his watch. Hurry up, baby girl. You don't want to be late for school.

Aubree finished painting her nails and looked up at Winston. It will take a little while for the polish to dry. Guess we'll be late for that little meeting. She suppressed an urge to smile.

Winston looked at his watch. We haven't got much time. He stepped forward and grabbed her arm. Never mind that. You can carry your shoes with you and put them on at the university. He pulled her up. Get moving and get dressed. He pulled her into the bedroom. I want you in your tightest jeans and that adorable cut off shirt you enjoy wearing on the weekends. You know the one that highlights your big tits and shows off your tight little stomach.

Aubree hesitated. Sir I can't. It's a school day. That's against university rules. Cut off shirts are strictly forbidden. Anything above the navel is prohibited on campus.

Winston shrugged. No worries, girl. I know the Dean. Now get dressed. And get your shoes out you can put them on later. Move it!

Aubree felt a cold chill run down her spine. He knows the Dean??? What's happening???

She opened her closet and took out her tight jeans and cut off shirt. She felt numb as she got dressed. Dolphins

Winston smiled as he looked at the incredibly sexy girl. Money in the bank. He clapped his hands. Now fix your hair and make up. I want you to look real nice. Wear the glossy lipstick. I want those cock cushions you call lips to be nice and shiny. He glanced at his watch. You have 10 minutes. I want to be out the door by 7:50... Get moving!

Aubree stumbled back into the bathroom. Oh my gawd!

Winston cranked the truck engine and looked over at Aubree. The teenager sat in the passenger seat with her arms crossed over her bare stomach. She held her shoes in her lap. She looked so adorable in her tight jeans and short shirt. He could see goose bumps rising over her arms. The book bag between her bare feet completed the picture. What a perfect little school girl. Winston smirked and turned on the radio. He shot a glance back at Aubree as she stared away from him and out the window. Okay, girl. Let's go to school.

Aubree shivered. Sir please I'm not dressed appropriately this is against university regulations. Plus, I have my own car why are you driving me to school?

Winston lit a cigarette and blew smoke at Aubree, causing her to cough. Don't worry, Fuck Toy. I have an inside angle. He laughed as he backed out of the parking space. He cranked up the stereo.

As they pulled onto the university campus Aubree sank down in the seat, trying to hide. To her dismay, Winston drove straight to the Administrative Building and parked his truck just outside the front doors. Several students were seated on and around the front steps, talking. They looked up as the truck pulled up, loud music blaring from the windows.

Winston turned off the ignition and looked over at the nervous girl. ♦Let's go, Fuck Toy. Grab your book bag and get your shoes on...♦ He stepped out of the truck and walked around to the passenger side. Opening the door, he pulled Aubree out by the elbow. ♦Come on, whore.♦ He laughed as the young girl struggled to pull her shoes on. ♦Hurry up, Fuck Toy.♦

Aubree blushed. Stop talking so loud. People will hear♦ She frowned.

Winston smirked. ♦Let's go, cock tease.♦ He pulled her forward.

Aubree felt nauseated as she followed Winston to the main doors. I look like a prostitute♦ She held her bag in front of herself in an attempt to cover her bare stomach. Winston opened the front door to the building and motioned Aubree inside. ♦After you, little missy.♦ Aubree hurried through the door. She heard whispers from behind her. I hope I don't know any of those kids♦

Aubree stepped into the main foyer of the Administrative Building and glanced around. Fortunately, only a half dozen people were on hand♦ Aubree noticed her Political Science professor standing nearby. He smiled and waved. Shyly, Aubree waved back. She held her book bag tighter against her tummy. Oh my gawd!

Winston grabbed her arm, pulling her forward. ♦Come on, lazy girl.♦ As Winston pulled her along, she noticed her professor looking over his shoulder. He's looking at my shirt♦ Shame washed over her. I'm in violation of the dress code♦.

Winston led her down the main hall and past several loitering students and staff members. Aubree recognized several people and felt sick. They're looking at my clothes♦ I'm violating the dress code♦

At the end of the hall, Winston stopped outside of a large door marked ♦Dean's Chamber♦. He opened the door and pulled Aubree inside. An older woman with grey hair glanced up from her computer monitor. ♦May I help you?♦ Her eyes fell to Aubree. A slight frown formed on her lips. She looked back at Winston.

Winston nodded. ♦Yes, ma'am. My name is Winston. I have an appointment with Dean Smith.♦

The woman's eyes narrowed. ♦Winston whom? May I say?♦ Her judgmental eyes shifted between Winston and Aubree.

Winston smiled. ♦No. Just tell Dean Smith Mr. Winston is here.♦

The woman shot a disapproving glance at Aubree and back at Winston. ♦An appointment with the Dean you say?♦

Winston took a step towards the desk. ♦Yes. Are you hard of hearing? I have an appointment. He's expecting me. I was just here yesterday. Don't act like you don't know me, lady. Now call him.♦ He placed his hands on the desk, palms down and stared directly into the woman's eyes.

The woman shrank back into her chair. Her hand shook visibly as she reached for the intercom. ♦Dean Smith?♦

Smith's voice crackled back over the intercom. ♦Yes, Beatty?♦

♦I have a Mr. Winston here to see you with a young♦♦ Beatty looked at Aubree♦ ♦With a young♦ lady.♦

Aubree blushed.

Smith's voice came back. ♦I'll be right out.♦

Moments later the large door to the inner chamber opened. Dean Smith stood in the doorway. He ran his hand over his balding scalp. He adjusted his thick glasses. ♦Mr. Winston♦ what a surprise♦ please♦ come in.♦ He smiled at Beatty. ♦Thank you, my dear.♦

Dean Smith hurried Winston and Aubree into his office. He closed the door behind himself and flipped the lock into place. He shot an angry look at Winston. ♦For god's sake, man! What are you doing here? Our meeting was at 5 PM♦ after classes have adjourned.♦

Winston shrugged and lit a smoke. ♦Oh well♦ plans change. Allow me to introduce Aubree.♦ Winston waved a hand. ♦I think you know her.♦ He blew smoke rings into the still air.

Dean Smith looked at the cowering girl. His anger melted away as he drank in the lovely girl standing before him with her book bag held over herself. His gaze started at her feet and moved up her legs, over her jeans and shirt and came to rest on her adorable, down turned eyes. ♦Hello, Ms. Sidney.♦

Aubree nodded. ♦Hello, sir.♦ She continued looking at the floor. Her heart raced. How do they know each other?

Dean Smith motioned them forward. ♦Come in. Take a seat.♦

Winston walked over to a chair and sat down. He watched as Aubree placed her bag on the ground and started to sit in a large chair. He snapped his fingers. ♦No, ma'am♦ no ma'am. You will remain standing for the duration of our meeting.♦ Winston motioned her up with a another snap of his fingers.

Aubree stood with her hands folded and looked down at the carpet. *What's happening???? Dolphins♦*

Dean Smith walked around his desk and sat down. He glanced over at Winston.

Winston crossed his knee and folded his arms. ♦Well Dean Smith, we have discussed Aubree Sidney's indiscretions♦ in detail. I think you know where she stands.♦

Aubree's heart pounded. She felt her cheeks flushing. *Like a bad dream♦*

Dean Smith leaned forward and placed his elbows on the desk. ♦Yes. Indeed we have. I have been most troubled to hear of her deplorable behavior.♦

Winston raised a finger. ♦Number one, she has acted like a vixen and displayed her body in the most vile manner for all to see. Just look at her choice of clothing today.♦

Dean Smith grunted. ♦Put your hands at your sides, Ms. Sidney. Let me have a look at your attire.♦

Aubree shifted her feet uncomfortably and lowered her hands. She felt the Dean's eyes burning into her exposed midsection. She held a hand over her bare stomach. *Stop looking at me that way♦ stop looking at my tummy♦*

♦Hands by your sides, Ms. Sidney. Don't make me ask you again.♦ Dean Smith leaned forward as Aubree dropped her hands. ♦Your clothing is certainly inappropriate for a college setting.♦ He shook his head. ♦A disgusting display.♦

Winston raised a second finger. ♦She has indulged in illegal substances and defiled her mind with poison.♦

Dean Smith shook his head. ♦Unacceptable. Shameful. Regrettable.♦

Aubree bit her bottom lip. Her cheeks blushed furiously. *Oh no♦ Oh no♦*

Winston raised a third finger. ♦She has engaged in all sorts of sexual activity and debased herself in the eyes of all society. As proven by the pictures and video which I have provided.♦

Dean Smith nodded in agreement. ♦Yes, indeed. Horrible activity. Certainly grounds for expulsion.♦

Aubree felt tears welling in her eyes. ♦Stop it♦ please♦ you know this isn't true♦ you made me do those things♦♦ She looked angrily at Winston and back at Dean Smith. ♦Sir, I didn't want♦♦

Winston cut her off. ♦Shut your mouth, little girl. Or, do we need to show Dean Smith what happens to naughty girls on their bare bottoms?♦

Aubree chewed her bottom lip and looked at her shoes. Her cheeks flushed and her mouth felt dry.

Winston stood up. ♦Aubree? Do we need a demonstration of what happens when little girls are disobedient? What happens on their bare bottoms?♦

Aubree rubbed her nose. ♦No♦ sir♦ Her voice was weak.

Winston sat back down. He looked at Dean Smith and winked. ♦I have tried to teach her, Dean♦ I have failed♦♦ He looked over at the humiliated girl. ♦Therefore, I am turning her over to you, Dean Smith. As an educator, hopefully you will have more luck than myself.♦ Winston paused and looked up at Aubree. He saw the tears running down her cheeks. He looked back at Smith. ♦Will you accept this responsibility, sir?♦

Dean Smith nodded gravely. ♦It is my duty. Although, I must admit I am somewhat disappointed that Aubree has fallen into such a state of disgrace♦ I will certainly do everything in my power to bring her back to the straight and narrow path.♦

Winston let out an exaggerated sigh. ♦Thank you, Dean. I have certainly reached my wits end with her. She is obstinate and refuses to listen to guidance. I find corporal punishment to be the only effective way of getting her attention.♦

Smith rubbed his chin. ♦Hopefully, such extreme measures will not be required. However, I will not hesitate to use them if necessary.♦ His eyes roamed over Aubree's adorable, teenaged body♦ *Those measures will be necessary for sure♦*

Aubree wiped her eyes. She attempted to speak but couldn't find her voice. She was in complete shock at the sudden change of events.

Winston walked over and stood inches away from Aubree. His breath was hot as he whispered into her tender ear. ❖I am sorry that it has to come to this, girl. But, you leave me no choice. Your deplorable behavior warrants my seeking additional assistance. Mr. Smith is a professional educator. I have made him familiar with your vices. He has agreed to intervene on your behalf. ❖ Winston paused and ran a large hand over Aubree's smooth back... underneath her shirt❖❖I am leaving you in Dean Smith's care for the next 48 hours. I have given him full authority to discipline you as needed. Do you understand?❖ He squeezed her butt through her tight jeans. ❖I've given him permission to discipline you on the bare little butt if required. Do you understand?❖

Aubree choked back a sob. ❖Yes❖❖ She looked down at her feet. Her vision blurred with tears.

Winston pinched her neck. ❖Yes what?❖

Aubree swallowed. ❖Yes, sir.❖

Winston glanced at Smith and grinned. ❖Okay then, little girl. I will be back to pick you up on Thursday morning. You be a good little baby girl and obey Dean Smith in my absence. Remember, everything he does is for your own good. Do you hear me?❖

Aubree nodded weakly. I'm not a baby❖

Winston walked over and extended a hand to Dean Smith. ❖Good luck, Mr. Smith.❖

Dean Smith nodded and took Winston's hand. ❖Thank you.❖ He meant it. He licked his lips as he looked at the cringing girl. Aubree Sidney❖ I have watched you in the halls of this campus longer than you understand❖ what a delectable little treat❖

Winston walked to the door. He shot a glance over his shoulder. ❖See you on Thursday, girl.❖ He closed the door behind himself and was gone.

Chapter 15: Serving Time with the Dean:

Aubree stood looking down at the wood floor. She shut her eyes. Dolphins❖ momma and daddy❖in Reed❖ She heard Dean Smith walk back around the desk and sit down. She heard him flick a lighter and the smell of cigar smoke filled the air. I have to reason with him❖ make him understand❖

Without looking up, Aubree ventured to speak. ❖Dean Smith, I don't know what that man has told you but I can explain❖❖ She sniffled.

Dean Smith exhaled cigar smoke. ❖Ms. Sidney, please remain silent.❖ His words were final.

Aubree inhaled deeply. She started to speak but bit her lip instead. She folded her hands in front of herself and twiddled her thumbs, nervously.

Smith looked at the shame faced teenager and smiled. This was money well spent❖ He drew deeply on the cigar and blew smoke rings into the air. ❖Ms. Sidney, I have three rules which are tantamount and must be obeyed at all times. First, you speak only in response to me. Second, you will use no phrases of a questioning nature. Third, you will remain in my sight at all times for the next two days. Do I make myself clear?❖

Aubree nodded her head almost imperceptibly. ❖Yes❖❖ Her voice was weak and barely audible. Why is this happening to me? I have class in a few minutes❖

Smith pulled on his cigar and placed his feet on the desk. He frowned at the girl's folded hands. ❖Please lower your hands to your sides.❖

Aubree dropped her hands.

Smith smiled. His eyes roamed over her firm breasts and bare stomach. ❖You must not attempt to cover yourself in my presence. From the pictures and videos I've witnessed, it would seem you are not ashamed of your body. Isn't that correct, Ms. Sidney? No shame?❖

Aubree looked up at Dean Smith through her tearstained lashes. ❖I was forced to do those things, sir. It wasn't by choice. Winston is an evil man❖❖

Smith frowned. ❖Mr. Winston is a good citizen attempting to help a wayward girl. I am happy for your sake that he has brought your indiscretions to my attention. As Dean of this university, my responsibility is to the student body. As you are a part of the current student body, I will do everything within my power to help you, Ms. Sidney.❖

Aubree closed her eyes. She felt cold and weak.

The Dean continued. ❖We both know you have much at stake here, Ms. Sidney. Your behavior over the next 48 hours will influence the remainder of your adult life❖ expulsion from this school would condemn you to a life of mediocrity. You understand this?❖

Aubree nodded weakly.

Smith sat up in his chair and crushed the cigar out. ♦This is a very serious situation, Ms. Sidney. Mr. Winston has told me stories about you that frankly, I find hard to believe. The thought of any student at Mercham behaving in such a disgraceful fashion is repulsive to me.♦

Aubree chewed her bottom lip. ♦Sir♦ please allow me to explain♦♦

Dean Smith shook his head. ♦I think not. Mr. Winston has explained quite enough.♦ He paused. ♦It would appear you've already forgotten rule number one.♦

Aubree crossed her arms over her breasts. ♦I was responding to you, sir. I meant no offense.♦ She rolled her eyes.

Smith stood up and stretched. He cracked his knuckles. ♦Unfortunately for you, Ms. Sidney, I am offended. I just gave you my three simple rules not two minutes ago and already you've broken rule number one.♦ He walked around the desk and stood next to Aubree, frowning. ♦My, my♦you are indeed a disobedient girl, aren't you?♦

Aubree took a step back. ♦Sir, please♦ I don't think you have a clear picture of the true circumstances. Please allow me to explain♦♦

Dean Smith began to walk around Aubree. Circling her. ♦You are violating rule number one, yet again.♦ His eyes roamed over her body♦

Aubree folded her arms over her stomach and closed her eyes. ♦Sir, please♦ please listen to me♦ Winston is crazy♦ he's evil♦ he's been forcing me to do things♦♦

Dean Smith continued to circle the pleading girl. He shoved his hands into his pockets.

Aubree could feel the Dean walking around her through her closed eyelids. *He has to listen*♦ She inhaled deeply. ♦Sir♦ he made me pose for those pictures. He forced me to do those things. He's blackmailing me♦ none of the things he says are true♦♦

Dean Smith continued to circle the weeping young girl.

Aubree continued, ♦This all started at the swimming pool at my apartment. I noticed him on a balcony♦ snapping pictures of me by the pool. He's a pervert.♦

Dean Smith continued circling Aubree.

Aubree felt light headed♦ sick♦ ♦Please, sir♦ Do you understand?♦ He's blackmailing me♦ He caught me with some pot♦ told me I would be in trouble♦ I ♦♦

Dean Smith continued walking around her. He removed his hands from his pockets and folded them across his chest. He stopped in front of her and looked at her closed eyes.

Aubree's chin quivered. Tears rolled down her cheeks. She opened her eyes and stared directly into the Dean's face. ♦You understand. Right? He's evil♦♦ Her heart pounded as her adorable brown eyes searched his face.

Dean Smith frowned. ♦No. I'm afraid I don't understand Ms. Sidney. From the evidence I've seen, you willingly submitted to everything. I see no evidence of coercion. In fact, from your behavior this morning, I would say you have no self discipline whatsoever.♦

Aubree choked on her sobs. ♦Sir♦ I don't think♦♦ She broke down completely and held her hands over her face.

Dean Smith slowly unfastened his belt. He had waited months for this moment. He pulled the belt from his pants slowly and savored every word of his next pronouncement.

♦I had hoped we wouldn't have to pursue harsh measures, Ms. Sidney. Unfortunately, your behavior warrants attention. Now, unfasten your jeans and lower them to your ankles, Ms. Sidney.♦

Aubree sobbed even harder. *Why is this happening?? Oh no♦.oh no♦*

Smith flexed the belt in his hands. ♦Ms. Sidney?♦

Aubree pressed her hands against her face. ♦Pl♦please♦♦

Dean Smith smiled. ♦Unbutton your pants and take down the zipper, Ms. Sidney. Do it now, please.♦

Aubree let her hands fall to her sides and stood looking at the floor.

♦Ms. Sidney? Are you hard of hearing? Please unfasten your pants and lower the zipper.♦

Aubree shivered. ♦Sir, this isn't appropriate.♦ She bit her bottom lip as tears trickled down her cheeks.

Who are you to say what is and isn't appropriate? Smith snapped. After the pictures I've seen, I would say nothing is inappropriate in your estimation, Ms. Sidney. Shameful little child! He stretched the belt in his hands. Now, unfastened your jeans lower the zipper and take down your pants. He paused. NOW!

Aubree felt the blood pounding in her temples as she slowly unsnapped her jeans and lowered the zipper. The sound was loud in the quiet room.

Smith watched as her zipper came down and her red panties came into view. That's a good girl. Now, lower your pants to your ankles please.

Aubree rubbed the tears out of her eyes and slowly pushed the jeans off her hips and down her legs. They fell into a crumpled heap at her feet. Oh gawd!

Smith walked behind the weeping girl and drank in her bare legs and bottom. Stunning. He appraised her crisscross panties and delicate ass crack on full display. An interesting choice of undergarments for such an innocent girl, Ms. Sidney. He snapped the belt in his hand.

Aubree bit her bottom lip. Winston made me wear them, sir.

Dean Smith chuckled. A likely story. Everything seems to be Mr. Winston's fault. How convenient.

Aubree nodded her head. Yes, sir. He made me do those things and wear these clothes I didn't want.

Dean Smith stopped her. That's enough Ms. Sidney. I've had my fill of your lies. Please take your panties down.

No! Please, sir! Aubree took a step forward and almost tripped on her tangled jeans.

Smith laughed. Not very graceful. Now please take your panties down, Ms. Sidney. Don't make me have to pull them down for you.

Aubree choked back her tears. Sir, please don't do this. I'm a decent girl. It's not what you think!

Smith was becoming angry. Ms. Sidney, I am going to count to three. If your panties aren't on the floor by the time I reach three, this interview will be over and I will proceed with expulsion papers.

One Two

Aubree hitched her fingers into the elastic waistband of her panties and pushed them quickly to the floor. She stood up and placed her palms over herself. Tears ran down her cheeks.

Dean Smith took a step back and admired her completely bare ass. He walked around and stood in front of her. He stared at her beautiful face and smiled at her tightly closed eyes. His gaze fell between her legs. He admired her shaved pussy through her fingers. Please lower your hands to your sides, Ms. Sidney. I told you once not to attempt to cover yourself.

Aubree let her hands fall by her sides. She chewed on her bottom lip.

Smith glanced down between her legs. Completely shaved. Not exactly the sign of a respectable young girl is it? He walked behind her and glanced down at her bare buttocks. Now get your shoes off and step completely out of the jeans and panties.

Aubree bent down and pulled her shoes off. She swallowed hard as she stepped out of her jeans and pulled the panties off her feet.

Dean Smith watched as Aubree bent forward and removed her clothing. What an ass! Oh lord, thank you! He pointed at his desk. Fold your clothes neatly and place them on my desk.

Aubree knelt down and folded her jeans and panties. She placed them on his desk with her shoes on top.

Smith watched her. His heart raced with pent up lust. That's it, Ms. Sidney. Now bend over and grab your ankles. I'm going to give you ten swats of the belt for your disobedience.

I'm not disobedient you're a pervert Aubree leaned forward and grabbed her ankles. Oh no

Smith raised the belt and came down hard across the girl's bare backside. CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

Aubree wept uncontrollably. Dean Smith smiled and continued to apply the belt to her lovely backside. Filthy little whore

After ten strokes, Dean Smith wiped his forehead with the back of his hand. His hard cock throbbled in his pants. Such a pretty little thing He admired his handiwork. Large red welts had formed on Aubree's bare buttocks. You deserve every bit of this He took a deep breath. Okay, Ms. Sidney. I think that's enough for now. You may stand up.

Aubree slowly stood. She ran her fingers over her aching buttocks. Oh ouch oh

Smith placed the belt on the desk and loosened his tie. Do you play with yourself, Ms. Sidney? He unbuttoned his jacket.

Aubree rubbed her sore backside and tried to focus. No, sir. Of course not. Never. She watched as the small man walked over and sat down on the edge of the desk.

Smith stared at her. You are lying, Ms. Sidney Mr. Winston has told me all about your masturbation habits in detail. You have very filthy thoughts

Aubree inched towards the desk. May I have my jeans back now, sir?

Smith shook his head. No, you may not have your jeans back. In fact, after what I've heard from Mr. Winston, I'm curious about your masturbation practices. He pushed Aubree away from the desk. Perhaps your dirty thoughts are causing you to behave in such a shameful manner. He paused and stroked his chin. There must be some reason you've decided to walk down the path of filth and darkness.

Aubree held her hands over her privates. Sir I

Smith rolled his eyes. Again, you disobey my rules Please lower your hands immediately.

Aubree dropped her hands to her sides. She breathed deeply and wished her cut off shirt covered more flesh. Stop looking at me this isn't right

Smith's eyes were fixated between Aubree's legs. What do you think about when you play with your little slit, Ms. Sidney?

What?, Aubree stammered.

When you play with yourself, Ms. Sidney when you rub your hard little clitoris what do you fantasize about? Smith's focus remained locked on Aubree's exposed privates.

Aubree shifted her feet. Nothing really don't play with myself, sir. I just

Smith stood up. Shut up, Ms. Sidney. He grabbed her panties from the desk and walked over and stood in front of her. He held the crumpled panties under her nose. Open your mouth.

Aubree took a step backwards. Why? What are you doing? I have to get to class, sir

Dean Smith stepped towards her. Open your lying little mouth. NOW! He grabbed her arm and pulled her towards him.

Aubree closed her eyes and opened her mouth.

Smith smiled. Wider wider open your mouth all the way like when you're sucking your little boyfriends.

Aubree opened her mouth fully. She shook visibly. Her fingers clenched at her sides. Her nails cut into her palms

Smith shoved the panties between her lips. There. Isn't that a nice fit? You can keep these in your lying little mouth until you're ready to tell the truth. He took a step back and smiled at the humiliated girl. As far as classes, you won't be attending them today or tomorrow. You will stay with me and if you disobey me, you may never be attending classes at Mercham again. Do I make myself clear, Ms. Sidney?

Aubree stood motionless. The taste of her own panties was disgusting.

Smith gave her a light slap on the thigh. You may nod your head yes or no. Do I make myself clear? Ms. Sidney?

Aubree nodded in the affirmative.

Smith crossed his arms. Classes are out for today and for tomorrow. If you wish to attend this university in the future you must do exactly what I say. He pointed at the corner. Go stand over there. Put your nose against the wall and do not turn around unless I tell you to do so

Aubree slowly shuffled across the room and stood facing the corner. She felt like gagging.

Smith clapped his hands. Nose in the corner, Ms. Sidney! Right up against the wall!

Aubree pressed her nose against the wood paneling and crossed her hands over her bare butt.

Smith shouted at her. Hands at your sides, Ms. Sidney! If you try to cover yourself again, I'll beat that little butt of yours black and blue!

Aubree let her hands fall to her sides and stood weeping in the corner.

Smith walked over to his desk and sat down. He had some paperwork to complete before taking vacation for the next two days. He smiled. Warmth filled his groin as he looked at Aubree's tight ass on full display. Money well spent ♦

After several minutes, Smith placed the cap on his pen and looked up at Aubree. ♦Okay, Ms. Sidney. Please get your pants and shoes back on. Don't bother with the panties.♦

Aubree slowly turned around and walked to his desk. She reached for her panties.

♦No, Ms. Sidney. Leave the panties alone.♦ Smith leaned over and grabbed the panties, shoving them into his jacket pocket. ♦Just your jeans and shoes.♦

Aubree wiped a tear out of her eye as she pulled on her tight jeans. She stepped into her shoes and looked up at Dean Smith. ♦Sir? May I go to class now? I'm late.♦

Smith shook his head. ♦Not a chance, Ms. Sidney. I told you once, you shall not go to class today and depending on your behavior, maybe never again.♦ He frowned at her.

Aubree looked down and bit her bottom lip. Dolphins in the ocean♦

Smith stood up. ♦Now, Ms. Sidney. I want you to go out to the front of the building and wait for me on the steps. Do you understand?♦

Aubree folded her arms over her bare stomach. ♦Yes, sir.♦ She turned and walked out of his office.

Dean Smith watched the girl as she closed the door behind herself. I'm going to have fun with you♦ He walked over to the liquor cabinet and took out a bottle. Not bothering with a shot glass, Smith took a long pull on the bottle. Life can be good sometimes♦

Smith walked out of his office and looked at his assistant. ♦Beatty, I'm going to be gone on business for the next two days. I plan to return on Friday.♦ He handed her some documents. ♦Please see to it that these vacation papers are filed with the HR department.♦

Beatty looked up at him. What's going on here? ♦Yes, sir.♦ She smiled. Something isn't right♦

Smith ignored Beatty's questioning eyes. ♦I'll see you on Friday morning, my dear.♦ He stepped towards the door.

Beatty shook her head and looked back at her computer monitor. Must be nice to take vacation without notice. If I tried to do that♦ She shrugged her shoulders.

Dean Smith hurried out the front doors of the administration building. Aubree was sitting on the steps, her arms folded over her bare stomach. He rushed over to her. He looked at his watch. Classes will be changing in less than ten minutes♦ we have to be gone♦

Smith snapped his fingers. ♦On your feet, Ms. Sidney. Get moving.♦ He grabbed her elbow and guided her down the stairs. He hurried her to the faculty parking lot and pushed her towards his SUV. Opening the door, her motioned her inside. ♦Get in.♦

Aubree allowed him to guide her into the vehicle. She jumped as he slammed the door shut. She watched as he hurried over to the driver's side. Why the rush? She looked down at her lap. Why is this happening to me?

Smith jumped into the SUV and slammed the door. He started the engine quickly and pulled out of the parking lot. I hope no one sees us♦ He glanced at the rearview mirror. I'm glad my windows are tinted♦

As he pulled onto the main road, Smith began to relax. He turned towards Aubree and exhaled deeply. ♦Okay, Ms. Sidney. You will be staying with me at my vacation house for the next 48 hours. I will do everything in my power to correct your deplorable behavior.♦ He watched the girl as she turned away from him, staring out of the window. His face flushed with rage. She's ignoring me!

Smith reached out and grabbed Aubree's earlobe. He gave it a hard twist. ♦Are you listening to me, Ms. Sidney?♦

Aubree yelped! ♦Ouch! Yes! I'm listening, sir!♦ She winced in pain. ♦Please stop twisting my ear, sir♦ it hurts!♦ She tried to push his hand away, without success.

Smith smiled. ♦I know it hurts, Ms. Sidney. It's supposed to hurt. Sometimes little girls need a bit of pain to get their attention.♦ He twisted her ear again.

♦Owww! Please stop!♦ Aubree grabbed his hand. ♦Please, Dean Smith. Please stop. I'm paying attention!♦

Smith gave her ear a final hard twist before releasing her. ♦Failure to pay attention will be met with strong disapproval, Ms. Sidney.♦

Aubree shrank back against the passenger's side door and held her hand over her throbbing ear. What did I do? She pulled her legs up and sat with her chin on her knees. I just want to go to class. Why is this happening?

Smith watched the young girl out of the corner of his eye. Delicious. ♦It's going to be a long drive, Ms. Sidney. My vacation home is rather remote. Why don't you get comfortable?♦

♦I'm okay, sir.♦ Aubree looked at him nervously. ♦I feel fine.♦ She tried to smile.

Smith smiled back. ♦Nonsense. You don't look very comfortable to me. You look a little warm. Why don't you slip your shirt off?♦ He watched as the girl tensed. She didn't move. ♦Are you listening to me, Ms. Sidney?♦ He reached over and took her earlobe between his thumb and forefinger, giving it a gentle pull.

Aubree bit her bottom lip. Please don't twist my ear again ♦ She shivered slightly. ♦I'm not warm, sir. Really.♦

Smith squeezed her ear. ♦Take your shirt off, Aubree.♦ He cleared his throat. ♦Please don't make me have to ask you again.♦ The threat in his voice was clear.

Aubree looked down at the floorboard and slowly hitched her fingers underneath her shirt. With a sigh, she pulled it over her head and off. She folded it in her lap.

Smith felt his cock stiffening as her looked at her skimpy bra. It was small, fully revealing her ample cleavage. He could see the outline of her nipples against the tight fabric. He drank in her smooth bare stomach.

♦There. Now isn't that better?♦ He patted her thigh.

Aubree nodded weakly.

Smith motioned to the backseat with his thumb. ♦You can just toss your shirt back there. It's only in the way up here.♦

Aubree slowly turned and dropped her shirt onto the backseat. As she turned towards him, she could see Smith staring at her breasts. Stop looking at me ♦ She quickly sat back down and folded her arms over her bra.

Smith smiled. ♦Your jeans look a little tight, Ms. Sidney. Why don't you unfasten the top button? I think you'll be more comfortable.♦ He put his hand on her thigh.

Aubree looked out the window and fought back tears as she unsnapped the button on her jeans. Pervert. Dean Smith is no different than Winston... He wants me to strip ♦

Smith's cock was fully erect. He rubbed Aubree's thigh. ♦Good girl. Isn't that much better? In fact, why don't you go ahead and take the zipper down? I think you need some air down here.♦ He slipped his hand between her legs.

Aubree closed her eyes. ♦I'm not wearing panties, sir.♦

Smith laughed. ♦I know. I remember. They're in my pocket. Now, let's have this zipper right down.♦ He grabbed her zipper and pulled it down with a quick motion. He smiled as the girl trembled. With one finger, he pushed the top of her jeans apart. ♦There. Now you can breathe.♦ He held his hand over her stomach and caressed her smooth skin with his fingertips. ♦You have very soft skin, Ms. Sidney. Do you use lotion?♦ He outlined her navel with the tip of his forefinger.

Aubree folded her arms over her bra. She looked away from Dean Smith. ♦Sometimes♦♦ Stop touching my bellybutton♦

Smith continued to caress her belly. His hand got lower and lower. His fingers slipped into her jeans. He touched the top of her bare slit. ♦Do you use lotion down here, Aubree? When you play with yourself?♦

Aubree felt ill. ♦No♦♦ Stop touching me♦

Smith's probing fingers went lower. He traced her labia gently. ♦You don't use oil or lotion down here, Aubree?♦

Aubree trembled with humiliation and embarrassment. ♦No♦ I don't♦♦ She closed her eyes tightly.

Smith parted her lips and touched the top of her clitoris with his finger. ♦Lubricant is helpful during masturbation Aubree and, according to Mr. Winston, you play with yourself frequently. I'm surprised you don't use lotion or oil.♦ He rubbed her clitoris gently.

Aubree looked up at the ceiling and fought back tears. ♦Please, Dean Smith. Please stop touching me this way. It isn't right.♦

Smith continued massaging her clit. ♦Nonsense, Aubree. I will be touching you in this way and many other ways over the next two days♦ And, you will be touching me as well♦ I intend for us to get to know each other quite well.♦

Aubree felt a teardrop roll down her cheek. She bit her bottom lip. Don't cry♦ stop crying♦

Smith continued to rub her clitoris. ♦I'm very surprised you haven't used lotion down here. We'll have to remedy that.♦ He took his hand out of her pants and patted her stomach.

Aubree squeezed her thighs together and reached for her zipper. This is sick♦

Smith pushed her hands away from the zipper. ♦No, Aubree. Let's keep your jeans unfastened. In fact, I want you to push them down♦ all the way♦ to your ankles.♦

Aubree looked out the window. ♦Sir, I can't♦ What about the other cars? Someone will see♦♦

Smith shook his head. ♦Don't be silly, Ms. Sidney. My windows are tinted. Now, pull your jeans down. In fact, take them off completely. Your shoes too.♦

♦Please, Dean Smith. This is wrong♦♦ Aubree crossed her hands over her lap. ♦Please don't make me♦♦

Smith grabbed her ear and gave it a hard twist. ♦Jeans and shoes off, Aubree. You can put them in the backseat with your shirt.♦

Aubree winced in pain as Smith twisted her ear. ♦Okay! Please stop!♦ She pulled at his hand. ♦Please stop♦ I'll take them off♦♦

Smith released her ear and smiled. ♦Hurry up, Aubree. Get them right off.♦

Aubree sniffed as she removed her shoes. She pushed the jeans down her legs and pulled them off. She turned around and dropped them into the backseat. Turning back around she folded her hands in her lap and looked down.

Smith's cock was practically exploding as he looked over at Aubree. She was adorable, wearing nothing but her skimpy bra. ♦There. Much better. Now open the glove compartment, Aubree.♦

Aubree hesitatingly leaned forward and opened the glove box. She immediately saw what he was after. A bottle of baby oil sat on top of the maps and other documents in the compartment. Oh no♦

Smith smiled. ♦Please take out the oil, Aubree.♦ He plucked at her bra strap. ♦We might as well have this off as well♦ it's not like it covers anything anyway.♦

Aubree slowly took out the oil and placed it on the seat next to her. ♦Sir, please let me keep my bra on♦ I♦♦

Smith made a motion of reaching for her ear. ♦Aubree? Are you listening to me? Please remove your bra and put in the backseat with the rest of your clothes.♦

Aubree shrank away from his hand and quickly unfastened her bra. She let it fall over her arms. Her breasts sprang into view.

Smith gave a low whistle. She's perfect. Look at those nipples. All nice and erect♦ like pencil erasers. ♦Go ahead and toss the bra in the back, Aubree.♦

Aubree placed the bra into the backseat. Now fully nude, she sat shivering in her seat.

Smith was finding it hard to focus on the road. He had a raging erection and his mouth was dry. He adjusted his glasses. ♦Okay, Aubree. Please open the oil and pour a little on your pussy. Make it all nice and slick♦ I want you to masturbate for me♦♦

With hesitation, Aubree flipped the cap and squeezed a small amount of oil between her legs. As the oil trickled down her pussy lips, she looked up at Dean Smith. She opened her mouth to speak but Smith shushed her. ♦Quiet, my sexy little student. Don't speak. Massage that oil all over your tight little pussy. Get it nice and slick.♦

Aubree swallowed and closed her eyes. She began to massage the oil over her labia. Her fingers made a squishing sound as she rubbed herself.

Smith licked his lips. ♦That's it♦ nice and slick. Spread your legs♦ wider♦ good♦ get it all wet♦♦ He removed one hand from the steering wheel and unzipped his trousers. Reaching into his underwear, he grabbed his throbbing erection and began to stroke himself. ♦Spread your lips. I want to see you finger your little clit, Aubree.♦

Through her tightly shut eyes, Aubree heard Smith lower his zipper and start to stroke himself. She felt ill. Sick pervert♦ Following his command, with two fingers she pulled her lips apart and began to gently massage her clitoris.

Smith looked back and forth from the road to the masturbating young girl. He unsnapped his trousers and pulled his cock free. He stroked himself harder. ♦Good♦ good♦ just like that, Aubree♦ play with yourself♦ horny little slut♦♦

Aubree continued to finger herself. She kept her eyes closed. After several minutes, she started to become aroused. Her mouth watered. She felt ashamed. *Don't enjoy it♦ this is sick♦ She turned her head away from Dean Smith. She opened her eyes and tried to focus on the passing cars through the tinted window.*

Smith felt himself approaching climax as he watched her. Pre cum coated his shaft. He released his cock and placed a hand on Aubree's thigh. ♦That's it, Aubree♦ now come here♦♦ He grabbed her arm and pulled her towards him. ♦Come here, my sexy little student. I want to feel your lips on my penis.♦

Aubree allowed him to pull her across the seat. She held an arm over her breasts. She shivered as he grabbed the back of her head and guided her towards his lap.

♦Alright, Aubree. Lean over here and give Dean Smith a good sucking. I've heard how much you like giving blowjobs.♦ He pushed her face towards his stiff prick. ♦Make the Dean proud♦♦

Aubree leaned over and took his cock in her mouth. The taste of his pre cum was salty and made her want to gag. She didn't. Instead she ran her tongue over the base of his shaft. *Just cum fast you pervert♦ get it over with♦ She paused. I'm getting better at this♦ Smith squeezed the back of her neck. She cupped his testicles in her small hand and ran her lips over his penis. I'm becoming a whore♦ I'm Fuck Toy. She closed her eyes as Dean Smith exploded in her mouth. His cum hit the back of her throat like a torpedo. She sat up in the seat, gagging. I'm Fuck Toy.*

George Smith watched Aubree Sidney wipe his semen off her chin. He smiled as he zipped his trousers. *I have you for two whole days little tramp♦ His smile broadened.*

Aubree sat back in the seat and pulled her legs up underneath her chin. She glanced at Smith. ♦Can I get dressed now?♦ She already knew the answer♦

The SUV sped down the road and into the late morning sun.

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Chapter 16: An Unwilling Muse:

Amber looked at the digital clock in her car... 6:08... *I'm late, as usual♦ Amber was always late. Her friends joked about her tardiness. They called her 'Amber Come Lately'. The nickname had multiple meanings and created hilarity at any party.*

She slammed the car door shut behind herself and looked down at the business card. *This has to be the place♦ She glanced up at the dilapidated building in front of her. Bad neighborhood♦. Why would Mercham do business with this photographer? Weird♦ Lame♦ She activated the car alarm and hurried across the parking lot, her heels clicking loudly on the pavement. She brushed her long blonde hair off her shoulders. She was nervous♦ her eyes blinked rapidly♦*

Winston looked from the second story window and watched the young girl as she rushed across the parking lot. *First session and late already♦ you'll pay for that♦ His eyes roamed over her tight body. Beautiful little girl♦ She wore a white, spaghetti strap top and tight black jeans. High heels completed her attire. Winston felt his cock stiffening as he watched her hurry towards the building. Blondie♦*

Amber stepped into the main foyer of the building and glanced around. She looked down at the business card. *Second level, Suite ♦B♦♦ She looked at the stairs. Mmmmm♦ no elevator♦ old freaking building♦ lame♦*

She hurried up the staircase. *I'm late♦Winston was waiting for her at the top of the stairs.*

♦Hello, Amber.♦ He looked at his watch. ♦You're late.♦ He looked down at the clipboard in his hand and scribbled something.

Amber blinked. ♦I'm sorry♦ I got sort of lost♦♦ She hesitated. ♦I hope my tardiness won't affect my extra credits?♦ She looked nervously at the clipboard.

Winston smiled. ♦We'll see.♦ He opened the door and motioned her into the studio. ♦Come on in.♦

Amber stepped into the large studio. She looked around as Winston closed the door. The place was huge. The ceilings were high. The studio had an open, airy feeling. Pictures hung on every available wall space. In the center of the room was a raised platform draped with white sheets. Cameras and lighting equipment surrounded the platform. A large desk sat to the side, covered with books and documents.

Amber looked at the various pictures on the wall. These are wonderful ♦ She smiled. ♦ Are all of these your work? ♦ She looked over her shoulder at Winston.

He nodded. ♦ Of course. Some of my pathetic attempts at art. ♦ He glanced around. Right ♦ they're all mine ♦ I couldn't snap a good picture of a turd in the toilet ♦ stupid girl. He looked around the studio. I need to ask Fred about some of the photographer lingo ♦ I don't have a clue ♦ He winced.

Amber's face brightened. ♦ You're a wonderful photographer, sir. ♦ She flashed him a smile revealing flawless white teeth.

Winston smiled back. ♦ Thank you, Amber. ♦ I'll relay your compliments to Fred ♦ the real artist ♦ Oops ♦ Oh yeah, Fred is in jail ♦ Sorry about that. He suppressed an urge to laugh. ♦ Please. Come in, dear. ♦ He motioned her forward with a wave of his hand. His eyes fell to her butt as she walked across the large room. Her tight jeans were practically painted on. Her ass cheeks swayed provocatively. Soon, girl ♦ soon ♦ His mouth watered.

Winston pointed. ♦ Have a seat. ♦ He nodded to a large wicker chair.

Amber sat down and crossed her legs. She continued to look at the photographs displayed throughout the large studio. ♦ You know, I'm studying to be a photographer. I'm envious of your talent. ♦ She smiled at Winston, her white teeth sparkled.

Winston shrugged his shoulders. ♦ What can I say? I try. ♦ Suddenly, Winston remembered Fred's side room. The private photos ♦ He looked down at the clipboard. ♦ So ♦ Amber. You're majoring in The Arts? ♦ He looked up at her.

Amber nodded proudly. ♦ Yes, sir. I'm trying. Doing my very best ♦ One day, I hope to be a photographer of your caliber. ♦ Her eyes roamed over the beautiful photographs hanging throughout the studio.

Winston shook his head. ♦ According to Dean Smith, you haven't been doing so well lately. ♦ He raised an eyebrow.

Amber looked down at the floor. She blinked. ♦ It's not the photography part that I'm having trouble with. It's the other stuff ♦ math ♦ history ♦ you know, the dull stuff. ♦ She looked up at him with adorable green eyes ♦

Winston walked over and stood next to her. He pretended to look at his clipboard as he looked down the top of her shirt, examining her ample cleavage. He could just make out the top of her delicate pink bra. ♦ Oh ♦ Well the other stuff seems to be rather important, Amber. ♦ Winston said. He glanced down at her adorable toes. She's beautiful ♦ ♦ In order to get a degree, you have to understand all aspects of the lesson plan. ♦ He stepped behind her and was disappointed to find that her shirt covered the top of her jeans. He couldn't see down the back of her pants. Shit! Son of a ♦

Amber laughed. ♦ I know. I just hate all of the other stuff ♦ math, science, literature ♦ who cares? I just want to take pictures and be famous! ♦ Amber stood up. ♦ I'm surprised I haven't seen your work before. These photos are wonderful. ♦ She walked over and looked at the large framed pictures hanging from the wall.

Winston watched the young girl. Whatever. They're not my pictures ♦ they're Fred's ♦ but Fred's in jail ♦ And you're mine ♦ His eyes roamed up the back of her tight jeans. He stepped towards her. ♦ Okay, Amber. Let's get to work, shall we? ♦

Amber looked over her shoulder. ♦ Yes, sir. Of course. I'm sorry. I just really love your work ♦ ♦ Her bright green eyes sparkled. She was excited. My first job in a real studio!!! I'm on my way!!

Winston felt annoyed. It's not my work, stupid girl. ♦ Thank you, Amber. ♦ He forced a smile. ♦ Okay then, let's get started. ♦ He nodded towards the large raised platform in the center of the studio. ♦ I'd like for you to go sit over there. I'm going to take a few test shots before we begin. ♦

Amber hesitated. ♦ Test shots, sir? ♦ Her brow creased.

Winston smiled. ♦ Yes. Of course. A few sample photos before we begin the actual shoot. ♦

Amber played with her bracelets. ♦ You mean you're taking pictures of me? ♦

Winston looked down at the clipboard and scribbled some notations. He glanced back up at her. ♦ Yes. What did you think you would be doing here? ♦ He chuckled and looked back down at his clipboard.

Amber shrugged. ♦ I don't know ♦ I guess I thought I'd be working as an assistant or something. Helping you set up the backgrounds ♦ adjust the lighting ♦ you know ♦ ♦

Winston shook his head. ♦ I don't need an assistant, Amber. I need a model. What would make you think you're qualified to be an assistant to any professional photographer? Your still in school. You have no real skills. ♦ He laughed out loud.

Amber blushed. ♦ I'm sorry. I didn't really know ♦ I ♦ ♦

Winston laughed again. ♦It's okay, Amber. No worries.♦ He motioned at the platform. ♦Please take a seat.♦

Amber stood for a moment in silence. A model? I'm a photographer, not a model♦

Winston glanced up at her. ♦Amber? Are you ready to continue?♦

Amber looked over at the platform. She glanced back at Winston. ♦I'm sorry. I'm just a little nervous. I didn't expect to be photographed.♦ Her eyes blinked rapidly.

Winston wrote something on his clipboard and frowned. ♦I understand, Amber. If you would like to go home and forget the extra credits it's okay. I can find another student model.♦ He looked at his watch.

Amber rubbed her hands together and adjusted her bracelets. ♦No. No♦ it's okay. I really need the credits.♦ She walked over to the platform and stepped up.

Winston watched the sexy young girl as she stepped up onto the raised platform. Barrier number one destroyed. He grinned. What an ass♦ those hips♦

Amber turned to face Winston. She adjusted her shirt and brushed the hair off her shoulders. ♦I'm sorry, Mr. Winston. I'm really nervous.♦ Her cheeks were flushed. She blinked rapidly.

Winston nodded reassuringly. ♦It's not a problem. Sometimes you must be the muse before you can be the artist, Amber.♦ He placed the clipboard on the desk and walked over to the camera. This much about photography I know♦ He glanced up at the corner of the room. The video camera was recording. Excellent. He nodded at Amber. ♦Okay, please sit down on the stool.♦

Amber walked over to the center of the platform and sat on the stool. She crossed her hands in her lap and looked uncomfortably at Winston. Now what? She shifted on the seat.

Winston looked through the camera lens. ♦Okay, Amber. Just unfold your arms and look towards me.♦

Amber looked at the camera and tried to smile.

Winston adjusted the focus. ♦Good. Now look to your right and up a little.♦ He snapped a picture. *SNAP* The flash was bright. ♦Outstanding. Good. Now, hold that pose and put your left foot on the ground.♦ *SNAP* ♦Wonderful♦ good job♦ put your right hand on your knee♦That's it♦ hold it♦head up♦♦ *SNAP* ♦Excellent. You're doing just fine.♦ He smiled at her. ♦Now, lean forward a little♦ rest your chin on your hand♦ look up... No, Amber♦ up♦ not down♦ Look at the ceiling♦ give me a pouting look♦ like you're upset about something you wanted and didn't get♦ give me a sad face♦♦ **SNAP** ♦Now cross your legs and rest your chin on both hands♦ keep the pouting look♦♦ **SNAP** **SNAP**

Winston stopped and shook his head. ♦No♦ no♦ this isn't working.♦ He threw his hands up in exaggerated disgust. ♦We're not connecting. Something isn't right♦♦

Amber was nervous and uncomfortable. ♦I'm sorry. I've never modeled before. Just tell me what you want♦ I can do it. I know I can. Give me a chance. I'm trying.♦ I need these extra credits♦

Winston looked at her and frowned. ♦This isn't working. Let's try something different. Why don't you slip your shoes off?♦

Uncertainty washed over Amber's face. She hesitated.

Winston adjusted the camera. ♦Just slip your heels off and get comfortable, Amber.♦ He nodded at the floor. ♦You can put them over there.♦

Amber looked at the floor.

Winston smiled. ♦Just try to relax, Amber. I'm the artist. All you need to do is follow my direction. Okay?♦ He looked over the top of the camera. ♦Just calm down♦ slip your heels off and relax♦ okay?♦

Amber blinked rapidly as she unfastened the straps on her heels. This is so lame♦ She pulled her shoes off and dropped them on the floor. Her bare feet felt cold. Okay♦ She flexed her toes.

Winston looked through the camera lens. ♦Okay, Amber. Look this way, at me. Look at the camera♦ there you go♦ outstanding♦ such a pretty girl.♦ He held his hand out. ♦Follow my hand♦ look here♦ like you're thinking of something that only you know♦ a secret♦ Good♦ Hold that.♦

SNAP

♦Wonderful♦ outstanding♦ Now hold that secret thought♦ Look up at the ceiling♦ you're thinking♦ Good♦ Bravo, Amber! You're getting it!♦ He smiled at her. ♦You're very photogenic. You have a natural beauty which you must learn to harness.♦

Amber smiled back. I'm getting it♦ a natural beauty♦ She blinked. Her heart swelled with pride. A real artist said I'm a natural beauty♦ She felt her cheeks flushing. I'm pretty♦

Winston walked over to her. He circled the stool. Let's get this pose just right. He placed his hand on her back and pushed. Shoulders back there you go Now, put this hand on your knee and keep your other hand under your chin. He ran his fingers through her hair. Let's fluff this up a little good excellent. He walked back over to the camera. Hold that pose. He held a finger in the air. Look here.

Amber held perfectly still. Her eyes locked on Winston's raised finger. I'm beautiful A natural Her green eyes beamed.

Winston snapped a picture. Okay. Good He snapped another. **SNAP** He stood back away from the camera and looked at her. You're doing great, Amber. You're a very pretty girl with a lovely form. But something still isn't right. He looked at her thoughtfully and shook his head.

Amber watched Winston. I'm trying! You said I'm a natural She frowned. Her eyes fluttered.

Winston walked over and stood in front of her. No. This isn't working. Let's try something new with you. He stroked his chin as if deep in thought.

Amber looked down at the floor. I'm trying.

Winston's eyes suddenly widened. He snapped his fingers. I've got an idea. It just might work. He creased his eyebrows.

Amber's pulse quickened. Tell me make me connect make me beautiful She looked at him with wide eyes.

Winston stepped back and held his hands up, making two L shapes with his fingers. He looked through his hands as if he were aiming a camera. Okay. He walked towards her. Okay. He tilted his head.

He walked back over to the camera. He glanced up at Amber. We'll try something new lift your shirt a little.

Amber stopped. What? Why? She was embarrassed. Why? What do you mean?

Winston stood up from the camera. He gave her a hard stare. He raised an arm and motioned across the studio. Are you questioning me, Amber?

She paused. No. Not at all I just don't understand why you want me to lift my shirt She blinked.

Winston extended a finger and pointed at the photographs hanging throughout the studio. You said that you admired my work and think that I'm a great photographer, correct?

Amber looked down at her bare toes. Yes. But, I don't see.

Winston cut her off. If you believe I'm a talented photographer then you must trust me, Amber. I've worked with dozens of models and I know what looks good on camera each model is different. You have a very feminine form and lovely skin tone. There's nothing to be ashamed of. Don't be nervous.

Amber continued to look down at her bare feet. She clenched her toes.

Winston motioned at the photographs on the wall. How many of these models do you think questioned my expertise? He looked at Amber.

Amber hesitated.

Winston smiled. None of them, Amber none of the models on this wall ever questioned me. Winston glanced over at the nervous teen. Why would you come to my studio, complement me on my work and then question my judgment? He frowned.

Amber felt stupid. I'm sorry. I'm just a little nervous... That's all. I'm so stupid

Winston nodded. Okay. No worries. I understand that. He looked down at his watch. We only have a two hour session tonight. Let's get back to work. Please roll your shirt up. Lift it to just beneath your breasts.

Amber felt light headed. This is uncomfortable She slowly reached under the hem of her shirt and rolled it up. Her bare stomach came into view.

Winston watched the adorable girl lift her shirt. Blondie. He concealed a smile as he leaned forward to the camera. His eyes fixated on her firm stomach. Fucking beautiful He smiled. That's it, Amber. Roll it all the way up. There's nothing more charming than the female form. He raised his hand. All the way, please.

Amber pulled her top up and tied it in a knot behind her back. She felt her cheeks flushing. He's an artist He knows what he's doing doesn't he???

Winston paused. What's that in your belly button, Amber?

Amber looked down. ♦Oh, it's my belly ring. My boyfriend, Ross gave it to me for my birthday.♦ I love Ross♦ She smiled.

Winston shook his head. ♦Please remove it.♦

Amber unfastened the belly ring and pulled it out. Don't question him♦

Winston motioned. ♦You can put it over there with your heels.♦ He watched her as she bent down and dropped the belly ring by her discarded heels. What a body!

♦Okay. Sit back on the stool and look towards me. Imagine you're all alone and remembering something that made you very happy. Don't think about the camera.♦

Amber smiled and closed her eyes. Ross♦ Ross makes me happy♦

SNAP **SNAP**

♦Good, Amber. Hold that smile. Open your eyes and lean a little to your left. Tilt your head♦ there♦ perfect♦♦ **SNAP** **SNAP**♦ You have beautiful eyes.♦ Winston took the camera off of the tripod and walked around the girl. He continued snapping pictures as his eyes roamed over her bare back and stomach.♦Good, Amber. Excellent. You're doing fine.♦ **SNAP**

Winston continued snapping pictures and instructing Amber in different poses for several minutes. Finally, He put the camera down and opened a bottle of water. ♦Are you thirsty?♦ He offered a bottle of water to Amber.

Amber took a long swallow of the cool water. She smiled. ♦Who would have thought modeling could be such hot work?♦ She laughed.

Winston nodded and smiled. Hot work indeed♦ ♦I think you'll learn a lot about the photography business over the next several weeks, Amber.♦ More than you might like, in fact♦

After they finished their drinks, Winston ran his hand through his hair. ♦Okay. Let's get back to work, Amber. Go ahead and slip out of your shirt and jeans.♦

Amber blinked rapidly. ♦My shirt and jeans?♦ She played with her bracelets.

Winston nodded. ♦Sure. I want to take some shots of you in lingerie. You are wearing a bra and panties, I assume?♦ He laughed.

Amber swallowed hard. ♦Yes. Of course.♦

♦Well, then go ahead and slip out of your outer clothing and we'll get going.♦, Winston said with a smile.

Amber stood up and unfastened the knot in her shirt and pulled it down. ♦I don't know, Mr. Winston. I didn't know I was going to be modeling for you and certainly not in my underwear.♦ This is sick♦ this guy might be a good photographer but he's not taking pics of me without my clothes. Lame♦

Winston shrugged. ♦I'm sorry the university wasn't clear about your out of school assignment, Amber. However, I requested student models for a project I'm putting together on the female form. If you want the extra credits, I'm afraid this is the only way♦ You're always free to leave♦♦ He glanced over his shoulder at the door.

Amber looked over at her high heels on the floor. She took a step towards them and stopped. I need the extra credits♦ he's a professional photographer♦ It's not like I'll be nude♦ It's just like wearing a bikini♦ He's an artist♦

Winston crossed his arms and watched as Amber looked down at her high heels. He watched her eyes. That's it, stupid little girl. Reason it through. You need the credits♦ you're failing out of university♦

Finally, Amber turned towards Winston. ♦Okay. I'll be nervous. But, I'll do it.♦

Winston nodded. ♦Fine. Well then, go ahead and pull your shirt and jeans off. You can put them with your shoes.♦

Amber slowly pulled her shirt off and dropped it on top of her high heels. She glanced up at Winston. He was adjusting the camera and appeared to be paying her no attention. She unsnapped her jeans and lowered the zipper. Pushing them down her legs she stepped out of them, dropping them onto the floor. She stood back up and folded her arms over her bra.

Winston looked up. Holy god! The girl was stunning in her pink bra and thong panties. He tried not to stare at her as he quickly assessed her body. Her breasts were huge and appeared to be natural. I knew they were big but look at that cleavage♦ He quickly looked down her slender stomach. Shapely hips♦ beautiful navel♦ He looked between her legs. In the thin thong panties, he could tell she was completely shaved. He looked down her luscious legs♦ She's perfect♦

Winston cleared his throat. ♦All right, Amber. Please sit back on the stool.♦

Amber slowly walked over and sat on the stool. Her cheeks blushed as she looked down at the floor. I'm wearing my underwear in front of a total stranger ♦ he's going to take pictures ♦ She frowned. I need the credits ♦

Winston coughed. ♦ Okay. Look to your right, Amber. Please uncross your hands and fold them in your lap. Good. Now, cross your legs and keep a straight face. I want you to appear to be deep in thought. Forget about the camera ♦ ♦

Amber looked towards her right. No problem with not smiling ♦ this is weird ♦ lame ♦

Winston smiled. ♦ **SNAP** ♦ Good. Good. Hold that pose ♦ now turn towards me but don't look at the lens ♦ look over my right shoulder ♦ Excellent. ♦ **SNAP** ♦ **SNAP** ♦ Good. ♦ **SNAP**

Amber's cheeks were flushed and her heart pounded. This is weird ♦

Winston pulled the camera off the tripod and knelt in front of Amber. ♦ That's it. Keep looking in that direction ♦ excellent ♦ Now, stand up and turn away from me ♦ ♦ He watched as the cute teenager stood up and turned her back towards him. Her bracelets tinkled. Oh dear lord ♦ Her butt was tight and round. Firm. The thong left very little to the imagination. He zoomed in and took a close up shot. ♦ You're doing fine, Amber. Now, kneel down. I want you to look like you're reaching for something ♦ excellent! ♦ **SNAP** ♦ As the girl knelt down, Winston zoomed in on her butt. The thong rode low. The top part of her ass crack was on full display. Winston adjusted his crotch. ♦ Good, Amber. You're doing just fine ♦ ♦

After several more photographs Winston stopped. He wanted to see the young girl fully nude. However, he didn't want to press his luck and scare her off. This is just the first session ♦ He looked down at his watch. ♦ Well, Amber. It's almost eight. I think we've done enough for today. ♦ He smiled. ♦ You can get dressed and I'll see you on Friday. ♦

Amber stood up and walked over to her clothes. Her bare feet padded silently across the floor. ♦ Okay. ♦ She picked up her shirt and pulled it over her shoulders. She looked at Winston out of the corner of her eye. ♦ I hope I did okay? ♦ She blinked.

Winston pretended to work on the camera. ♦ Yep. Just fine, Amber. I'll see you Friday ♦ Six o'clock sharp. Don't be late next time. ♦

Amber blushed as she pulled up her jeans. ♦ I'm sorry I was late, Mr. Winston. I promise I'll be here early on Friday. ♦

Winston nodded as he watched the girl pull on her high heels. ♦ I believe you, Amber. ♦ I really do ♦

He escorted her to the door and watched as she walked down the stairs. ♦ See ya Friday, Amber. ♦

♦ Bye! ♦ Amber hurried out the front door. That was weird ♦ Ross is waiting for me ♦ I'm late ♦

Winston closed the studio door and rushed over to the camera. ♦ I've got to get these pictures developed. ♦ He laughed. Stupid fucking girls ♦ stupid, sexy fucking girls ♦ fuck toys ♦ He laughed out loud.

To be continued (maybe) ♦

Aubree's First Apartment

Part 7

Chapter 17: A Country Retreat

The SUV raced down the highway. Bright afternoon sunlight reflected off the dark tinted windows. Passengers in the other cars on the road had no idea of the drama unfolding within the speeding vehicle. Had they been able to see through the tinted glass, a strange sight would have met their eyes. In the driver's seat of the SUV sat an older man with thinning white hair and thick glasses. In the seat next to him sat a lovely teenaged girl with tearstained cheeks. The girl was totally nude. Her clothing lay in a crumpled heap in the backseat. Her sadness was a stark contrast to the smiling man behind the wheel.

Observers would certainly wonder at the girl's state of undress and the vast age difference between the two of them. Questions would be asked. However, the tinted windows blocked all outside eyes and the older man and the naked young girl were isolated within the confines of the speeding vehicle. Alone, although surrounded by people on all sides the SUV sped into the countryside.

George Smith, dean of Mercham Christian University, turned towards the cringing girl in the passenger's seat. Hands down, Ms. Sidney, I've told you previously that you are not to attempt to cover yourself when in my presence. He gripped the steering wheel tightly and pursed his thin lips as the beautiful teenager dropped her hands to her lap.

The sight of the fully nude girl made his heart race. She was a work of feminine perfection. Her long dark hair, deep brown eyes, full lips, delicate neck, large natural breasts, smooth stomach, shaved pussy, long tan legs right down to her adorable bare toes everything about her made Smith's heart leap. And she's all mine for two whole days. He smiled smugly. This freshly squeezed little tart is all mine. No fumbling, groping little boys for you my dear. You're all mine to enjoy as I see fit and I will enjoy you in every way.

Smith reached into the pocket of his tweed jacket and produced a cell phone. As he glanced down at the girl's smooth legs, he hit the speed dial. Hello, Juan. I'm on the way to the house now. Yes. Today. I'll be there in under two hours. Right, indeed. I have a new pet. Yes. Please make the normal preparations. Be sure everything is in order. You know the routine. I expect everything to be in place. Don't let me down or you'll be on the way back to your home country. Remember, you're here illegally. Goodbye. He placed the phone back into his jacket and looked down at the naked girl. Placing a hand on her thigh, he eased her legs apart. Let me see this again, my dear. Don't be shy. He smiled at the girl's timid whimpers. Slipping a finger between her pussy lips, he began to stroke her exposed clitoris. Perhaps, you need to cum again. Yes, I think so. He laughed as the girl wept.

The afternoon sun was setting as Smith turned off the highway and onto an isolated country road. He drove down the tree shadowed lane and turned into a large driveway. Stopping at the gate, he lowered his window and punched in the pass code. As the gates opened, he pulled the SUV up the drive. Two days of fun ahead.

As they pulled up the long driveway, Aubree looked at the magnificent gabled house perched on the hill. The setting sun cast long shadows across the lush green grass surrounding the estate. This place is huge. She shivered slightly and was aware of her nudity. Her chin rested on her bare knees as she squeezed her big toes. She glanced over at dean Smith and frowned. Sir, please may I get my clothes? I'm cold. She thought of dolphins the thought of the majestic mammals always comforted her in times of distress. Dolphins swimming free.

Smith looked over at the pouting girl. He sighed with exasperation. Fine, little crybaby... bra, panties and shirt only. Your pants and shoes are to remain in the backseat. You won't be needing them. His eyes roamed over her lovely teenaged body. Adorable.

Aubree quickly leaned over the seat and grabbed her panties, bra and shirt. Smith looked down at her bare butt as she leaned over the seat. I'll bet that's tight. He gave her ass a pinch, causing her to jump. Little vixen. He pulled the SUV to a stop in the driveway and switched off the ignition. He looked down at Aubree as she pulled on the skimpy panties with the criss-cross backside. Filthy little girl. He smiled as she pulled on the tight bra and fastened the clip. Barely covers your little nipples. bet you thought some little boy would be enjoying those breasts. too bad. He chuckled as she pulled the t-shirt over her head. The garment came to just below her large breasts, leaving her bare tummy on full display. Adorable. beautiful.

body perfect little bellybutton Smith sighed with satisfaction. A work of art He looked over at her and stretched. Welcome home for the next two days, my dear. He caressed her bare stomach, causing her to squirm in the seat. Sit still, girl!

Aubree pulled on the bottom of her shirt and tried to push Smith's hand away. Suddenly, she saw movement from the house. She watched as a tall dark haired man walked out of the front door. He appeared to be Hispanic. He smiled at the SUV revealing bright, white teeth.

Smith nodded in his direction. He turned towards Aubree. Ah Juan my house servant. He manages the property in my absence.

Aubree looked at the clean shaven man standing on the porch. He wore black pants, a long sleeved white shirt and black vest. His short dark hair was oiled and groomed immaculately. She felt her heart flutter. He's handsome muscular young She trembled slightly. She shot a glance at Smith. Please sir please may I have my jeans and shoes? Please Her eyes darted back to the porch. He's cute I'm not dressed! She swallowed hard. Her face flushed.

Smith chuckled. Not a chance, Ms. Sidney. You will remain as you are. Any further back talk and you'll be stripping back out of your shirt and undergarments. Would you like to be nude again? He smiled.

Aubree shivered. No. Dolphins swimming free Her eyes were riveted on Juan. I want go home .

Dean Smith pulled the keys out of the ignition and stepped out of the SUV, slamming the door shut. He cracked his knuckles and casually strode across the driveway.

Aubree watched as he walked over to the front porch and said something to Juan. He motioned at the SUV and smiled, looking over his shoulder. Juan nodded and looked through the window at Aubree.

Aubree crossed her arms over her breasts and shivered. What did he say? Why is Juan looking at me?

She watched as Smith walked into the house and closed the door behind himself. Her eyes shot back to Juan. He was still looking at her He stepped off the porch and approached the SUV.

Aubree watched him walk across the driveway. He's coming to get me out of the truck She looked at his dark eyes. He was staring through the windshield at her as he approached the vehicle. Oh god! I'm not wearing pants! The panties Winston made me wear are open in the back! My butt isn't covered! I need my jeans! She quickly leaned over the seat, grasping for her jeans. I'm not dressed As she fumbled for her pants, she heard Juan open the SUV door.

Ms. Aubree? His accent was thick... Hispanic

Aubree dropped her jeans and quickly turned back around, sinking into the seat. Did he see my butt? She couldn't look up at him. She sat with her hands folded in her lap. Her heart pounded. She stared at her bare toes. Dolphins

Juan leaned into the vehicle. Ms. Aubree? He slowly reached for her arm.

Aubree felt like melting away. She gripped her shirt and looked down at her feet. What? What do you want? She felt his hand on her elbow.

Please come with me, Ms. Aubree. Mr. Smith has asked that I show you to your room. He tugged on her elbow. Please step out of the truck.

Aubree risked a glance at him. His eyes were locked on her bare legs. Don't look at me She shook slightly. I just want to get my jeans can you hold on a moment?

Juan shook his head. No. I'm afraid not, Ms. Aubree. His eyes traveled over her bare stomach and large breasts. Mr. Smith was specific in saying that you were not to get your jeans. He said you might try. You must remain as you are. I'm sorry. He squeezed her elbow.

Aubree felt sick. Why can't I get my jeans? I'm cold. Please? She looked up at him with pleading eyes.

Juan shook his head and looked down at her. I'm afraid not, Ms. Aubree. Please come with me. I'll show you to your room. He eased her from the vehicle.

Aubree slowly stepped out of the SUV. The pavement felt warm on her bare feet. She tried to pull her arm away from Juan but his grasp was firm. He closed the SUV door and stared down at her. Please don't resist, Ms. Aubree. I don't wish to make you more uncomfortable than necessary. He extended a hand towards the front porch. Please?

Aubree felt a mix of emotions. Embarrassment, shame, helplessness above all, helplessness. Dolphins in the ocean free She tried to pull away from Juan's grasp but his grip was tight. He's bruising my arm! She winced.

Juan led her across the driveway. He stared down at her open backed panties, drinking in her exposed ass crack. Ignorant American girls. Spoiled pampered brats: Bueno para nada m's que sexo He admired her firm buttocks. Muy Hermosa It is good that I work for a man like dean Smith He smiled as he guided her

up the steps and through the front door. Ignorante prostituta ♦ Voy a disfrutar viendo su verg ♦ enza. He suppressed an urge to laugh.

As they entered the house, Aubree glanced nervously around. The main entryway was large and tiled. Statues lined the walls. A spiraling staircase led up to the second level of the mansion. The place was quiet. There was no sign of dean Smith. Juan guided her towards the stairs. ♦ This way, Ms. Aubree. ♦

Aubree allowed Juan to lead her up the staircase. Her buttocks felt cold and exposed through the criss-cross backed panties. Goosebumps rose over her exposed tummy. I'm practically nude ♦ Juan continued to squeeze her right arm as he pulled her up the stairs. However, her left arm was free and she reached for her shirt, attempting to pull it down. Why did Winston make me wear this shirt? She felt sick. Bastard ♦ Her toes were cold. She looked up at Juan. He was looking down at her ample breasts. He made no attempt to conceal his lustful gaze. Stop looking at me that way! Her cheeks flushed. I want to go home ♦

As they reached the top of the staircase, Juan led her down a long hallway and to a closed door. Taking out a large set of keys, he unlocked the door and pulled it open. Beyond the door was another flight of narrow stairs leading up to the third level. He pushed her forward. ♦ Up the stairs, Ms. Aubree. ♦ She slowly stepped forward. She jumped as Juan placed a large hand on her butt. His fingers probed her exposed buttocks, revealed by the open backed panties. ♦ Hurry along please, Ms. Aubree. ♦ She tried to push his hand away. ♦ Please don't touch me. ♦

Juan laughed and pulled his hand out of her panties. ♦ Many apologies, Ms. Aubree. Please continue ♦ ♦ He motioned her forward.

Aubree slowly walked up the stairs. Suddenly Juan didn't seem so cute anymore. She was frightened. Momma and Daddy in Reed ♦ Dolphins ♦ At the top of the staircase was a narrow hallway. Juan urged her forward. At the end of the hallway they stopped outside of a large white door which Aubree immediately noticed was bolted from the outside. Juan unfastened the large bolt and pulled the door open. He glanced down at her. ♦ In here please. ♦

Aubree stepped into the small room. The wood floor was cold. A single fluorescent ceiling light cast a dim illumination over the small room. Aubree looked around nervously. A small bed sat in the center of the room. The thin mattress was uncovered. Chains hung from the headboard. A toilet sat in the corner. There were no windows. It's a prison cell!!! Aubree was suddenly terrified. She turned to run but Juan caught her in his strong grasp. ♦ Hold on, Ms. Aubree ♦ Don't be foolish ♦ where do you intend to run? ♦ He pulled her towards himself and wrapped his arms over her midsection. He leaned down close to her ear. ♦ Ten calma mi putita ♦, he whispered.

Aubree went limp with fear. Oh god ♦ Oh god ♦

Juan smiled and eased her across the small room. His fingers slipped under her tight shirt. ♦ That's better. Come along, Ms. Aubree. ♦ He pushed her down onto the bed. ♦ Don't be stupid, Ms. Aubree. There is no where to run. You are now the possession of Mr. Smith. ♦ He sat down on the bed next to her. His hands were under her shirt, squeezing her breasts. ♦ You should cooperate, Ms. Aubree. It will be much less painful. ♦ He pinched her nipples through her bra. Ni ♦ a Foolish ♦ He continued to massage her ample breasts for several seconds.

Aubree closed her eyes and thought of her parents. Their faces were clear in her mind. Momma and Daddy ♦ Juan's probing fingers found their way beneath her bra ♦ She squirmed and tried to push him away. Stop it! ♦

Finally, Juan stood up and looked down at her. He smiled smugly. ♦ Strip. ♦

His one word command hit her like a ton of bricks. She looked up at him with wide eyes. No!!!

His smile broadened. ♦ Strip down, Ms. Aubree. Hand me each article of clothing as you remove them. ♦ Pronto voy a disfrutar de su cuerpo joven ♦

Aubree looked up at Juan. She was ashamed. ♦ I don't want ♦ ♦

Juan slapped her. ♦ Undress, Ms. Aubree. Please don't make me have to strip you by force. ♦ He smiled politely. Te ver ♦ desnuda ♦

Aubree held a small hand over her red cheek. He slapped me ♦ She swallowed hard. I'm Fuck Toy ♦ again ♦

Juan grabbed the bottom of her shirt. ♦ We'll have this right off, Ms. Aubree. ♦ He lifted the shirt over her head and pulled it completely off. He stared down at the trembling teenager in her red panties and bra. American whore ♦ ♦ Get your underclothes off. ♦ He snapped his fingers. Chica idiota ♦

Aubree glanced around the small room. She slowly unfastened her bra and let it fall off her arms. She felt Juan's eyes on her naked breasts. Without looking at him, she hitched her fingers into her panties and lowered them down her legs. Not again ♦

Juan collected her clothing and stood up. ♦ Thank you. I appreciate your cooperation. ♦ His lustful eyes roamed over her nude body. Filthy little American whore ♦ white girl ♦ I'll enjoy you later ♦ Her firm breasts made his cock erect. He wanted to throw her across the bed and enjoy her ass. However, he

refrained. He knew dean Smith would be watching through the hidden camera. I'll have you later, white bitch ♦ Not now ♦ He threw her clothes into the hallway and grabbed the back of her neck. ♦ Lay down with your face on the mattress. ♦ He pushed her forward. ♦ Face down. ♦

Aubree allowed him to push her onto the mattress. She was afraid. *Dolphins* ♦ *free* ♦

Juan admired Aubree's bare ass. Excellent ♦ a tight fit, I'm sure ♦ American whore ♦ You've never had a Columbian cock ♦ He grabbed her wrists and pulled them up. He grabbed the manacles hanging from the headboard and locked her wrists into place. ♦ Stay face down and stop squirming. ♦ Grabbing her ankles, he stretched them out and fastened the ankle irons onto her feet. He stood back and admired the nude girl lying chained, face down on the bed. Stupid little American whore ♦ He had seen these foolish girls come and go. Dean Smith seemed to have a new one every month. Juan had enjoyed them all. Aubree would be no different. It is good that I work for a man like dean Smith ♦ He smiled and looked up at the hidden camera. He gave a thumbs up. It's your turn now, Smith ♦ I will have her later ♦ when you are sleeping and unaware ♦

Juan walked out of the room and shut the door. He slammed the bolt in place. I'll see you soon ♦ *American tramp* ♦

Chapter 18: A Voyeur with a Belt

Dean Smith sat in the surveillance room and watched the monitors on the wall. He had watched as Juan led Aubree to the upstairs room. The room where he kept all his young pets. He enjoyed watching Juan strip the helpless teenager and chain her to the bed. He took a long drag on his cigar and sipped his drink. He zoomed the camera in on Aubree as she lay face down, chained to the bed. ♦ Lovely. Simply adorable. ♦ He frowned as Juan fondled the nude girl. I'll bet that filthy spic has been taking liberties with all my girls ♦ He took a long swallow on his whiskey. He stared hard at the monitor as Juan closed and bolted the door. For the next several minutes, Smith watched the now completely naked Aubree as she strained against her restraints. Ignorant little girl ♦

The was a quiet tap on the door. He looked over his shoulder. ♦ Come in, Juan. ♦ He looked back up at the monitor as Juan stepped into the room.

Juan stood in the corner and folded his hands. Smith exhaled cigar smoke. Without looking at Juan he said, ♦ I think I'll have steak for dinner. Medium rare with a baked potato. ♦

Juan nodded. ♦ Yes, sir. ♦ He left the room and closed the door silently.

Smith leaned back in the chair and stared at the video monitor. He massaged his stiff member through his trousers. Before dinner, I think I'll give young Aubree a good strapping. Well deserved. Smith broke the ash off his cigar and downed the last of his drink. As he walked out of the surveillance room, he unfastened his belt.

Aubree lay, trembling on the bed. Her hands and feet were secured by large chains. She was helpless. The mattress stank of urine and sweat. She shivered. Suddenly, she heard the bolt being thrown open and dean Smith stepped into the room. She strained to look over her shoulder. He stood in the doorway. A belt hung limply in his hand. ♦ Hello, Ms. Sidney. I trust you are pleased with the accommodations? ♦

Aubree struggled against the thick chains. ♦ Please let me go! ♦

Smith smiled. ♦ Not a chance. Lesson number one begins now. ♦ He stepped forward and raised the belt above his head. ♦ This will hurt you more than it does me. ♦ He laughed as he brought the belt down hard across her buttocks. Aubree screamed in pain as Smith savagely beat her bare bottom. After several hard blows across her backside, he paused.

♦ This is how unruly, undisciplined little girls learn. ♦ Smith bent forward and ran his hand over her reddening buttocks. He stood back up and flexed the belt in his hands. ♦ Are you learning Ms. Sidney? ♦

Aubree could only whimper as Smith raised the belt again. CRACK!! The belt came down. CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

Aubree strained against the chains. Her wrists were numb and her butt felt like it was on fire from the harsh beating. Tears ran down her face. ♦ Please stop! ♦

Finally, Smith threw the belt over his shoulder. He looked down at her bruised backside. ♦ I hope you are learning, Ms. Sidney. Your recent behavior warrants this harsh discipline. ♦ He listened as the teenager cried into the mattress. He reached into his pocket and produced a small suppository. He smiled. ♦ Here's a little something to loosen you up a little. ♦ He sat down on the bed and pulled her cheeks apart. He shoved the suppository into her rectum. ♦ Enjoy. ♦ He smiled as he left the room, closing the door behind himself.

Aubree lay on the bed. Her buttocks were on fire. The suppository began to dissolve in her rectum causing her to squirm. Suddenly the light went off. She lay in complete blackness, weeping.

Chapter 19: A Change of Plans / Amber Apologizes

Winston sat on his bed staring down at the pictures scattered across the mattress. He picked up one of his favorites. Amber is such a lovely treat ♦ He stared hard at the picture of the cute young girl in lingerie. I bet she has some big nipples ♦ and I'm sure she's a natural blonde. He stroked his stiff cock and moaned.

He glanced down at his watch. Eight thirty. He looked out the darkened window and briefly thought of Aubree and smiled. I bet dean Smith is having fun with our little Fuck Toy about now ♦ He looked back down at the pictures of Amber. Thursday night is such a long time to wait ♦ He glanced at his watch again. Fuck it ♦ I'm in charge and it's high time Amber learns it.

Picking up his phone he hit the speed dial. After several rings, the sweet voice of Amber Anderson came through on the other end. ♦ Hello? ♦

Winston smiled and massaged his erection. ♦ Hello, Amber. This is Mr. Winston. How are you? ♦

There was a pause. ♦ I'm fine. How are you? ♦ Amber sounded nervous and uncertain.

Winston continued. ♦ I'm afraid something has come up and I won't be available for our Thursday night lesson. ♦

♦ Okay. ♦ Amber paused again. ♦ I guess I'll just see you next Tuesday then? ♦

Winston slowly squeezed his penis and fought the urge to moan as pre cum oozed from the head. ♦ Well, I would say so ♦ However, I'm afraid you won't get full credit for this week's lessons. You know dean Smith instructed you to work in the studio two nights each week. ♦ He feigned regret. ♦ I would really hate for you to lose credit on account of me. ♦ He continued to stroke his slick cock.

Amber sounded concerned. ♦ Yes. That would suck. I'm really counting on these extra credits. My Dad will kill me if I flunk out of Mercham. Can't we reschedule for another day? ♦

Winston hesitated. Suddenly, sounding as if a new idea had just occurred to him, he continued. ♦ Well, you know ♦ I'm free tomorrow evening. Can you be at the studio at 6 PM tomorrow night? ♦

♦ I don't know. I have a date with Ross tomorrow night. I'd hate to break it. He's already pissed about the whole Tuesday and Thursday thing as it is ♦ ♦ Amber sighed. ♦ This blows ♦ ♦

♦ Well, if you can't make it that's fine, Amber. No pressure. ♦, Winston said. His voice was smooth and calm. He continued to massage his penis.

After several seconds, Amber spoke again. ♦ Okay ♦ okay ♦ tomorrow is good. I'll make it up to Ross. ♦

Winston repressed the urge to laugh. ♦ Good. 6 PM at the studio tomorrow night. See you then, Amber. Goodbye. ♦

He smiled broadly as he placed the phone on the mattress. Looking back down at the pictures spread in front of him, he stroked himself harder. Tonight a little imagination. Tomorrow the real deal ♦ His hand worked faster as semen sprayed onto the bed.

Meanwhile ♦

Amber dropped her phone into her purse and looked up at Ross. ♦ I'm sorry, baby. It's for school. ♦ She batted her big eyes at him. ♦ Forgive me? ♦

Ross slammed his fist on the table. ♦ Damn it, Amber! I always come last! ♦ He walked over to the window and stared out into the darkness fuming. ♦ I don't even know who this photographer is and why do you have to see him twice a week? ♦

Amber watched as Ross stared out the window. Her heart swelled with love. She stood up and walked over standing directly behind him. She reached around and caressed his chest. ♦ Baby, we talked about this already. Without the extra credit I'll flunk out of college. You know that will ruin everything. ♦ She squeezed him tightly allowing her breasts to press against his back while resting her cheek on his broad shoulders. ♦ Forgive me? ♦ She dropped a small hand to his crotch and gently massaged his cock through his jeans. ♦ I'll make it up to you. ♦ She squeezed his penis. ♦ Promise. ♦

Ross exhaled and leaned forward. ♦ Damn it, Amber ♦ what kind of work are you doing at this studio? He's not taking pictures of you ♦ Is he? ♦

Amber blushed. She was happy Ross couldn't see her face. ♦ No, baby! No! It's not like I'm modeling for him. I'm working in the studio. You know I'm majoring in art. This is a good opportunity for me and it will allow me to get the extra credits I need. That's all, baby ♦ nothing else ♦ ♦ Amber felt ashamed. I'm lying to Ross ♦

She squeezed his penis tighter. Her delicate fingers found his zipper and slowly pulled it down. ♦Please, baby. Don't be mad.♦ She slipped a finger into his jeans and traced his stiff penis through his underwear with her long fingernail. ♦Don't be mad, baby.♦

Ross looked down as Amber knelt in front of him. He watched as she lowered his jeans and underwear down his legs. ♦Amber, I just worry about you sweetie♦ I think you should be♦♦ His voice trailed off as Amber took his erect manhood into her warm mouth. His anger slowly melted away.

Amber looked up at Ross through her long lashes. She felt his cock becoming engorged in her mouth. She pressed her lips tightly on his penis and took him fully down her throat. She massaged his testicles in her palm. ♦It's just a little white lie♦ no harm will come from it♦ She continued to suck as Ross moaned.

Chapter 20: A Large Nail in a Small Hole

Aubree awoke suddenly. The room was black. Pitch black. She was cold and her buttocks ached from the hard spanking she had received earlier. She strained against the chains on her wrists and ankles. She looked over her shoulder, squinting into the inky blackness. I can't even see the door! Where am I? What time is it? I have to go number two! She clenched her buttocks together, repressing the urge to use the bathroom. The suppository dean Smith had placed into her rectum was working. Her stomach churned. I have to go number two! Bad!!!

Aubree screamed. ♦Help!!!! Please!!!! Help!!!♦ She screamed until she was hoarse and her throat ached. She was greeted with only silence. ♦PLEASE HELP!!!♦ Her heart raced. Minutes passed. Finally, unable to hold it any longer, Aubree expelled her bowels and bladder. She lay face down on the mattress, unable to move. The smell of her own feces and urine filled her nostrils. She gagged. She fell into a fitful sleep in her own excrement.

After an unknown lapse of time, Aubree awoke again. The sound of the bolt being released on the door was loud in the darkness of the still room. She glanced weakly over her shoulder. Please help me♦ She watched as the door was pulled open. The dark shape of Juan was outlined against the bright light rushing into the room. She tried to speak but her mouth and throat were dry. Help me♦

Aubree strained to look over her shoulder. She watched as Juan stepped into the room. The fluorescent overhead light came on. She closed her eyes against the brightness. Finally, she found her voice again. ♦Please help me♦♦, she croaked weakly.

Juan stepped into the room and stood with one hand on his hip and the other over his nose and mouth. ♦You filthy little American whore.♦ He shook his head in disgust. ♦Crapping and pissing on yourself like an animal. Filthy girl. Puta Asqueroso.♦

Aubree pressed her face into the mattress and wept. ♦I tried to call for help. Where were you? I can't move! What do you want me to do?♦ She was slobbering and snot ran down her nose. Juan gagged and spit. ♦Shut up, American whore.♦ He stepped forward slowly. Pulling a set of keys from his belt, he bent forward. He paused. ♦I'm going to unchain you now, filthy whore. Don't try anything stupid.♦ He slapped the back of her head. ♦You hear me, American girl!?♦

Aubree felt sick. ♦Yes. I hear you. I promise to behave.♦

Juan smiled as he unfastened the manacles from Aubree's wrists and ankles. ♦Stand up, filthy American whore.♦

He watched as Aubree stood up. She massaged her aching wrists and stared down at the floor. Juan glanced down at the soiled mattress. ♦You'll be cleaning that up, filthy American whore.♦

Aubree didn't look up. ♦Okay♦.♦

Juan grabbed her elbow. ♦Let's get you cleaned up first, filthy slut.♦ He pulled her forward out of the room. Aubree allowed him to pull her into the hallway.

He guided the nude girl down the hall to another doorway. Flipping on the light, he pushed her inside. Aubree glanced around, nervously. They were in a large shower room. White tiles lined the walls and floors. Several showerheads protruded from the wall. A large drain was in the center of the room. Juan quickly twisted the nozzle on one of the showers. He pushed the naked girl underneath water. ♦Clean yourself up, whore.♦

Aubree shivered beneath the ice cold spray. She quickly jumped out of the water. ♦It's cold! Please♦ I need warm water!♦

Juan slapped her. ♦Shut up, slut. You will wash yourself in cold water like a pig♦ like the pig you are.♦ He shoved her back into the shower spray. ♦Clean yourself now. Whore.♦ He stepped back, brushing water droplets from his shirt. He looked back at Aubree. ♦Wash yourself! Now! Little pig!♦

Aubree slowly stepped beneath the cold water. She ran her hands over her goosebump covered flesh. Her teeth chattered. I'm freezing ♦ She bent forward, allowing the cold water to run over her exposed buttocks ♦. Washing away the filth. I'm Fuck Toy ♦ whore ♦ pig ♦ slut ♦

Juan leaned against the doorway. His eyes roamed over the nude teenager as she scrubbed herself beneath the cold water. Her nipples were hard and protruding. He could see the goosebumps rising over her bare flesh. He watched as she turned away from him. Her buttocks looked firm ♦ tight ♦ as she bent forward, he stared at her tight sphincter which seemed to wink at him. Voy a poner mi pene en all ♦.

Aubree continued to scrub herself. She gritted her teeth against the bitter cold water. She knew what was coming next and she wanted to delay it as long as possible. She made a show of washing herself thoroughly.

Finally, Juan stepped forward and turned off the water. That's enough, American whore. ♦

Aubree took a step backwards. She crossed her arms over her breasts and stared down at her bare toes. The sound of water dripping was loud in the silent room. Juan stared at her. Aubree's heart pounded in her chest. She looked up at him and realized her complete helplessness... Taking a shot in the dark, Aubree ventured, ♦ I'm tired. I need sleep. ♦

Juan smiled. No. Not yet ♦ filthy whore. ♦

Aubree suddenly needed to pee. I'm really tired, Juan. And cold ♦ I think I'm ♦ ♦

Juan waved his hand in the air. Shut up, slut. ♦

Aubree fell silent. Her heart pounded. Please, Juan ♦ I ♦ ♦

Juan smiled. Get on all fours ♦ Like a dog ♦ bend over ♦ ♦

Tears started in Aubree's eyes. Why ♦ Why? ♦

Juan grinned. You know ♦ filthy whore ♦ ♦

Aubree bit her bottom lip. She looked at Juan with pleading eyes. Please ♦ don't call me those names. Dolphins ♦

He shook his head. Shut up and get on your hands and knees. Stick that tight little ass in the air. I'm going to fuck you like the American whore you are. ♦ Puedo controlar ahora. Prostituta. In your ass. ♦

Aubree considered her options. She glanced nervously over Juan's shoulder. What about dean Smith? Where is he? Does he know you're doing this to me? ♦ She thought of screaming for help.

Juan laughed. He's drunk and passed out, stupid cunt. He knows nothing. He stepped towards her. Now, get on your hands and knees. ♦ He raised his fist and appeared to be about to strike her. NOW!!! ♦

Aubree swallowed hard. She slowly sank to her hands and knees. Please don't do this, Juan. Let me suck you. Okay? ♦ She looked over her shoulder. Tears ran down her cheeks.

Juan shrugged. Okay, whore. Let's see how good that mouth works. He unzipped his trousers and pulled out his cock.

Aubree gasped as she looked at Juan's penis. Only beginning to stiffen, it was already at least nine inches. It was huge and growing by the second. He walked around and stood in front of her. She stared up at him.

Juan grabbed his growing erection and thrust it against her mouth. Open up, slut. Putita.

Aubree parted her lips and allowed Juan to slip his cock into her mouth. She gagged as he inserted himself fully. The bulbous head of his cock hit the back of her throat. He thrust against her.

♦ You have one minute to suck me off, bitch. If you fail, I will put it in your filthy little ass. One way or another ♦ ♦ De una forma u otra. Juan grinned.

Aubree started sucking. She pressed her lips tightly on his thick shaft. Her tongue raced across his now fully erect cock. She moved her head up and down. She made exaggerated slurping noises. Please cum ♦ please cum ♦ She cupped his large testicles in her palm, massaging them. Please cum ♦ please!!!

Juan's eyes rolled back in his head. He closed his eyes and sighed. Grabbing Aubree's hair, he pushed his cock completely into her mouth. He began to pump. He was face fucking her. I'm fucking your face, American whore ♦ mi esclava sexual ♦

Aubree pulled his cock out of her mouth and started stroking him vigorously with her hand. Please cum ♦ Please cum!!! She took him back into her lips. Her head bobbed up and down. I have an eyelash in my eye ♦ I'm Fuck Toy ♦ She looked up at Juan. Please cum!!! He was staring down at her. He tapped his wrist watch. ♦ You're out of time, whore. ♦

Aubree allowed his cock to slip out of her mouth and down her chin. ♦No♦ give me another minute!♦ She gripped his penis and pulled him towards her mouth.

Juan shook his head. ♦No. Your mouth isn't working for me. You American whores don't know how to suck dick. You're too pampered and spoiled. I think the only way I can get satisfaction will be with your ass. Your ass can't complain or beg♦♦ He laughed and backhanded her savagely. ♦Turn around and spread your cheeks.♦

Aubree felt ill as she held her hand over her cheek. ♦No, Juan. Please♦ you're too big. Let me try to make you cum in my mouth. Okay?♦ She stared at his now fully erect penis. It was at least twelve inches and as hard as a rock.

Juan placed a foot on her forehead. ♦No. I think not.♦ He gave her a hard push causing her to collapse onto the floor in a fetal position. He laughed. ♦That's right. American whore. You lay there. Flat on your stomach.♦ *Filthy little dog*♦

Aubree rolled onto her stomach and lay flat on the cold wet floor. She watched Juan out of her peripheral vision as he pulled his trousers off. He stood over her for a moment, stroking his stiff cock. ♦Spread your butt. Now!!♦

Aubree slowly pulled her buttocks apart. ♦Please, Juan. Don't make me♦♦ She stopped in mid sentence as Juan knelt down on top of her. He spat into his palm and greased his cock. Aubree shuddered. ♦Please don't♦ you're too big♦♦

Juan placed the tip of his engorged penis on her tight little opening. ♦Stop begging, whore. I will fuck you in the ass. If you knew how to suck cock this wouldn't have to happen.♦ He thrust himself fully into her small hole. ♦Whore.♦

Aubree screamed. The pain was intense as Juan pumped her tight anus♦ ♦Stop! Please♦ It's too big!!!♦ *It hurts*♦ ♦Ow!! Stop!! Ow!! It hurts!!! Please stop!!!♦

Juan laughed at the helpless girl's pleading. ♦Shut up. Stupid little whore.♦

Aubree tried to push him away. ♦Ouch! Stop it!!! Please, Juan!!! It's too big. Stop!!!♦ She gritted her teeth. ♦Please don't put it all the way in♦ please!♦

Juan continued to thrust. Harder and harder against her jiggling butt. He smiled as she tried to push him away. He slapped her hands away. ♦Take it, whore. Your ass is mine now!♦ He pulled her buttocks apart and pushed deeper.

Aubree squealed in pain. ♦Ouch.. Oh♦ AAAAH♦. Stop it! Please! You're too big!♦ Water dripped down her back. ♦Please!!!♦ She tried again to push him away. ♦Are you ready to cum? Please take it out. Cum in my mouth. Okay?♦

Juan remained silent. He continued to push himself in and out of her butt. *Stupid little American tramp slut*♦

Aubree was crying like a little child. ♦Ouch!!! Ohhh!!! Stop!! Please!♦ Each thrust of his penis felt like a missile in her rectum. ♦Pleasssse!!!♦ *I need to use the bathroom*♦ His thick cock continued to pump her ass making her feel like crapping.

Juan pushed her face against floor. ♦I'm going to cum now, bitch. I am going to shoot into your ass.♦

Aubree screamed in pain. ♦Please! Yes! Please cum!♦ *Just stop fucking me!*

Juan sucked in air and pressed her buttocks together against his shaft. ♦I'm cumming now!♦ He exploded into her rectum. ♦Uggghhhhhhh♦♦ After several seconds, Juan collapsed on top of her. The final spurts of semen sprayed into her tight opening. He slowly pulled his large cock out of the quivering girl's ass. His cock was slick with blood and semen♦ He laughed. ♦In my country we have a saying♦ *Un clavo grande en un pequeño agujero es siempre un ajuste apretado.*♦ He stood up and looked down at her. ♦You are a very small hole.♦

Aubree continued to lay face down on the floor. She watched as Juan pulled on his trousers. *Please go away*♦

After he buckled his pants, Juan stood with his hands on his hips. He stared down at the nude teenager. ♦It is my understanding that you will be with us until Thursday. You should be ready for this again♦ I become lustful often.♦ He leaned forward and grabbed Aubree's elbow. ♦Stand up now, whore. Stop your whimpering. Let's get you back to your room. I think you have some shit to clean up♦♦

Aubree cried as Juan led her forcefully down the hallway.

To be continued♦.

Aubree's First Apartment

Part 8

Chapter 21: A Bedtime Story for Aubree

Juan leaned against the door and watched as Aubree cleaned up her soiled bed. His eyes roamed over her naked body, drinking in every detail of her youthful beauty. He smiled as she bent forward, revealing the tight anus he had just enjoyed. Est *putida puta. Ella es muy bonita sin embargo. No puedo esperar para disfrutar de ella de Nuevo.* Juan laughed.

He stared at her large breasts as they swayed back and forth, bobbing from side to side as she scrubbed the vinyl mattress. He cracked his knuckles. That's good, ignorant girl. The bed is clean enough for your filthy little ass. He glanced down at his watch. Wait here.

Aubree sat on the edge of the bed and crossed her arms over her bare tummy. She watched as Juan vanished down the hallway, leaving her alone momentarily. Pulling her knees up underneath her chin, she grasped her ankles and closed her eyes. She thought of dolphins. Swimming free I'm free or I was free. Opening her eyes, she glanced at the door. She briefly thought of making a break for it but reconsidered as Juan reappeared in the doorway. I hate him She squeezed her big toes and looked at the floor.

Juan stepped into the room and thrust a bundle of clothing at Aubree. Get dressed, little whore. Dean Smith will be expecting you in his chambers soon. He snapped his fingers. Hurry up. He looked at his watch.

Aubree picked up the bundle of clothes and shook them out. She held the shirt in front of her. It was blue with pictures of teddy bears and had large buttons. Really? She looked back at Juan. These are pajamas for a little girl I can't fit into these. She gave him a hateful look.

Juan nodded and grinned. Try them, American slut. They will fit or, I will make something of mine fit into you. He squeezed his crotch and winked at her.

Aubree felt a chill. I hate you. Her eyes narrowed with anger. She stood up slowly, aware that Juan was watching her. His eyes weren't on her face. She quickly picked up the pajama bottoms and pulled them over her bare feet. They were small and tight, made for a little girl They have to fit! Aubree pulled the bottoms up over her waist. She struggled to fasten the top button. These are way too small! She picked up the shirt and pulled it over her shoulders. She buttoned up the front as quickly as possible. She looked up at Juan. ok, she said meekly. I hate you I'll kick you in the balls.

Juan laughed out loud as he looked at Aubree in the ridiculous outfit. The pajama bottoms were so small that her legs were exposed from the knees down. The shirt came to just above her bellybutton and her large breasts appeared to be about to spring free from the flimsy material. Un ajuste perfecto! he laughed. Come with me, American whore. He motioned her towards the door. He pinched her firm butt as she walked by, causing her to jump. Move it! He pushed her into the hallway. He noticed the quick look of hatred which flashed across her face A qui *n le importa? Es posible que me odian, pero yo tengo el poder.*

Aubree slowly walked down the staircase. Juan followed her down, ogling her body the entire way. His eyes roamed over her long hair and down her back. He drank in the smooth skin revealed beneath the hem of the tight fitting shirt. He admired her ass as it swayed back and forth with each step. Ever her bare toes aroused

him. Ni a americanos en su pijama. Tan lindo. Hurry up. He pushed her forward. Dean Smith is waiting.

Aubree shivered as they approached the large door. Juan laughed. The dean is waiting, little one. He knocked quietly on the oaken door. Mr. Smith? Juan spoke timidly.

After a moment, dean Smith's voice came from the other side of the closed door. Yes, Juan. Bring my little baby girl in.

Aubree frowned as Juan opened the large door. Stop calling me a baby! I'm eighteen! I'm not a baby! She pulled up on the small pajama shirt, trying to cover her exposed tummy. I'm not a baby! I'm a grown woman! She allowed Juan to pull her into the dimly lit room. He led her forward several paces and motioned her to stop.

Aubree looked around as her eyes adjusted to the dim light. The room had an arched ceiling. Thick curtains hung over the windows. A large, king sized bed sat in the center of the chamber. A small lamp burned beside the bed, giving off the only light in the cavernous room. Aubree's eyes came to rest on dean Smith. He lay on the bed amidst large cushions. He wore only a robe which was open in the front. His flaccid penis hung against his pale thigh in plain view. In his hand he held an open book. His spectacles rested on his nose. He curled a finger in Aubree's direction. Come here, little baby girl. He lowered his white eyebrows and pursed his thin lips.

He glanced at Juan. You may leave. You've had your fun and we will discuss your lustful behavior in the morning. He pointed at the door.

Juan nodded. Okay, Mr. Smith. I apologize if I did something wrong.

Smith laughed and pushed his glasses up onto his nose. Leave us, Juan.

Aubree listened as Juan closed the door quietly. I hate you asshole. Her eyes were locked on dean Smith. He looked disgusting as he lay on the bed with his robe apart and his penis hanging limply against his thigh. She watched as he sat up on his elbow and adjusted his glasses. He stared at her in her small pajamas. He licked his lips.

Hello, Ms. Sidney. I trust that Juan has shown you to your accommodations for the next two days? Smith ran his fingers through his thinning, white hair. His eyes roamed over her pajamas, lingering on the large buttons on her shirt which appeared to be about to burst. Her ample cleavage pressed against the thin material. He pulled off his glasses and wiped them on his robe before pushing them back onto his nose. Getting steamy in here.

Aubree folded her hands over her stomach. She placed one bare foot over the other and looked down. Yes. He showed me my room. She paused for effect. Then, he raped me. She shot a glance at dean Smith's eyes. Her heart raced. He raped me. How is this okay with you? You.. A teacher dean of our university. He raped me, dean Smith! She pulled on the pajama top, embarrassed. This shirt is too small.

Smith's face reddened as he leapt off the bed like a tiger and slapped Aubree across the face. She collapsed, weeping. He stood over the cringing girl as she lay on the floor. Raped you? Raped you? He placed a bare foot on Aubree's neck. Raped you? He pressed her head against the floor with his foot. Raped you? Come again, Ms. Sidney.

Aubree held her hands over her face. Please stop it! I'm sorry. He's powerful and fast how can he be so strong? He's old.

Smith reached down and slapped her hard across the buttocks. What were you saying, girl? He slapped her butt again. Something about rape? He pinched her ass through the thin pajama bottoms. You submitted willingly from what I saw there was no rape. Why do you insult my domestic help?

Aubree squealed in pain and fear. I'm sorry! I'm sorry! He didn't rape me! I was just joking. Her heart pounded with fear. How did he see anything? There must be cameras. She clenched her bare toes as tears ran down her cheeks. I'm weak. Fuck Toy.

Dean Smith stood up and placed his hands over his hips, pulling his robe apart. His penis was beginning to twitch and enlarge. He took a step back. There. Now that's the truth, baby girl. You shouldn't joke about serious matters. He prodded her with his toe. Get up.

Aubree slowly rose to her feet. Smith pointed at the bed. Lay on your back. On the bed.

He watched as the trembling teenager lay on the bed. He was enamored by her youthful beauty. Her long hair cascaded over her shoulders. Her tearstained cheeks looked smooth and delicate. She raised her hands to her face, weeping quietly. The sound of her crying made his cock stiffen. He squeezed his growing penis as his eyes traveled down the front of her tight fitting pajamas. Her large breasts pushed against the thin fabric threatening to burst free from the clinging material. Her smooth tummy was fully exposed down to the top of the pajama bottoms which clung to her hips like a wet towel. She had only managed to fasten one button on the tiny pajama bottoms. As she raised her knees, the bottoms parted in the front, revealing her trim

pubic patch. His eyes moved down her legs and past the pajamas to her bare shins and adorable ankles. Her bare feet and perfectly proportioned toes made him fully erect.

Dean Smith squeezed his now stiff cock and smiled. Little baby little baby girl Walking over to the bed, he sat down next to her. He stuck a finger through the part in her pajama bottoms, tracing her shaved pubic hair. Little baby just a little baby His finger traced her slit. My little baby girl, he cooed.

Aubree instinctively pushed his hand away. Don't do that She crossed her legs. She almost gagged as she looked at his erection. Gross.

Smith sat up and frowned down at the cringing girl. Are you telling me what to do, little baby? He inserted a thin finger into the crease in her pajama bottoms.

Aubree closed her eyes. Not again maybe I really am fuck toy Just a little girl to be enjoyed by men I think so She squeezed her eyelids together tightly. NO!!!! Aubree jumped up, pushing Smith's probing fingers out of her pajama bottoms. She rolled off the bed and ran into the corner. She crossed her arms over her body like a cornered animal.

Her heart pounded with rage. GET OFF ME PERVERT!!! YOU'RE A PERVERT!!!, she screamed. She pulled on the skimpy pajamas and crossed her hands over her chest. STAY AWAY!!! Stop looking at me, pervert!!!

Dean Smith was momentarily shocked. He smiled and took his glasses off. Well our little baby has a voice a loud one at that He stood up. Indeed He laughed.

Aubree glanced at the closed bedroom door and back at dean Smith. Stay away from me. I want to go home. I'm leaving She took a step towards the door. You can't make me stay. That would be kidnapping

Smith made a show of wiping his eyes, mocking her. Oh no! Our little baby girl is leaving Uh oh!

Aubree blushed with anger. You're a damned freak a pervert! I won't tolerate this anymore! I'm going home. She slowly walked around the bed towards the closed bedroom door. Just stay away. I don't like you. She pointed at dean Smith, extending her finger, threateningly. Freak! Stay away from me!

Smith smiled and backed away. Ok. He raised his palms, innocently. Fine. You may go He nodded at the door. He suppressed an urge to smile as Aubree stared at him, nervously. He waved his hand in the air. You may go, girl.

Aubree hurried over to the door and pulled it opened. She looked back over her shoulder and watched as dean Smith sat back down on the bed. He picked up the book he had been reading and appeared to pay her no attention.

Aubree stood silently for a moment, her mind racing. What's going on? She quietly stepped into the hallway. She looked back at Smith. He had placed his spectacles on his nose and was focused on the book in his hand. He seemed to be unaware of her presence.

Aubree's heart pounded in her throat as she stepped quietly into the hallway. Her bare feet whispered across the tiled floor as she walked quickly down the corridor. I'm outta here perverts!!

She quickened her pace as she rounded the corner. To her right she saw the main entrance to the mansion. The large double doors were closed. The entryway was dark, the only light coming from the porch lights outside. Aubree rushed towards the front door. She grasped the doorknob and released the deadbolt. The door opened easily. Aubree ran onto the front porch. The rich scent of earth and shrubbery filled her nostrils as she stepped outside. I'm in the country like Reed!

She stopped at the top of the steps leading down to the driveway. The air was cold on her exposed body. She shivered as she looked up at the dark night sky. The stars stood out in high definition. The moon was bright and seemed close. I'm in the country where are we? What is this place? Where is the highway? She looked down the long driveway. There were no lights. There was no sign of a road in the distance. No cars. No lights nothing. Just darkness and crickets. All she could see in any direction were deeply shadowed trees and dark undergrowth.

She stood silently for a moment. Her eyes roamed over the dark land surrounding the isolated mansion. Where am I??? What is this place? Tears of frustration and hopelessness ran down her adorable cheeks. Where can I go? A sound from behind her caught her attention. She looked back over her shoulder.

Dean Smith stepped onto the porch. His robe was open His penis was still stiff. The head was red and pre cum oozed over his shaft, glistening in the porch light. He smiled at her. I thought you were leaving, little baby girl. He pushed his glasses up onto his nose.

Aubree looked away, quickly. I was. I mean I am She looked into the dark countryside. I'm leaving. I'm going home. Stay away from me. She pointed over her shoulder at him. Stay the hell away from me! She rushed down the steps. She heard Smith's laughter as she ran down the dark driveway.

Good luck, little girl. Look out for the wolves! Smith laughed as he stepped back into the house and slammed the door. Good luck

Smith hurried into the security room and activated the outdoor video system. He watched the cute teenager as she ran down the long driveway. What an idiot of a little girl! He smiled and pushed an inhaler against his thin lips. *Foolish little baby.* He stroked his erect cock, slick with pre cum...

He adjusted the camera angle and zoomed in on Aubree. She looked absolutely ridiculous. The tiny pajamas barely covered her curvaceous body. He laughed as he watched her large tits jiggling in the tight shirt. The buttons looked as if they were about to burst. Smith took a long drag on his inhaler. Well, my little student, let's see how far you actually get.

He leaned over and pressed the intercom button. Juan?

Aubree continued to hurry down the driveway. Screw you! I'm done with this! She broke into a run, leaving the mansion behind her. I'm free. I'm not a baby!

After several minutes, Aubree stopped and looked around. The dark house seemed far away. There were no sounds of pursuit. I'm alone! She strained her eyes to see into the darkness ahead of her. In the distance, she could make out the main gate to the property. *The road should be just past the gate!* She quickened her pace. Pebbles and rocks cut into her bare feet. By the time she reached the gate, her feet were sore and bruised.

She paused at the gate and looked down at her clothing. The small pajama top had ridden up her tummy during her run and rested just beneath her breasts. The front button on the pajama bottoms had broken and her pants were wide open. Aubree nervously pulled the top down and attempted to pull the front of her pants together. These are way too small! She frowned and bit her bottom lip. I have to get home!

Suddenly, in the distance a coyote howled. Aubree shivered as a twig snapped in the trees nearby. She crouched down and looked in the direction of the sound. For a brief second she thought she saw glowing eyes flash from the undergrowth. She remembered dean Smith's words! Good luck, little girl. Look out for the wolves!

She knew Smith had only been trying to frighten her. However, she was scared. Oh my gawd!!! What was that noise? She stood up slowly and looked through the bars of the main gate. She could see the road just beyond. There were no lights and no cars. Just cold pavement reflecting the pale light of the moon above.

She looked up at the tall gate. I have to get over this! Just as she was about to put a bare foot on the gate to climb over, the coyote howled again. This time it was closer. Much closer. Aubree shook violently as she stared into the dark tree line. *Oh no!* A rustling noise in the leaves made her freeze. *I'm in the middle of nowhere!* The howling came again, closer.

Aubree panicked. She bent forward, holding her arms over her breasts. Daddy!!! Help me!! She turned back towards the mansion in the distance. She made a quick decision. I can't make it anywhere dressed like this and alone. I have to go back.

She turned quickly and hurried back up the driveway towards the distant house. Behind her, she heard something in the undergrowth. Something! She broke into a run.

Smith watched as Aubree ran back towards the house. Foolish! foolish, little girl. He laughed and dropped his inhaler onto the desk. Turning off the video monitor, he stood up and walked out of the surveillance room. Ignorant baby girl! He hurried towards the front doors. He paused momentarily at the hall closet and removed a riding crop from its hook. Flexing it in his hands, he walked quickly to the front doors.

Juan crouched in the bushes, watching as Aubree ran back up the driveway towards the house. He had followed her the entire length of the driveway, prepared to pounce on her had she attempted to get over the gate. He was somewhat sorry that Smith's prediction had come true. He recalled the dean's words! She'll break down! all little girls are afraid of the dark! Juan frowned. *Smith is a smart man.*

Aubree stopped at the front porch steps and looked over her shoulder. Why am I going back?? I should leave this place. Suddenly, the front doors were pulled open and dean Smith stood in the porch light.

Aubree was shocked to see a riding crop in his hands. Oh no!

Smith walked to the top of the steps and stared down at her. Hello again, Ms. Sidney. I thought you were leaving. Going home. He tapped the riding crop gently against his thigh.

Aubree tried to pull the top of her pajama bottoms together. It was impossible. The button was gone. She hitched her fingers in the pants and yanked them up. She looked up at dean Smith and chewed on her bottom lip. ♦Please, dean♦ please♦ I want to go home. I don't want to be here.♦ She stared up at him with pleading eyes.

Smith remained silent, tapping the crop against his leg.

Aubree spoke slowly. ♦Please. May I have my clothes? I can't leave here dressed like this.♦ She looked down at the tiny pajamas and back up at Smith. ♦Please?♦

Smith shook his head. ♦I think not.♦

♦Why?♦, Aubree blurted. ♦Why not? I'm not a child. I want to go home.♦ She took a step towards the porch. ♦Give me my clothes.♦ Her eyes narrowed. She pointed at him. ♦Now!♦ *I'll kill you, pervert* ♦ She clenched her fists. ♦Give me my clothes! I'm leaving.♦

Smith smiled and slowly walked down the steps. Aubree backed away. ♦You're not going anywhere little whore.♦, he said.

Aubree turned to run and was shocked to see Juan standing behind her. He grinned and winked. ♦Hello, little girl.♦ *Tonto ni♦a. Usted est♦ indefenso.* He walked towards her.

Aubree gasped in fear. She was surrounded. She pulled on the tiny pajama bottoms and looked down at her bare feet. *I want to go home♦ dolphins swimming free♦*

Smith walked over and knelt down in front of the trembling girl. He dropped the riding crop on the pavement and placed his large hands on the top of Aubree's pajama bottoms. ♦I think we'll have these right down.♦ He gave a hard pull, yanking her pants to her ankles.

♦There. Much better now.♦, Smith said as he stared at her exposed pussy. ♦What a disobedient little girl you are.♦ His eyes roamed over her bare legs and shaved pubic hair. ♦Absolutely deplorable behavior. Unacceptable.♦ He shook his head and stood up, grabbing the riding crop. He gave her a hard swat on the bare thigh with the crop, causing Aubree to jump. ♦You are indeed a stupid little girl, aren't you Aubree?♦

Aubree winced in pain. She heard Juan chuckling behind her. *He's looking at my butt*♦ She looked up at dean Smith. ♦Please may I ♦♦

Smith raised the riding crop and brought it down sharply against Aubree's bare ass. *THAWK!* She squealed in pain. He repeated his previous question. ♦You are indeed a stupid little girl, aren't you Aubree?♦

Aubree hesitated. *I hate you*♦

Smith raised the crop in the air. ♦Answer me, girl.♦

Aubree shivered. ♦What?♦ *I hate you!*

Smith lashed her across the bare thigh with the crop, laughing as she stumbled backwards tripping over the pajama bottoms bunched around her ankles. ♦Answer me, tramp! You are a stupid little girl, aren't you?♦

Aubree struggled to regain her balance. She felt welts forming on her bare thigh. ♦Yes!♦, she screamed. ♦I am!♦ *Stop hitting me*♦

Smith folded his arms over his chest. ♦You are what?♦

Aubree looked down at the pavement. ♦I'm stupid.♦ *Fuck Toy*♦

Smith raised the riding crop threateningly. ♦A stupid what?♦

Juan laughed in the background as Aubree looked up at dean Smith. ♦I'm a stupid little girl.♦, she said quietly. *I hate you♦ I'm Fuck Toy again*♦

Smith nodded in agreement. ♦Yes. You are stupid and you are a little girl. Now, come inside. I think we've had enough of your rebellious behavior for one night.♦ He grabbed her by the ear and pulled her forward towards the steps.

Juan watched as dean Smith twisted Aubree's ear and pulled her up the steps. She tripped over the pajama bottoms which were bunched around her feet. Smith appeared not to notice as he pulled the stumbling girl towards the front door. Aubree struggled to keep up with Smith. The pajama bottoms fell completely off her bare feet and lay in a crumpled heap on the steps. Smith twisted her ear tightly and led her into the house, bent over. Juan admired her sexy bare ass♦ ♦*Qu♦ nalgas sexy.* Juan smiled and shook his head. *What an idiot this girl is♦ Smith is a great man. I am fortunate to work for a man such as Smith*♦

Smith pulled Aubree into the entryway and paused. He squeezed her ear and pulled her down to her knees. ♦There, there♦ that's better. On your knees like the little slave you are♦.♦ He stared down at the now

bottomless girl. He looked at her bare thighs as she knelt in front of him. You're all mine, girl. He smirked.
◆Where are your pajama bottoms, young lady?◆

Aubree closed her eyes. ◆Outside◆ they fell off.◆ I'm a stupid girl◆ I'm Fuck Toy◆ a baby girl◆. ◆The button broke. I'm sorry◆◆ She sat on her knees and folded her hands over her crotch, attempting to hide her nudity. Tears started in the corners of her eyes. Fuck toy◆ She stared at the floor. ◆I can go get them◆◆, she offered.

Smith waved his hand at her. ◆Get up on your hands and knees, baby girl.◆

Aubree slowly leaned over on her hands and knees. I want to go home◆

Smith snapped his fingers in her direction. ◆Don't move. Stay just like that. Pants off, ass up. Just as a pretty little girl should be◆◆ He frowned. ◆Stick that little butt in the air◆ now!◆

Aubree pushed her butt up. She heard Juan come in the door behind her. She felt his eyes on her exposed bottom. She looked nervously over her shoulder at him. Juan winked as he walked down the hallway. Asshole.

Smith admired the prone teenager. ◆Okay, Ms. Sidney◆ stay just like that and don't move◆ It will be bad for you if you do◆◆ He swung the riding crop through the air. It made a loud whistling noise. He turned and walked away.

Aubree remained on all fours in the entryway. She felt goose bumps rising on her exposed buttocks. She looked down at her shirt. The pajama top had ridden to the bottom of her breasts as she leaned forward on her elbows◆ her tummy was fully exposed. I may as well be naked◆ I'm so weak◆

After several minutes, dean Smith reappeared. He walked over and stood behind her. ◆Well◆ well◆ well◆◆ He squatted down and stared at her exposed buttocks. ◆What do we have here?◆

Aubree remained silent. She closed her eyes and thought of her hometown◆ Momma◆Daddy◆ I was going to make them proud◆ now I'm just Fuck Toy◆ I'm sorry Daddy◆ She tried to think of dolphins but couldn't get the image in her mind. She felt sick.

Dean Smith reached into the pocket of his robe. He pulled out a long string of beads and held them in front of Aubree's face. He nudged her cheek. ◆Open your eyes girl. Do you think if you close your eyes I can't see you?◆ He laughed. ◆You are indeed a stupid, pathetic child.◆

Aubree swallowed hard and looked over her shoulder at Smith. I'm not a child◆.

He dangled the string of beads in front of her face. ◆Do you know what these are?◆

Aubree shook her head. ◆no.◆ She tried to clear her head and think of something that made her happy. Dolphins◆ She tried to bring the familiar image into her mind but it was gone. I'm alone◆ where are the dolphins?

Smith smiled. ◆These are called anal beads, Ms. Sidney. I assume you are smart enough to know why they're called anal beads?◆

Aubree shivered. ◆yes.◆ Dolphins◆ She struggled to see the dolphins but, they were gone. Only a deep, lifeless ocean appeared in her mind's eye. I'm alone◆ Fuck Toy◆

Smith held the string of beads in the air. ◆I'm glad that you understand, little baby. Now◆ tell me◆ where do anal beads go?◆

Aubree looked down at the floor. She watched a tear drop fall from her cheek and to the floor, as if in slow motion. ◆in my butt?◆

Smith stood up and clapped. ◆Bravo! Bravo! You may not be as stupid as I thought!◆

Aubree closed her eyes and strained to see the dolphins as Smith knelt down behind her. I'm not stupid◆Dolphins◆ swimming free◆

Smith grabbed her buttocks and slowly pulled them apart. ◆Now, little girl. I want you to count as I insert each bead into your little bottom◆. Okay?◆ He raised his white eyebrows.

Aubree nodded weakly. ◆ok◆ I'm lost◆ where are the dolphins?

Smith eased the first bead into her ass. He squeezed her buttocks. ◆Count, girl.◆

Aubree blushed. ◆one.◆

Smith pushed the next bead into her anus.

◆two.◆

◆three◆

◆four◆

◆five◆

Aubree felt sick.

Smith laughed. ◆You're doing fine, girl. I'm proud of you! Now◆ spread those cheeks◆ five to go◆◆

Aubree reached behind herself and pulled her cheeks apart. She winced as Smith pushed another bead into her rectum. *Dolphins◆ where are you?*

Smith finished inserting the beads into the prone girl's butt. He stood up and grinned. ◆There. Now, I would say that's one full butt!!! Do you feel bloated, baby girl? Does your little rectum feel full?◆

Aubree remained silent.

Smith stood with his hands on his hips. ◆You have ten beads in your little tight hole◆ if you don't feel full then we can add a few more.◆ He made a show of reaching into his pocket.

Aubree shook her head furiously. 'NO!!! I'm full◆ no more◆ please◆◆ Her voice sank to a whisper. *Please take them out◆*

Smith shrugged. ◆Okay. Fine.◆ He grabbed her arm, pulling her to her feet. ◆Let's go, stupid girl.◆

Aubree allowed him to pull her down the hallway. *I'm weak◆ Fuck Toy.. She felt the anal beads moving inside her. I have to poop◆*

Smith dragged the prone girl down the hallway. ◆Let's go Ms. Sidney◆ Hurry up◆ you're wasting my valuable time!◆ He reached down and started to unbutton her pajama shirt. ◆I think we should have this off right away◆◆

Aubree felt his thin fingers on her shirt buttons. She wanted to stand up straight and push him away. However, the sensation of the beads in her rectum made her lean forward and she offered no resistance as he unbuttoned her top and pulled it off her shoulders, casting it aside.

Aubree was now fully nude and a helpless feeling washed over her as Smith led her down the hallway. She struggled to see the dolphins in her mind. *Swimming free.. I wish I was a dolphin◆*

Dean Smith pulled her towards the bedroom. He stared down at her. ◆Do you know what comes next, stupid girl?◆

Aubree looked up at him. ◆no◆

Smith smiled as he opened the bedroom door and shoved Aubree inside. He paused. ◆Well◆ now I will remove those anal beads and give you something else in your little butt.◆ He gripped his erect cock◆ ◆Something a little bit bigger.◆

Aubree felt ill◆ *leave me alone◆* She tried to see the dolphins◆ *swimming free◆* Suddenly, in her mind's eye the dolphins reappeared. *Majestic and free. She focused on the image◆ Dolphins◆ free◆ in the ocean◆leaping. She allowed dean Smith to pull her into the bedroom. I'm freeeeee◆*

Smith pulled Aubree towards the bed. ◆Now, I'm going to put my cock in your little butt, baby girl◆ like you so richly deserve. A pretty butt like yours needs to be penetrated on occasion.◆

Aubree closed her eyes and focused on dolphins in her mind as dean Smith pushed her forward. His voice sounded distant. She remained entranced by the jumping dolphins in her mind◆ *They're free◆ I'm free◆ I want to work with dolphins◆* She felt dean Smith guide her onto the bed. He pushed her down onto her back. She heard his voice from far away◆ ◆Such a sexy little tramp◆◆ She heard him chuckle. She closed her eyes and bit her bottom lip. *I hate you◆*

Smith eased the quivering teenager onto the large bed. He stepped back and pulled his robe apart. His penis stood fully erect. He smiled as he took in her nude form. Starting at her bare feet, his eyes moved up her tan legs, over her tight stomach and large breasts, coming to rest on her cute face. *All mine◆* He quickly looked back down, between Aubree's legs. Her pubic hair was shaved and her slit looked delectable. *Yum! He stroked his cock. He stepped forward and knelt beside her on the bed. ◆Raise your legs, little baby. I want your feet behind your ears.◆*

Aubree felt disconnected and weak. *Fuck Toy◆ I'm just a fuck toy◆* She slowly lifted her feet into the air and grabbed her legs behind the knees.

Smith leaned forward and examined Aubree's fully exposed cunt. His eyes fell to her tight rectum. The little hole was on full display. The top of the anal beads projected from her anus like a beckoning finger, motioning him forward. He gently touched the beads and smiled. Aubree shivered.

Smith grinned. ◆I think we'll pull these right out of you.◆ He slapped her butt. ◆Okay?◆

Aubree nodded, weakly. ♦ok♦ Please take them out♦

Smith gripped the beads and slowly eased them from the squirming teenager's rectum. Slowly♦ He delighted in her obvious discomfort. He counted each bead♦ ♦One♦ two♦ three♦ four♦ He laughed. ♦What a little whore! Shameful!♦

Aubree continued to focus on the dolphins in her mind. She remained silent. I need to go number two♦

Smith frowned. ♦Five♦ six♦seven♦eight♦nine♦ and♦ ten!♦ He pulled the last bead from Aubree's ass. ♦There! Doesn't that feel much better?♦ He grinned down at her.

Aubree swallowed hard and thought of dolphins. Leave me alone.

Smith's smile widened as he looked down at the young girl's face. He shook his head. Ignorant girl♦ ignorant sexy girl♦ young♦ helpless♦ A drop of pre cum oozed down his raging erection.

He rose to his knees and grabbed a tube of Vaseline which sat beside the bed. He stared down at the shivering girl as he greased his shaft. ♦I'm going to enjoy you, Aubree. Keep those legs behind your head♦ knees by your ears. Don't move an inch.♦ He groaned as he placed his stiff cock against her tight anus. ♦First the beads and now♦♦ he pushed the bulbous head of his penis into her rectum. ♦My cock!♦ He laughed as his cock slipped into her tight rectum. Oh yes♦ He began to pump the helpless teenager's butt. Oh yes! Soooo tight♦ so many times I've watched you♦

Aubree stared into the darkness behind her closed eyelids. She felt Smith's penis in her ass. Fuck Toy. reporting for duty♦ She clenched her toes. Tears rolled down her cheeks♦ It hurts♦

Smith was in heaven. What a tight little ass! He pushed his cock as deep as it would go♦. Oh yes♦ oh yes! He enjoyed the squishing sounds coming from between Aubree's buttocks. That's my pre cum♦ in her ass♦my little student's ass♦ He pushed his testicles against her firm bottom, inserting his cock fully into her rectum. He enjoyed the feeling of his balls rubbing against her tight ass crack. Take it, bitch! He heard Aubree whimper. That's it, girl! Cry like a little baby! He increased his powerful thrusts. Take it! Take it! Take it! He groaned, like an animal. Cry you little baby♦

Aubree clenched her eyelids tightly and bit her bottom lip. Please stop! Owwww♦. Ahhhh♦ Owwww! That hurts!!!! It hurts!!!

Smith continued to thrust into her. He stared down at her adorable face. Sweat dripped from his forehead and onto her stomach. He grabbed her bare feet and licked her toes. ♦Now♦ I'm going to cum, little girl♦♦ He pushed against her harder. ♦I'm going to cum♦ in your mouth.♦ He slowly pulled his throbbing cock from her tight hole. ♦Put your legs down and lay flat on your back.♦

Aubree eased her legs down and stretched out on the mattress. I want to go home♦ She felt Smith climb on top of her, sitting on her stomach. She heard him stroking his erection. Yuck♦

Smith massaged her large breasts with one hand as he stroked his slick cock with the other. ♦Open your mouth, girl.♦, he instructed her. He watched as Aubree slowly opened her mouth. ♦All the way♦ as wide as it will go, little girl.♦ He squeezed her cheeks, forcing her mouth open. He felt himself approaching climax. ♦That's good.♦ He leaned forward aiming his cock between her lips. ♦Now, open those big eyes♦ I want you to watch me cum in your filthy mouth. You little tease.♦

Aubree opened her eyes and stared up at the hated man leaning over her. I hate you♦ bastard.

Smith groaned as the first spurts of semen sprayed across her lips. ♦Uugggh♦ that's it♦ good♦♦

Aubree felt the warm, thick fluid on her lips and in her mouth. He seemed to ejaculate forever. By the time he finished and climbed off her, semen coated her lips, tongue and cheeks, dripping down her chin. She lay completely still. Numb.

Smith rolled over on his back and let out a contented sigh. ♦Maybe you're a good girl after all, Ms. Sidney.♦ He laughed. He glanced over at Aubree. ♦Well♦ maybe not a good girl but a good girl at some things.♦ He chuckled as he pulled on his erection.

Aubree looked away from him. She wiped the semen from her chin. She felt like gagging.

Smith suddenly sat up and looked down at her. ♦Okay, baby girl. Go over to my dresser and clean your face up♦ you look like a cum drinking tramp. Nasty girl. Filthy.♦

Aubree slowly sat up and placed her feet on the floor. A drop of semen dripped from her chin onto her bare thigh. She stood up and walked towards the dresser. She found a box of tissues and wiped her face in the mirror. She looked at Smith's reflection as he reclined on the bed behind her. I'll kill you, pervert♦ I despise you♦

Smith watched as Aubree cleaned herself in the mirror. His eyes roamed down her bare back and across her round buttocks. I'll have that again. He lay down on his stomach and stretched out on the bed. ♦Okay, Ms. Sidney, I think you're cleaned enough. On the edge of the dresser you will find a tube of hot oil. Bring the oil and yourself back to my bed.♦

Aubree retrieved the tube and walked back to the bed. She stood, staring down at her bare toes. She felt exhausted and ashamed.

Smith picked up a book from the bed stand opened it. Placing his glasses on his nose he looked back up at the adorable girl. ♦ Okay, little one. You've had your bedtime story. Now, I'll have mine. You will massage my back while I read. ♦ He turned back to his book.

Aubree looked at him for a moment. *Are you serious?*

After several seconds, Smith looked up at her. ♦ Get busy, girl. I want a good massage or I'll send you to Juan's room for the remainder of the night. ♦ He chuckled. ♦ Juan is younger and more energetic than I. He can go all night with a sexy little tramp like yourself. ♦

Aubree knelt on the bed and flipped open the tube of oil. She squeezed a few drops onto his back and closed the top. *First you spank me ♦ then you sodomize me and now I give you a massage* ♦ Tears rolled down her cheeks. *I hate you. I'm Fuck Toy.*

Juan stood in the hallway outside Dean Smith's door. He listened as Smith enjoyed the young American girl. *You have your fun now ♦ I'll have mine later* ♦ He looked at his watch, impatiently. *Date prisa viejo.* He squeezed his stiff cock through his pants.

Chapter 22: Amber Learns Her Place

Wednesday evening ♦

Winston took a deep drag on his cigarette and stared at the half warm beer in his hand. He glanced at his watch. *The stupid bitch is late again! Un-fucking-believable* ♦ He appraised the photographs and artwork hanging on the walls throughout the large studio and came to a quick decision. ♦ I fucking hate art ♦ worthless waste of time. ♦, he spat on the floor. Standing up, he walked to the window and glared impatiently at the parking lot. *Bitch ♦ I told you to be on time* ♦

Suddenly, Winston saw a small white car pull off the road and into the parking lot. *Finally.* He took the last swig of his beer and threw the empty can into the corner. He looked down at the car as it pulled to a stop.

He watched as Amber jumped out of the vehicle and hurried towards the building. She wore a bright pink tunic shirt with tight fitting white leggings. Her gold colored single strap heels complimented the hoop earrings dangling from her cute ears. He shook his head ♦ *slut* ♦

Walking towards the door, Winston cleared his throat. *You'll pay for your tardiness* ♦ *Blondie.*

Amber rushed across the parking lot towards the front steps of the dilapidated building. *Why am I always late?* She was angry at herself. *He told me to be here on time ♦ I hope he doesn't penalize me ♦ I need these extra credits bad!* She rushed up the front steps and pulled open the double doors. As she stepped into the lobby she noticed Winston standing at the top of the large staircase looking down at her from the second level. He had a phone to his ear and appeared to be in deep conversation with the person on the other end of the line. He frowned at her. Amber stopped and looked up at him, batting her long lashes nervously.

♦ Sorry I'm late, Mr. Winston ♦ the traffic on Coolidge Avenue was ♦ ♦

Winston raised a hand, stopping her in mid-sentence. He continued his phone conversation and concluded with, ♦ That's fine. See you soon, Barb. ♦ He placed the phone in his pocket and stood with his hands on his hips, staring down at Amber.

♦ I told you to be here on time. I'm a busy man and my time isn't to be wasted. I asked dean Smith for an art model to assist me in my study of the female form. I didn't ask for a little girl who isn't responsible enough to show up on time. ♦

Amber blinked rapidly and brushed her blonde hair out of her eyes. ♦ I am really ♦ really sorry, Mr. Winston. Please don't be mad. ♦ She stared up at him.

Winston repressed the urge to laugh. *Stupid girl ♦ they're all so easy and fall into the same traps over and over* ♦ He delighted in her fidgeting discomfort. *What beautiful hips! Curvy* ♦ He drank in her lovely teenaged body. He paid particular attention to her tight fitting pink shirt. The shirt revealed her ample cleavage and from his angle on the stairs above her, he could see down the front just enough to make out the lacy bra beneath.

He shook his head, feigning irritation. ♦ I am indeed mad, Amber. You waste my time. Perhaps, I'll send you back to dean Smith. Surely, there is some student in need of extra credits with the foresight to leave early.

enough to account for traffic. He turned and walked towards the studio. He listened as Amber shifted her feet in the lobby below. Suddenly, he heard her heels clicking across the lobby as she ran towards the staircase.

Please, Mr. Winston! Please! I'm sorry! I promise I'll never be late again!, Amber pleaded. She rushed up the stairs.

Winston stopped outside the studio door. He listened as Amber ran up behind him.

Please, sir. I promise I'll leave a half hour earlier next time. Please don't send me back to dean Smith. If I don't get these extra credits I'll flunk out of college! My daddy will kill me! Amber was close to tears.

Winston slowly turned around and stared down at the flustered teen. I don't know, Amber. This is only your second session and you have been tardy both times. I really need someone dependable. He rubbed his grizzled chin.

Amber nodded her head in agreement. Yes, sir. I know you do and and I am dependable. Please give me another chance. Please? She looked up at him, fluttering her long eyelashes.

Winston exhaled deeply. He looked into the girl's pleading eyes. He sensed the moment was right. Spring the next trap. He coughed into his hand. I will consider giving you a second chance, Amber. However, you've already wasted enough of my time. If I agree to allow you to continue with these extra credits, I expect to suffer no more delays. Time is of the essence. He looked down at his watch.

Amber nodded. Yes, sir. She felt relieved and grateful.

Winston opened the studio door and motioned Amber inside. She stepped into the large room and glanced around at the paintings and photographs on the walls. I love art! I'm an artist at heart! She smiled. However, her smile melted away as Winston closed the door behind them and made his next pronouncement.

Okay Amber, please take your clothes off. His statement was quick and direct.

Amber felt a chill run down her spine. She started to speak but, her mouth was dry. She blinked rapidly as she watched Winston walk across the floor. He walked over to a large couch and adjusted the cushions. I think we'll photograph you here for starters.

He turned back and stared at her. What are you waiting for, Amber? Please undress. We're wasting time. He shook his head. Hurry up, tardy girl.

Amber felt silly and helpless. I need these credits! Blushing, she placed her purse on the floor and looked back at Winston.

He frowned at her and tapped his watch. Time is wasting.

Amber bent forward and slowly unfastened her heels, slipping them off her feet. She placed them next to her purse. She was afraid to look back at Winston but could feel him staring in her direction. What in the world is going on? I thought I was his assistant not his model! this is weird! She risked a glance at Winston. He stood with his hands on his hips, watching her.

Come on, girl! We're bleeding valuable time! Get undressed!, Winston barked.

Amber batted her eyes, nervously. She slowly hitched her fingers beneath the hem of her tunic shirt and pulled it over her head. She dropped the shirt to the floor next to her purse and heels. This is lame. She pushed her fingers into her leggings and lowered them down her legs. Stepping out of them, she dropped the leggings on the ground next to her shirt and shoes.

Winston stared at the lovely teenager. She looked so adorable standing nervously in front of him wearing nothing but her lace bra and thong panties. Beautiful! beautiful, stupid little girl! He feigned impatience. Hurry up, Amber. Everything off, please. Jewelry as well. I need you fully nude for this shoot. He looked down at his watch again. I've been waiting to see you fully nude I mean! His gaze roamed over her body. cute pouting mouth! large breasts! firm adorable tummy! sexy round hips! curvaceous hips! Very nice! He snapped his fingers. Get on with it, Amber. Everything off.

He watched as she reluctantly unfastened her bra and allowed it to fall down her arms and to the floor. Her bare breasts were large and firm. The areolas were the size of a half dollar. her nipples were erect and hard in the cool air! he smiled at her blushing cheeks. Natural boobs! nice!

Amber folded her hands over her breasts. Her eyelids fluttered. He's looking at me! I'm naked! only Ross has ever seen my breasts! Ross would be soooo mad if he knew I was doing this! She blinked rapidly. I need the extra credits! without them I'll flunk out of school! it would ruin our plans. I'm doing this for Ross and I! both of us!

Amber inhaled deeply and pushed her thong panties to her ankles. She stepped out of them and kicked them aside. She unfastened her earrings and let them drop from her hand onto the pile of clothes at her feet. She stared down at her bare breasts and folded her hands over her legs. I'm nude!

Winston repressed the urge to whistle. He felt his cock hardening in his pants. Amber was stunning. Amber was nude. Fully nude. He had known he would see her nude from the first moment he had laid eyes on her at Green Meadows Apartments. However, the thrill of her nudity was no less exciting. He stepped back and crossed his arms, drinking in her bare body. *Whoa doggies! Lookie, lookie here comes nookie.*

Amber stared down at the studio floor and thought of Ross. *I'm doing this for both of us, baby. Without my degree none of our plans will happen. I have no choice.* She looked back up at Winston. He stood by the large couch, hands crossed over his chest. His eyes moved up and down over her nude form. *Don't look at me.* Amber turned to the side and held one arm over her breasts, the other over her legs. *Stop looking at me that way.*

Winston shook his head and coughed. He walked over to the camera and adjusted the lens. He shot a quick look back at the nude, blushing girl. *Okay, Amber. Come over here and sit on the couch.*, he motioned.

He watched as Amber walked across the room. Her bottom jiggled enticingly. *Sexy little bitch.* *Okay, Amber now please sit down on the couch. Uncross your arms and place them by your side.*

Amber blushed as she lowered her arms and sat on the couch. She heard the camera as Winston began snapping pictures.

He raised a hand in the air. *Look here, at my hand open your eyes stop squinting, Amber.*

Amber looked at his hand as the camera continued snapping away. *I'm not squinting! I'm just nervous. Stop looking at me this is lame I'm naked.* She blinked, nervously.

Winston snapped his fingers. *That's it, girl. You're doing fine. Now, get up on your knees and face away from me. Look to your right I want to get a profile shot that's it good.*

Amber followed each command. She heard Winston snapping away behind her. *He's taking pics of my ass not my profile. He's a pervert.* The realization sent a chill up her spine. *He's a pervert I'm naked.*

Winston stopped taking photos and walked over to the refrigerator. He opened the door and pulled out a cold beer, cracking the top. *Thirsty work.*

Amber started to turn around and sit down. She stopped as Winston waved his hand. *No, little missy! Stay exactly as you are! On your knees, backside towards me.* He took a swig of beer.

Amber placed her hands on the back of the couch and listened as Winston took a long gulp of his beer. *WTF!!! This is lame.*

Suddenly, there was a loud knock at the door. Winston paused and placed his beer on the counter. He walked towards the door.

Amber's heart raced. *Holy crap! Someone is here! At the door!!!!* She jumped off the couch and ran towards her clothes.

Winston stopped at the front door and turned back to Amber. *What in the hell are you doing, little lady?*, he asked.

Amber stopped and looked at him wide-eyed, like a deer in headlights. *I was getting my clothes, sir. Someone is at the door. I'm not decent.* She crossed her arms over her bare breasts.

Winston shook his head. *No ma'am. No ma'am. Get yourself back to the couch and remain as you were.* He gave her a hard look. *NOW!*, he shouted.

Amber jumped at his sharp tone. She turned and practically ran back to the couch.

Winston smiled at her bobbing breasts and jiggling buttocks. *I just love these young girls love em!* He laughed as he opened the studio door.

Amber jumped onto the couch and sat on her knees with her hands on the back of the cushions. She listened as Winston opened the door behind her. *Oh my lord oh my lord WTF??? I'm nude. This is so lame.*

She listened as Winston greeted the new guest. *Hello, Barbara. I'm glad you could make it. Please come in.*, she heard him say.

Amber shot a quick glance over her shoulder. *Barbara?* She watched as the slender woman entered the studio, shaking hands with Winston. She appeared to be in her late thirties or very early forties. Her blonde hair was shoulder length. She had an attractive face and full lips. She wore gray slacks and a business jacket. The white shirt beneath her jacket was unbuttoned at the top and revealed ample cleavage.

Amber blushed. *She's got big boobs bigger than mine.* Amber watched as the lady walked into the studio. She wore high heels which clicked loudly on the hard floor as she stepped into the entryway. The woman emitted a powerful presence. *In charge.* Amber quickly looked away.

Winston welcomed Barbara into the studio with a motion of his hand. ♦Come in. dear. I'm glad you could make it on such short notice.♦ He smiled.

Barbara walked into the spacious room and looked around. Her eyes came to rest on the nude teenager kneeling on the couch. ♦So♦ This must be Amber. The undisciplined, tardy girl.♦

Winston nodded and grinned. ♦Sure enough. This is the one I told you about.♦

Barbara's heels echoed throughout the studio as she walked towards the couch.

Amber felt like melting away as she heard the lady walk up behind her. *I'm naked. This is lame.* She looked down at her bare thighs. She blinked, nervously. She noticed her nipples were hard in the cool air of the studio. *I need my clothes*♦

Barbara stopped immediately behind Amber and folded her arms. She appraised the teen's bare backside. ♦Nice form. Lovely hips. Well shaped bottom.♦ She paused and walked around the couch, stopping in front of Amber. ♦Look up at me, girl. Let me see your face.♦

Amber slowly looked up at the strange woman. She felt her heart beating in her chest. *I wish Ross were here. He would tell me what to do.* She quickly looked down, blinking nervously.

Barbara stared hard at Amber. ♦Stop blinking, girl. Look at me.♦ She reached out and tapped Amber's chin gently. ♦Raise your head.♦

Amber struggled to stop her nervous blinking. *Please go away.* She noticed Winston out of her peripheral vision. He stood to the side of the couch, beer in hand. *Oddball*♦

Barbara shook her head. ♦I don't know, Winston. She has a pretty face and a nice body but that nervous tick with her eyes♦ the constant blinking♦ that's not good.♦ She looked over at Winston. ♦Does she always blink like this?♦

Winston took a swallow of his beer. ♦It seems to come and go. I've noticed it before.♦ He reached into his pocket and removed a cigarette.

Barbara shrugged. ♦Well, we may still be able to work with her.♦ She walked over to the edge of the couch and leaned forward, inches away from Amber's blushing face. ♦Raise your hands, young lady. Put them behind your head. Let me have a look at your little tits.♦

Amber felt her face reddening. *I don't have little tits, bitch.* She looked over at Winston. ♦Sir? What's going on?♦ She shot a glance back at Barbara. *Cunt.*

Winston took a swallow of beer. ♦Oh. Yes♦ I forgot to introduce you.♦ He sat his beer on the edge of the couch. ♦Amber. This is Barbara. She is a friend of mine and a fellow artist. She specializes in potential models with minor defects.♦

Amber frowned. *I'm not defective. Jerk.* She narrowed her eyes.

Winston took a drag of his smoke. ♦I see by your reaction that you are upset, Amber. Don't be. Regardless of what you may hear, no girl is a natural born model. It is an acquired skill. Ms. Barbara helps young ladies achieve their full potential.♦

Amber crossed her arms over her breasts. ♦I'm not a model. I don't want to be a model. I'm an art student.♦ She looked back at Barbara. ♦Not a model.♦

Winston exhaled smoke into the air. ♦I understand, Amber. However, you're working in my studio for extra credits. I explained to dean Smith that I needed a model. He elected to send you. Therefore, at this studio, you're a model. Otherwise, you can go home and forget about the extra credits.♦

Amber frowned. She looked back up at Barbara. *Bitch. I don't have small tits.*

Winston blew a smoke ring. ♦Look, Amber. I know you need the extra credits. However, if you don't want to play by my rules then you can forget it.♦ He walked over to the camera and bent forward, snapping another picture of the nude girl.

Amber held her arms over her breasts and looked away from the camera. ♦Stop taking pictures. There's been some misunderstanding.♦ She stood up and hurried towards her clothes. ♦I don't need the credits this bad♦♦ She shot a hateful glance at Barbara. *I don't have little tits. You bitch.*

Winston looked over at Barbara and winked. He watched as Amber hurried towards her discarded clothing. He shook his head. ♦Okay, Amber. Have it your way♦♦

Amber picked up her thong panties and pulled them over her legs. ♦Listen, I'm sorry. This is just a big mistake. This isn't my thing. I'll find some other way to earn the credits.♦

Winston nodded. ♦Okay, Amber. No problem. However♦♦ He paused.

Amber pulled her panties up and glanced at him as she reached for her bra. What?

◆However◆, Winston continued. ◆The pictures I've taken of you are my property. This was to be a private exhibition. None the less, since I'll have to find a new model, I think it's only fair that I be compensated for my time.◆ He smiled as Amber hesitated.

Winston motioned towards Barbara. ◆Barb runs a soft core pornographic website. I think the pictures I've taken thus far would be good material for her.◆ He looked at Barbara. ◆What are you currently paying for pictures of fresh girls?◆

Barbara looked at Amber. ◆Oh, you know◆ a few hundred for a girl like this. Never published girls. Fresh girls, like her.◆

Amber fastened her bra and looked back at Winston. Her eyelids fluttered. ◆What?◆

Winston stroked his chin. ◆The pictures I have of you will be turned over to Barb. She'll compensate me and in turn, your pictures will be published online◆ it's only fair.◆

Amber gasped. ◆No◆ now wait a minute, mister. I don't want any pictures published online. I never agreed to that.◆ She walked towards Winston. ◆I never signed any contract agreeing to that or anything else for that matter.◆

Winston watched as the cute teenager walked towards him in her tiny bra and thong panties. His eyes locked on her adorable stomach and hips. ◆Nope. You didn't sign any contract whatsoever. You just came in and stripped down.◆ He laughed. ◆The pictures will go to Barb and she, in turn, will publish them online. You have no legal recourse at all.◆ He smiled at her.

Amber crossed her hands over her stomach. Stop staring at me! Can you be any more obvious? She looked at Winston and blinked nervously. ◆Okay, slow down, mister. No pics online. That isn't going to happen.◆ She heard Barbara's heels on the tiled floor behind her. She shot a glance over her shoulder.

Barbara walked over to Amber's pile of clothes and picked up her purse. She opened the top and rummaged inside. ◆What do we have here?◆ She produced a small phone. ◆Is this your phone, Amber?◆

Amber ran towards Barbara. ◆Of course it's my phone! You took it out of my purse! Give it back!◆ Bitch!

Barbara held the phone just out of reach and pushed Amber backwards. ◆Don't give me orders, girl.◆

Amber folded her arms over her breasts. She blinked rapidly. She felt warm tears on her eyelids. She looked back at Winston. ◆She has my phone◆ please◆◆

Winston laughed. ◆Please what, Amber?◆

Amber looked from Winston to Barbara and back at Winston. Tears rolled down her cheeks. ◆Make her give me my phone.◆ Please.

◆Your boyfriend is named Ross, huh?◆, Barbara asked as she scrolled through Amber's contact list. ◆The heart next to his name kind of gives it away.◆ She smiled at Amber. ◆I don't know what he sees in you. What with your nervous blinking and tiny tits.◆ She paused. ◆I'm sure he would like a link to my website. I have some really pretty girls posted.◆

Amber closed her eyes. ◆Stop it! Just stop it! This is stupid!◆ What's going on? She clenched her fists. ◆I don't have tiny tits! I'm a full C cup! It's not my fault that you have freakishly big boobs! Now give me my phone, you stupid bitch!◆ Amber raised her fists and stepped towards Barbara.

Winston folded his hands and smiled at the catfight about to erupt. ◆The only thing stupid is you, Amber.◆

Amber hesitated and looked back at Winston. ◆Make her give me my phone! I'm leaving. This is silly!◆

Barbara held Amber's phone up. ◆Maybe we should call Ross?◆ She shot a look at Winston.

Amber ran towards Barbara. Her face was flushed with anger. ◆Give me my phone! You bitch!◆

Barbara watched as the teen girl rushed towards her. At the last moment she stepped aside and stuck her foot out, tripping Amber and causing her to collapse onto the floor. ◆Have a seat, little girl.◆, Barbara laughed.

Amber lay on the floor, shaking with rage. She quickly sat up and turned towards Barbara. ◆Give me my phone! This isn't funny anymore!◆, she screamed.

Winston lit a smoke and walked over to Amber. He stood with his hands on his hips, staring down at her. ◆Look, Amber. Stop being an idiot. Let's talk facts◆◆, he said as he exhaled smoke rings into the still air. He enjoyed the sight of the nearly nude teenager sitting on the floor in only her bra and panties.

Amber looked up at him. Her eyelids fluttered.

Winston smirked. ◆First, I have nude photos of you. Second, Barbara has your phone and therefore, your boyfriend's number. Third, we can publish your pictures online at anytime we like. Fourth, I have the Mercham campus email. I could send your naked pictures to every student and faculty member at Mercham University with a simple push of a button.◆ He halted and looked down at Amber.◆Do you hear me, young lady?◆

Amber looked up at Winston.◆Why? Why are you doing this?◆ She looked back at Barbara. Bitch.

Winston rubbed his chin.◆Well◆ it's like this, Amber◆ You're a sexy little stuck up bitch and I'm a man who likes sexy little bitches. However, I learned a long time ago that sexy little bitches need a little prodding to do the right thing◆ They never do it willingly.◆ He rubbed his crotch.

Amber closed her eyes and took a deep breath. She heard Barbara chuckling in the background. Bitch.

Winston stepped forward and exhaled smoke into her face.◆Face the facts, girl. You have two choices. Number one◆ pick up your clothes and get the fuck out of here. At which time, nude photos of you go online and to the entire Mercham campus email. Or, number two◆ shut your fucking mouth and cooperate with me.◆ He blew a smoke ring and rubbed his chin. Blondie.

Amber looked at Barbara.◆Just give me my phone◆◆

Barbara shook her head.◆Nope. I'm kind of enjoying looking at your picture collection◆ Is this your boyfriend? He has a big cock.◆

Amber blushed. She suddenly remembered the nasty pictures she took of Ross the previous weekend. They were both buzzed and feeling horny after a party and one thing had led to another. I told him I deleted those pictures◆

Amber jumped to her feet.◆Give me the god damned phone, bitch!◆ She rushed towards Barbara.

Barbara smirked as the practically naked girl rushed toward her. She stepped forward and punched Amber in the stomach, knocking the wind out of her. She laughed as the girl crumpled to the floor.◆It looks like you're all bark and no bite, Amber.◆ She glanced down at the gasping girl before turning her attention back to the cell phone.◆I'm really enjoying your pics, girl. Ross is a sexy guy. I'd have fun with him. I don't know what he's doing with a tiny tit girl like you.◆

Amber lay in a fetal position on the floor. She struggled to regain her breath after the hard blow Barbara had delivered to her tummy. She's looking at my Ross◆ I'm sorry, baby◆ She slowly rose to her knees.◆Please give me my phone.◆, she pleaded.

Barbara shook her head again.◆Nope. In fact, I've already forwarded the pictures of Ross to my own cell phone. He's a gorgeous guy. Thank you.◆

Amber sank back down to the floor. Tears started in her eyes. Oh no◆ I'm sorry baby◆ I'm sorry◆. Ross◆ Lover◆

Winston watched the exchange between Amber and Barbara with amusement. He walked over the refrigerator and pulled out another beer. Turning back to the studio floor, he smiled.◆Okay, ladies. That's enough.◆ He walked over and knelt beside the shaking teenager.◆Amber?◆ He placed a large hand on her shoulder.

Amber jerked at his touch. She looked up, tears rolling down her cheeks.◆Please◆ pl.. please◆◆ She gulped◆◆Please make her give me my phone.◆

Winston shook his head.◆Negative. Not going to happen, Amber.◆ He smiled as the girl collapsed back onto the floor, weeping. Foolish girl◆ stupid girl◆

Winston's face hardened.◆Listen to me, Amber and listen good. You will do what I say, when I say and exactly how I say◆ there will be no argument. Otherwise, your nude photos are going online tonight and every student and teacher at Mercham will get more than an eye full of your tight little body in the morning. Do you understand?◆

Amber felt weak. She slowly sat up and crossed her arms over her bra. She looked at Barbara. You fucking cunt. She felt her anger rising as Barbara smiled at her. Bitch. She looked up at Winston.

◆Please. Just make her give me my phone and tell her to delete the pictures of Ross. If you do that, I'll cooperate. Okay?◆, Amber pleaded. Tears ran down her pretty cheeks.

Winston shook his head.◆You're in no position to bargain, stupid girl. You will cooperate or else you know what will happen.◆ He took a swig of beer.◆And◆ if you're a real good girl, Barb might just find it in her heart to delete the pictures of Ross and return your phone◆ maybe.◆ He looked over at Barbara.

Barbara nodded.◆Maybe. But first, I think we need to see just how well Amber can follow commands.◆ She dropped Amber's phone into her jacket pocket and rubbed her hands together.◆Now, Amber. Come here.◆ She pointed to the floor.◆Come stand in front of me.◆

Amber looked over her shoulder at Winston as he walked over and removed the camera from its tripod. He turned towards her and snapped a picture. Amber took a deep breath and slowly walked towards Barbara. She heard Winston snapping away behind her. She stopped in front of Barbara and looked down at the floor. Her eyelids fluttered.

Barbara smiled at Amber. ♦That's a good girl.♦ She reached behind Amber's back and unfastened her bra clasp. ♦Let's just have this right off so we can get another good look at your little tits.♦ She pulled the bra down Amber's arms and dropped it on the floor. ♦There. With little tits like yours you don't need a bra anyway.♦

Amber's cheeks flushed with anger. ♦I don't have little tits. I'm a full C cup. You're a bitch.♦

Barbara slapped Amber hard across the face. The sound echoed throughout the studio. ♦Shut your mouth! Don't back talk me, young lady!♦, Barbara shouted.

Amber stepped back and raised a hand to her burning cheek. She looked at Barbara with hate. She heard the camera snapping away. She started to speak but Barbara raised her hand again, threateningly. Amber remained silent. Stunned. *You cunt.*

Barbara smiled as she reached for Amber's panties. She grabbed the waistband and slowly eased the panties over Amber's hips. ♦Step out of them, young lady.♦ She slapped Amber's ankle.

Amber slowly stepped out of her panties and watched as Barbara tossed them aside. The camera continued to click away. She felt numb and helpless. *I need Ross♦ If he were here he would make them stop♦*

Barbara brushed Amber's blonde hair off her forehead with a long fingernail. ♦You are a pretty little girl. Very nice face... Aside from that constant blinking habit♦ we'll have to correct that.♦ She grabbed Amber's nipples and gave them a twist. She smiled as Amber winced in pain. ♦Sensitive nipples.♦ She knelt down and examined Amber's shaved pubes. ♦Pretty little pussy. Turn around and let me have a better look at your ass, young lady.♦ She placed her hands on Amber's hips and eased her around. ♦Very nice little butt. Yes. I think you would be a good addition to my website.♦ She pinched Amber's bare backside. ♦You still have a little baby fat but I think a good exercise regimen will take care of that.♦

Amber stood with her arms over her breasts and her hands under her chin. She closed her eyes and listened as Barbara appraised her appearance. *I'm not fat♦ I'm pretty♦ I don't need exercise and you're a bitch.*

Barbara stood up and grabbed Amber's wrist, pulling her towards the couch. ♦First things first, young lady. For starters I think you need to be punished for the disrespectful attitude you have demonstrated towards Winston and myself.♦ Barbara's heels clicked loudly on the tiled floor as she pulled the nude girl towards the couch. She sat down and looked up at the embarrassed teenager. ♦Get across my lap, young lady.♦

Amber blushed furiously. ♦What are you talking about?♦ *Bitch.* She looked over at Winston but quickly looked away as he continued snapping pictures. *This is lame.*

Barbara snapped her fingers. ♦Get across my knee. I want those little tits of yours on my lap.♦ She grabbed Amber's arm and pulled her down. ♦Don't sass me.♦

Amber allowed Barbara to pull her across her lap. *I need Ross♦ he would make this stop♦* Her eyes fluttered.

Barbara looked down at the pretty teen's bare backside as she lay across her lap. ♦Now. You'll get ten swats over your bare bottom. With each swat I want you to remember whose in charge here, young lady.♦ She raised her hand and came down hard across Amber's buttocks. The slapping sound echoed throughout the studio mingling with Amber's pathetic whimpering.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

Winston could barely contain himself as he looked through the camera at the adorable teenager receiving a fully nude spanking. He had known Barbara for many years but her skill as a trainer never ceased to amaze him. He was glad he had invited her to participate in Amber's taming. *My kind of woman♦* He continued taking pictures as the spanking concluded.

Barbara eased Amber up onto her knees and looked down at her tearstained face. ♦Now, young lady. Do you know who is in command here?♦

Amber wiped tears from her cheeks and rubbed her burning backside. She felt ashamed and angry. ♦Okay, you've had your fun. You've punished me. Can I have my phone now?♦ *Cunt.*

Barbara shook her head. ♦Not yet, young lady.♦ She grabbed Amber's elbow and pulled her up. ♦Sit on my lap. We're going to have a little talk.♦ She looked up at Amber's blushing face. ♦Sit, girl.♦ She patted her thigh.

Amber couldn't believe what was happening. *I just want to go home♦ see Ross♦* she blinked. She slowly sat down on the hated woman's lap. She closed her eyes. *I don't have small tits♦ she spanked me♦ like a little girl♦*

Barbara lowered her voice and patted Amber's thigh with one hand while running her long fingernails over the girl's bare back. Sometimes, harsh measures are necessary when training young models such as yourself, Amber. She eased her hand up Amber's thigh and onto her bare tummy. She gently stroked her firm abdomen with her finger. Amber jerked and blinked.

Amber kept her eyes shut. I'm not a model. You're a bitch.

Barbara smiled. We've already had this discussion, young lady. You are indeed a model for Winston and myself. You know what will happen if you resist. She ran her long fingers over Amber's tummy, tracing her bellybutton with her fingernail. She moved her hand up to her bare breasts and cupped them gently. When I said you had tiny tits I didn't mean they were ugly, girl. You have a very nice bosom.

Amber shook slightly as the woman cupped her breasts. She felt Barbara's long fingernails moving down her back. She heard the camera. What's happening? I don't have tiny tits. stop taking pictures.

Barbara eased her hand off Amber's breasts and moved up to her face, tracing her closed eyelids and full lips. You're a very sexy girl, Amber. I will teach you. She moved her finger over Amber's moist lips, pushing them apart.

Amber felt sick. She could smell the woman's perfume and felt her breath as she spoke. I just want to leave.

Barbara pulled the girl closer. Give me a kiss, Amber.

Amber tensed. No! What are you talking about? She opened her eyes and tried to stand up but Barbara's grip was firm. Let me go!

Barbara squeezed Amber's arm. Do you want another spanking, young lady?

Amber tried to turn away but the woman was incredibly strong. Please. I don't want a kiss. I want my phone. I want to go home. you two have had your fun. She heard Winston taking pictures. I want to leave.

Barbara pinched one of Amber's exposed nipples. Give me a kiss, girl. She pulled Amber's face towards her. Don't be shy. You've got a little baby fat but, you're no baby.

Amber felt cold and numb. I don't have baby fat! I don't want to kiss you. She felt the woman pulling her closer. The next instant, Barbara's lips were pressed against her mouth. Sickening.

Winston walked forward trying to get a better angle as Barbara locked lips with the squirming girl. Holy shit! She's a fast operator!! Bravo!!! He's cock was as hard as a rock. He snapped another close up shot. Holy shit! This is fucking great!!!

Amber felt Barbara's tongue inside her mouth. She felt her probing hands on her breasts and bare butt. She heard Winston snapping photos. Her mind went blank. Her eyelids fluttered. What's happening to me???

Barbara kissed Amber fully and explored her tender mouth with her tongue. After several seconds, she pulled back and looked at the girl's closed eyes. She smiled as Amber shivered slightly. Now, lay down on the couch, Amber. On your back and spread your legs.

Amber sat lay back on the couch slowly. She looked up at Barbara. Please stop. This is weird. I just want my phone. I want to go home. She shot a look towards Winston. Stop photographing me! Asshole!

Barbara smiled down at the nude teenager. Relax, Amber. Spread those long legs. That's good. She pushed the girl's thighs apart. She leaned forward and looked down at Amber's upturned face. Does Ross go down on you, dear?

Amber felt ill. What? You're a cunt.

Barbara ran her fingers over Amber's bare tummy. Your big dick boyfriend. does he go down on you or does he only satisfy you with his cock? She moved her hand down between Amber's legs, tracing her slit with her fingernail. Speak to me, girl. Does Ross go down on you, sweetie?

Amber tried to push Barbara's hand away. None of your business. I want to go home. She heard Winston taking pictures. Pervert!

Barbara smiled down at Amber. No matter. I'm going to taste your little pussy now, girl. You are not permitted to cum. Do you understand?

Amber tried to sit up but Barbara pushed her back onto the couch. If you resist, you will be in violation, Amber. Barbara said.

Amber sank back onto the couch. Violation of what? Bitch.

Barbara smiled. Winston and I have seen your naked little body. I would imagine that you wouldn't wish anyone else to see you in this state of undress?

Amber shivered. They're blackmailing me.

Barbara shook her head. ♦Of course you wouldn't♦ now spread your legs♦♦ She leaned forward and placed the tip of her tongue on Amber's slit.

Winston continued to snap pictures as Barbara went down on Amber. Holy mother!!! This is fucking great!!! He massaged his dick through his jeans. He zoomed in on Barbara's tongue as it played across Amber's pussy. He watched as Amber closed her eyes and placed her hands over her face, weeping. Don't be a crybaby, girl!!! He chuckled under his breath and continued photographing the nude girl receiving Barbara's attentions. I'm in heaven♦ He slowly eased his zipper down and reached inside his pants, grasping his cock. I'm going to blow my wad!!!

Amber kept her eyes closed and tried not to feel Barbara's tongue. She resisted the warm sensations as Barbara licked her exposed clitoris. Stop♦ please stop♦ She tried to resist but felt herself becoming aroused. She heard Winston snapping photos. This is sooo lame♦ She heard him lower his zipper. She parted her eyelids slightly and looked over at Winston as he pulled his stiff penis from his pants. He's masturbating♦ pervert♦ he's big♦ She closed her eyes. Get off me, bitch♦

Barbara pushed her tongue against Amber's exposed clitoris and tasted her young juices. That's it♦ cum for me♦

Amber tried to think of something else♦ Please♦ stop♦.

At the last second, Barbara sat up and smiled. ♦Okay, Amber. That will be enough for today.♦ She licked her lips. ♦You have a very tasty pussy, girl. Good flavor. Pure. I think I'll have to enjoy you again.♦, she said as she leaned back against the couch. ♦I think we'll hook up again very soon.♦ She ran her long fingernails over Amber's bare breasts.

Amber lay on her back, fighting back tears. You're a bitch♦ She stood up slowly. Her blonde hair fell across her face. ♦Okay. You've had your fun. Please give me my phone.♦, she said as she looked at Barbara. She crossed her arms over her stomach.

Barbara laughed. ♦Fine, girl.♦ She reached into her pocket and handed Amber the phone. ♦Just remember, I still have the pictures of your lovely Ross.♦

Amber grabbed the phone. She looked over at Winston. He was in the process of zipping his pants and appeared to be frustrated.

♦Sir? I did what you asked. Please make her delete the pictures of my boyfriend.♦, Amber pleaded. She blinked rapidly.

Winston coughed. ♦That's up to Barbara, young lady.♦ He shot a look at Barbara. ♦Well? Did Amber meet your standards?♦

Barbara shook her head. ♦Not even close. She needs a lot of work.♦ Barbara looked at Amber. ♦We'll talk about the pictures after you work off that baby fat, sweetie.♦ She laughed.

Amber frowned. ♦I'm not fat♦ I think you're just♦♦

Barbara cut her off. ♦Shut up, Ms. Tiny Tits.♦ She stood up and smoothed her jacket.

Amber stared angrily at Barbara and shot a look at Winston. ♦Look. You two have you want. Okay? You've got naked pics of me♦ okay? Listen♦ you can even post them online♦ whatever♦ just please delete the pictures of Ross♦ okay?♦ She blinked and looked at Barbara.

Winston rubbed his chin. ♦I don't know, tardy girl. What do you think, Barb? Shall we delete the pictures of her little boyfriend?♦ He sounded bored and irritated. His eyes roamed over Amber's naked body. Blondie♦ love those hips♦

Barbara shook her head. ♦No. Not yet♦ since it seems she doesn't care about much of anything aside from her beloved Ross, I think we should keep his pictures as a guarantee of her future performance.♦, she pronounced.

Amber felt sick. ♦Please delete the pictures♦ they were supposed to be private♦ don't you have a heart?♦ Cunt♦

Barbara walked over to Winston and placed her hand on his shoulder. ♦Well, Winston. It seems our little Amber is begging. Sad.♦ She looked up at him.

Winston looked down at Barb. ♦Yeah♦ sad♦♦ What are you up to?

Barbara placed her hands on her hips. ♦Okay, Amber. Get dressed. You will report back to the studio tomorrow evening at seven o'clock sharp. You had best not be late. We will begin your exercise regimen at seven sharp.♦

Amber stared at her incredulously. Exercise regimen? What?

♦Do you hear me, sweetie?♦, Barbara asked.

Amber frowned. I don't know Ross and I have a date we're going to dinner

Barbara laughed. Not anymore. Cancel the date. We'll see you here at seven o'clock sharp!, she said. Now, get dressed and get out. I think we've had enough of your silly little face for one evening, Ms. Tiny Tits

Amber felt helpless. She walked over to her clothes and picked them up. What just happened here? What's going on?? She looked over her shoulder at Winston and Barbara. Who are these people?

As she started to get dressed, Winston spoke. Leave the panties, tardy girl.

Amber looked at him. Wh what? Perv

Winston motioned towards her. Leave the panties. Throw them on the couch.

Amber blushed and tossed her panties on the couch. She slowly put on the rest of her clothing. She looked up at Winston. What do you want from me? She glanced at Barbara. bitch

Winston shrugged his shoulders. Simple everything, Amber. We want everything.

Amber shuddered. Freak! She shot a quick look at Barbara before turning and running out the door.

Chapter 23: Frustration

Winston listened as Amber ran down the stairs, weeping. He walked over and closed the studio door. He turned back towards Barbara. Anger flashed across his face.

Quite the performance, Barb. Bravo, he said sarcastically. He walked over to the couch and picked up Amber's panties. He held them up to his nose and inhaled deeply. Smells like young pussy. He looked at Barbara. Sure would have been nice to get some of that young pussy., he frowned. Sure would have been nice

Barbara smiled. Awww is my Winston angry and horny? Poor Winston. She tapped her fingernails together and smiled.

Winston felt the blood rushing to his face. Don't toy with me, woman. I asked for an assist, not a takeover. How dare you try to take control of this project! He shoved the panties into his pocket and cracked his knuckles. If you would have just managed to shut your god damned mouth for a single second I would most likely be firing my load in Amber's sweet young ass about now. But no, no, you had to go your own way and now she's gone., he fumed. Fucking gone He clenched his fists. I offered you the normal \$500.00 assist fee I didn't sell her to you!

Barbara ran her fingers through her blonde hair and unbuttoned her jacket. So? Do you want to punish me? She licked her lips.

Winston stared at her. Maybe.

Barbara laughed. Amber's not gone, Winston. She'll be here tomorrow night at seven. I haven't ruined anything aside from your patience. She slowly unbuttoned her jacket and let it fall from her shoulders. She unsnapped the top button of her pants. You want a blowjob, Winston? She winked at him.

Winston curled his lip. You're not exactly the age I like

Barbara let her pants fall to the floor. Can you make do tonight, old man? She kicked her pants aside and unbuttoned her shirt.

Winston felt his cock jump. Possibly He drank in her lovely body and massive breasts. You had better suck like an eighteen year old

Barbara smiled as she dropped her bra to the floor and eased her panties down her legs. I give better head than any eighteen year old. She knelt in front of him.

Winston looked down at her. You're dangerous He felt her fingers on his zipper. Dangerous but, beautiful He looked down as she took his cock into her mouth. Holy shit

Chapter 24: An Invitation from Black

Winston flipped off the lights and closed the studio door behind himself. He inserted the key into the latch and fastened the bolt. He turned towards the stairs, smiling as he thought of the night's events. Little Blondie tamed sweet. He pulled out a cigarette and lit it as he walked towards the stairs. Barbara can

sure suck a dick Suddenly his cell phone rang. Winston frowned. He looked at his watch. It's late! What the fuck? He pulled the phone out and looked at the number. He felt a chill. Black. He answered the phone.

Yeah?

Winston?, the voice of Mr. Black was almost a whisper.

Yeah. It's me., Winston said. He looked nervously around the stairwell and the front lobby of the building. What's up?

We know about your deal with the dean., The threatening tone in Black's voice was evident.

Winston took a drag of his cigarette and looked over his shoulder. The building was silent too silent. What the fuck are you talking about? What deal?, Winston asked innocently.

Black laughed. Always the con man, Winston Always the con man. Trying to get away with a fast one.

Winston hurried down the stairs. I don't know what you're talking about, Black. He walked quickly across the lobby towards the front doors.

Don't play stupid, Winston. We know all about your deal with Smith Aubree for Amber In fact, I gave you Smith's number. Did you not think that I would monitor your contact with him?, Black asked.

Winston opened the front doors and walked out of the building. He scanned the parking lot. In the distance, her heard the roar of a motorcycle engine. Look, Black I don't know what you're talking about. You arrogant fucking prick.

Black laughed. Relax, my old friend. You may be stupid but I like you. Why don't you stop by the club and have a drink? We need to talk.

Winston walked quickly across the pavement towards his truck. Tonight? I'm a little busy His eyes darted across the dark parking lot.

Yes. Tonight. Certainly you're not too busy to have a drink with an old friend?, Black asked.

Winston opened his truck door and jumped into the seat. He opened the glove compartment and pulled out his revolver. Fully loaded. He flipped his ash. Fine. I could use a drink. Fucking son of a bitch

Excellent. I'll tell Animal to expect you. See you soon, Winston The line went dead.

Winston sank back into the seat and wiped sweat off his forehead. Fucking prick I ain't going down without a fight He pulled the truck onto the road and headed towards the club.

Chapter 25: Noticeable Changes

Amber lay in the bed, looking at the ceiling. Her face was troubled. She felt Ross roll over and place his hand on her stomach. My lover She looked over at him. What, babe? Shouldn't you be asleep? She caressed his bare thigh. Go to sleep, lover. Her eyelids fluttered.

Ross brushed her hair aside and kissed her, gently. He sat up on an elbow. What's going on, Ambs? You're not yourself. He reached under the covers and cupped her breasts.

Amber pushed his hand away. Don't I'm not in the mood. She rolled away from him.

Ross watched her turn away and frowned. What the heck? He sank back onto the pillows and folded his hands behind his head. He looked over at her. What's going on, Ambs? You're not yourself tonight., he asked. Is something bothering you?

Amber swallowed hard and blinked. Nothing, babe. Everything is fine okay? I'm just a little tired. I need sleep. She rolled onto her side.

Ross lay in the darkness and stared up at the ceiling. What the heck? He remained motionless, pretending to be asleep. After several minutes, Amber's deep breathing confirmed she was asleep.

He slowly stepped out of the bed. Walking over to the dresser, he opened her purse.

What's this? The studio address? Ross quickly picked up his wallet and placed the card inside. I'm sorry, baby. But, I have to find out what's happening to you

He quietly lay back down in the bed. He listened to Amber's deep breathing and stared out the darkened window at the night sky. Somewhere, in the darkness outside, a motorcycle engine roared.

Aubree's First Apartment

Part 9

Chapter 26: Hard facts

Winston inhaled deeply on his cigarette and glanced over the desk as Mr. Black paused in mid sentence. He fingered the revolver in his coat pocket. Fuck you, Black ♦ He smiled. ♦Please continue. I'm interested in what you have to say. I'm rapt with attention, Black. ♦ He flipped an ash on the floor.

Mr. Black scratched his chin. ♦You see Winston. You're no different than a dying rat. A dying rat cast aside beside the road ♦ gasping for every last little desperate breath ♦ tail twitching ♦ tongue probing for any moisture to be found in the decaying grass ♦ stomach churning with the will to live ♦ to propagate your species. Struggling for life ♦ a dying rat. ♦ Mr. Black paused again. ♦However, your life is 'the con', Winston. ♦ Black stared at him as he leaned back in his chair. His gaze was piercing.

Winston felt beads of sweat forming on his forehead. He's fucking crazy ♦ His eyes darted around the darkened room. Animal is over there ♦ He shrugged and blew a smoke ring. ♦Look, Black. I told you I'm sorry. But, the dean was the only way to get to Amber. I had to make a trade. But trust me, Amber will pay off in the long run. Besides, you got the normal club fee. Okay? Part of the deal was that Smith wanted Aubree alone for two nights at his country estate. He's got some bondage dungeon out there or some shit. Who knows? Who gives a shit? The dean is a pervert. Aren't we all? ♦ Winston leaned forward. The cigarette hung from his lip. ♦I'm aware club rules were broken. But, in the end the club will benefit. So, what the fuck? Is it really that big of a deal? ♦ He took another long drag and exhaled smoke into the dim light.

Winston watched as Mr. Black stared at him in silence. He's a fucking loon ♦ out of his mind. Fucking psycho ♦ Winston glanced at his watch. ♦Besides Black, how much money have I made for your establishment over the years? You know I'm the best trainer in the city. No one is better than me at crafting the young little whores you require to turn a profit. Plus, the meat I deliver is fresh ♦ not worn out strippers or street walking sluts. Fresh meat ♦ money makers. ♦ He rubbed his fingers together. ♦Money in the bank ♦. So, why don't you get to the point, Black? ♦ Spit it out ♦

Mr. Black laughed. He stood up, aiming a gun at Winston's head. ♦The point is this ♦♦ He pulled the trigger.

Winston recoiled. He listened as the trigger snapped. The chamber was empty. The gun wasn't loaded. He heard Black laughing. Winston wiped his forehead with the back of his hand. He forced himself to smile. He pulled on his cigarette. ♦Fine, Black. I get it. I get your point. ♦ He coughed and crushed out his cigarette.

Black sat back down. ♦That's good Winston. I'm glad you 'get it'. Your 'getting it' is important to me. ♦ He poured himself a drink. ♦I have given long thought to this matter. Any violation of club rules is unacceptable and must be punished. I have arrived at the following terms to which I'm sure you will gladly agree without protest ♦♦

Black placed his elbows on the desk. His long black hair fell over his shoulders. His pupils were dilated. Holding a finger in the air he continued, ♦Number one; You will finish Aubree Sidney's training at an accelerated pace. I expect her to be turned over to me within the week. Your normal fee is forfeited. Aubree is free. ♦

Winston sat up. ♦Now wait a minute, Black. I've got bills. I need ♦♦

Mr. Black shook his head. ♦No matter, Winston. No matter. ♦ He held a second finger in the air. ♦Number two; Amber's further training will be the responsibility of Mistress Barbara. You will have no further involvement with Amber Anderson nor any financial interests in her further development. ♦

Winston's face reddened. Mother fucker! He stood up. ♦Wait a fucking minute, Black! Did Barbara tell you about this shit? Is that bitch involved? ♦

Black smiled. ♦No matter, Winston. She is a trainer like yourself and Amber will do well under Mistress Barbara's guidance. ♦ He held a third finger in the air. ♦Lastly, when you meet dean Smith to exchange Aubree, some of my men will be there. You will take Aubree to complete her training. My men will take the dean ♦ to begin his training. ♦ Black smiled wickedly as he leaned back in his large chair. ♦These are the terms to put this regrettable experience behind us and move forward with a clean slate. I trust you find the terms acceptable? ♦ Black picked up the revolver from the desk and examined it.

Winston was fuming. You're cock sucking fag and that bitch Barbara will pay ♦ His eyes narrowed with rage. He stood up and nodded. ♦ Fine, Black ♦ Agreed. ♦ He turned and walked towards the door. Prick ♦

Mr. Black smiled. ♦ Goodnight, Winston. Animal will show you out. ♦

Chapter 27: The Doctor is in

Aubree lay on the cold mattress, shivering. She thought of the horrible things dean Smith had done to her the night before. Her heart raced with anger and fear. After Smith had finished with her, Juan had appeared and led her back to her room ♦ my prison cell ♦ Fuck Toy ♦ Juan had allowed her to put her pajamas back on, but he had given her no underclothes or blanket. He had merely shoved onto the bare mattress and laughed at her pleas. As he closed the heavy door, the lights had gone out leaving her alone in total darkness.

Aubree tried to figure out how much time had passed since Juan had closed the door and left her in the cold blackness ♦ An hour? Three hours? She wrapped her arms around herself and shivered. She curled up into a ball, pulling her knees into a fetal position in a futile attempt to get warm. She squeezed her big toes. I just want to go home ♦ how did I let myself get into this? Everyday I sink deeper and deeper ♦ past the point of return ♦ I'm nothing but Fuck Toy now ♦ a slave to these evil men ♦ what would Momma and Daddy think? Suddenly, Aubree leapt to her feet. Her fists balled in anger. The floor was cold on her bare feet as she walked slowly across the room. Holding her hands in front of her, she located the wall and moved along the wall line until she felt the heavy door beneath her fingertips. She pounded on the door with her fists. ♦ LET ME OUT OF HERE!!! ♦ she screamed. She continued pounding on the door and screaming until her voice became hoarse. She sank slowly to her knees and leaned against the door. ♦ let me out ♦ please ♦ I want to go home ♦ ♦ Tears rolled down her cheeks.

Time seemed to stand still as she leaned against the door. There was no sound, no light. Only cold blackness. She had no idea what time it was or even if it was day or night. She was completely alone. She squeezed her big toes and chewed her bottom lip. Eventually, she fell into a troubled sleep. Dolphins swimming free ♦

Aubree awoke suddenly as the bolt on the door was unlatched. The sound was loud in the still darkness. She jumped to her feet and backed away from the doorway, holding her arms over her breasts. As the door was opened, she squinted into the bright light. It's daytime ♦ She noticed the silhouette of Juan as he stood in the doorway. ♦ Good morning, little American whore. ♦ He stepped into the room and threw a bundle of clothes at her feet. ♦ Get your pajamas off and get dressed, tramp. Dean Smith is waiting for you downstairs. ♦ He smiled. Tome sus pijamas fuera, ni a est pida. D ♦ jeme ver su cuerpo.

Aubree looked up at him and wiped her nose. She knelt down and sifted through the pile of clothing on the floor. There was a simple white pair of panties and white bra. A plaid skirt and white button up shirt along with a pair of white ankle socks and black shoes completed the outfit. A schoolgirl outfit ♦ like some catholic schoolgirl or something ♦ She sniffed and looked up at Juan. ♦ Okay. Give me a minute to change. ♦

Juan laughed. ♦ You change now. Right here. While I watch. ♦ He snapped his fingers. ♦ Get the pajamas off or I'll have to take them off for you. ♦ He stepped towards her. ♦ It's your choice. ♦ D ♦ jame ver tu cuerpo sexy otra vez. His eyes fell down to the front of the girl's pajama top. ♦ I want to see your tits, bitch. ♦

Aubree slowly unbuttoned her pajama top and eased it from her shoulders. She stared down at her bare toes, avoiding Juan's leering gaze. She reached for the bra on the ground.

Juan stepped forward and kicked her hand away. ♦ No, bitch. Take off your pajamas first. Then, you get dressed. I want to look at your body. Nude ♦ ♦

Aubree's eyes narrowed. I hate you ♦ Mexican bastard ♦ asshole ♦ She glared at him. ♦ You're a pervert! ♦ Hatred filled her eyes.

Juan slapped her. ♦ Shut up, whore and get your pants off ♦ ♦ He made a fist. ♦ Don't make me hurt you. ♦

Aubree held a hand over her burning cheek. Bastard ♦ She fought back the urge to cry. I won't let him see me cry again ♦ I won't give him the satisfaction ♦ Angrily, she rose to her feet and pushed the pajama bottoms down to her ankles. She stepped out of them and kicked them aside. She shot a glance at Juan and watched as his eyes traveled over her nude body. Pervert ♦ She knelt down and grabbed the white panties. She looked up at Juan. ♦ Well, pervert? Can I get dressed now? Have you seen enough? ♦

Juan's face flushed with anger. He stepped over and stood behind her. ♦ Yes, whore. Get dressed now. ♦ As Aubree pulled on the panties, he reached under her arms and fondled her large breasts. ♦ Such big tits ♦ good tits ♦ good American tits. ♦ He pinched her nipples.

Aubree felt her cheeks becoming warm. Embarrassment washed over her. She bit her bottom lip as she reached for the bra. Asshole ♦

Juan backed away and watched as Aubree pulled on her clothing. He looked down at his watch. ♦Hurry up, tramp. We're late. The dean will be angry.♦

Aubree finished buckling her shoes and stared at him. ♦Who cares? The dean is a pervert. The same as you.♦

Juan considered slapping the girl again. Then, he laughed. ♦Fuck you, tramp. You'll get what's coming to you soon enough.♦

Aubree's anger turned to fear. I'll get what's coming to me♦ what does that mean? They could kill me♦ no one knows where I am except Winston♦ She shook violently as Juan pushed her into the hallway. He grabbed her elbow and led her towards the stairs. ♦Come along, my little schoolgirl.♦ He laughed again as he pushed her down the stairs.

Juan paused outside a large wooden door and looked down at Aubree. ♦I will give you a piece of good advice, little whore. You had best stop with the bad attitude and mind your manners. Dean Smith is not in a good mood today.♦

Aubree stared blankly at the door. Whatever♦fucktard♦ She was numb.

Juan opened the door and ushered her into the large study. He stepped back into the hallway and closed the door behind himself.

Aubree looked around the room. Her eyes came to rest on dean Smith. He sat on a large cushioned chair, holding a cigar in his hand. In the chair next to him sat another man. Who is this??? Aubree glanced nervously at the new man sitting beside dean Smith. He was middle aged and well groomed. He wore an immaculate suit and his hands were folded in his lap. He was clean shaven and attractive. She looked back at dean Smith. Goofy looking little perv♦

Smith sat back in his chair and drank in the young girl standing nervously in front of him. She looked adorable in the schoolgirl outfit he had provided. The plaid skirt came to just above her knees while the simple white shirt was just tight enough to reveal her ample breasts. The ankle socks and black shoes made her look much younger than her eighteen years. All the young ladies at the university should be required to wear these uniforms♦.

Smith smiled at her and nodded towards the strange man. ♦Ms. Sidney, may I introduce Dr. Fitzpatrick. He's an old friend of mine and has some experience dealing with incorrigible little girls such as yourself.♦

Dr. Fitzpatrick nodded at her. ♦A pleasure, Ms. Sidney.♦

Aubree looked down at the floor and shuffled her feet. I'm not incorrigible♦ She folded her hands over her skirt. I'm not a little girl either. I'm eighteen!!

Smith frowned. ♦Ms. Sidney? Are you awake? Please say hello to Dr. Fitzpatrick.♦

Aubree let her long hair fall across her face and looked nervously from beneath her eyelashes. ♦Hello♦, she said weakly. I don't like this♦ I want to go home♦ She closed her eyes and swallowed. She felt her heart pounding in her chest.

Smith leaned forward and waved his cigar at her. ♦Come over here, Ms. Sidney. Come stand in front of us so the doctor can get a good look at you.♦

Aubree slowly shuffled across the room. I don't like this♦ I need to pee♦ She clinched her toes and chewed her bottom lip.

Smith leaned forward on his elbows and blew smoke in her direction. He glanced over at Dr. Fitzpatrick. ♦This is the young girl I told you about earlier. She is quite the bad case. According to her guardian, she has been using illegal substances and engaging in sexual activities.♦ He shook his head. ♦Quite the deviant.♦

Dr. Fitzpatrick rubbed his palms together and sat up straight in the chair. ♦Interesting.♦ His bright green eyes roamed over Aubree.

Smith continued. ♦Dr. Fitzpatrick has some questions he would like to ask you, Ms. Sidney. I expect you to be completely honest and forthcoming in your answers. Remember, you would not be here had it not been for your unreasonable behavior in the recent months as related to me by Mr. Winston.♦

Aubree looked up. ♦Winston is a liar. He is an evil man. I told you that. You are an evil man. How can you say that you are here to help me after what you did to me last night?♦ Her cheeks flushed and she took a step backwards. She shot a glance at Dr. Fitzpatrick. Maybe he doesn't know♦ maybe he doesn't know what they're doing to me♦ She tried to read the look in Dr. Fitzpatrick's eyes. No♦ he knows♦ he's like the cop♦ She fought back the urge to cry.

Smith frowned. ♦You see, doctor? This is just the type of behavior I described to you earlier. She is completely out of control. She has no respect for her elders and lies shamelessly♦ she has no respect for Mr. Winston, who has tried to help her at every possible turn. Winston only came to me when Ms. Sidney reached the point of self destructive behavior which could no longer be sustained.♦

Dr. Fitzpatrick nodded and reached into his briefcase, removing a notepad and pencil. He looked up at Aubree and frowned. ♦Try to remain calm, Ms. Sidney.♦

Aubree was furious. ♦I am calm♦ this is stupid♦ Winston is a criminal and so is dean Smith! These men are blackmailing me! If you're a doctor then you're sworn to help people in need! You have to listen to me!!♦ She fell to her knees and looked up at Dr. Fitzpatrick. ♦Please! Help me!♦ Help meeee♦ please ♦.

Dr. Fitzpatrick frowned. He glanced at dean Smith. ♦She does appear to be extremely distressed and somewhat delusional. How long has she been suffering in this fashion?♦

Smith shrugged. ♦She has only been in my care for the past 24 hours. However, I have watched her performance at Mercham University and her grades have steadily fallen over the past semester♦ Mr. Winston tells me that her drug use began some months ago.♦

Aubree grabbed Dr. Fitzpatrick's leg. ♦Please, sir! Don't listen to him! He's lying! I'm not delusional!♦

Dr. Fitzpatrick placed his notepad on the chair and reached into his briefcase. ♦Please restrain her, dean Smith. I think a mild sedative will help to calm her down a bit. She seems rather irrational.♦ He produced a small syringe.

Smith stood up and grabbed Aubree's shoulders. ♦Settle down, little girl♦♦

Aubree fell backwards and tried to pull away from Smith's powerful grasp. Get off me!! The bottoms of her shoes were slick and she fell to the floor. As she tried to rise to her hands and knees, she felt Dr. Fitzpatrick's hands on her arm, unbuttoning her sleeve. ♦Let me roll this up♦♦

♦NO!!!♦, Aubree screamed.

Smith fell on top of her, pinning her to the floor. ♦Hurry up with that injection, doctor! She's out of control!♦

Aubree felt the pin prick on her arm as Dr. Fitzpatrick applied the needle.

♦NO!!! NO!!! GET OFF ME!!♦ She struggled in vain to get to her feet. A warm feeling rushed over her. She felt herself weakening. ♦Get♦ off♦ me♦♦ She felt her voice trailing off. She wanted to run but couldn't move. She felt dizzy and light headed. What's happening??? I'm not out of control♦

Smith stood up slowly and stared down at the girl as she lay on the floor. He dusted off his pants and sat back in his chair. He watched as Aubree weakly pushed herself into a sitting position. Her eyes were glassy and her eyelids appeared heavy. He smiled.

Aubree tried to focus as the men sat back down. She wanted to get to her feet and run but, she felt unable to move. Dolphins♦ Fuck Toy♦. Dolphins♦ She heard the men talking but their voices sounded distant♦ far away♦

Dr. Fitzpatrick leaned over and placed a hand on her shoulder. ♦That's it♦ calm down Ms. Sidney. There's nothing to be afraid of♦ okay?♦ His voice sounded far away and Aubree felt herself nodding. ♦okay♦♦, she agreed.

Dr. Fitzpatrick sank back into the chair and retrieved his notepad. ♦Now, Ms. Sidney, I want to ask you a few questions. Is that okay?♦ He smiled gently.

Aubree nodded weakly. She stared into his face. His eyes were large♦ like mirrors♦ ♦okay♦♦ She thought she heard dean Smith laughing.

Dr. Fitzpatrick tapped his pencil against his chin. ♦Perhaps, you should sit up, Aubree.♦ He paused. ♦May I call you Aubree?♦

Aubree nodded. ♦okay♦♦ She squinted her eyes and tried to think♦ ♦okay♦♦

Dr. Fitzpatrick smiled. ♦Sit up, Aubree. Can you do that for me?♦

Aubree slowly sat up. She crossed her legs and leaned back onto her palms. She felt her skirt riding up her thighs and was dimly aware that her panties were exposed to the strange man. She knew she should pull her skirt down but she couldn't find the energy. Her hands felt heavy. I'm tired♦ I want to go home♦

Dr. Fitzpatrick placed his pencil on the notepad. ♦Now, Aubree. I'm going to ask you some questions. Is that okay?♦ His eyes fell between her legs.

Aubree nodded. Sure♦ okay♦ fine♦

◆Okay, Aubree. These will be simple questions◆ you should get comfortable, okay?◆ He smiled reassuringly.

Aubree nodded. She closed her eyes◆ comfortable◆

Fitzpatrick leaned over and brushed a long strand of hair from Aubree's face. ◆That's good, Aubree. Try to relax. I'm here to help you.◆ He lifted her chin in his hand and looked at her upturned face. ◆Are you relaxing, Aubree?◆

Aubree opened her eyes and tried to focus on the doctor's face. I can't focus◆ I just want to lay down◆

Dr. Fitzpatrick tapped her cheek with his palm. ◆Stay with me, Aubree◆ try to relax◆ why don't you unbutton your shirt a little? It will help you relax. Besides, it's so warm in here.◆

Aubree felt her fingers unbuttoning her shirt◆ one◆ two◆ three◆ four◆ Her shirt slowly opened in the front revealing her bra beneath. She looked up at Dr. Fitzpatrick. comfortable◆ like home◆ in Reed◆

Dr. Fitzpatrick smiled. ◆That's good, Aubree.◆ He sat back in his chair. ◆Now, I want you to tell me when you started using illegal drugs.◆

Aubree sighed. ◆When I was fifteen◆ I◆ you know◆◆, her voice trailed off.

Dr. Fitzpatrick shook his head. ◆I don't know. Please tell me, Aubree. Tell me all about your drug use.◆

Aubree tried to regain her senses. I need to focus◆ but◆ She heard her voice. It sounded distant, like a dream. ◆Todd gave me some to smoke. I smoked with Todd.◆

Dr. Fitzpatrick nodded. ◆Todd?◆

◆My first boyfriend◆ you know◆ Todd.◆, Aubree said. She leaned forward with her elbows on her knees. I'm so tired◆

◆Your first boyfriend? I assume your promiscuous sexual practices started with Todd?◆, Dr. Fitzpatrick asked. His eyes focused on the front of her open shirt and the ample cleavage revealed. Such smooth tan skin◆ delicate◆ delicious◆

Aubree felt strange. ◆No. I didn't do anything with him.◆ She was dimly aware of dean Smith standing to her left. He had a video camera. He's filming me◆ I'm tired◆

Dr. Fitzpatrick creased his brow. ◆You mean to tell me that you took drugs with Todd but you didn't have sexual intercourse with him?◆ He frowned.

Aubree nodded. ◆That's right◆ no sex◆ not really.◆ Tired◆ home◆

◆What does 'not really' mean?◆, Fitzpatrick asked.

◆You know◆ we kissed a little◆ fooled around◆◆, Aubree replied weakly.

Dr. Fitzpatrick shot a glance at dean Smith and winked. He looked back at Aubree. ◆You're doing fine, Aubree. Why don't you take your shoes and socks off? You look a little warm.◆

Aubree felt outside her body. She watched as she unfastened her shoes and pulled them off along with her socks. I'm warm◆ it's hot◆

Dr. Fitzpatrick leaned over and picked up Aubree's shoes and socks and moved them behind his chair. ◆That's good, Aubree. You're a little trooper. It's so hot in here. It's like an oven. But, you're doing just fine.◆

Aubree was hot. I'm burning up◆ like an oven◆

Dr. Fitzpatrick placed his notepad on the floor and knelt down in front of her. ◆Let's go ahead and take your shirt off. You're way too warm.◆ He unbuttoned the rest of her shirt and pulled it off her shoulders. ◆That's better.◆ He cast it aside along with her shoes and socks.

Aubree had never been so hot in her life. On fire◆ like an oven in here◆

Dr. Fitzpatrick sat back in the chair and picked up his notepad. ◆Okay, Aubree. Let's get back to Todd. You say that you fooled around a little? In what way?◆ His eyes roamed over her firm stomach and large breasts pushing against the tight bra.

◆I kissed him◆ you know.◆, she said.

Fitzpatrick smiled. ◆Know what, Aubree?◆

Aubree rubbed her eyes. I'm tired◆ hot◆ burning up◆

Dr. Fitzpatrick coughed. ♦Aubree? Are you still with me?♦

♦Yes. We♦ you know♦ kissed a little. I let him feel my boobs♦ through my shirt.♦. Aubree said. Her eyes were closed. Sweat glistened on her forehead.

♦Did he ever see you naked, Aubree?♦, Dr. Fitzpatrick asked.

What??? I'm hot♦ ♦Nope.♦, she replied.

♦Really?♦, Fitzpatrick asked.

♦Yep. Really.♦ Aubree felt weird.

♦When did a boy first see you naked, Aubree?♦, Fitzpatrick asked. He scribbled something on the notepad.

Where am I??? Aubree felt ill. ♦Samuel♦ he saw my boobs♦ I let him♦♦

♦Samuel?♦, Fitzpatrick inquired.

♦My second boyfriend♦ you know♦ after Todd.♦, Aubree said. She saw dean Smith standing behind the doctor. He's got that darned camera♦ taking video♦ I should♦

♦Aubree?♦ Dr. Fitzpatrick's voice broke her thoughts.

♦Yeah?♦, she answered. I'm Aubree♦ Fuck Toy♦.

♦Tell me about when Samuel saw your breasts.♦, he demanded. His face hardened.

Aubree wanted to lay down. Tired and hot♦ like an oven♦ ♦I showed him. He was horny♦ like boys get. I had to touch his thing♦ he made semen♦ in my hand♦ it was gross♦ sticky♦♦ I feel sick♦

Dr. Fitzpatrick smiled. ♦He made semen in your hand? Interesting.♦ He placed his notepad on his briefcase and slowly unfastened his belt. ♦Aubree. I want you to show me how Samuel made semen on your hand. Okay?♦ He unzipped his pants and eased his erection from his trousers. ♦I want you to show me what you did that made Samuel do that nasty thing. Okay?♦

Aubree looked at Dr. Fitzpatrick's erect penis. I shouldn't have to show him♦ She looked down at the floor. I'm hot♦

♦Aubree? Come here, dear. I want you to show me what you did to make Samuel ejaculate. Okay? But, why don't you take your bra off first?♦, Dr. Fitzpatrick asked. ♦I think that would help.♦

Aubree unclasped her bra and let it fall down her arms. Hot♦ burning up♦ She was dimly aware of dean Smith with his video camera. She shook her head and tried to focus. Filming me♦ hot♦ warm in here♦ She heard Dr. Fitzpatrick talking.

♦Come here, Aubree.♦

She slowly rose to her knees and crawled towards the doctor. Okay♦ so tired♦ hot♦

Dr. Fitzpatrick smiled down at the beautiful young teen kneeling between his legs. ♦Excellent, Aubree. You're a little soldier. Now, show me what you did to Samuel. Okay?♦

Aubree nodded. ♦okay♦ She slowly reached for his cock. hot♦ in here♦

Dr. Fitzpatrick leaned back in the chair and enjoyed Aubree's warm hand moving up and down on his shaft. He looked over at dean Smith. ♦Keep my face off the video.♦

Smith nodded. ♦Of course.♦

Fitzpatrick looked back down at Aubree. ♦I see why Samuel ejaculated on your hand, Aubree. You do this very well. I'm proud of you.♦

Aubree smiled. Proud of me♦ Aubree!

Dr. Fitzpatrick patted her head. ♦Good girl. Now♦ I want you to tell me about the first time you put a penis in your mouth. Okay? I assume you've done that?♦

Aubree felt angry. Shame washed over her♦ Winston♦ he made me do that♦ She stopped stroking Dr. Fitzpatrick's cock and stared up at him blankly. I don't want to talk about that♦ it's too hot♦ She fell back onto her knees and closed her eyes.

Fitzpatrick patted her cheek. ♦Aubree? Are you with us? Wake up.♦

Aubree felt sick. Fuck Toy

Aubree. I have been proud of you thus far please don't disappoint me now I want you to put my penis in your mouth. Make me proud. Okay?, Dr. Fitzpatrick asked.

Aubree nodded. Okay proud of me

Dr. Fitzpatrick glanced over at Smith and winked. Come on, Aubree. Make me proud. Be a good girl. Okay?

Aubree leaned over and pressed her lips onto the head of his penis. It was slick with precum. I'll make you proud She took him fully into her mouth. I shouldn't do this

Fitzpatrick closed his eyes and sighed. That's a good girl, Aubree. You're a little trooper. He patted her head. Keep doing that. Okay? He smiled as the young teenager continued sucking. Good, Aubree. Excellent. You're good at this this! A natural!! Her tongue was moist and her lips were full and soft on his hard cock.

Aubree felt dizzy. Dr. Fitzpatrick's penis was big. A mile long She felt as if she were moving in slow motion. His shaft was slick and smooth. Like a water slide She felt disconnected and somehow outside her body, watching the events unfold. Watching seeing herself suck this strange man's penis watching Smith filming her watching. This is a dream

Fitzpatrick had seen more than a few pretty girls in his time. However, this Aubree Sidney was the real deal. Tight body beautiful hair adorable eyes full lips perfect breasts firm stomach perfect bellybutton round butt long tan legs cute feet He thought hard to recall a more beautiful female specimen. She's a perfect 10! And, she's sucking my cock He glanced up at dean Smith. Keep the camera off my face. Remember the deal. He frowned.

Dean Smith gave him the thumbs up and nodded towards Aubree. The skirt is blocking the view. He walked around behind Aubree and zoomed in on her ass.

Fitzpatrick patted Aubree's cheek gently. That's a good girl. Keep it up, Aubree. I'm soooo proud of you! He leaned forward and gently unzipped the back of her skirt. It's really hot in here, Aubree. Why don't we slip this off?, he asked.

Aubree felt the skirt fall down her legs. I'm burning up so hot She felt Fitzpatrick's fingers slip under her panties, lowering them slowly over her buttocks. Burning up

That's a good little trooper, Aubree. Let's just get you out of these hot clothes. Okay?, Fitzpatrick asked gently.

Okay Aubree tried to focus. Where am I? Why is it so darned hot in here?

Fitzpatrick cupped Aubree's bare ass cheeks in his large hands. He squeezed tightly. He traced her crack with his finger. You have a remarkable backside, Aubree. I'm impressed. He slipped a finger into her rectum. Dean Smith tells me you've engaged in anal intercourse. Is this true? God damn this girl is tight!

Aubree let his penis fall out of her mouth. Drool ran down her chin. She rubbed her eyes. Looking up, she tried to focus on the doctor's face. Am I nude? Where am I?

Fitzpatrick sat back in the chair. Aubree? Are you okay, girl?

Aubree nodded, weakly. Hot in here

I asked you a question, Aubree. Dean Smith tells me you've engaged in anal intercourse. Is this true?

Aubree tried to form words Winston he put his thing there I didn't want to She struggled to find the right words Yes.

Fitzpatrick nodded. You've had anal sex, Aubree?

Aubree wanted to say something to explain. I didn't want to Winston made me do that I'm so hot hot in here Yes.

Fitzpatrick smiled. I appreciate your honesty, Aubree. You're doing so good. He patted her cheek. Now, Aubree. I want you to stand up and turn around. Okay?

Aubree slowly stood up and forced herself to turn around. Her legs felt like rubber. I'm so tired dizzy She noticed dean Smith standing across the room with the video camera. Taking pictures like family holidays in Reed

Fitzpatrick watched as the teenager turned around in front of him. His eyes traveled up and down her naked backside. He felt a spurt of precum ooze down his shaft. This girl is hot!! He placed his hands on her hips.

◆Now, Aubree. I want you to sit on my lap. Okay? When you sit down, I am going to put my penis in your butt. Okay?◆

Aubree wanted to shake her head. Tell him no. Instead, she slowly sat down on his lap. She felt him guiding his erection into her rectum. It was big. I'm hot◆

Fitzpatrick closed his eyes and enjoyed the feeling of the young girl's tight anus. Holy mother!!! She's tight!! He pushed her hips down, forcing his cock deeper into her rectum. ◆Excellent, Aubree. You're doing just fine. Now, I want you to move up and down on my penis◆ like you're riding a horse. Okay?◆

Aubree nodded. Okay◆ She bent her knees and pushed up and down on Fitzpatrick's erection◆ riding a horse◆ hot◆

Fitzpatrick looked at the gorgeous teen riding his cock. He moved his hands around to her stomach and felt her smooth skin. He closed his eyes and cupped her tits, squeezing her erect nipples. ◆Move faster now, Aubree. Up and down, up and down◆ like a horse◆ Okay? Ride the horse, Aubree. You're a cowgirl.◆ He lifted her up and began to pump her faster. ◆Good girl◆ my little cowgirl◆◆

Aubree felt strange. This hurts◆ where am I? Why is dean Smith filming me? Is it the holidays? I'm hot◆ Cowgirl◆ ride the horse◆

Fitzpatrick closed his eyes and tried to avoid looking at the girl's beautiful body. I don't want to cum just yet◆ It was no use. He felt himself approaching climax. Her ass was so tight. He groaned. Yes!! Yes!!! ◆Oh yes!◆ He ejaculated powerfully.

Aubree felt the semen spraying into her rectum. Warm ◆ it's hot◆ She felt sick as Fitzpatrick pushed her off his erection. She collapsed onto the ground. I'm so tired◆. She curled into a ball. Sleepy◆ hot◆ tired◆

As Aubree drifted into unconsciousness, she thought she heard the men talking.

◆Remember the deal, Smith. Fifty/fifty on any internet proceeds◆ this video will be a gold mine.◆

◆Yes. Indeed. She is a sexy girl◆ I believe we can possibly publish it on ◆◆

Aubree faded into a deep sleep, dreaming of horses in the desert.

Chapter 28: A New Life

Amber Anderson pushed her sunglasses onto her nose as she walked towards her car. She glanced up at the blue sky and brushed a long strand of blonde hair from her face. She enjoyed the warmth of the sun on her tan cheeks. She stopped suddenly as she noticed the woman leaning against her hood. ◆What the hell?◆

Barbara took a step forward and smiled. ◆Hello, Amber.◆

Amber backed away. ◆How did you get here? I didn't tell you where I live!◆ She shot a glance over her shoulder. Ross is in the apartment◆ getting ready for work◆

Barbara walked towards Amber. Her high heels clicked loudly on the pavement. ◆You didn't have to tell me where you live, Ms. Tiny Tits. I already knew. I know everything about you.◆ She smiled. ◆Why don't we take a ride?◆

Amber wanted to run. She turned back towards her apartment. She heard Barbara's voice behind her.

◆Remember the pictures, girl. Remember our agreement. Don't be stupid.◆

Amber hesitated. She turned around quickly and faced the older woman. ◆Look. Whatever happened yesterday is history. We're done. There is nothing else. You had your fun.◆ She blinked rapidly. ◆We don't have any agreement.◆

Barbara laughed. ◆Had my fun? This isn't about fun, Amber. It's about you and me. It's about you learning your place.◆ She tapped her long fingernails together. ◆Let's not make a scene.◆

Amber blinked. ◆We're not making a scene. Why don't you just go away, bitch?◆

Barbara smiled wickedly. ◆Bitch is it?◆ Her eyes drank in the lovely girl. Amber's hip hugger jeans were tight and her pink tank top came to just beneath her navel, revealing several inches of smooth, bare flesh. Such a sexy little girl◆ just maturing◆ just becoming a woman◆ ◆I'm going to have fun with you, Ms. Tiny Tits.◆ Barbara smiled.

Amber crossed her arms. ◆Listen. I don't know what the heck happened yesterday. I don't care. You and Mr. Winston can take a hike. I'm done. Done with both of you.◆

Barbara smiled. ♦ You're not done with anything, Ms. Tiny Tits. ♦ She laughed. ♦ Not done by a far cry ♦ ♦

Amber looked nervously over her shoulder. Where is Ross? Is he watching? She blinked several times.

Barbara walked over and placed her hands on Amber's shoulders, forcing the girl to look at her. ♦ Listen, you stupid little girl. Here's the deal. I have pictures ♦ pictures of you and your sexy little boyfriend. Naked pictures. Do you understand? ♦

Amber looked away. What the hay??? Freaking bitch!

Barbara squeezed Amber's shoulders. ♦ Look at me. Do you hear what I'm saying? ♦ Barbara pulled Amber's sunglasses off and stared down at her.

Amber glanced up. ♦ Yes. I hear you. ♦ Her eyelids fluttered as she squinted into the bright sunlight.

Barbara smiled. She leaned over and gave Amber a kiss on the cheek. Standing back, she held Amber at arm's length. ♦ My, my ♦ you are a pretty little thing. ♦ She laughed. ♦ Even though you have tiny little tits, your cute face and round butt more than make up for your deficiencies. ♦ She walked around Amber, staring down at the teenager's ass. Pretty little ass ♦ needs a good butt fucking ♦.

Amber blinked. ♦ Please stop this. ♦ I'm not some piece of meat.

Barbara smiled. ♦ Stop this? Stop this? I've not even started, little girl. ♦ She gave her a gentle slap on the butt.

Amber looked down at her feet. ♦ What do you want? ♦ Dike.

Barbara grabbed Amber by the hand. ♦ What I want is for you to take ride with me. We need to have a talk. A heart to heart. ♦ She slipped Amber's keys out of her hand and dropped them into her purse. ♦ Let's take my car. Shall we? ♦

Amber allowed the tall woman to lead her across the parking lot. Barbara led her to her car and opened the passenger door. ♦ Get in, Ms. Tiny Tits. We're going for a ride. ♦ Amber sank into the seat as Barbara slammed the door shut.

As Barbara cranked the engine and pulled out of the parking space, Amber's heart sank. What does she want? What's happening here?

Ross peered out of the window just in time to see Amber getting in the car with the strange woman. What's going on? He watched the car pulling away. Where are you going, Ambs?!

He hurried over to the counter and grabbed his phone. He punched Amber's number and listened to the phone go straight to voice mail. What the hell!?

Ross reached into his wallet and produced a small business card. Winston's Studio. Hmmm ♦ what's going on, Ambs? His eyes narrowed. He hurried towards the front door.

Amber looked over at Barbara nervously. ♦ Where are we going? ♦ She looked out the window as the car sped down the road. ♦ I don't have time for this. ♦

Barbara patted Amber's leg. ♦ Don't you worry about that, little Ms. Tiny Tits. ♦

Amber blushed. Her eyelids fluttered rapidly. ♦ Stop calling me that. I don't have tiny tits! ♦ She played with her hair, nervously.

Barbara laughed. ♦ Really? ♦ She reached over and tapped Amber's tank top with a long fingernail. ♦ Pull your shirt up. ♦

Amber pushed her hand away. ♦ No. I don't want to play this game. ♦

Barbara plucked at the bottom of Amber's shirt. ♦ Lift your shirt, girl. Let's have a look at your little tits. ♦

Amber tried to pull away. ♦ Stop it! ♦

Barbara grabbed Amber's hair and yanked, pulling her head down.

Amber squealed in pain. ♦ Stop it. Please!! ♦ She tried to pry Barbara's hand from her hair. Ouch! That hurts!

Barbara pulled her hair harder. ♦ Lift your shirt, little girl. Do it now! ♦

Amber cowered in the seat. ♦ Please. I don't want to ♦ let my hair go. Please. ♦

Barbara released her hair and placed her hand on Amber's neck. You said you don't have tiny tits, girl. So, let's see them again. Maybe my memory is failing me. She traced Amber's neck with a long fingernail. Pull your shirt up. I'm not going to ask you again. If I have to pull off the road, it will be bad for you, little girl.

Amber looked out the window. She could smell Barbara's perfume. She felt sick and ashamed at being talked to like a little child by the older woman. I hate her. Goosebumps rose on her flesh. Stop touching me.

Barbara thumped Amber's ear. I'm waiting. Get that shirt up, Ms. Tiny Tits.

Amber held a hand over her ear. I don't want to lift my shirt. Just stop it.

Barbara suddenly slapped Amber hard across the mouth. Get the shirt up, Tiny Tits. Do it now!

Amber cringed. She massaged her lip. Am I bleeding? She looked over at Barbara. Why are you hurting me? What did I do to you?

Barbara smiled and cast a glance over at Amber. I'm not hurting you. But, if you don't get that shirt up, you'll know real pain, Ms. Tiny Tits.

Amber considered her options. Her mind raced. Shivering slightly, she slowly lifted her shirt over her stomach and stopped just beneath her bra. Fine. There. Have you had your fun? She blinked.

Barbara smiled. You have a very pretty little tummy, Amber. But, we're not debating your baby fat. We're talking about your tiny little tits. Please lift the shirt all the way up.

Amber shivered and looked away as she pulled the tank top up revealing her lacy bra. She felt anger welling up inside her chest. My tits aren't small, cunt. I'm a full C cup and I don't have baby fat. You're just jealous because you're old and I'm young a beautiful. You lesbian bitch.

Barbara's brow creased in anger. You have some smart mouth for a girl in your position, Ms. Tiny Tits. You're right, I am older than you and you had best learn to respect your elders. She reached behind Amber and unfastened her bra clasp. Take the bra off, girl.

Amber quickly raised her arms over her breasts, holding the bra in place. We're in public. I can't take my bra off! They were stopped at a traffic light and multiple vehicles surrounded their car. Amber looked out of the passenger side window and noticed the large eighteen wheeler next to them. She looked up at the tractor and was shocked to see the driver looking down at her. She quickly looked away.

Barbara snapped her fingers. Get the bra off, girl. I'm not going to ask you again.

Amber blinked several times. I can't! There are people looking the truck next to us the driver is staring at me! Amber's face reddened with embarrassment. She looked up at the truck driver. He winked at her and flicked his tongue. Amber pulled her shirt down. Let's forget this game. I have tiny tits. You win.

Barbara smirked. So, a filthy truck driver sees your bra and you get embarrassed. How sweet. She placed her hand on Amber's thigh. Take your shirt and bra off, Amber. Do it now. She patted her thigh. I'm going to count to three.

Amber pushed Barbara's hand off her leg. Fuck you, dike! You're a lesbian pervert! Go to hell!

The light changed and Barbara punched the gas. One.

Amber shook her head. No way. Game over, cunt. Take me home.

Barbara eased the car into the right lane. Two.

Amber glared at her. Count all you want, bitch. I don't care.

Barbara sighed. Three. She turned into the parking lot of a small gas station and turned off the engine. She looked over at Amber. You have a foul mouth, little girl. Barbara stepped out of the car and walked around to Amber's side. Her heels clicked loudly on the pavement. She opened the door. Get out, Ms. Tiny Tits.

Amber noticed the eighteen wheeler pulling into the gas station. She looked up at Barbara. Look that trucker followed us this is stupid let's go. She quickly fastened her bra.

Barbara reached down and grabbed Amber's arm, pulling her from the car. You have a smart mouth and a complete lack of respect. I will not tolerate this kind of behavior from a little girl. She pulled Amber towards the station.

Amber tried to resist but Barbara was strong and she couldn't stop her from pulling her across the parking lot. Get off me, bitch!, Amber screamed.

Barbara continued leading Amber towards the gas station. She opened the door and forced Amber inside the store. Holding her by the elbow, she approached the counter.

A young man looked up from the cash register. ❖Can I help you?❖

Barbara nodded. ❖I hope so. Do you have a restroom?❖ She gripped Amber's arm tightly.

The clerk looked at the teen as she tried to pull away from the tall blonde lady. ❖Sure. Over there.❖ He pointed across the room. ❖Just behind the beer cooler.❖

Barbara nodded. ❖Thanks. Also, we'll be needing a bar of soap. My little girl has a foul mouth and it needs to be washed out.❖

The clerk looked puzzled. ❖Bar soap is on the second aisle. Over there.❖ He pointed.

Barbara produced a five dollar bill and pushed it across the counter. ❖Keep the change.❖

The clerk watched as the lady pulled the teenager across the store towards the restroom. He shrugged. Strange people❖ the girl is hot though❖ nice ass❖

Barbara pushed Amber towards the restroom pausing to grab a bar of soap off the shelf. ❖Come along, little brat.❖

Amber was beside herself with embarrassment. ❖Stop it! I'm not a little girl. Let me go!❖ She struggled to break free from Barbara's powerful grasp. ❖Let me go!❖

Barbara opened the bathroom door and pushed Amber inside. ❖Get in here and stop your whining.❖ She shoved Amber against the wall. ❖Get on your knees, tramp.❖

Amber was mortified. This is insane❖ OMG!!! She shot a nervous glance over Barbara's shoulder. The bathroom door remained ajar and the clerk was staring at them. She tried to push past Barbara. ❖Let me go!❖ She blinked nervously.

Barbara pushed her against the wall. ❖I said get on your knees. I'm going to count to three❖ Don't make this any harder on yourself than it already is, girl❖ One!❖

Amber was truly frightened. She pulled on her pink tank top and batted her eyes. She looked across the store at the clerk. He was leaning on the counter, staring at them. OMG!!!

Barbara placed her hands on her hips. ❖Two❖❖

Amber sank to her knees. This woman is nuts❖ I need to get home❖ talk to Ross❖

Barbara quickly opened the bar of soap and cast the wrapper aside. She looked down at the kneeling girl. ❖Well, well❖ not such a smart mouth anymore, heh?❖

Amber remained silent, staring nervously out of the bathroom at the clerk. He's watching❖ Suddenly, she noticed the trucker coming through the front door. He walked towards the counter and looked over his shoulder directly at her. Oh no❖

Barbara turned on the sink faucet and held the bar of soap under the water. ❖Foul mouthed little girl❖❖ She frowned down at Amber. ❖Stop your whimpering❖❖

Amber looked up at Barbara. ❖Please. Please❖ let's just go❖ okay? I'm sorry. That trucker is here❖ he's watching❖ this is stupid❖❖

Barbara shook her head. ❖You should have thought about that before you ran your smart mouth, little girl.❖ She bent forward and held the soap in front of Amber. ❖You have a filthy little mouth. Let's wash it out. Open your mouth and stick out your tongue, girl.❖

Amber felt tears forming on her eyelids. Her heart pounded. She looked back and forth from Barbara to the front counter where the store clerk and the ugly trucker stood watching her. She looked back up at Barbara. ❖Please, Barbara❖ I'm sorry. Please?❖

Barbara shook her head. ❖Stop your pathetic whining and open your mouth, Ms. Tiny Tits.❖ She grabbed Amber's chin.

Amber felt sick as she slowly opened her mouth. What's going on???

Barbara shoved the soap into Amber's mouth. ❖Suck on this, girl. Don't even try to spit it out or it will be worse for you.❖

Amber gagged on the soap. Her eyes watered. She kicked her feet. Take it out❖ gross!!!!

Barbara folded her arms and looked down at Amber. She tapped her foot on the tiled floor. ♦Do you have anything smart to say now, girl?♦

Amber shook her head. She gagged. Please take the soap out♦ please♦ please♦ She noticed the trucker leaning on the counter smiling at her. He was talking to the clerk and motioning in her direction. Amber blinked rapidly♦ her eyes watered.

Barbara smiled down at her. ♦You have a very filthy mouth, little girl. Only adults are allowed to use foul language and you are a far cry from an adult. You are a tiny tits, foul mouthed, pathetic little whore.♦

Amber gagged. The soap was foaming in her mouth. Tears ran down her cheeks. She blinked away the tears and stared alternately from the men at the front counter and back at Barbara. Stop it! Please! Those men are watching me!

Barbara held her hands on her hips and stared down at Amber. ♦Now, little missy. This is the way my mother taught me to refrain from nasty language. This is the way you will learn to curb your foul mouth and bad attitude. Whenever your mouth gets out of control, it will be washed out with soap. Do you understand?♦

Amber gagged. She shook her head. Yes. I understand! Please!

Barbara frowned down at Amber. ♦My mother also used the soap in my rectum whenever I got really out of control. Do we need to do that with you, girl? Do I need to put the soap in your butt?♦

Amber was stunned. She looked up at Barbara in disbelief. She shook her head violently. No♦ No!!! Soap suds ran down her chin.

Barbara pulled the soap out of Amber's mouth and folded it into a paper towel. Dropping it into her purse, she looked back down at Amber. ♦Okay, girl. Just remember♦ I have the soap and your mouth will be cleansed anytime it becomes foul. Do you understand?♦

Amber gagged and spit into the toilet. She tried to get the taste out of her mouth. She knew the men were watching from the front counter. Her eyes watered.

Barbara tapped Amber's butt with her toe. ♦Do you hear me, girl?♦

Amber weakly stood up. She held a hand over her mouth, wiping foam from her chin. She looked at Barbara. ♦Yes. Okay.♦ She gagged again.

♦Yes what, girl?♦, Barbara asked.

Amber looked at her with wide, blinking eyes.

Barbara stepped towards her. ♦You will address me as mistress. Do you understand?♦

Amber felt ill. ♦Yes♦ mistress.♦ Lesbian bitch♦ She felt her heart pounding with anger. I hate you.

Barbara stood back and folded her arms. ♦Now, girl. I want to make it very clear where you stand. So, turn around and bend over.♦

Amber looked over Barbara's shoulder at the clerk and the trucker. They were both staring at the scene unfolding in the store bathroom. They were laughing. Amber looked back up at Barbara. ♦Please. Can't we just leave this place? Please?♦

Barbara cocked her head. ♦Please what, girl?♦

Amber stepped back. ♦Please♦ mistress.♦

Barbara pointed. ♦We will leave when you have completed your punishment. Now bend over and grab your ankles. If you give me any further back talk, we'll be doing this with your jeans and panties down. Do we need to have a bare butt spanking?♦

Amber was mortified. ♦No. No♦♦ She turned around and bent forward, grabbing her ankles. Get this over with♦please♦ She looked between her legs at the front counter. The men were pointing and laughing. She closed her eyes.

Barbara raised her hand. ♦I'm doing this to teach you, girl.♦ She came down hard across Amber's ass. SMACK! SMACK!! SMACK!!!

The sound of Barbara's hand on Amber's tight jeans echoed throughout the store. SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!!!

Amber tried to fight back the tears. However, it was to no avail. She wept like a baby. By the time the spanking stopped, she was blubbering like a little child. Snot hung from her nose as the tears rolled down her face. It hurts!!! Bitch!!!

Barbara stepped back, rubbing her hand. ♦Okay, Ms. Tiny Tits. I think you understand who is in charge here?♦

Amber stood up, wiping her face. ♦Yes. Please♦ can we leave?♦ She looked at the men at the front counter. ♦Please? Let's just go♦♦ She wiped her nose.

Barbara smiled. ♦Yes, what?♦

Amber shivered. ♦Yes♦ mistress.♦

Barbara grabbed Amber's elbow and led her out of the bathroom towards the front door.

The clerk stopped them with a wave of his hand. He shoved a five dollar bill across the counter and winked at Barbara. ♦He you go, ma'am. Keep the change.♦ Both the clerk and the trucker laughed.

Barbara smiled, while holding Amber's elbow. ♦Why thank you, young sir.♦ She made a move as if to grab the five dollar bill. At the last moment, she turned aside and kneed the trucker in the crotch. The man bent forward, groaning. Barbara laughed. She walked over to the counter and stared at the clerk. ♦I think that show was worth at least a hundred bucks. What do you say?♦ She held out her hand as the trucker fell on the floor, holding his crotch.

The store clerk pushed a hundred dollar bill across the counter. ♦Yeah♦ great show, lady. Keep the change.♦ He looked nervously at the trucker squirming in pain on the floor.

Barbara smiled as she pulled Amber across the parking lot. ♦Come along, girl.♦ Amber followed timidly, allowing Barbara to lead her. The taste of soap lingered on her tongue making her feel queasy.

When they reached the car, Barbara shoved Amber into the passenger's seat. ♦Sit down and stay quiet, Tiny Tits and get your phone out.♦ She slammed the door and walked around to the driver's side. As she opened the door and sat down, she glanced over at the trembling teen. ♦I think it's time you make a call to your little boyfriend.♦, Barbara said.

♦Why?♦, Amber asked. ♦Why should I call Ross?♦

Barbara started the car and laughed as she pulled out of the parking lot.

Meanwhile... Across town♦

Ross slowly pulled the car to a stop in front of the dilapidated building. He looked down at the business card. Winston's Studio♦ He pulled out his phone and punched in Amber's number. Are you here, babe? He listened as Amber's phone went straight to voice mail. Damn it! Where are you, Ambs????

He stepped out of the car and walked across the parking lot. What a shithole♦ crappy building♦ why are you working at this place, Ambs?

Suddenly, his phone rang. He looked down at the caller id. Ambs? He answered. ♦Baby? Ambs?♦ He was relieved to hear Amber's voice.

♦Hi, babe.♦, Amber's voice crackled across the phone, as if she were a long way away.

Ross held the phone closer to his ear. ♦Ambs? Are you there?♦

♦Yeah, babe. What are you doing?♦, Amber's voice came back.

Ross pressed the phone against his ear. ♦I'm looking for you, Ambs! Where are you?♦

♦I'm okay, babe. Everything is good. Okay?♦ There was a pause. Amber continued, ♦Everything is okay, babe. I'm doing something for both of us♦ I won't be home tonight but, don't worry. I'm fine. I'm taking care of business, baby. Okay?♦

Ross shook his head and paced back and forth across the parking lot. ♦No! It's not okay! Where are you, Ambs?♦

♦Stop worrying, babe. Everything is okay. I have to go♦♦, Amber's voice came back. ♦Don't worry.♦

Ross held the phone against his ear. ♦Ambs?♦ The line went dead.

♦Damn it!♦ Ross threw the phone on the ground. ♦Damn it!!♦

Chapter 29: Barbara's Pet / Madison's Plaything:

Amber hit the disconnect button on her phone and looked over at Barbara. What now? She felt weak and just wanted the whole ordeal to be over.

Barbara guided the car down the street. Now, we go to my place and freshen you up. I have an exciting night planned. She caressed Amber's leg.

Amber pushed her hand away. Please stop touching me that way. I don't like girls.

Barbara laughed. You didn't seem to mind last night when I went down on you. She paused.

Amber looked away. You forced me you and Winston made me She blinked nervously.

Also, you are forgetting my proper title. What did I tell you to call me? Barbara asked. She patted Amber's thigh.

Amber shivered. You said to call you mistress. Dike

That's right, girl. I am your mistress. Don't forget that fact. Her hand moved up Amber's leg.

Amber scooted away from the woman's probing hand. Please stop. This makes me uncomfortable

Barbara turned onto a residential street. That's strike two, girl. How do you address me? She outlined Amber's bra through her tank top.

Amber felt chills run over her body. She shivered. This is creepy Please please stop it mistress.

Barbara smiled as she turned into the driveway and pulled to a stop in front of the large two story house. That's better, girl. She removed the keys from the ignition and turned towards Amber. Give me your phone, little girl.

Amber started to speak but the hard look in Barbara's eyes made her fall silent. She reluctantly handed her phone to the older woman. Why is she doing this to me?

Barbara tapped the phone against her chin thoughtfully. Now, my little pet. Where were we? She paused. Oh yes. Your tits. She raised an eyebrow. I think we were discussing your tiny breasts weren't we, my dear?

Amber looked away. I don't have tiny breasts

Barbara plucked at the hem of Amber's tank top. Now, girl. I want you to lift your shirt

Amber's lip quivered. She stared out the car window. I told you that you win. I have tiny tits. Okay? She hesitated. Mistress

Barbara pulled on the tank top. Lift your shirt.

Amber felt trapped. Why? I don't want to mistress.

Barbara inwardly laughed as she watched the girl slowly relinquishing power. You seem to use the word 'why' quite often, girl. Moving forward, I forbid you to use that word. Whenever, I hear you say 'why', you will be punished. Severely. Do I make myself clear?

Amber felt a warm tear run down her cheek.

Barbara tapped her thigh. Amber? Do I make myself clear?

Amber nodded. Yes mistress Her voice was almost a whisper.

Barbara lifted the hem of Amber's shirt with a long fingernail. Lift your shirt, girl.

Amber closed her eyes and slowly lifted her shirt. Her pink bra came into view. She held the shirt bunched under her chin. Her heart pounded. Ross I need you, babe

Barbara reached behind Amber's back and unfastened the bra. Take it off, girl.

Amber pulled the bra off slowly and held it in her lap. Her mind went blank with shame and fear.

Barbara stared down at Amber's breasts. Nice large areolas firm nipples well shaped nice sized tits not small at all stupid little girl Barbara reached over and cupped Amber's breasts in her hands, lifting them up and letting them fall again. She snickered as she watched them bounce. Tiny tits. Exactly as I said. Pathetic. She chose each word carefully to shame the young teen. Just pathetic. You allow your boyfriend to see these? I would be embarrassed to let any man see these. She laughed.

Amber tried to hold back her tears. Ross likes them he says they're perfect.

Barbara clicked her tongue. Of course he does, dear. Of course he does. Let me see according to my information, Ross comes from a poor family. Correct? She gently pinched one of Amber's exposed nipples.

Amber looked out the window and blinked. Her long lashes fluttered. Wh She stopped herself at the last instant. How does she know about Ross? She rolled her eyes. Ross wasn't born with a silver spoon in his mouth. I don't see the point, mistress. She forced herself to look at Barbara. What are you talking about?

Barbara squeezed Amber's breasts with both hands. Well, Ms. Tiny Tits. Let's think about it shall we? She licked one of her fingers and traced an exposed nipple, tweaking it gently. You come from a rich family, an excellent background, you want for nothing. Ross comes from the ghetto. Of course he will say whatever he has to say to flatter you. Can't you see he's just playing you, sweetie?

Amber looked away. She shivered as the woman touched her breasts. She wanted to push Barbara's probing hands away but resisted the urge out of fear. Stop touching me that way. She shook her head. You're wrong. Ross loves me. We're going to get married.

Barbara cleared her throat. What is my title? She pinched Amber's nipples, causing the teenager to squirm in pain.

Mistress!, Amber squealed.

That's right, stupid little girl. That is also strike three. Barbara sat back in the seat. You must now be disciplined. She sighed. However, as stupid as you are you should be disciplined anyway, believing that little boy loves anything other than your family's money. Barbara laughed as she stepped out of the car.

Amber held her head down. Tears dripped on her thighs. Ross loves me. She listened as Barbara's heels clicked on the pavement. Ross loves me. My love.

Barbara pulled the door open and grabbed Amber's arm. Get out of the car, stupid girl.

Amber pulled her shirt down as Barbara forced her from the seat. Her bra fell on the driveway. She tried to reach for the bra but Barbara pulled her away.

Leave the bra, stupid. With tiny tits like yours, a bra isn't even necessary. Barbara squeezed Amber's arm as she pulled her towards the house. Silly girl.

They reached the front porch and Barbara unlocked the door. She looked down at Amber. I expect you to treat my home with respect, Tiny Tits. She opened the door and guided Amber into the entryway.

As they entered the house the first thing Amber noticed was a sunken living room directly across the main foyer. Large cushioned couches were sprawled throughout the living area. She was stunned to notice a young man and woman sitting on the couch watching television. They turned towards the entryway as Barbara and Amber entered the house. The young woman stood up and smiled. Hello, mother!, she said with a wave.

Barbara smiled back. Hello, sweetie. She turned to the young man. Hello, Alan. The young man stood up and nodded. Hi, Ms. Walker.

Barbara left Amber standing in the entryway and walked over and gave the girl a kiss on the cheek. I hope you two haven't been misbehaving? She looked at Alan.

The girl shook her head. Of course not, mom. We never misbehave! All three laughed.

Barbara turned back towards the entryway. Her smile melted away as she looked at Amber. Come over here, disobedient girl. She curled a finger at her.

Amber slowly walked towards the living room. Her eyelids fluttered as she smoothed her hands over her jeans. She looked down at the floor. This is freaky.

Barbara motioned at the young girl. Amber, this is my daughter, Madison. You will address her as ma'am. Amber looked at the young girl. She was strikingly beautiful. She appeared to be roughly Amber's own age. No more than 19 or 20 years old. She had long blonde hair and a lovely oval face. Her body was shapely. She wore a blue, tight fitting dress and high heels. Bracelets tinkled on her wrists. Amber noticed a small tattoo on Madison's ankle. A broken heart surrounded by chains. Madison looked at her with a faint smile. Her eyes traveled over Amber from head to toe. Judging her.

Barbara nodded at the young man. This is Madison's friend, Alan. You will address him as sir. Amber looked over at Alan. He was slim and fit and appeared to be in his very early twenties. His hair was shaggy and he had tattoos on both arms. He wore baggy jeans and a t-shirt emblazoned with a skull and skateboards as cross bones. He looked vaguely familiar. The way he looked at her made Amber nervous.

Barbara made a sweeping motion with her hand. And, this is Amber. My new pet. However, you can both call her Ms. Tiny Tits. Barbara smiled. Madison and Alan both laughed.

Madison walked around the couch and folded her arms. She stared at Amber. Hello, Ms. Tiny Tits. It's a pleasure to meet you. She stuck out her hand. Her bracelets tinkled.

Amber felt the blood rushing to her cheeks. She heard Alan laughing. Anger and shame welled up inside her. Screw you bitch! She backed away and looked at Barbara. ♦Fuck you! You people are sick! Something's wrong with all of you!♦ She shot a look back at Madison. ♦Screw you!♦ She turned towards the door. I'm going home♦

Barbara looked over at Alan. She cocked her head at Amber.

Alan was over the couch in an instant. He had his arm around Amber's neck before she could even turn the doorknob. ♦Where do you think you're going?♦, he muttered in her ear. His grip was powerful and he turned Amber around forcing her to the floor in a split second. Holding her in a headlock he looked up at Barbara. ♦She isn't too bright is she, Ms. Walker?♦

Amber struggled to free herself from Alan's chokehold. She kicked her feet and screamed. ♦Get off me!! Let me go!!!♦

Barbara walked over and stood looking down at Amber with her hands on her hips. ♦No, Alan. She's as dumb as a box of rocks. Let her up.♦

Alan stood up and dusted off his jeans, leaving Amber lying on the tiled floor. He shook his head. ♦What a dense bitch.♦ He walked over and stood next to Madison.

Amber slowly rose to her knees. She looked up at Barbara. What's wrong with these people?

Barbara reached down, grabbing Amber by the hair. ♦Well, Ms. Tiny Tits♦ What did I tell you right before we came in the house?♦ She pulled Amber to her feet by her hair.

Amber held Barbara's arm. ♦Let me go!♦ She tried to pry the woman's hand out of her hair. ♦Stop it!♦

Barbara slapped her. ♦What did I tell you, girl?♦

Amber tried to pull away. ♦Stop it♦ I ♦♦

Barbara slapped her again, harder. ♦What did I tell you, girl?♦

Amber went limp. She held her hands on Barbara's arm. ♦Please let go of my hair♦ please♦ that hurts!♦

Barbara slapped her again. ♦What did I tell you, girl?♦

Amber heard Madison and Alan laughing in the background. She held Barbara's arm. ♦Please ♦. Please♦♦

Barbara slapped her again. ♦What did I say to you immediately before we entered this house, girl?♦

Amber blinked back tears. ♦treat my home with respect♦♦ Her voice was barely audible.

Barbara slapped her again. ♦How are you to address me, girl?♦

Amber rubbed her burning cheek with one hand while holding Barbara's arm with the other. ♦as mistress♦♦ She blinked rapidly. Her breath caught in her throat.

Barbara slapped her again. ♦What did I say to you immediately before we entered this house, girl?♦

Amber wept openly. Tears fell down her cheeks. ♦treat my home with respect, mistress♦♦ Shame washed over her.

Barbara released Amber's hair and allowed her to sink to the floor. She stepped back. ♦That's right, girl. But in defiance of my one simple command, you have disrespected my house, my daughter and her friend. All in under three minutes. Unreal.♦ She shook her head in disbelief.

Amber leaned forward on her knees holding her arms over her chest. She wiped away tears. I need Ross♦ he loves me♦ he's not using me♦ I'm not anyone's pet.. I want to go home♦

Barbara stared down at Amber. ♦Now, girl♦ I want you to apologize to Madison. You will address her as ma'am.♦ She pointed.

Amber slowly stood up and looked over at Madison. The young girl smirked at her. Alan sat on the back of the couch, chuckling.

Barbara tapped her foot. ♦We're all waiting, Ms. Tiny Tits.♦

Amber looked down at the floor. ♦I'm sorry♦♦

Madison walked over and looked directly at Amber. ♦Apology is not accepted.♦ She glanced over at Barbara. ♦I don't think her apology is sincere, mother. Not sincere at all♦♦ She looked back at Amber. ♦I think she's only sorry because you told her to be sorry. She's acting devious.♦

Amber looked at Madison. She's my age I hate her what a bitch.

Barbara snapped her fingers. Get on you knees, Amber.

Why??, Amber asked. Why? I said I was sorry!

Barbara looked at the ceiling and shook her head. Now, you've broken two rules, girl. First, I told you to apologize to Madison and address her as ma'am. Second, I told you to never ask 'why' in my presence. She walked over to Amber. Two rules have been violated. Do you want to continue digging this hole, girl?

Amber felt ill. She looked up at Madison. I'm sorry, ma'am. She felt odd calling Madison ma'am. She's my own age. She glanced up at Barbara. I'm sorry I said 'why', mistress. She looked down with shame. Can I just go home now? Just let me go

Barbara looked down at Amber. That's much better. Much better, but much too late, she said.

Madison smirked. It was better. Then again, she seems like a cunning bitch, mother. I think you should punish her. She needs to be punished. Madison looked at Amber. She's got a bad attitude.

Amber stared at Madison with hatred. What a stuck up little bitch

Barbara tapped her fingernails together. I agree, dear. The little tramp needs to be punished. She looked over at Madison. What do you recommend, sweetie?

Madison paused as if deep in thought. She stared at Amber. I don't know, mother. It should be something extreme. She needs to understand her place. Maybe a good belting would work.

Alan agreed. Yeah, Ms. Walker. Madison is right. This chick needs a taste of the belt.

Barbara pursed her lips. I like the way you think, Madison. She looked over at Amber. I want you to bend over the couch, Tiny Tits. She looked at Alan. May I borrow your belt?

Amber backed away as Alan unfastened his belt and handed it to Barbara. She shook her head. I'm not doing this. She looked at Barbara. We don't need to do this.

Bend over the couch, girl, Barbara demanded.

Madison smiled. See, mother? She's devious. Look at her eyes. She's trying to think of something to say to get out of her punishment.

Amber shook her head. No, I'm not! Yes, I am

Barbara flexed the belt in her hands. Bend over the couch, girl. She pointed. I'm going to count to three. One.

Amber's eyelids fluttered rapidly. She walked towards the couch avoiding Madison and Alan's stares. She bent over slowly.

Madison looked at Barbara quizzically. Is there something wrong with her eyes, mother? She blinks too much.

Barbara shook her head. It's a nervous tick, I'm afraid. The girl is riddled with shortcomings. She walked over and stood behind Amber. Stick your butt in the air, tramp. She raised the belt. This will hurt you more than it hurts me. She came down hard across Amber's butt. THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

Amber fought back tears. She wanted to scream to run to do anything. Instead, she remained prone over the couch as the older woman applied the belt to her buttocks.

Madison watched with amusement. This isn't working, mother. I think those ugly jeans need to come down.

Alan clapped. Yes Ms. Walker, a bare butt spanking always works best.

Barbara reached underneath Amber and unfastened the button on her jeans. Take your pants down, girl.

Amber's mind raced. What? Why!? Why are they doing this? She looked around the living room. There was no seeming escape. I'm trapped. She slowly unzipped her jeans and pushed them over her hips and down her legs. She closed her eyes. Alan is looking at my panties

Barbara raised the belt but Madison stopped her. No, mother. I think Alan is right. She needs a spanking on her bare butt.

Barbara laughed. She's definitely my girl! She grabbed Amber's panties. Let's have these right down.

Amber felt her panties coming down. She closed her eyes. Stop blinking. Alan can see my butt

For a brief moment there was total silence in the room as everyone stared at Amber's exposed butt. It was a beautiful sight. Her ass was perfectly shaped with a delicate crack and round buttocks. Her jeans and panties were bunched around her ankles. Her butt cheeks were slightly reddened from the belt.

Madison spoke first. ♦Give her what she deserves, mother.♦ She looked at Amber's bare ass with fascination.

Barbara brought the belt down hard. SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

After several strikes of the belt, the tears flowed freely down Amber's cheeks. Please stop♦

Barbara stood back and admired her work. Amber's buttocks were flaming red and the belt marks stood out in high definition. ♦Okay, stupid little girl. I hope you understand your place.♦

Amber remained prone over the couch. ♦Yes♦ mistress♦ I understand.♦ She has the power now♦

♦That's good, my little pet. Now, stand up.♦, Barbara said.

Amber stood up slowly and reached down to pull up her jeans.

Barbara shook her head. ♦No, girl. Leave the pants down and turn and face us.♦

Amber turned around. She held her palms over her pubic area. Where are you, Ross? Tears trickled down her cheeks.

♦Put your hands behind your head, Tiny Tits.♦, Barbara commanded.

Amber felt helpless. She laced her fingers together behind her head. Her tank top rode up above her bellybutton, revealing her smooth stomach. She knew how ridiculous she must appear with her jeans and panties bunched at her feet and her tight tank top raised so high. I'm practically nude♦ She noticed Alan staring at her exposed body. She shivered.

Alan watched the spectacle unfolding in front of his eyes. This girl is hot! He drank in every exposed area of her body. I want to fuck her♦ He suddenly noticed Madison staring at him. Oh crap! He motioned at Amber. ♦What an ugly little whore♦ I hope she's learned her lesson.♦ He shook his head with disgust and looked away.

Madison was pissed. My boyfriend thinks this bitch is sexy♦ She shot a hateful glance at Amber. She turned towards Barbara. ♦I don't think she's had enough yet, mother.♦

Barbara tossed the belt on the floor. ♦She's had enough discipline for now, honey. However, she's needs a good cleaning and grooming. I'm a little tired♦♦ She raised an eyebrow at Madison.

Madison smirked. ♦Let me fix her up, mother.♦ She shot an evil look at Amber. ♦I know just how to get her clean.♦

Barbara nodded. ♦Okay, dear. Take her in the bathroom and clean her up. I need a glass of wine.♦ She looked over at Alan. ♦Are you thirsty? I can make you a lemonade.♦

Alan readily agreed. ♦Yes, ma'am. A lemonade would be just right about now.♦ He avoided Madison's piercing gaze.

Madison watched as Alan and her mother left the room. She turned back towards Amber. You little fucking cunt♦ ♦Come with me, Tiny Tits. Let's get you all nice and clean.♦ She grinned.

Chapter 30: The Exchange

Winston sat in his truck, smoking. He glanced down at his watch♦ 5:03 AM♦ Where the fuck is the dean? Little fucker♦ He took another drag and flipped on the radio. A classic rock song poured from the speakers. He listened to the lyrics with a frown. This is the end, beautiful friend. This is the end, my only friend, the end♦It hurts to set you free. But, you'd never follow me♦ The end of laughter and soft lights♦ the end of nights we try to like♦. Winston quickly flipped off the stereo. ♦Fuck that. Hippie assholes.♦ He stared impatiently out the window. Where in the fuck are you Smith? ♦I'm going to beat your♦♦, he stopped in mid sentence as he noticed the SUV pulling into the parking area. About time♦ I hate tardiness. Especially, to one's own funereal♦ He laughed.

Winston stepped out of his truck as dean Smith pulled the SUV to a stop next him. He watched as Smith got out and walked around to the passenger's side, opening the door. ♦Well, Winston. Here she is, as promised.♦ Dean Smith guided Aubree out of the SUV.

Winston watched as the trembling teen stood looking down at her feet. She looked disheveled. Her hair was uncombed. She wore the same clothing she had worn when he delivered her to Smith. Tight blue jeans, cut off shirt and flip flop sandals. He walked over and lifted her chin, staring down into her eyes. ♦Hello, Fuck Toy. I trust you didn't cause dean Smith too many problems?♦ He noticed Aubree's eyes were bloodshot. Her cheeks were tear stained. Looks like the dean had his fun♦ Hope it was worth it♦

Dean Smith held out his hand. ♦Thank you, sir. Aubree was a delicious treat. A true delicacy.♦ He grinned at Winston.

Winston looked down at Smith's hand. He didn't extend his own hand. ♦Did you feed her, Smith?♦ He gave the dean a hard look.

The dean dropped his hand. He looked puzzled. ♦I think so♦♦ He shrugged. ♦I must be honest. I really can't rightly recall. However, I can assure you Aubree has had plenty of fluids.♦ He laughed at his own joke.

Winston fought back the sudden urge to pommel Smith. He shook his head and turned towards his own truck. ♦Come along, Fuck Toy. Get in.♦

Aubree hurried towards Winston's truck. She opened the door and climbed inside. She heard Winston and the dean talking outside the truck. Their voices were muffled. She leaned back in the seat and closed her eyes. Just take me home♦ to my own apartment♦ I want to go home♦ As much as she hated Winston, she felt almost happy to be away from Smith and his friends. At least I'm closer to home♦ She wiped her nose.

Winston opened the door and climbed into the truck. He started the engine and looked over at Aubree. ♦Welcome back, Fuck Toy. Did you miss me?♦

Aubree looked away. She bit her bottom lip. ♦I want to go home.♦

Winston laughed. ♦I'm sure you do, little missy. I'm sure you do.♦ He glanced in the rearview mirror as he pulled the truck across the large parking lot. He watched as dean Smith walked towards his own SUV. A moment later, a van pulled up next to Smith's vehicle. He watched as Smith turned towards the van. Several men jumped out of the van and approached dean Smith. They had guns.

Winston turned out of the parking lot onto the main road. He glanced back down at Aubree. ♦Are you hungry, girl?♦

Aubree nodded. ♦Yes. Starving.♦ She hadn't realized how famished she actually was until Winston asked the question. When did I eat last? Tuesday? Monday? What day is it?

Winston pulled into the drive thru of a fast food restaurant. ♦How does a hamburger and fries sound, girlie?♦ We need to keep your energy up♦

Aubree licked her dry lips. ♦I'm starving.♦ When did I last eat anything????

Winston pulled forward and placed the order. ♦Give me a number two meal with a coke.♦

The voice on the other end crackled back, ♦Would you like an apple Mac pie with that?♦

Winston felt irritated. God damned little♦ ♦No. I don't want a son of a bitching pie!♦, he barked. ♦Just give me my Mac Burger, my Mac fries and my Mac change so I can get the Mac fuck out of here!♦ Winston glared at the menu board.

The voice on the other end hesitated. ♦Okay, sir. Your amount is♦♦

Winston turned on the radio and pulled around the building. Who gives a shit? Never met a clown that wasn't a freaking pervert♦

As they pulled away from the restaurant, Aubree's stomach rolled. She could smell the hamburger and fries. She glanced down at the bag in Winston's lap. ♦Sir, I'm really hungry♦♦

Winston guided the truck down the road. ♦I'll bet you are, girlie.♦

Aubree looked at the bag of food. I'm famished♦

Winston pulled into the Green Meadow Apartments. He parked the truck. He tossed the bag at Aubree. ♦Eat up, little tramp.♦ He watched as she tore into the bag. She devoured the burger and fries in less than five minutes. He shook his head. Fucking, Smith. He didn't even feed her♦ got to take care of the livestock♦ He lit a cigarette and looked down at Aubree. Especially, premium livestock like her. His eyes roamed over her body.

Aubree wiped her lips with the back of her hand. She took a long drink of soda. She glanced timidly over at Winston. ♦May I go now, sir?♦ She looked up at her apartment.

Winston smiled. ♦Let me walk you up, Fuck Toy.♦ He stepped out of the truck.

Aubree walked towards the stairway. She heard Winston walking behind her. He wants something ♦ She walked up the steps towards her apartment. He wants me ♦ Her heart sank. Fuck Toy ♦

Winston stood over her as she unlocked her apartment. His breath was hot on her cheek. She shivered. Please go away ♦ She opened the door and turned back towards Winston. ♦ Okay. I'm home. I guess I'll see you ♦ ♦

Winston pushed her into the apartment and closed the door. He walked over to her couch and sat down. He flipped on the television.

Aubree stood at the front door. She looked around her apartment. Not really my apartment anymore ♦ She looked timidly at Winston. He looked over his shoulder at her. He smirked. ♦ What are you waiting for, girl? ♦ he asked.

Aubree didn't want to respond. He's going to make me do something ♦ She walked towards the kitchen. Something sexual ♦ She walked over to the counter.

Winston stood up and followed her into the kitchen. He stood directly behind her. His cock was hard as he pressed against her buttocks, pushing her into the counter. ♦ Why are you in the kitchen, girl? You just ate. Are you hungry again? Do you need something else to eat? ♦ He rubbed his erection on her ass.

Aubree closed her eyes and tried to clear her mind. Dolphins ♦ in the sea ♦

Winston placed his hands on her hips. ♦ I want you to understand something, Aubree. ♦ he whispered in her ear. He moved his hands up her sides and fondled her breasts through her shirt. ♦ I'm going to fuck you tonight. In your pussy, in your mouth and in your butt. I'm going to fuck you in all your little holes. ♦ He placed his large palms on her ass. ♦ I'm going to fuck you long and hard. You have no say in the matter. You're my fuck doll. ♦ He reached under her shirt. ♦ However, I don't fuck dirty girls. So, I want you to go to the bathroom and get yourself cleaned up. When you're done bathing, there is no reason to get dressed. In fact, there's no reason to even wear a towel. I want you to go take a bath and then come out fully nude. So I can inspect you. ♦ I want to make sure Smith hasn't damaged you ♦ ♦ Do you hear me, girl? ♦

Aubree held her hands over her face. She couldn't speak. She turned slowly away from him and walked towards the bathroom. Fuck Toy ♦ Owned ♦ A tear ran down her cheek. I'm so tired ♦

TO BE CONTINUED. STAY TUNED FOR THE FINAL CHAPTER ♦

Aubree's First Apartment: Part 10

Madison pulled Amber down the hallway. She laughed as Amber tripped over her own jeans and panties which were bunched around her ankles. ❖You're a clumsy girl aren't you, Ms. Tiny Tits?❖, Madison asked with a smirk.

Amber's face reddened. ❖I don't have tiny tits and I'm not clumsy! My name isn't Tiny Tits! Stop calling me that, bitch!❖ She pulled away from Madison and backed against the wall. Leaning over she grabbed her jeans and panties, pulling them up. Fastening the buttons, she looked up at Madison with trepidation. ❖Why are you people doing this to me? What have I done to you?❖ She continued to fumble with the buttons on her jeans while looking nervously around the hallway. This is weird❖ These people are out of their minds❖ I need Ross❖ He would know what to do❖ She looked back up at Madison and blinked rapidly. ❖Just leave me alone.❖ She's my own age❖ why am I afraid of her??

Madison frowned at her. Her eyes were dark with hatred, contrasting her pretty face. She placed a finger on her lips and raised her eyebrows. ❖Uh oh❖❖ She smiled and rolled her eyes. ❖Are you defying me, Ms. Tiny Tits?❖

Amber finished fastening her jeans and stared at Madison. ❖I'm not defying anyone. I really don't care about any of this❖ this is lame.❖ She blinked nervously and glanced down the hallway. ❖I'm leaving. I need to get home❖ I have school tomorrow and❖❖

Madison gave Amber a hard slap across the face. She stepped back and giggled. ❖Are you defying me, Tiny Tits?❖

Amber held a hand on her face. She felt the blood rushing to her cheeks. This bitch just slapped me❖ She considered punching the girl. No❖ I just need to get out of here❖ this scene is going south with a quickness❖ She turned to walk away. ❖I'm out of here❖ freakish bitch.❖

Madison grabbed her shoulder. ❖You may want to reconsider, Ms. Tiny Tits. My mother believes is sexual punishment. If you resist us, it will be bad for you.❖ Madison giggled. ❖Mother is in control now, Tiny Tits❖❖

Amber stared back at Madison. She blinked several times. Sexual punishment? What the hay??? Mother is in control?❖ These people are totally gone❖ not right in the head❖ She held her palms up and shrugged. ❖Look, Madison❖ I don't know what's wrong with your mom or what's wrong with you. You people have some real issues. Serious problems❖❖ She batted her eyes and turned towards the front door. ❖I'm leaving.❖

Madison smiled. ❖I'll give you one more chance, Tiny Tits.❖

Amber felt herself becoming angry. She raised her middle finger and glared at Madison. ❖Screw this and screw you!❖ She ran down the hallway. I need Ross❖

Madison cupped her hands over her mouth. ❖MOTHER!!!!❖

Amber felt the adrenaline rushing through her body as she hurried down the hallway. I've got to get away from these people❖ crazy freaks❖ She heard Madison screaming behind her. Freaks❖

Amber raced down the hallway. Got to get out of this house❖ get to Ross❖ As she approached the main entryway Barbara stepped in front of her, blocking the exit. ❖Where are you off to, Ms. Tiny Tits?❖ She stood with a wine glass in her hand, staring at Amber with one hand on her hip. Alan stood behind her sipping a lemonade, straight faced.

Amber stopped dead in her tracks and backed away. She blinked. ❖Leave me alone. Please. I want to leave this place. You're keeping me here against my will. This is illegal.❖ She looked nervously from Barbara to Alan. Sick freaks❖ ❖Look❖ just give me my phone. I'm leaving. If you let me go, I promise I won't call the police.❖

Barbara took a sip of wine. ❖What is my title, girl?❖ She frowned.

Amber felt her stomach churning. She was speechless. She watched as Madison walked past her and stood next to Barbara, smirking at her.

Madison tapped her foot impatiently. ❖See, Mother? See what I said? She's not learning. Not learning at all❖❖ She cast a derisive look at Amber. ❖Maybe she's slow in the head❖❖

Amber backed down the hallway. ❖Please❖ you people are crazy❖ this isn't right❖❖ She blinked rapidly and crossed her arms over her breasts. ❖You're all nuts❖❖ She unconsciously batted her eyes.

Barbara handed her wine glass to Madison and walked calmly towards Amber. ❖What is my title, little girl? Do we have to go through this again?❖ Her heels clicked on the tiles in the entryway. She looked over her shoulder at Madison. ❖Lock the front door, honey.❖ Madison giggled and hurried over to the door and flipped the deadbolt into place.

Amber felt nauseated. ❖Look❖ I just want to❖❖

Barbara raised her hand. ❖What is my title, girl? I will not ask you again.❖

Amber looked down. Fear washed over her. ♡mistress♡♡, she whispered. Oh ♡ my ♡ god ♡ Oh ♡ my ♡ god ♡ Oh ♡ my ♡ god.. I've got to get out of here ♡ Get to Ross ♡

Barbara nodded. ♡That's right, Tiny Tits. I'm your mistress♡♡ She paused and tapped a long fingernail against her chin. She pursed her lips and appeared to be deep in thought. ♡Here's the situation, Tiny Tits♡ you will not be getting your phone back. You will not be leaving this house. And ♡♡ She paused for impact. ♡Your behavior over the next several hours will determine how long you will remain nude♡♡

Amber felt lightheaded. ♡What?♡ She blinked and backed away. Nude? WTF?

Barbara rubbed her palms together. ♡I can't have you running out of here without my permission and you don't seem to be overly obedient. The way I see it ♡you would be less inclined to leave this house if you were nude. Isn't that right, girl? You don't want to be running around naked in the streets do you? ♡

Amber shivered slightly. She looked around the hallway. No where to run ♡ She looked back up at Barbara. ♡I promise I won't leave. I'm sorry. I was just scared and ♡♡

Barbara snapped her fingers. ♡Too late for excuses♡ Now strip. Get everything off. ♡

Amber shrank away. ♡Why? Why??♡ Her heart raced with fear. She looked over at Alan. There's a boy here ♡

Barbara cocked her head. ♡That is infraction number two♡. Not addressing me properly and ♡ using the word 'why' ♡ twice ♡ I thought we discussed this, Ms. Tiny Tits♡♡

Amber wanted to run. I need my phone ♡ I need Ross ♡ I need to get away from here ♡

Barbara pointed as she stepped towards Amber . ♡Strip, girl. Get undressed. Everything off ♡ This isn't open for negotiation. You're going to be nude and you're going to be punished. ♡

Amber looked from Barbara to Madison to Alan. All three people stared at her silently. Waiting. Amber blinked. Waiting for me to take off my clothes ♡

Barbara held a finger in the air. ♡One♡♡, she began to count, with a sigh.

Amber noticed Alan licking his lips. He had a hand on his crouch. He's squeezing his thing ♡ are all boys perverts?

Barbara held up another finger. ♡Two♡♡

Amber shook violently as she slowly unlaced her shoes and pulled them off. She glanced up at Barbara. Crazy woman ♡ She looked over at Alan. He's masturbating through his pants ♡ freak ♡ Her eyes fell on Madison ♡ She's evil ♡ demented ♡ She pulled her socks off and dropped them on the carpet. She blinked at Barbara. Her wide eyes pleaded for mercy ♡ Don't make me take off my clothes ♡ there's a boy over there!

Barbara pointed at her shoes and socks. ♡Hand each article of clothing to Madison as you remove them ♡ all your clothes ♡ everything off ♡ even your jewelry ♡ everything ♡♡ Her tone was firm. Matter of fact ♡ ♡Give everything to Madison, girl. I want you in your birthday suit ♡♡

Madison walked over and held out her hand with a sneer. ♡Give me the ugly shoes and socks, Tiny Tits. ♡ She stared at Amber with jealousy. This cunt is pretty ♡ she needs to pay ♡ I'm prettier than her ♡ Mother will teach her ♡

Amber fearfully picked up her shoes and socks and handed them over to a smiling Madison. Ross ♡ I need you ♡ She unbuttoned her jeans and pushed them down. Stepping out of them, she handed them over to Madison. Bitch ♡ She hesitated and stared down at her bare feet. Please stop ♡ She heard Barbara clear her throat. Amber's heart raced. She pulled her tank top up and over her shoulders and handed it over as well. She stood in her bra and panties, staring at her tormentors. Ross ♡ save me ♡ please baby ♡ where are you? She closed her eyes as she removed her earrings and necklace.

Madison smirked at her. ♡See, Tiny Tits ♡ I warned you to cooperate ♡ but you wouldn't listen ♡ you're stupid. ♡ Stupid, stupid, stupid ♡ nah nana nah nah ♡ Madison glanced back at Barbara. ♡What's she waiting for, Mother? Is she hard of hearing? ♡

Barbara pointed at Amber and made a downward motion with her finger. ♡Panties down ♡ bra off ♡ now, girl! ♡ She snapped her fingers.

Amber closed her eyes. She unfastened her bra and let it fall down her arms. Her large breasts came into view. She heard Alan slurping on his lemonade. That boy is looking at my boobs ♡ She slowly pushed her thong panties down her legs. Stepping out of them, she handed them over to Madison and stood looking at the floor ♡ fully nude. Ashamed. Embarrassed. Fear washed over her. She blinked. I'm helpless ♡ at their mercy now ♡ She trembled.

Barbara smiled as she looked at the naked teen. ♡What little breasts you have ♡ just pathetic ♡ you look like a little boy ♡ what an ugly girl you are! ♡

Alan disagreed mentally. This chick is hot! He took another sip of lemonade. His eyes roamed over Amber's nude body. His penis jumped with arousal as Amber attempted to cover her nudity with her hands. Look at those tits! She's not got tiny tits at all! god damn!! Those tits are huge! Look at that pussy! perfect hips! long legs! firm stomach! she's incredible! I want to fuck her! look at her! So cute! He squeezed his raging erection through his jeans. I'm gonna blow my wad! He suddenly noticed Madison looking at him with narrowed eyes. He took a sip of lemonade and frowned. What an ugly little bitch. Fucking gross! He looked over at the television.

Madison's heart raced with rage. Alan likes this stupid bitch. I'm sexy! why is he looking at her? I'm enough for him! She held Amber's clothes in her arms and glanced over at Barbara. Mother, I think we should take her to The Room. Make her pay! She shot a look at Alan.

Barbara nodded. I agree, honey. The Room is needed. She paused. Put her clothing in the closet and lock it. She stared at Amber with a smile.

Madison vanished around the corner. Barbara stepped towards Amber. Now, Tiny Tits. How do you feel? Do you want to escape? Her eyes traveled over Amber's naked body from head to toe. What a beautiful girl! so innocent! she'll bring a good price!

Amber opened her eyes and stared down at the floor. I'm nude! She inhaled deeply and blinked. I'm cold. Humiliated! ashamed!

Barbara laughed. She walked over to her purse and pulled something out. Unwrapping the object, she turned towards Amber and held up a bar of soap. Remember this, girl? She stepped towards the cringing teenager.

Amber shuddered. Soap! gross! gas station soap!

Barbara held the bar of soap against Amber's lips. Open your mouth and stick out your tongue, girl. When you become filthy you must be cleaned! I warned you. She pushed the soap onto Amber's lips. Open up, dirty girl. She slapped her bare thigh. Now!

Amber felt a warm tear run down her cheek. She looked up and saw Madison walk back and stand behind Barbara. Her clothes are locked up, Mother. Madison smirked at her. Put it in her butt, Mother. Not in her mouth. She needs a real lesson. Put the soap in her fat ugly butt.

Barbara paused. She glanced over at Madison. In her butt? Like I used to have to do to you when you misbehaved? She raised an eyebrow.

Madison shrugged. It made me learn. Maybe it will help her. She stared directly into Amber's eyes. Put it in her butt, Mother. She smiled with satisfaction. Put it up there! deep! make her real clean! Shove it in there! make her pay!

Barbara nodded and looked back down at Amber. Okay, Tiny Tits. She made a swirling motion with her finger. Turn around, bend over and spread your cheeks. She snapped her fingers.

Amber blinked. She saw Alan looking at her out of the corner of his eye. I'm nude! She looked over at Madison! bitch! She swallowed and looked up at Barbara. I don't need this! I'm sorry! Mistress! Her heart pounded with fear and shame.

Barbara sighed loudly. Turn around. Bend over! and! spread your cheeks. I won't ask you again, girl. she said with exasperation. Will you ever learn?

Amber looked up at Barbara. She looked over at Alan. Then, her eyes fell to Madison. She shrank away as Madison smiled at her. That bitch hates me! I'm nude! why did I take my clothes off? Why am I letting them do this? Where is Ross??? What's wrong with me?

Madison shook her head and glanced up at Barbara. See, Mother? See??? What a disobedient little tramp she is! She rolled her eyes. She doesn't know how to obey. She's a hardhead. She doesn't know her place! stubborn. Like I used to be! but now, I'm a good girl!

Barbara frowned. Turn around, Tiny Tits. Spread those filthy butt cheeks. Do it now. Don't make me any madder than I already am, ugly girl. She held the bar of soap up. NOW!, she shouted.

Amber jumped. Her heart pounded as she turned around and bent over. Oh my god! oh no! oh my god! oh no! oh my god! oh no! She looked between her legs as Barbara walked towards her. She closed her eyes and felt a warm teardrop fall onto her bare foot. I need Ross!

Barbara knelt down and admired the teenager's exposed ass. What a pretty little round butt she has! very sexy! perfect crack! this little ass will bring a very good profit! Spread your fat cheeks, girl! Open them wide! Now!, she demanded. Spread them wide, girl. Let me see your dirty little asshole.

Amber repressed the urge to vomit. She closed her eyes tightly as she reached behind herself and pulled her buttocks apart. Her mind went totally blank. She stared at the back of her closed eyelids.

Barbara slowly pushed the soap into the prone teenager's rectum. This will teach you, girl. When shit comes out of your mouth then soap goes into your butt. Shit out! soap in! She continued to push the soap

into the crying teenager's exposed rear. It was a tight fit and Amber squirmed and whimpered. Barbara used the tip of her fingernail to push the bar all the way into Amber's rectum. She smiled as the girl's anus closed over the soap. Vanishing act ♦ that must burn ♦ what a delectable crack she has ♦ perfect ♦ nice curve to her cheeks ♦

Amber squeezed her knees together and gritted her teeth. Owwww! It hurts!!! She opened her eyes and stared down at her bare toes. Ouch!!! Take it out!!! I feel like I need to poop ♦

Barbara stood up and backed away, crossing her arms. ♦ How does that feel, Tiny Tits? ♦

Amber remained in a prone position. She squinted back tears. ♦ It hurts ♦ please take it out. ♦ What if it doesn't come out? What if it's stuck? It burns ♦ I shouldn't move ♦

Barbara motioned at Madison. ♦ Bring me my wine, honey. ♦ She continued to stare at the hapless teenager as Madison hurried to get her wine glass. What a sexy little girl ♦ Winston has an eye for the submissive ones ♦ a true talent ♦ but what was his is now mine ♦ as usual ♦ She smiled and walked back over to Amber. ♦ Now that you're naked and bent over, you look even uglier, girl. You have no shape. No curves ♦ like a little boy ♦ you let Ross see you without clothes? I can't imagine ♦ ♦

Amber tried to speak. ♦ Ross loves me.. I ♦ ♦ The pain of the soap in her rectum overwhelmed her. Ughh!!! Get it out!!! Please!!! She gagged.

Madison handed Barbara the wine glass and stood looking down at Amber. ♦ Who is Ross, Mother? ♦

Barbara smiled. ♦ Ross is her boyfriend, sweetie. I don't know what he sees in her. I mean ♦ look at her ♦ she has no shape ♦ tiny tits ♦ flabby ass ♦ baby fat on her stomach and thighs ♦ just sickening ♦ But, her boyfriend is just adorable. ♦

Madison's eyes widened. ♦ Really? She has a cute boyfriend? ♦ She glanced back at Alan. Asshole ♦

Barbara nodded. ♦ Yes. Indeed ♦ he is very sexy. ♦ She took out her phone. ♦ He has a big penis. I have some naked photos of him ♦ ♦

Amber's heart raced. Anger rushed over her, overriding her fear and pain. She stood up and turned around. ♦ Those pictures are mine! They're private! ♦ The soap burned in her rectum. She held her hands over her buttocks. Tears rolled down her pretty cheeks. Ouch! It hurts!!! Ross!!! She watched as Barbara held the phone up, showing the pictures to Madison. Oh no, Ross ♦ I'm sorry, lover ♦

Madison smiled as she looked at the photos. ♦ Wow, Mother! He does have a big penis. It's well shaped ♦ do you have any other shots of him ♦ with an erection maybe? He's cute. ♦ She shot a glance at Amber and smiled. ♦ You have a very sexy boyfriend, Tiny Tits ♦ ♦ She winked and giggled. ♦ He's got a nice cock ♦ ♦ Bitch.

Amber bent forward, holding her buttocks. The soap was foaming and burning. ♦ Please ♦ Please ♦ ♦ She reached forward, hand outstretched. ♦ Please, Mistress. Don't show her the pictures ♦ ♦

Barbara looked over at her. ♦ Stupid, ugly girl. Why are you talking? Do you need soap in your mouth as well as your ass? Do we need it in both ends, foul mouthed little tramp? ♦

Amber sank to her knees. Tears rolled down her cheeks. ♦ No ♦ I just want ♦ ♦ Her voice trailed off. She wept as she listened to Barbara and Madison. They're looking at my Ross ♦ naked ♦ I told him I deleted those pictures ♦

Madison held a hand over her lips and giggled as she stared at the pictures. ♦ Wow! Look how big it gets! Ross has such a big cock! ♦ Her eyes widened. She looked over at Alan. ♦ Come over here, honey. Look at this guy's cock ♦ it's so much bigger than yours. ♦ She giggled.

Alan shot Madison the bird. ♦ Screw you, chick. Very funny ♦ ha ha ♦ whatever ♦ ♦ He took a drink of lemonade and shoved a hand into his pocket, feeling his own erection. How big is this Ross guy's cock? Are they joking? Fuck that ♦ I ain't looking at his cock ♦ I'm no fag ♦ He shot a quick look at Amber as she knelt on the carpet, weeping. She held her arms over her heaving breasts, trying to hide her nudity. However ♦ I will look at this bitch ♦ she's fine ♦ what a perfect body ♦ fucking rocking body ♦ His penis twitched with arousal. She could be a model ♦

Madison waved her hand at Alan, brushing him off. ♦ Fine. I guess you'll never know what a big dick looks like. ♦ She laughed as she looked back down at the pictures on Barbara's phone. ♦ Where did you get the pics, Mother? Did he pose for you? ♦

Barbara smiled. ♦ I got the pictures from Ms. Tiny Tits ♦ I took them off her phone. She let me ♦ ♦ Barbara glanced down at Amber. ♦ I haven't actually met Ross yet, honey. ♦

Amber remained kneeling in the hallway. She felt foam running down her butt cheeks and onto her inner thighs. The burning sensation in her rectum was overwhelming. She blinked up at Barbara. ♦ I didn't let you take the pictures. You stole them ♦ ♦ What did she mean by saying she hasn't met Ross yet??? ♦ She grimaced with discomfort.

Barbara flipped off her phone walked over to Amber. Madison followed closely behind her, smirking. Barbara stood with her hands on her hips, tapping her foot as she stared down at the whimpering girl. When will you ever learn, Tiny Tits? You will address me as Mistress. That, stupid girl, was infraction number three.

Madison glared down at Amber. Let's take her to The Room, Mother. Infraction number three! I think she needs to sit in the discipline chair. It might make her learn. She bent down and pinched Amber's exposed nipples. Pretty little bitch how do you feel now? All stripped and helpless? You'll pay Madison giggled as she smiled at down Amber. Pretty girl in trouble.

Barbara nodded. I concur, dear. She reached down and grabbed a handful of Amber's blonde hair, pulling her to her feet. She stared into her blinking eyes. Inches away. Come along, Tiny Tits. She pushed her down and pulled Amber down the hallway, bent over.

Madison followed closely behind them, enjoying the sight of the prone girl's bare ass with the soap suds foaming from her rectum. Stupid bitch now you'll learn you might be pretty but Mother will teach you

The soap burned in Amber's butt as Barbara pulled her down the hallway. She heard Madison snickering behind her. I hate that bitch She held her hands on her buttocks. She whimpered in pain. Take it out where are my clothes?

Barbara paused at a locked door at the end of the hallway. She unfastened the deadbolt and opened the door. A staircase led down to a dark basement. She pulled Amber down the stairs. Come along now, Tiny Tits. Don't resist. It will be much worse if you do She pulled Amber down, into the blackness.

Amber heard Madison close the heavy door behind them as Barbara pulled her down the dark staircase. Her heart pounded with fear. She fought off the urge to wretch. Oh my god It stinks in here at least Alan is upstairs he can't look at me

They reached the bottom of the stairs and Barbara flipped on a light switch. She released Amber's hair and allowed her to stand up. Welcome to The Room, girl. Remember that you brought all this on yourself. Everything that happens now is of your own choosing. Remember whenever I bring you to The Room, it is because of a poor choice you have made And, considering the poor choices you make, I think you had best get used to being here

Amber blinked nervously as she surveyed the basement. The walls and floor were cold stone. The lights overhead were fluorescent and bright. Chains hung from the ceiling. An assortment of whips, canes and paddles hung on a rack. In one corner of the room was a large cage with a mattress inside. The mattress was stained and filthy. A medical examination table sat in another corner. A mold covered shower with a cement drain was across the room. In another area was a large meshed wire trash canister. It was full of what appeared to be the ashes of burnt clothing. In the center of the room sat a oversized wooden chair. Large iron manacles were on the legs and arms of the chair. On the seat of the chair sat a huge dildo with two penises, made to fit into two holes at the same time the room stank of mildew and dampness. The musty smell filled Amber's nostrils.

Madison laughed and clapped her hands. Welcome home, Tiny Tits!

Amber screamed. No words came out. She couldn't form words. She could only scream. She had never felt terror before. Now she understood terror. She turned and raced up the stairs. Get away OH MY GOD!!! GOT TO GET AWAY!!!!

Barbara smiled as she watched the nude teenager race up the staircase. What a delicious little girl Adorable butt look at the way it jiggles! I will certainly enjoy her She calmly motioned at Madison. Bring her back down, honey. She yawned.

Madison ran up the stairs and caught Amber just as she reached the door. She wrapped her arms around the nude girl, pinning her hands at her side. She whispered into Amber's ear as she pinched an exposed nipple. Stop resisting, Tiny Tits It only makes Mother angry She giggled and quickly licked Amber's neck. Mmmm. Tasty. She ran her fingers over Amber's bare tummy. You're so stupid, Tiny Tits. Now you're going to pay

Amber went limp. Her heart raced. The soap burned in her rectum. She felt helpless more helpless than she had ever felt. She thought of Ross. I need you, babe my knight in shining armor I'm sorry

Madison grabbed Amber's shoulders and turned her around. Her eyes roamed over the girl's nude body. Shut up, stupid bitch. Don't resist us Mother will make you pay if you do... She grasped Amber's trembling hand and led her down the stairs. Come on, Tiny Tits Don't resist Don't make it any worse than it already is She giggled.

Barbara removed a cane from the rack as Madison pulled Amber to the bottom of the stairs. She looked over at the naked girl. Lovely girl simply lovely just beautiful thank you, Winston She flexed the cane in her hands. I'm going to thrash her pretty girls need to be thrashed to keep them humble

Amber stood at the bottom of the steps. She felt Madison's hands caressing her bare hips Feeling her curves The dank smell of the basement filled her nostrils. She jumped as Madison placed a finger into her crack, moving down towards her rectum. Goosebumps rose over her bare flesh. I need to get my clothes

then I can get out of this place ♦ find Ross ♦ figure this out ♦ I need to think ♦ remain calm ♦. Don't panic ♦ Her eyes fluttered.

Barbara flexed the cane in her hands. ♦ Now, Tiny Tits ♦ you will be thrashed ♦ it is time you learned your place ♦ ♦ She looked over at Madison. ♦ Chain her hands, sweetie ♦ Stop fondling her ♦ Secure her ♦ ♦

Madison laughed as she pulled Amber across the room. She smiled as she listened to the girl's rapid breathing. She's afraid ♦ good.

Amber's feet were cold on the bare cement floor. She was aware of her nudity. She had never felt more helpless or shamed. She weakly allowed Madison to raise her hands over her head, locking her wrists into the chains which hung from the ceiling. She closed her eyes as Madison backed away.

Amber heard Barbara's voice. ♦ Raise her, dear. ♦ She shivered as she listened to Madison approach the crank. She heard the mechanical apparatus go into motion as Madison turned the wheel. She felt herself being lifted ♦ Her feet left the floor. She stretched out her toes trying to feel the firm ground beneath her feet as the chains lifted her. Ross ♦ help me ♦ please ♦ She thought of Ross. His face comforted her. She hung limply by her wrists ♦ on full display. Naked ♦ helpless ♦ She closed her eyes.

Barbara walked over and stood behind the nude teenager as she hung by her wrists. She looked down at the girl's bare toes. They dangled several inches above the floor. ♦ Good job, Madison. You're learning, honey. ♦ She raised the cane.

Madison smiled. ♦ Whip her, Mother! Whip her good! ♦ She laughed. ♦ She needs it! She deserves it! ♦ She clapped with excitement.

Barbara brought the cane down hard across Amber's bare buttocks. THWACK! The first lash of the cane raised a red mark on Amber's butt cheeks. Barbara stood back and raised the cane again as Amber squealed in pain. THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! She applied the cane viciously to Amber's bare backside. She stood back and admired her work. Red welts stood out on the girl's buttocks. She looked up at Amber's back. She took aim and brought the cane down hard on the small of the girl's back. THWACK! She laughed as Amber kicked her feet and screamed in pain. She tapped the tip of the cane on the back of the girl's thighs. ♦ What is my title, girl? ♦

Amber stretched her toes out, trying to find the floor. Let me go ♦

Amber listened as Barbara repeated the question, ♦ What is my title, ugly girl? ♦ The cane fell again. THWACK!!!!

Amber held her head down and looked at her bare thighs. ♦ Mistress! You are my MISTRESS!! ♦, she screamed.

Barbara brought the cane down again over Amber's bare back. ♦ What, girl? I can't hear you? ♦

Amber gasped in pain. ♦ MISTRESS! ♦, she screamed. ♦ You're title is Mistress! ♦ She wept. She felt blood rising on her back. She's beating me ♦ I'm nude ♦ I need to find my clothes ♦ She clenched her toes.

Barbara brought the cane down again. This time, she aimed for Amber's exposed thighs. THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

Amber twisted at the end of the chains. Let me go!!! The cane felt like fire on her bare thighs. She felt the welts rising on the back of her legs. The rattle of the chains echoed in the large room. She heard Madison giggling.

Barbara backed away and bent the cane in her hands. ♦ What is my name, filthy girl? ♦

Amber blinked in pain. ♦ MISTRESS! ♦, she screamed. ♦ MISTRESS! ♦ Please let me go ♦ A teardrop trickled down her cheek.

Barbara walked over and placed the cane on the rack. ♦ That's correct. I am Mistress to you, girl. If you ever forget that fact again, I will beat you harder. Do you understand? ♦ She gave Amber a hard look.

Amber shook her head. Tears rolled down her cheeks. ♦ Yes! Yes! I understand! ♦ Her chin dropped against her chest. I want to go home ♦ She felt the soap suds foaming on her thighs. Her rectum burned.

Madison stood to the side, smiling. She felt happy watching Amber's pain. She deserves it ♦ stuck up bitch ♦ Alan won't like her now ♦ all bruised ♦ She frowned as Barbara hung the cane up. ♦ That's it, Mother? No more? ♦ She looked at Barbara with wide eyes. Disappointment washed over her face. ♦ Nothing else? What about the chair? ♦

Barbara smiled. ♦ Patience, honey ♦ all good things come to those who wait ♦ do you need a lesson in patience, sweetie? She glanced at Madison.

Madison shook her head quickly and back away. ♦ No, Mother. I'm patient. ♦ Don't beat me ♦ Beat Tiny Tits ♦ She motioned at Amber. ♦ I just don't think this bitch has learned her lesson. ♦ Don't be mad at me ♦ ♦ She's not learning ♦ we need to thrash her more ♦ ♦ She looked at Barbara, innocently. ♦ Make her pay, Mother. ♦ She's the bad one ♦ I'm obedient ♦ I'm a good little girl ♦

Barbara smiled. Darn right my little girl is growing up. Her heart swelled with pride as she looked at Madison. I've nurtured a viper at my nipple she'll be even better than me She smiled with satisfaction. Winston's daughter if he only knew

Meanwhile

Alan stood at the end of the hallway with his ear pressed against the basement door. Holy shit! They're whipping her! I wish I could watch that bitch is so hot! I think I know her she goes to my school He listened to Amber's screams and pushed his ear closer to the door. She's like all nude down there and shit getting spanked I need to be down there watching this shit He pressed his ear on the door. Damn it, Madison I want to see He spilled his lemonade. Damn it

Amber hung limply by her wrists. Her backside burned from the cane. She felt the welts on her skin. Oh my god I've been kidnapped They have my clothes and my phone I'm nude in their basement I'm nude Tears rolled down her cheeks. Her thoughts raced. Where is my phone? How can I get out of here? The soap is in my bottom My mascara is running I need Ross

Barbara walked over and stood in front of the naked teenager. Now Tiny Tits what is my name? She held her hands on the squirming teen's bare breasts... Her eyes moved up and down the young girl's body. Delicious what lovely tits perfect little bellybutton long legs sexy little girl

Mistress! Amber answered quickly. You're Mistress

Excellent, girl. Excellent Barbara ran her palms down Amber's smooth legs. She pulled them apart and stared at Amber's bare pubis. Well, well what a sweet little honey pot you have, little girl I'm happy to see you shave otherwise, we would need to shave you after all, your pussy is the only feminine feature you have! She laughed.

Amber winced and closed her eyes. I'm scared She tried to control her breathing. Stop looking at me that way I look like a boy I'm ugly

Barbara motioned to Madison. Let her down, sweetie. I think she needs to take a seat.

Madison giggled as she hurried over to the crank. Make her sit on the cocks both holes She quickly lowered the chains, watching as Amber stretched her toes. Reach for the ground, bitch now you really pay

Amber was relieved as her toes came into contact with the cold floor. The chains went limp on her wrists. She closed her eyes as Barbara unfastened her hands. She collapsed to the ground, weeping. Let me go please Ross I need Ross

Barbara stared down at Amber. She exhaled deeply. I hope you are learning, Tiny Tits. I sincerely hope you are learning your lesson Remember, this hurts me as much as it hurts you. She sighed. I don't like to punish you, girl. Yes I do

Amber looked up at Barbara. I've learned, Mistress. I don't need anymore lessons okay? Her heart raced as her eyes fluttered. Let me go

Barbara knelt down and massaged Amber's large breasts with her palms. Firm tits big well shaped feels like money She licked her lips as her hands dropped down to Amber's hips. I know you don't think you need further punishment, girl. I hear you I understand She smiled at Amber with sympathy. I know She reached between Amber's legs and traced her pussy lips with a long fingernail. I hear you, little girl However, I'm not entirely convinced

Amber closed her eyes. She tried to speak but, her voice failed her. She shook slightly as Barbara caressed her private area. Please stop

Barbara leaned forward, inches from Amber's face and cupped her chin in her palm. Now be a good little girl and give Mistress a kiss. She stared down at Amber's upturned face.

Amber felt weak. She closed her eyes as Barbara pressed her lips against her mouth. Gross! She felt the woman's tongue. She reluctantly parted her lips allowing Barbara's tongue to slip inside her mouth. I'm going to vomit She clenched her toes and held her hands over her bare stomach as the older woman explored her mouth with her tongue. She was relieved when Barbara finally backed away. Leave me alone I don't like you that way the soap is burning I need to poop

Barbara stood up and folded her arms. She looked down at the shivering teenager. Look at me, girl, she demanded.

Amber slowly opened her eyes and blinked. What now? She stared into Barbara's eyes. What?

Barbara stepped back and admired the nude teen. ♦Now, here's the deal, Tiny Tits♦♦ She looked up at the ceiling. She paused, thinking. ♦I will give you two choices♦♦

Amber remained silent. Please♦ I want to go home♦ see Ross♦

Barbara looked back down at her. ♦Choice number one♦♦ She held up a finger. ♦My daughter doesn't like you. In fact, you have disrespected her at every turn. You have treated Madison poorly, haven't you, girl?♦. she asked.

Amber remained silent. Madison has been mean to me♦ she hates me. She looked up at Barbara and noticed the look of anger on her face. Her heart skipped a beat. Oh my god! She nodded her head. ♦Yes, Mistress♦ I've disrespected Madison. I'm sorry♦♦ She shot a quick look at Madison and was angry to see her smiling. That bitch♦

Barbara frowned. ♦I'm glad to hear you apologize, Tiny Tits. Accepting responsibility for one's own actions is a good step. However, the acceptance of responsibility is only the first step.♦ She folded her arms. ♦The second step involves making reparations to the injured party. On that note, your first choice will be to allow my daughter to enjoy you anally with a strap on dildo.♦ She walked over and picked up a large dildo from the table. She held it up and smiled at Amber.

Amber fought back the urge to gag. She didn't speak. Her heart raced♦ She glanced at Madison with hatred. Heck no! What's choice number two? There's no way I'm doing that♦ She looked up at Barbara. ♦Please, Mistress♦ I don't want to♦♦

Barbara shrugged. ♦Or♦♦ She stared hard at Amber. Sexy little girl♦ ♦Or, choice number two is that you can stand up and walk over to the learning chair and take a seat.♦ She motioned at the large wooden chair with the two dildos. She laughed. ♦Either way, you're going to be fucked.♦ Barbara laughed again. ♦One hole or two holes♦ what's your choice, ugly girl?♦

Amber looked over at the chair. Oh no♦ Please♦

Barbara smiled. ♦Well, girl? What will it be?♦ Her eyes drank in the nude teen. Money♦

Amber shivered. She looked up at Barbara. ♦Why are you doing this to me? I don't even know you♦♦, she asked.

Barbara rolled her eyes. ♦Here we go again, ugly girl. Infraction number one♦ saying 'why'♦ You must like being punished. That's number one, tramp♦♦ She smiled.

Amber gasped. ♦No! I'm sorry♦ I don't like being punished♦ It's just that♦♦

Barbara shushed her with a finger. ♦Shhhh♦ Quiet, girl.♦ Now, stand up, please.♦ She curled a finger at Amber.

Amber stood up. Her legs felt weak. She stared over at Madison. Her face flushed with rage as Madison winked at her. I hate her♦ I want to kill her♦

Barbara raised two fingers. ♦Make your choice, Tiny Tits♦ Madison or the chair♦ Hurry up♦ you decide, girl!♦

Amber felt numb. This is no real choice. Either way is bad♦ She held her head down. ♦The chair♦ I'll take the chair♦♦ Tears started in her eyes. Suddenly, her bladder opened and urine spilled down her bare thighs. I'm peeing♦ I can't stop!

Madison burst into laughter. ♦Look, Mother! She's pissing herself! What a disgusting little whore! Oh my god! Gross!♦ She held a hand over her mouth, giggling.

Barbara watched as the urine ran down Amber's legs and onto the floor. The sound of the young girl pissing aggravated her. She shook her head. ♦Filthy girl. Simply disgusting!♦ She walked over and stood in front of Amber. ♦Do you have no pride, Tiny Tits?♦

Amber felt the last of her urine draining down her legs. I peed myself♦ She looked down with shame. Puddles of warm piss formed around her bare feet. I'm scared♦ The soap is burning♦ I'm going to poop♦ She looked up at Barbara. ♦I'm sorry, Mistress♦ I was afraid♦♦

Barbara held a hand up, silencing Amber. ♦Shut up girl! You disgust me. How can you stand in my home and urinate onto my floor? You act like a filthy animal.♦ She slapped the cringing girl.

Amber stepped back holding a hand over her cheek and shuffled her bare feet, feeling the warm urine puddling around her toes. Oh no♦ She looked up at Barbara. ♦I'm sorry, Mistress♦ I♦♦

Barbara slapped her again. ♦Shut up, girl! You disgust me!♦ She pointed at the floor. ♦You will be cleaning this up♦ with your tongue♦ Now! Get on your knees, ugly girl! Clean my floor!♦

Amber swallowed hard. She looked up at Barbara. ♦Please♦ Mistress♦ I'm sorry.♦

Barbara frowned. ♦Get on your knees, girl! Lick it up! Lick up your piss!♦ She raised her hand as if to slap Amber again. ♦How dare you disrespect my home?♦

Amber stood looking down at her feet. She felt the bar of soap foaming in her rectum. Helplessness washed over her. She heard Madison laughing. She looked timidly at Barbara. ♦Please, Mistress♦ may I have a towel? I can clean it up with a towel♦♦

Barbara walked quickly over to the rack and grabbed the cane. She turned towards Amber. ♦You've just earned yourself five swats on your fat ass, girl! Do you want to earn some more?♦ She flexed the cane in her hands. ♦Well?♦

Amber held her hands over her pubis. She stared down at the floor. I peed♦ my ass is fat♦ She heard Madison giggling. She closed her eyes. ♦I don't want to clean it with my tongue, Mistress. It wouldn't be sanitary.♦

Barbara raised the cane and brought it down on the girl's bare thigh. SMACK! ♦On your knees, Tiny Tits♦. Now!♦

Amber jumped back as the cane lashed against her bare flesh. The urine under her feet was slick, causing her to trip and fall. She collapsed onto the floor. She wept.

Barbara walked over and stood, looking down at the nude teen. ♦On your hands and knees, girl. Lick up your piss.♦ She lashed her back with the cane. THWACK! THWACK!

Amber cried as she rose to all fours and crawled towards the puddle of urine. She heard Madison clapping. She felt numb all over♦ defeated♦

Madison clapped and jumped up and down as she watched Amber crawl across the floor. ♦What a disgusting bitch! Just disgusting!♦ She looked over at Barbara. ♦Look at her, Mother! Crawling towards her own piss♦ like a dog!♦ She laughed excitedly.

Amber paused, staring down at her own urine. She looked up at Barbara. Her eyes fluttered. ♦Please, Mistress♦ may I have a towel? I promise to clean it up♦♦

Barbara brought the cane down across Amber's bare back. THWACK! She stepped back and pointed. ♦Lick it up, ugly girl. Clean my floor.♦

Amber stared at the puddle of urine. She tried to clear her mind. She clenched her bare toes as she leaned forward. A cold chill ran over her body as she stuck out her tongue. Gross♦ Sick♦ She heard Madison laughing. I hate her♦ She slowly leaned forward and placed her tongue onto the puddle of piss. She gagged. Warm♦ sickening♦ She lapped up a mouthful of urine. She squinted as she swallowed. Gross! She immediately vomited. She sat back on her thighs and wept. Piss and vomit trickled down her chin.

Barbara sighed loudly. ♦You are making me angry, ugly girl. Very angry♦♦ She flexed the cane and stared down at the naked teenager. ♦First, you piss on my floor. Then, you vomit♦ You disgust me.♦

Amber shook uncontrollably. Tears ran down her face. She gagged. Let me go♦ please let me go♦ I'm sorry♦ She looked up at Barbara. ♦Please, Mistress. Please forgive me. Please don't make me lick it up.♦ Drool trickled down her chin.

Barbara tapped her foot. ♦Fine, girl. You have proven your complete lack of obedience and will power. You are not only ugly and disgusting but you are mentally inept.♦ She looked over at Madison. ♦Fetch the mop, sweetie.♦

Madison looked crestfallen. ♦Mother? Why? She should clean up her own mess♦♦

Barbara held the cane up. ♦Madison. What did I just say?♦ She pointed. ♦Go and get the mop.♦

Madison hurried away. I hate Tiny Tits♦ She'll pay♦

Barbara looked down at Amber. For a brief moment she felt pity. The feeling quickly evaporated. She tapped Amber's back with the cane. ♦Stand up, filthy girl.♦ She pointed at the shower stall. ♦It's time to get you cleaned up and masturbated. Move it! Get to the shower!♦

Amber stood up quickly and hurried towards the shower stall. Cleaned and masturbated? Oh no♦ I need to get away♦ These people are crazy♦

Barbara followed closely behind Amber, staring at the teenager's jiggling buttocks. What a lovely girl♦ simply adorable♦ She smiled at the red welts on Amber's backside. ♦Get into the shower, ugly girl. Hurry up.♦

Amber stepped into the open shower stall and stood with her hands folded over her stomach. She closed her eyes. I'm naked♦ where are my clothes? I'm ugly♦ I look like a boy♦ A teardrop trickled down her cheek.

Barbara took out her phone and quickly snapped a picture of the nude teen's bare backside. Lovely♦ She tapped Amber's bare butt with the tip of the cane. ♦Squat down, girl.♦

Amber didn't try to resist. The soap was burning in her rectum. She quickly squatted down. She looked up at Barbara and blinked rapidly. Please, Mistress. The soap hurts

Barbara laughed. Of course it hurts, stupid girl. It's supposed to hurt. But now, you may expel it push it out, ugly girl.

Amber looked up at Barbara with wide eyes. I can't it won't come out She trembled. I think it's stuck in there

Barbara raised the cane. Don't be a fool, Tiny Tits. Shit it out push it out, dummy Hurry up! You have exactly ten seconds to push the soap out of your fat ass or I'll have the cane across your backside again! She raised a finger. One

Amber closed her eyes and pushed. Like I'm pooping She heard Barbara's voice, Two I hate it when she counts She held a hand over her tummy and pushed harder It's coming out! I feel it She's still counting! Three. Four Amber pushed hard. Suddenly the soap fell out of her rectum and landed on the shower floor. She shuddered. Thank god! It's out! She looked up at Barbara and blinked.

Barbara nodded. There's a good girl. Now see? That wasn't so hard. She stepped forward and flipped on the shower. Cold water sprayed down on the nude teenager. She smiled as Amber leapt to her feet.

It's cold! The water is freezing! Amber screamed. She held her hands up, trying to block the spray.

Barbara stepped back and smiled. Stay in the shower, ugly girl. If you even try to get out, I'm going to thrash your bare ass! She motioned with the cane. Pick up the soap and wash yourself. Now! She swished the cane through the air.

The soap has been in my butt, Mistress! I can't use it again! Amber pleaded. Disgusting gross

Barbara sighed. That's infraction number two, Tiny Tits. Now, pick up the soap and wash yourself! She brought the cane down against Amber's bare thigh. CRACK!

Amber squealed in pain and quickly bent over, picking up the revolting soap which a moment before had been in her rectum. She lathered it over her bare flesh. I'm gonna puke I'm ugly

Barbara glanced over her shoulder as Madison appeared behind her with the mop. Clean up the piss, sweetie. Then, you may go and lubricate the seat for Ms. Tiny Tits.

Anger flashed across Madison's pretty face. Why do I have to clean it up, Mother? I didn't make the mess. she said with a frown. She glanced at Amber in the shower. Tiny Tits made the mess

Barbara gave Madison a hard look. Mop up the mess, dear. Then, lubricate the chair. What's going on with you today? You're not being very obedient.

Madison shot a hateful look at Amber. Stupid bitch making me clean up your excrement you'll pay. She walked sullenly away.

Barbara turned her attention back to Amber. That's it, Tiny Tits. Scrub yourself down. Get the soap on those little bumps you call breasts. Lather up! She flexed the cane in her hands. Hurry up! What beautiful tits this girl is simply lovely what a prize I can't wait to suck on those big nipples She felt herself becoming moist as she watched Amber under the shower spray. Adorable little girl Nubile

Madison swabbed the mop back and forth over the disgusting puddle of urine. She shot an evil look across the room at Amber as she washed herself in the shower under Barbara's watchful gaze. I hate that cunt she's going to pay big time

Barbara continued to look at Amber with amusement as the young girl washed herself under the cold shower. Goosebumps shown plainly on the girl's bare skin. She's cold. Good what a pliable little bitch submissive She walked over and flipped off the water leaving Amber dripping in the cold shower stall. That's enough, ugly girl. I think you're quite clean now. Step out.

Amber stepped out of the shower. She shivered as water dripped down her body and formed puddles on the floor around her bare toes. I'm freezing She looked across the basement at Madison as she put the mop away and walked over to the large chair with a jar of Vaseline. She's going to lubricate the dildos so I can put them inside me She looked up at Barbara. Mistress. Please. I think I've learned my lesson now. Can I go home? Please Please!

Barbara shook her head. No way, ugly little girl. You're going to be spending some time in the chair. She glanced over at Madison. Is it greased up, sweetie?

Madison looked up from the large dildos on the seat of the chair. She held her hands up. They were covered in Vaseline. Yes, Mother. They're all nice and slick for Ms. Tiny Tits. She giggled. Come on over here. Tiny Tits. Take a seat! Cunt now you'll suffer

Barbara pushed Amber forward. Get moving, disgusting little tramp. Get to the discipline chair. Let's get something inside both your holes. Move it! Ugly girl! You disgust me! You look like a little boy! She slapped Amber's bare butt.

Amber jumped and hurried across the room, leaving wet footprints behind herself. Water dripped off her body. I'm freezing I'm nude They're going to make me sit on those things two holes She blinked. I'm ugly I look like a little boy

As she approached the discipline chair, Madison stepped over and grabbed Amber's bare shoulders. Her hands were coated with Vaseline. Turn around and sit down, Tiny Tits. She spun her around. Have a seat. Madison smirked into Amber's face as she pushed her down. She held a hand on Amber's thighs, pushing them apart. Spread your legs wide. It will be easier for you, Tiny Tits. She placed her hands on the shivering girl's bare hips and guided her down onto the large dildos. One for the butt And one for the pussy She pressed the head of the other dildo against Amber's exposed pussy lips. Have a seat. Madison giggled uncontrollably. Now you pay Now you pay! Ugly cunt!

Barbara watched as Madison pushed Amber down into the chair. Oh yes my little girl is all grown up now a viper She smiled wistfully. I remember when she was little and innocent not anymore

Amber squinted in pain as the two dildos entered her exposed holes. They're inside me I'm sitting on them they're too big She held onto the arms of the chair and tried to push herself up. She looked over at Barbara. Please don't make me do this, Mistress! she pleaded.

Barbara shook her head. Sit, girl. Take them all the way inside you. I want you all the way down. I want to see your fat butt flat on the chair. Do as Madison says She flexed the cane. Or else

Amber allowed Madison to push her completely down onto the seat of the chair. The dildos slipped easily inside her holes. Madison put Vaseline on them to make them slick She blinked up at Madison. You're a bitch She shook with fear and anger as Madison stepped back and laughed at her. She closed her eyes. I hate her

Madison stood back and clapped. There, Mother she's where she belongs now! On the chair getting masturbated like the filthy little whore she is! Madison laughed. She probably likes it!

Barbara nodded. Indeed. She pointed. Secure her wrists and ankles, sweetie. Make them tight. We don't want Ms. Tiny Tits trying to run away.

Madison clapped again. Yes, Mother! She hurried over and fastened Amber's wrists and ankles with the manacles. Nice and tight like the dildo in her butt!

Barbara walked over and removed a ball gag and black hood from underneath the chair and stared down at Amber. Now, girl. Here's something to shut out any distractions. She smiled as Amber blinked up at her. I want you completely focused on your masturbation discipline... She pushed the ball gag into Amber's mouth and pulled the hood over her head.

Amber felt the dildos inside her. They're big stretching me She felt the bindings on her wrists and ankles. She shook her head violently trying to shake the hood off her face. I can't see anything!!! She tried to speak through the ball gag Ufghhhh Drool ran down her chin. Help me! Please!

Barbara stood back and looked down at the hooded girl. Water droplets ran down Amber's bare flesh as she struggled against the bindings. There we go, Ms. Tiny Tits. Now, you're all nice and seated. How do the cocks feel in your holes, ugly girl?

Amber tried to speak. The ball gag prevented her from forming words. Her eyes fluttered rapidly behind the dark hood. She stretched her wrists against the manacles which held her in place on the chair. Let me go! Please god! Where is Ross? I need you babe! Help!

Barbara smiled. That's okay, Tiny Tits. No reason to answer now She looked over at Madison. Okay, honey. Let's go. I think Tiny Tits needs some alone time now. She turned towards the staircase.

Madison hurried over and gave Amber a hard slap through the black hood. Fuck you, bitch. she whispered. Have fun, ugly cunt! She smirked and ran up the stairs behind Barbara, giggling.

Amber strained against the manacles. She listened as Barbara and Madison walked up the stairs. Their muffled voices sounded distant. Suddenly the lights went out leaving her in total darkness. She heard the door close upstairs. She felt the dildos inside her Big tight The stale smell of the basement filled her nostrils, coupled with the smell of her own fear. She screamed into the ball gag.

Aubree hurried across the living room and into the hallway. She glanced over her shoulder as Winston sat back down on the couch. He looked up at her and winked. ♦Get moving, Fuck Toy. Get all nice and clean.♦ He smiled and lit a cigarette. She shivered. Get out of my apartment♦

Aubree quickly walked towards the bathroom. She closed the door behind herself and stood silently. She listened. She heard the television in the living room. He's in my apartment♦ watching television♦ like he owns the place♦ She shook slightly. Suddenly, Winston's voice boomed throughout the apartment. ♦Get cleaned up, girl! Hurry up! I want to hear water running!♦

Aubree quickly opened the shower curtain and turned on the faucet. Water running♦. She backed away from the shower and looked at herself in the mirror. She was shocked at her own reflection. Her eyes were bloodshot. Her hair was matted and tangled♦ her clothes looked crumpled and dirty. She backed against the wall. What's happening to me? Who am I??? Her mind raced. I'm Fuck Toy♦ I'm loosing it♦ Fuck Toy♦

She fumbled at the medicine cabinet. I need eye drops♦ my eyes are red♦ gross♦ She held her hand over her tummy. I feel sick♦

Suddenly, there was a loud knock at the bathroom door. Aubree turned quickly. She held her hands on the doorknob. Stay out♦ I should lock the door♦ Darn it! Why didn't I lock the door? She looked up. ♦What?♦, she blurted out at the door.

Winston's voice came back from the hallway. ♦Are you naked? Are you washing yourself, little girl?♦

Aubree went numb. Her fingers fumbled with the button on her jeans. She kicked off her sandals. ♦Yes♦ yes♦ I'm bathing♦ getting clean♦♦ She pushed her jeans down her legs.

Winston opened the door. He stuck his head into the bathroom. His eyes drank in the young teen as she backed away, tripping over her jeans. He smiled. ♦It doesn't look like you're getting clean, baby girl. Do you need my help?♦ He licked his lips as his eyes traveled over the half nude teenager.

Aubree shook her head adamantly. ♦No. I'm okay♦ I'm fine♦♦ She bent forward, cupping her hands over her panties. She looked up at him with pleading eyes. ♦I'm okay♦ I'm getting clean♦♦ Go away♦ please♦

Winston frowned. He looked at the teenager with her jeans around her ankles. ♦I don't know, little girl♦♦ He shook his head, disapprovingly. ♦I don't know♦♦

Aubree's hair fell over her face as she shrank away. She looked up at him through her long eyelashes. ♦I'm fine, sir. Please♦ trust me♦♦ She clenched her bare toes. Dolphins♦

Winston smiled. Stupid, ignorant bitch♦ just like all girls♦ dumb and indecisive... Ready to be told what to do♦ Good for one thing... He nodded at her. ♦Okay. Fine♦ get your clothes off and get cleaned up. Don't make me have to come back in here.♦ He looked over at the shower and pointed. ♦I want you in the tub getting clean and I mean fast. If I have to come back in here again, I'm going to bend you over my knee for a good hard spanking followed by a butt fucking.♦ He paused and stared at the trembling girl. ♦Do you hear me, Fuck Toy?♦

Aubree nodded. She felt like crying but had no tears left. Fuck Toy♦ He's going to put his thing in my butt again♦ ♦Yes, sir. I hear you.♦ She watched as Winston closed the door. Her heart raced. She quickly lowered her panties and stepped out of them. Pulling off her shirt and bra, she stepped into the shower and let the warm water rush over her aching body. I'm so tired♦ She held her hair under the shower head and felt the warm water cascading down her body. I need sleep♦ real sleep♦ She cupped water in her hands and splashed it on her face. The shower felt good. Washing away the dirt and filth♦ She bent forward and allowed the spray to wash over her bottom. Fuck Toy♦ getting clean♦ Suddenly, the tears came again. Aubree wept like a child.

Winston sat on the couch, aimlessly flipping through the television channels. He took a long drag on his smoke and listened to the water running in the bathroom. Idiot girl♦ stupid bitch♦ like all girls♦ dumb fucks♦ He flipped his ash on the floor. He produced a phone from his pocket and looked down at the screen. Barbara♦ that fucking whore♦ He hit the speed dial and listened as the call went through. Bitch♦

♦Hello, Winston.♦, Barbara's voice came back from the other end.

Winston shifted on the couch. ♦You fucking bitch. What did you say to Black?♦

There was a long pause. Then, Barbara spoke, ♦Whatever do you mean, Winston?♦

Winston stood up. The blood rushed to his cheeks. ♦What did you tell Black, you devious whore?♦ He walked into the kitchen and opened the refrigerator. I need a beer♦

♦What would I say to Black, darling?♦, Barbara asked. ♦Why are you asking that question?♦

Winston slammed the refrigerator door. No beer♦ ♦Look, you bitch. I talked with Black. I know everything.♦

Barbara laughed on the other end of the phone. ♦Don't jump to conclusions, Winston. You always make rash decisions. Calm down. You have no self control.♦

Winston pounded his fist on the counter. ♦Fuck you! What did you say to him?♦

There was a long silence. Then, Barbara continued. ♦You are making me angry, Winston. I don't think I like the tone of your voice. I can't talk right now♦ I'm dealing with Amber♦ By the way, she has a very cute body. I will enjoy fucking her later.♦ She hung up.

Winston listened to the line go dead. He leaned back against the wall and exhaled deeply. *That devious little whore♦ that devious little bitch!* He pounded on the wall and screamed with rage. ♦FUCKING BITCH!!!♦

Aubree jumped in the shower as she heard the pounding on the wall. *Oh no♦ What's going on? She quickly turned off the faucet and stood in the tub, dripping water. Holy smoke♦ What is he angry about? She cringed as she listened to Winston screaming in the kitchen. I'm in trouble now♦ Fuck Toy♦ She slowly stepped out of the shower and grabbed a towel. She dried her hair and body and wrapped the towel around her midsection. She looked over at the door. I don't want to go out there♦ She shook with fear. I didn't do anything wrong♦ why is he angry?*

Winston felt the blood pumping in his temples. *That fucking bitch will pay♦ I'll get even with Barbara if it's the last thing I do♦ He lit another cigarette. I need a beer♦ Suddenly, he heard the water shut off in the bathroom. Aubree♦ I'm going to punish that cunt♦ It'll make me feel better♦ she deserves it anyway♦ He walked out of the kitchen. The cigarette hung from his lower lip as he approached the bathroom door. He beat on the closed door with a clenched fist. ♦Get out here, Fuck Toy! Now!♦ He stepped back from the door. ♦Hurry up!♦*

Aubree shivered as she looked at the bathroom door and listened to Winston shouting in the hallway. *Why is he mad? I didn't do anything wrong♦ She heard Winston pounding on the door again. His voice was harsh with anger. She stepped back and clenched her bare toes. Oh my god♦She reluctantly stepped towards the door. Turning the doorknob, she peeked out into the hallway. Her heart fluttered with fear. Dolphins♦ swimming free♦ Water dripped from her hair.*

Winston sneered with anger as Aubree opened the bathroom door. He was amused to see the wet teenager peeking from around the corner of the door. *What the fuck? He stepped forward and shoved the door opened. ♦Get out here, Fuck Toy!♦*

Aubree jumped back as Winston thrust the door ajar. She retreated to the sink, holding the towel over herself. ♦Please, sir♦ don't be angry♦ I'm sorry♦♦ *What did I do???*

Winston stood in the doorway, glaring down at Aubree. ♦What did I tell you about the towel, girl?♦ *Get naked.*

Aubree held one hand over her stomach and lifted the other one in defense. *Don't hit me! Please!*

Winston stepped into the bathroom. He grabbed Aubree's towel and yanked it off, casting it into the hallway. ♦You stupid little cunt! What did I tell you?♦ He stepped close to the trembling teen. ♦What did I tell you about wearing a towel, Fuck Toy?♦ He gave her a hard slap.

Aubree fell to the ground, weeping. *Please don't hit me♦ dolphins♦*

Winston grabbed her wet hair, pulling her to her feet. ♦You stupid, bitch. Why can't you listen? Are all girls stupid?♦ He shook her head violently, making her teeth chatter. ♦Fucking bitch!♦ He slapped her.

Aubree wept uncontrollably. ♦Please♦ please♦ I'm sorry♦ don't beat me♦ please♦♦ Tears ran down her cheeks. *Stop hitting me♦*

Winston stepped back. His glazed eyes cleared. He stared down at Aubree. *I'm beating her like I want to beat Barbara♦ He rubbed his palms together. Got to pull it together♦ He smiled. ♦Get up, Fuck Toy.♦ He watched as the teenager stood up. Water dripped down her naked body. Tears ran down her cheeks. So sexy♦ cute little girl♦ little baby♦*

Winston exhaled. His eyes roamed over the girl's bare body. *I'm going to fuck her.. He stepped forward♦ ♦Why did you disobey me, Fuck Toy? I told you not to wear a towel♦♦*

Aubree shook slightly as she looked up at Winston. ♦I'm sorry, sir. I was just drying off♦ I'm tired.♦ *Why is he mad at me?*

Winston sat down on the edge of the bathtub and stared up at Aubree. ♦Come here, little girl. Let me look at you.♦ He curled a finger at her.

Aubree timidly walked towards Winston. She held one arm over her breasts and the other over her pubis. *Please don't hurt me again♦*

Winston grabbed Aubree's wrists, pulling her hands down by her sides. His eyes traveled over her nude body from head to toe. He cupped her breasts in his large palms. ♦Turn around, girl. Let me see you.♦

Aubree slowly turned and faced away from Winston. She felt his calloused hands on her bare back and buttocks. She trembled. Don't♦

Winston looked at the red marks on the shivering girl's buttocks. Smith caned her♦ He parted her cheeks and examined her anus. ♦Did dean Smith fuck you in the ass, girl?♦

Aubree fought back tears. ♦Yes, sir.♦ He hurt me♦

Winston frowned. ♦Only Smith?♦ He looked up at her. ♦Only Smith? Or, did he allow others to enjoy you anally?♦ How many men had you? He ran his fingers over her bare back.

Aubree rubbed her eyes. ♦He allowed others♦ to♦. enjoy me, sir.♦ They did things♦ I didn't enjoy♦

Winston exhaled and whistled. ♦Well♦ it would seem you're quite the little whore aren't you, girl?♦ Like all girls♦

Aubree rubbed her palms over her stomach. ♦No, sir. I'm not a whore♦♦ They forced me♦ you made me♦

Winston scratched his chin. ♦Not a whore, heh?♦ He chuckled. ♦What do whores do, girl?♦, he asked.

Aubree stared at the wall. ♦I wouldn't know, sir♦♦ Please go away♦

Winston cracked his knuckles. ♦Whores fuck multiple men, little girl. Are you a whore?♦

Aubree sighed. ♦No, sir.♦ I'm not a whore♦

Winston pinched her bare butt, causing her to jump. ♦How many men have you sexually pleased in the past week, little girl?♦

Aubree thought. One♦ two♦ three♦ four♦ five♦ six♦ She sniffled. ♦I can't remember, sir.♦ Shame washed over her. She blushed.

Winston smiled. ♦Only a whore couldn't remember how many men she had screwed in a week. So♦ I guess you're a whore. Right, girl?♦

Aubree rubbed her nose. ♦I don't know♦♦ I'm a whore♦ Fuck Toy♦

Winston grabbed her hips and spun her around. He looked up at her face. ♦I need a good blowjob, bitch. Get on your knees.♦ He pulled her down and unfastened his belt. ♦I want those little cock cushion lips of yours working on my dick.♦ As he unzipped his jeans, he looked down at Aubree's upturned face. He pulled his cock out. ♦Suck it, bitch. Suck it good.♦

Aubree bent forward and took Winston's penis in her mouth. Please don't hurt me♦ She felt his hands on the back of her head pushing her face forward. Face fucking me♦ I'm a whore♦ Fuck Toy♦

Winston thrust his cock into the shivering teen's mouth. Suck it you little whore♦ He pounded her mouth with his erect cock. Oh yes♦ Hell yes♦ feels good♦ ♦Suck it, bitch. I want to hear slurping♦ slurp on my dick, you little whore.♦

Aubree pushed her tongue against his shaft. She sucked loudly. Slurping♦ I'm slurping♦ don't be mad anymore♦ I'm being good♦

Winston looked up at the ceiling. His eyes rolled back in his head. Feels so damned good♦ He looked down at her. He cupped her bare buttocks in his hands. ♦I want to fuck your ass, girl.♦, he said, matter of fact.

Aubree sucked him harder. No♦ please cum in my mouth♦ my butt hurts♦ She ran her tongue over his stiff shaft. Please cum♦ please cum in my mouth♦

Winston pushed her away. ♦Stand up and bend over the sink, little girl. Spread your ass cheeks.♦

Aubree slowly stood up and turned towards the sink. He's going to put his thing in my butt again♦ I knew he wanted to do that♦ A warm teardrop fell down her cheek. I'm Fuck Toy♦ a plaything for men♦ I'm a whore♦ She bent forward over the sink and pulled her cheeks apart. Fuck Toy reporting for duty♦

Winston spit into his palm and greased his shaft. He pressed his bulbous head against Aubree's anus. Take it, bitch! He shoved it inside her. Fuck yes♦ oh yes♦ He thrust his cock into her tight rectum. So tight♦ soooo tight! He pushed himself against her. Take it♦ take it♦ take it♦ He groaned loudly. What a tight little hole♦ not a virgin hole anymore♦ He felt himself approaching climax. He pulled out and pushed away. ♦Not yet, Fuck Toy. I want to enjoy your tight little pussy.♦ He grabbed her elbow and pulled her into the hallway. ♦Get into the bedroom, girl. Lay on your bed♦ Do it now!♦ He pushed her forward. His erection bounced freely.

Aubree staggered across the hallway and fell onto the bed on her back. She looked up as Winston entered the room behind her. He had removed his jeans completely. His erection stood out like a weapon. Big♦

hard long He stepped towards her with a smile. Lift your legs, bitch. Over your shoulders, he snapped. I want your ankles by your ears

Aubree lifted her legs and held her hands behind her knees. Her feet were over her shoulders. Her pussy was fully exposed as Winton walked towards her. He smiled. I'm going to enjoy your little pussy now, girl. He pressed his cock against her slit. He pushed inside her. Oh yes!!! Oh yes!!! Nice and tight He pushed his cock deeply inside the squirming teenager. Take it, you little whore. He pounded her furiously. Take it Take it Take it

Winston pumped Aubree relentlessly. He took out all his frustrations and anger. As he approached orgasm he pulled back, keeping just the tip of his penis inside her. He wiped sweat off his forehead with the back of his hand. That's good, Fuck Toy. Keep those legs up

Aubree looked up at the hateful man. A mix of emotions ran through her Anger, fear, shame and helplessness. A week ago I wouldn't have looked twice this man now, he has total control of my body and life I'm a whore Fuck Toy What would momma and daddy think? She looked away, staring at the wall. She felt him thrust his penis back inside her. It hurts I'm raw down there She closed her eyes and chewed her bottom lip, fighting back tears. Dolphins in the ocean free

Winston pumped the teenager long and deep, enjoying her tightness and youth. Enjoying his power over her. Stupid little bitch I bet you won't be walking around the swimming pool in your tiny little bikini again inviting men whore He held his hands on the back of her legs and pushed them down as he lifted himself up on his knees, thrusting downward into her tight pussy. Take it, bitch take it! His orgasm approached again. He couldn't stop it. He exploded inside her. He came long and powerfully.

Aubree felt his penis engorge and the spray of his semen inside her. Oh no he ejaculated inside me! I'm not on the pill. I could get pregnant! With his child! As Winston pulled out of her, she rolled over on her side away from him. She felt the mattress shake as he collapsed onto the bed behind her. She pushed herself up on one hand and stared at the ceiling. Sir, I wish you hadn't done it inside me. I could get pregnant, she said quietly.

Winston grunted. You're not on the pill, bitch? He watched as Aubree shook her head negatively. He shrugged. Fuck it. I know a good abortion doctor. He laughed.

Aubree looked down between her legs as his semen oozed out onto her inner thighs. She suddenly jumped off the bed and ran across the hallway to the bathroom, slamming the door behind herself, weeping.

Winston sat up and smiled. He pulled his jeans on and lit a smoke. Stupid cunt He listened to the water running in the bathroom. He stood up and stretched. He walked over to the bathroom door. I'll be back for you later this evening, Fuck Toy. Get some rest. I want you to be fresh for tonight. He thumped the door. Do you hear me, girl? He listened as Aubree's voice came back weakly through the closed door. yes, sir.

Smiling, Winston turned and walked to the front door. He glanced down at his watch. Got a busy day ahead He closed the door behind himself and walked towards his truck.

Aubree slowly opened the bathroom door and peeked into the hallway. He's gone She walked into the living room and looked over at the front door. Gone I'm finally alone I'm Aubree not Fuck Toy She ran over to the door and flipped the deadbolts in place. She looked down and realized she was still fully nude. She fell to her knees and held her hands between her legs. It hurts I hurt Aubree leaned against the front door and cried.

Chapter 33: Searching for Amber

Ross stared over at Officer Conner. So, what are you saying, officer? Can't you start a search?

The policeman looked down at his notes and shook his head. I'm afraid not, son. Amber is nineteen years old and she's free to go where she wishes. Plus, you're not immediate family. He flipped his notepad shut. You say she left with a lady you didn't recognize then, she called and said she was staying out overnight, right?, he asked.

Ross nodded. Yeah but, that's not like Amber she wouldn't just call and say she wasn't coming home. Something's wrong.

Officer Conner shook his head. You might think that. But, to me it just sounds like a young girl having fun with a new friend. Women are strange, son. Get used to it. He slapped Ross on the shoulder and stood up from the couch and walked to the front door. Listen, kid. If Amber doesn't show back up in the next 48 hours, give us another call. Until then, I'm afraid there's nothing we can do. He produced a small card. Here's my number.

Ross yanked the card from the officer's hand. ♦Fine. Thanks for nothing.♦ He watched as the policeman walked away. Useless bastards♦

Ross closed the front door and picked up his phone. He dialed Amber's number again ♦for the 100th time♦ where are you, babe? He listened as the phone went straight to voice mail.

Officer Sam Conner opened the door and stepped into his squad car. He picked up his blackberry and hit the speed dial. He listened to the ring tone.

♦Hello? Yeah, Winston. It's me, Sam. What's up?♦ He glanced down at his notepad.

♦What's up, Sam?♦, Winston replied.

♦Look, brother. I've got a little issue a want to share with you. You ever heard the name Amber Anderson? ♦, Sam asked.

There was a pause. ♦Yeah, I know the name.♦, Winston said. ♦Why? What's up?♦

Sam looked down at his notes. ♦Is she one of your girls?♦

♦Maybe. What's going on, Sam?♦, Winston replied.

Sam looked up at the apartments. ♦Look, bro. I just did an interview with a kid named Ross. He says he's Amber's boyfriend and they live together. I guess Amber's missing or some shit. He described a lady Amber left with this morning♦ the description sounds a lot like Barbara. Are you two up to something?♦

Winston laughed. ♦When am I not up to something, Sam?♦

Sam smiled. ♦Rarely♦ if ever.♦

Winston continued. ♦Look, Sammy♦ I appreciate the heads up. Just keep me informed. Okay? By the way, what is Ross's last name?♦

Sam glanced down at his notepad. ♦Wilson. Ross Wilson. He's twenty years old. He's got quite the smart mouth.♦

Winston chuckled. ♦Don't all kids these days, Sam? Thanks again.♦

Sam caught Winston just before he hung up. ♦Look, man. The kid gave me Amber's description. Blonde♦ nineteen♦ excreta, excreta♦ She sounds nice.♦

Winston laughed. ♦You'll get some from her, Sam. Be patient. I owe you.♦

♦Damn right.♦, Sam said. He hung up the phone.

Chapter 34: Alan gets Busted / Babysitting Amber

Alan pressed his ear against the basement door and massaged his cock through his jeans. What's going on down there? I know that chick is naked♦ I want to see♦ I know her♦ Her name is Amber Anderson♦ She goes to my college♦ He suddenly stepped back from the door. The sound of footsteps on the staircase came from below. Holy shit! They're coming up! He raced down the hallway and jumped onto the couch. Grabbing the remote control, he began flipping through the channels. He looked over his shoulder as Barbara and Madison entered the living room. ♦Hey, gals. Where have you been?♦ He glanced back at the television.

Madison gave him a hard look and walked into the kitchen. Barbara picked her wine glass up from the table and smiled. ♦What have you been doing, Alan?♦, she asked.

Alan looked up at Barbara, innocently. ♦Watching television. Being bored.♦ He took a drink of lemonade.

Barbara smiled at him. ♦You haven't been listening at the basement door?♦

Alan looked incredulous. ♦What the fuck? Why would I be listening at the door? What for?♦

Barbara nodded. ♦Are you sure, Alan?♦ She took a sip of wine. ♦Are you lying to me?♦ She raised an eyebrow.

Madison walked back into the living room and stood with her hands on her hips. ♦Of course he's lying, Mother. You and I both know he was listening. In fact, he was probably jerking himself off. He's a freaking pervert.♦

Barbara walked over to the couch and looked down at Alan. ♦Is that true, young man? Were you wanking yourself at the basement door while Madison and I attended to Amber's discipline?♦

Alan blushed. ♦Hell no! I was watching television. Why are you brow beating me?♦ He took a long swallow of lemonade. He glanced nervously from Madison to Barbara.

Madison smirked and walked over, standing next to Barbara. ♦Really, Alan? Really? You weren't playing with yourself?♦ Both women looked down at Alan.

Alan sat up. ♦Look, Madison♦ I don't know what's gotten up your ass but I was just sitting here on the couch waiting for you. Okay?♦ He shrugged up at her.

Madison smiled. ♦Okay. Prove it. Unbutton your jeans and take your penis out. If it's soft then I owe you an apology. If it's hard♦ well♦ then we'll know♦♦ She smiled.

Alan looked away. ♦Stop it, Madison. This is silly.♦ He looked over at the television. Stop it♦ I'm hard♦

Madison looked up at Barbara. ♦I think he was jerking off, Mother. He was listening at the door and wacking off♦♦, she said with disgust.

Barbara walked around the couch and sat down next to Alan. She placed a hand on his thigh. ♦My daughter is angry with you, Alan. She thinks you were acting perverted. You can prove her wrong.♦ She suddenly grasped his crotch. He's hard♦ he was masturbating♦ She repressed a smile as she realized he had an erection. Busted.

Madison looked down at Alan. ♦Unbutton your jeans. Show us your penis, you little pervert.♦

Alan blushed as he looked up at Madison. ♦Stop it. This is stupid.♦ He shifted uncomfortably.

Barbara rubbed her hand over Alan's thigh. ♦Madison is angry. And, from what I see, she has a right to be angry.♦ She tapped the button on his jeans. ♦Open your pants, boy. Let us have a look at you.♦ Let me see your hard cock♦

Alan felt his face reddening as he slowly unfastened his jeans and lowered the zipper. He looked up at Madison. ♦This is stupid, honey. I wasn't doing anything wrong♦♦

Madison smirked. ♦Okay. Prove it. Lower your underwear. Let us see♦♦ Pervert. Getting all hard for Tiny Tits♦.

Alan slowly pushed his underwear down. His penis immediately sprung up. Fully erect. He sighed and looked away. Damn it♦

Both women stared down at Alan's erection.

Madison stepped back. ♦See, Mother? He's all hard♦ he was jerking off!♦ She frowned.

Barbara stared down at Alan's erect cock. ♦Were you playing with yourself at the basement door, Alan?♦ She gave the head of his penis a quick thump causing him to jump. ♦Well? Tell the truth, young man.♦

Alan covered himself with his hands and leaned forward on the couch. ♦No. I wasn't doing anything. I was watching television♦ that's it♦♦

Madison looked at Barbara. ♦He's lying, mother.♦ She looked down at Alan. ♦You were jerking your little dick♦♦ Her eyes narrowed with anger. ♦You were playing with yourself and thinking about Tiny Tits. You disgust me!♦

Barbara held her hand up, silencing Madison. ♦It's okay, dear. I've told you before, all men are perverts and have no self control.♦ She glanced down at Alan's cock. Cute penis♦ well shaped♦young cock♦ She gently patted Alan's thigh.

Madison turned her back and held a hand on her hip. ♦I don't even want to look at him, Mother. He's a pervert. He needs to leave!♦

Alan's face flushed as he felt Barbara's hand on his thigh. He stared up at Madison's back. ♦Please, honey. babe. I'm sorry♦ I wasn't♦♦

Madison shook her head. ♦Make him leave, mother. I'm done with him!♦ She shook her head. ♦Make him go away. I'm done!♦

Barbara smiled. ♦Okay, Madison. If that's what you want.♦ She glanced down between Alan's legs. ♦However, I didn't see his car out front when I pulled up♦♦ Thankfully♦

Madison tapped her foot impatiently. ♦Screw him! Make him walk home. The nerve! How could he be jacking off and thinking about that bitch? I'm pretty! He doesn't need her! Make him leave!♦, Madison said with a sneer.

Barbara stood up from the couch and picked up her keys. ♦Okay. But, I'll have to take him home, darling. We can't having him walking around town like this.♦ She glanced down at Alan. Nice penis♦

Madison shrugged. ♦Whatever. I just want him gone, mother. I'm done with him. Make him go away.♦ I hate him♦.

Barbara grabbed Alan's arm and pulled him to his feet. She looked over at Madison. ♦Okay. I'll take him home. But, it is your responsibility to keep an eye on Tiny Tits. Make sure she doesn't try to get away♦ Are you up for babysitting, sweetie?♦

Madison nodded. ♦Hell yes. I'll watch that little bitch♦

Barbara pulled Alan towards the front door. ♦Come along, young man. Let's take you home.♦, She glanced down at his erection. ♦Dirty boy♦

Alan reached for his jeans which had fallen to his ankles. Barbara pulled him forward. ♦Leave them down, boy. They're coming off in the car anyway. You're going to masturbate on the way to your house♦ while I watch. I can't have you running around like this. I need to make sure you have taken care of your male urges.♦ She yanked his arm. ♦Move it, child!♦ Barbara glanced over her shoulder at Madison as she closed the front door. ♦Keep an eye on Tiny Tits, sweetie. She's your responsibility.♦ She closed the door behind herself and turned her attention to Alan.

Madison listened as the front door closed. Mother is going to punish him♦ make him masturbate♦ probably give him a spanking♦ She sighed. ♦Good! Fuck him! The little pervert! Looking at Tiny Tits when he has me! Little bastard! She walked over to the hallway and looked at the basement door. Tiny Tits♦ down there. She walked over and sat down on the couch. Grabbing the remote control, she flipped through the channels. Nothing good on♦ all boring stuff♦ She glanced over her shoulder at the basement door. Tiny Tits is down there. In the chair♦ learning her lesson♦ She frowned. ♦That bitch seduced my boyfriend♦. I hate her♦ She rubbed her palms together. ♦I'm going to fuck her♦. Make her pay♦ Mother is out♦ I'm in charge♦

Madison jumped up and stormed down the hallway. Her eyes focused with hatred on the basement door. She giggled. ♦I'm in charge♦ Tiny Tits is going to pay♦ Her beautiful face contorted in anger.

Amber felt drool running down her chin as she struggled against the ball gag in her mouth. She shook her head violently, trying to shake the thick hood off her head. ♦It's dark in here♦ I'm in the basement♦ it stinks♦ She heard something rustling in the far corner. Her heart raced♦ ♦Something's in here♦ in the dark♦ with me♦ She blinked. ♦I need Ross♦ Where are you, lover? Rescue me! She strained against the chains which held her wrists and ankles firmly in place. Where did they put my clothes? I'm naked♦ There are dildos inside me♦ Suddenly, she paused and listened. She heard the bolt on the door upstairs being unlatched. She listened as the door was opened. Footsteps came down the staircase. ♦OMG♦ She tried to form words over the ball gag. ♦Umpfh♦. Urgh♦♦ She pushed on the gag with her tongue. ♦Take it out♦

The lights came on. Amber blinked rapidly as she watched the light flooding through the fabric of the hood which covered her head. She turned slowly, following the sound of the footsteps on the cement floor. ♦Who's there? Who is it? She trembled as she heard someone sorting through the items on the table. ♦What's going on? Suddenly, there was a sharp blow to her bare stomach. She gasped as the air drained from her lungs. She coughed and tried to regain her breath. The fist hit her tummy again. Tears started in her eyes. ♦I can't breathe♦

Madison smiled down at Amber as the girl gasped for air through the thick hood. ♦Little whore♦ little bitch♦ you think you're so pretty♦ She balled her fist and struck Amber full force in the stomach again. ♦Take that. Bitch. She stepped back and giggled. ♦How are you feeling, Tiny Tits?♦, she asked with a sneer.

Amber struggled to regain her breath. She choked on the ball gag. ♦It's Madison! She hates me! Where is Barbara? Madison punched her again. Amber wept.

Madison looked down at the crying girl as she struggled against her restraints. She laughed. ♦You stupid little cunt. You tried to seduce my boyfriend. You want to fuck him don't you?♦ She clenched her small fist and punched the girl's exposed midsection again. ♦You want to fuck my man, don't you Tiny Tits?♦, she shouted.

Amber could barely breathe as the hateful girl continued punching her in the tummy. ♦Ouch♦ stop♦ it♦ She shook her head. ♦No! I don't want your boyfriend♦ I have Ross! She tried to speak but, the ball gag prevented her from forming words.

Madison stepped back and giggled. ♦You're a stupid bitch. Stupid♦ stupid♦ stupid♦♦ She slapped Amber through the hood. ♦Well, you stupid little whore. Now you're going to pay. Mother is gone. I'm in charge now. You had better not disobey me unless you want to get hurt for real.♦ She gave Amber another hard punch. ♦Do you hear me, Tiny Tits?♦ She smiled as Amber gasped for breath. ♦Answer me, whore! You can nod your head yes or no. Do you understand me? Do you want me to really hurt you?♦, she snickered.

Amber felt a chill run down her spine. ♦I alone with Madison♦ She quickly shook her head. ♦No. Don't hurt me♦

Madison sneered. ♦That's good, whore. Nod your head yes or no.♦ She clapped. ♦Now, I'm going to unfasten your restraints. If you try to escape, I'll cut you. I have a knife.♦ I really don't but you can't see♦ stupid bitch.

Amber's blood ran cold with fear. She has a knife♦ she's psycho♦ She felt Madison releasing the chains on her ankles and wrists. She remained totally motionless. No sudden moves♦ she'll stab me♦ She strained to see through the hood.

Madison glared down at Amber as she unfastened the restraints. She has really big tits♦ bigger than mine♦ Her face flushed with rage. She has a nice body♦ I hate her♦ She leaned over and pinched one of Amber's exposed nipples and twisted. She delighted in the girl's obvious pain as she whimpered against the gag. ♦That's right, you little whore. I have the power now. Do as I say and you might not get hurt. Do you understand?♦

Amber shook her head. Yes! I understand! Please stop hurting me!

Madison smiled. ♦That's it, you little cunt. Do what I say. Now♦♦ She twisted Amber's nipple. ♦I want you to stand up. Take those cocks out of your holes. Stand up. Let me look at your ugly body.♦, Madison demanded.

Amber stood up from the chair, slowly lifting herself off the large dildos. She was embarrassed by the squishing sound from between her legs. Vaseline♦ Madison greased the dildos♦ gross♦ She stood up and listened as Madison laughed at her. She really hates me♦ why? I don't even know this girl♦.

Madison looked over the hooded girl from head to toe. She has such a perfect body♦ well shaped♦ she looks like a model♦ blonde hair♦♦ perfect tits♦ firm tummy♦ nice pussy♦ lean, long legs♦ nice pretty feet♦ cute face under the hood♦she's perfect. I hate her! She walked over to the table and picked up a strap on dildo. Turning back to Amber, she frowned. ♦You want to fuck my man, don't you bitch?♦, she demanded.

Amber shook her head. No! I don't even know him! I love Ross!

Madison slapped her. ♦Let's try again, cunt. No lies this time. Don't make me cut you.♦, she said. ♦Now♦ You do want to fuck my man, right?♦, she asked.

Amber stood completely still. What do I do??? She hates me♦ she has a knife♦ She shook her head. Yes. Okay♦ I want to fuck your man♦ whatever you say♦

Madison's face flushed with anger. ♦That's right, you little cunt. You want to screw Alan. You tried to seduce him with your ugly body. You make me sick. Look at you. Mother is right♦ You look like a little boy. You have no shape♦ your boobs look like little pencil erasers♦♦ She giggled. ♦What did you think Alan would see in you? It makes me wonder what Ross sees in you. Look at yourself! Fat tummy♦ fat legs♦ ugly body. You look like a boy!♦ She laughed. ♦Mother says Ross wants you for your money. You have a rich family. Don't you, bitch?♦

Amber nodded weakly. Sure. Okay♦ my parents are wealthy. A tear ran down her cheek. I'm fat♦ I have little tits♦ Ross doesn't love me♦ I'm alone♦

Madison giggled. ♦You're disgusting.♦ She caressed the thick strap on dildo in her palms. ♦Here's what's going to happen now, Tiny Tits. You wanted to get fucked by Alan. Well, now you're going to be fucked by me. Turn around and get on your hands and knees. Don't make me have to cut you.♦

Amber turned around slowly and sank to all fours. Don't cut me♦ She blinked. She felt Madison kneel down between her legs. A moment later, the tip of the dildo touched her pussy lips.

Madison held the dildo against Amber's exposed pussy. ♦Now, cunt. You wanted to be fucked♦ here you go.♦ She shoved the dildo into the crying girl's slit. ♦I might not be Alan♦ but you're getting your wish! Getting fucked!♦ She giggled as she thrust into Amber. ♦How does that feel, Tiny Tits? You like being fucked, don't you?♦

Amber remained still, feeling the horrid object inside her. No. I don't like this♦ I don't like you♦ You're raping me♦

Madison slapped Amber's bare butt. ♦What, tramp? I didn't see your head move♦ You like being fucked, don't you? You're a whore, aren't you?♦ She pushed the dildo deeply into Amber's pussy. You little bitch.

Amber nodded weakly. Yes. Whatever you say♦ She closed her eyes and thought of Ross. He's using me for my parent's money♦ I'm ugly. A tear ran down her pretty face.

Madison smiled as she stared down at Amber's bare back. She held her hands on the girl's hips and pulled herself deeply inside her exposed pussy. ♦You like this, don't you?♦, she asked with a sneer. You cunt.

Amber shut her eyes tightly and fought back the tears. She shook her head. Yes. Whatever you say. I like it♦

Madison thrust the dildo into Amber as far as it would go. ♦For having such little tits, you sure do have a deep pussy, bitch. I bet you fuck a lot, don't you?♦, she asked with a laugh. I hate you.

Amber shook her head. Yes. Okay. Please stop♦.

Madison thrust into Amber. ♦You're such a whore. You're an ugly, fat little whore!♦ She quickly pulled out of Amber and stood up. ♦That's enough, cunt. I don't want you to cum. This fucking is a punishment for you. Not a pleasure! Now get up!♦, she shouted.

Amber quickly rose to her knees and stood up. Her legs felt weak. I'm alone. I'm ugly. I'm a whore♦ Ross is using me♦

Madison unfastened the straps on the dildo and dropped it to the floor. She glared at Amber. Her eyes roamed over the nude teen's body. She beautiful♦ She giggled. ♦You're so ugly, you bitch! Now sit back down on your chair. Put those cocks back inside you!♦ She watched as Amber pushed herself into a seated position on the two dildos. ♦Are they both inside you, whore? You can nod your head.♦, she asked.

Amber nodded. Yes. They're in me♦ don't cut me♦

Madison walked over and fastened the manacles on Amber's wrists and feet. She looked up at the weeping girl with a sneer. ♦Okay, Tiny Tits. What just happened was between you and I. If you ever mention anything to Mother, I'll deny it. Then I'll come down here and cut your little tits off. Do I make myself clear, cunt?♦

Amber shook her head. Yes♦ okay♦ you raped me♦ it's private♦ got it♦

Madison pulled the restraints tight on Amber's wrists. She giggled as she turned towards the staircase. ♦Stay here, Tiny Tits. Enjoy your cocks.♦ She ran up the stairs, laughing.

Amber blinked rapidly. Her pussy was raw. The dildos in her holes hurt. She had never felt more alone. She cried. She let the tears flow. I'm so alone♦ The teardrops ran down her cheeks as the lights went off. She listened to the door closing upstairs. Ross♦ please love me♦ I love you♦

NOTE: I HAD INTENDED THIS TO BE THE LAST CHAPTER IN THE AUBREE SAGA. HOWEVER, DUE TO THE MULTIPLE EMAILS FROM READERS AS WELL AS SEVERAL VERY GOOD REVIEWS ON THIS WEBSITE, I HAVE DECIDED TO CONTINUE THE STORY. SO♦ STAY TUNED FOR THE NEXT UPDATE AS THE ADVENTURES OF TINY TITS AND FUCK TOY CONTINUE! THANKS FOR ALL THE FEEDBACK. I APPRECIATE IT!

Aubree's First Apartment: Part 11

Chapter 35: Lester's Taxi Service:

Aubree rolled over in bed and glanced over at the window. It was strange seeing the afternoon sunlight shining through the curtains. She was normally an ♦early to bed, early to rise♦ person. However, after Winston had picked her up from dean Smith earlier that morning and brought her back to her apartment she had been exhausted. Winston's lustful attentions prior to his departure had only made her more tired. He forced me♦ again♦ Fuck Toy♦ She rubbed her eyes and looked over at the digital clock on her dresser. It's almost 6 PM♦ I've been asleep all day♦ what day is it? Thursday? She pulled the covers off and stretched. Sitting up, she placed her bare feet on the carpet and yawned as she looked up at the picture hanging above her bed. The framed painting depicted three dolphins swimming around a mermaid. I wish I were a dolphin or a mermaid♦ I would swim far away♦ no one would ever catch me♦

She got up and walked across her bedroom and stood in front of the full length mirror. Pulling the nightshirt over her head, she looked at her naked reflection. Turning around, she glanced over her shoulder at her bare bottom. Red welts stood out on her buttocks and her thighs were bruised. Fuck Toy got punished♦ I'm Fuck Toy♦ I got punished♦ She turned back around and stared hard at the mirror. I look different♦ I'm not me anymore♦ She shivered and quickly pulled on a short silk robe and walked across the hallway, fastening the ties as she walked towards the bathroom.

A blue sedan pulled to a stop in front of the apartment building and an older gentleman stepped out. The man was overweight and appeared to be in his mid sixties. He wore dark sunglasses and a ball cap with the words 'Gone Fishing' emblazoned on the front. He looked down at a crumpled piece of paper in his hand and smiled. His teeth were yellow and stained. He turned towards the apartment building and approached the staircase. ♦Now♦ where's 22B?♦, he muttered under his breath.

Aubree finished brushing her teeth and picked up the mouthwash. Her mind raced as she gargled. I've got to come up with a plan. Winston is in control. There must be some way out of this mess. I'm not Fuck Toy! She spit the mouthwash out and grabbed her hairbrush. This is stupid. I've lost my job. I haven't been to school in days. I'm sure I'm going to flunk. I can't go back there anyway. not after what dean Smith did to me. My rent is going to be due soon. I don't have any money. She ran the brush through her long hair. Each stroke of the brush became harder and harder. She bit her bottom lip and stared into the mirror. My life is ruined. I'm a whore. I've been with more men than I can count in less than a week. So much for being a virgin for my future husband. What decent man would want me now? She pushed the brush harder against her scalp. I'm a filthy, dirty whore. What would Momma and Daddy think? She brushed her hair furiously. How can I get away? Winston has nude pictures and videos. he could post them at any time. show them to anyone. I don't even have a phone. he broke it. She pushed the brush through her hair, angrily. I'm just a stupid little Fuck Toy! She threw the brush against the bathroom mirror and screamed at her reflection. FUCK TOY!! FUCK TOY!!! She held her hands over her face and wept.

After several minutes, Aubree regained her composure and stared at her face in the mirror. Her brow creased as a plan formulated in her mind. This is stupid. what's done is done.. I was foolish. not anymore. I'm eighteen. I'm an adult. She quickly walked towards her bedroom and opened the closet. Where is my suitcase? I'll go to Reed and see Momma and Daddy. ask them if I can stay there. Reed is a small town. Winston can't find me there. If he comes around Daddy will kill him anyway. She quickly pulled out her suitcase. I'm outta here. I'll just take what I need. I've got to get away before things get any worse. She stopped suddenly and cocked her head. Was that a knock at the front door? She pursed her lips and walked into the hallway. The knocking came again. Oh my god. it's Winston! She swallowed hard.

Aubree pulled the tiny robe tighter around herself and tiptoed towards the front door. Her bare feet whispered across the carpet. She pressed her hands on the door and looked through the peephole as the knocking came again. She saw an older man wearing a ball cap standing on the porch. She backed away. It's Lester! From the park. from the nature trail!! How did he get here? How does he know where I live? She clenched her bare toes on the carpet. He's Winston's friend. Winston told him where I live. Winston probably sent him. What does he want? She peeked back into the eyehole. Go away! She stepped back as Lester continued knocking. Go away! No one's home! She backed into the living room.

Suddenly, Lester's voice came through the door. Aubree? Hello? I know you're home, little honey. Winston told me what you drive. I see your car. Open the door.

Aubree trembled with fear. What does he want? She slowly crept back towards the peephole. Suddenly, the doorknob turned. The deadbolts creaked as Lester pushed from the outside. His voice came through the door crack. Open up, Aubree. I see you looking through the peephole. Open up now. Don't make me call Winston.

Aubree's heart pounded in her chest. Oh no. She considered her options. He can't get in. I could just go hide in my room. but, I don't have a phone. What if he breaks in? I can't call for help. what if he calls Winston?

Lester knocked on the door again. Louder. Open up, Aubree. Don't be uncooperative, girl. Don't make me give Winston a bad report, young lady. You know what will happen. Winston don't take kindly to hearing about little girls being unruly.

Aubree sniffled as she stepped towards the door. Winston sent him. I can't make him mad. Who is this man? She slowly unfastened the deadbolts and stood back. What does he want? Maybe I can reason with him. Winston isn't around.

Lester pushed the door opened and looked inside. He smiled at Aubree. Hello, cutie pie. Remember me? His eyes started at her bare feet and slowly rose over her tan legs and across the front of her small robe, coming to rest on her wide eyes. He stepped into the apartment as Aubree backed away. Winston asked me to stop by and pick you up. he said as he closed the door behind himself. He flipped the deadbolts into place. It sure does smell good in here. like peaches or something. he smiled at her.

Aubree backed into the living room. She crossed her arms over her tummy and pulled her robe tighter. Pick me up for what? Why? she asked nervously.

Lester grinned. His teeth were dirty and yellow. He walked over and sat down on the couch, making himself at home. It's poker night, girl. Winston said you would be serving drinks. Guys night out. He rubbed his palms together and smiled as his eyes traveled over the young girl. He motioned towards her. Why don't you come over here and let Uncle Lester get a closer look at you, baby? I enjoyed getting to know you at the park the other day. He paused. In fact, I've been thinking about you ever since. You sure are a pretty little thing. He licked his lips. Your body is simply adorable, Aubree. you're a real cutie. I actually volunteered to pick you up for the poker game. Winston was busy. his voice trailed off but his eyes remained focused on the young girl.

Aubree backed towards the hallway. ♦Winston didn't say anything to me about poker night or serving drinks. I think you're mistaken. ♦ Oh my god! He's on my couch! He looks filthy♦ She pulled on the front of her robe.

Lester sat back and crossed his hands behind his head, watching as the teenaged girl fumbled with the ties on her bathrobe. ♦I'd really hate to give Winston a bad report on you, girl. You know he has a mean temper. ♦ He placed his feet on the coffee table. ♦You had best cooperate.♦ His eyes traveled over her, coming to rest on her ample cleavage. ♦That little bathrobe looks really soft. Is it silk?♦

Aubree looked down at her bare legs. I wish this robe wasn't so short♦ She ignored his question. ♦I don't recall Winston saying anything about poker night or serving drinks.♦, she repeated. *Get your feet off my coffee table♦ stop looking at me that way♦ Why did I open the door??*

Lester sat up and slapped his thighs, letting out a raspy laugh. ♦You don't recall, heh?♦ He shook his head. ♦You don't recall♦♦, He repeated slowly. ♦Why don't you come over here, Aubree? I want to get a better look at you. You sure are a pretty. In fact, I think you're the prettiest little girl I've seen in a long time♦ Maybe ever. ♦ He curled a finger at her. ♦Come here, baby. Let Uncle Lester have a look see.♦ His eyes roamed over her bare legs and feet.

Aubree shook her head and looked down at the carpet. ♦I don't want to.♦ She looked up at him through her long lashes. She bit her bottom lip and creased her brow. ♦Let me get dressed first. I don't feel comfortable.♦ She backed against the wall in the hallway and held one bare foot over the other. *Stop looking at me that way♦ you're gross♦* She folded her arms over her breasts.

Lester laughed even louder. ♦Don't feel comfortable?♦ He let out a long laugh which sounded more like wheezing than laughter. ♦Don't feel comfortable?♦, he asked again with a chuckle. He pulled his hat up and ran a hand over his sweaty scalp. ♦Why, you sure do look comfortable to me. That little bathrobe of yours looks mighty comfortable. Hell♦ I bet your not wearing anything under that tiny little robe are you, honey? ♦ He pulled his hat back down and stared at her. His eyes were small and hungry. Drool formed at the corners of his mouth. ♦Are you wearing anything under that little bathrobe, girlie?♦, he asked. His smile melted away as his eyes traveled over her smooth legs.

Aubree held one arm over her silk robe and dropped the other arm over her bare thighs. The garment came to just below her private area. Her legs were on full display. She watched as Lester's beady eyes roamed over her body. ♦Let me get dressed. Then, we can talk.♦ She turned towards her bedroom. *I need to get dressed♦ That's final.*

Lester stood up and cracked his knuckles, causing her to jump. ♦I asked you to come over here, honey. I don't expect to be disobeyed. I can tan your hide just as good as Winston if you make me.♦ He held a hand on his belt buckle. ♦Is that what you need, baby? Do you need to have your hide tanned?♦ He loosened his belt and licked his lips. ♦From what I recall, you have a very pretty little bottom, Aubree. It would be a shame if I had to give it a good belting. Then again, Winston says you're a bad girl and need to be spanked almost everyday.♦ His finger twitched on his belt buckle.

Aubree paused in the hallway and pulled her robe tighter. She glanced over at Lester. *Please stop it♦* She fidgeted with her robe. A cold chill ran over her body as Lester loosened his belt further. She slowly turned and faced him. ♦What do you want?♦, she asked meekly. *Dolphins♦ swimming free♦* She clenched her bare toes.

Lester grinned and sat back down on the couch. ♦That's better, girlie. It's better if you just cooperate.♦ He tapped his leather belt. ♦Now, Aubree♦ Like I said♦ I want you to come over here and let me get a good look at you. You sure are a sexy little thing.♦ He winked at her. ♦I've been doing a lot of thinking about you lately♦ in fact♦ I've been thinking about you nonstop.♦

Aubree reluctantly stepped towards the couch. She avoided making eye contact with the disgusting man. She stopped just across the coffee table and looked down at the carpet. Lester was just a few feet away. *What do you want? I know what you want♦ Fuck Toy♦ dolphins♦*

Lester's eyes roamed over the trembling girl. His gaze seemed to devour her body. ♦How old are you, young lady?♦, he asked, dropping a hand to his crotch. He looked directly at the front of her silk robe.

Aubree shivered. ♦Eighteen.♦ *Don't do this to me♦*

Lester smiled. ♦Eighteen heh? That's a very good age. I like that age♦ Same age as my granddaughter.♦ He stared at her breasts. He could see her nipples through the thin material. ♦You're not wearing anything underneath your robe are you, Aubree?♦, he asked.

Aubree shivered. ♦Why?♦ *Dolphins♦ free♦*

♦Because I asked you. That's why.♦, Lester replied, mocking her. ♦Now answer me♦ are you all naked underneath that little bathrobe, cutie pie?♦ He tapped his belt buckle.

Aubree looked over her shoulder at the hallway. ♦Yes. I'm just wearing a robe. I wasn't expecting visitors.♦ *I didn't invite you♦ ♦That's why I need to♦♦*

Lester interrupted her. *◆ I thought so. I can see your nipples◆ I knew you weren't wearing no bra but I wasn't certain about panties.◆ He leaned forward.◆ It's nice to know you're nice and naked under that little robe.◆ He smiled.◆ I've been thinking about your body a lot since we first met◆ I've been thinking about you a lot, Aubree. You're very pretty◆ I think you're the prettiest girl I've ever seen. I sure wish I had got me some pictures the other day◆ at the park◆ you really looked good in your birthday suit◆◆ His eyes roamed over her smooth legs.*

Aubree took a step backwards. She looked at her bedroom door. She felt frightened. *◆ I've got to remain calm◆ talk him out of this◆◆ Thank you, Lester. I know you like me. That's sweet.◆ She forced a smile.◆ That's very sweet of you. But now, I'd like to go to my room and get dressed if that's okay? I'm sure Winston is expecting us to be somewhere soon◆ We shouldn't keep him waiting.◆ Let me get dressed you sick freak◆.*

Lester shook his head. *◆ Nope. Winston ain't expecting us until eight o'clock. I decided to come by your place early◆ I wanted to tell you how I feel about you. It's been on my mind◆◆ His eyes moved over the front of her legs.◆ I like you a whole bunch, Aubree◆◆ His lip twitched.◆ Your body is perfect. I really want to see it again◆ Don't make me have to be mean to you. Okay? I think we had a connection the other day at the park. Don't you?◆*

Aubree felt dumbstruck. *◆ He's obsessed or something◆ I don't even know this man◆ Oh my gawd! She forced a polite smile.◆ Look, Lester◆ it's probably best if I just get dressed. Okay? Like I said◆ I wasn't expecting visitors◆ Besides, I'd be more comfortable talking with you if I were dressed properly. Do you understand?◆ Her eyes pleaded with him.*

Lester shook his head. *◆ Nope. I don't like that idea. I don't like that idea at all. I like you just the way you are◆ in your little robe◆ That's actually how I've been imagining you◆ in a little robe◆ it's strange◆ just like I imagined you◆◆ His eyes moved up and down her body.*

Aubree felt lightheaded. Her heart pumped with fear. She tried to remain calm. *◆ Lester is a loon◆ She nodded slowly.◆ Okay, Lester. I understand. But, you don't want me to be uncomfortable do you?◆, she asked.◆ Do you?◆, she pleaded.*

Lester rubbed his palms together. *◆ Nope. I don't want you to be uncomfortable.◆ His eyes moved down the front of her legs.◆ It's just that◆ well◆ I've been remembering your little body. I want to see it again. All nice and bare◆ Like you were the other day. You didn't mind showing me at the park the other day when we were with Winston◆ Do you remember?◆ He looked up at her face. His lip twitched.◆ Can you show me your body again, Aubree? I really want to see you again◆ like you were the other day◆ without your clothes◆ all nice and bare◆ Just let me have a quick peek◆ Okay? You're so sexy◆◆*

Aubree took a step back. *◆ I don't think so, Lester. Maybe I can get you a drink. Would you like a soda or something while I get dressed?◆, she asked. She glanced nervously at the kitchen.◆ Oh no◆*

Lester shook his head. *◆ I ain't thirsty.◆ He rubbed his thighs and nodded at her.◆ Why don't you unfasten that little robe and let me look at your nice little eighteen year old body, Aubree?◆ He squeezed his crotch.◆ Those big titties of yours are practically begging to come out anyway◆ I just want to look at them. No harm in that, right?◆ He grinned and licked his cracked lips.◆ Let me have a quick look baby◆ you're so pretty◆ you remind me of my granddaughter.◆*

Aubree held a hand over her mouth and shook her head. She coughed. *◆ Look, Lester◆ I don't think so◆ okay? Please? You're scaring me◆◆ Dolphins◆*

Lester drummed his fingers on his knee impatiently. He stared into her eyes as he unfastened his belt buckle. *◆ Come on, sweetie. Just open that little robe. Let me see you again. You're so cute. I've been thinking about you for days◆ Now, I'm gonna see you again◆ like you were the other day◆ without your clothes. Come on, sugar. You didn't act so shy the other day at the park. Besides, you're a big girl now◆ you should get used to being seen by men◆ You're a very pretty girl and pretty girls are made to be enjoyed. That's what Winston says anyway.◆ He smiled at her.*

Aubree took a step back. *◆ He's out of his mind◆◆ I don't think so, Lester. I need to get dressed. I'm sorry if I◆◆*

Lester waved a hand in the air cutting her off in mid sentence. *◆ We can do it the easy way or the hard way◆ but, one way or the other, I'm gonna see that cute little body again◆ all of it◆ all of your body◆◆ He loosened his belt.◆ What's it gonna be, Aubree? The easy way or the hard way?◆, he asked as his lip twisted into a sneer.◆ Are you going to take off your robe or am I going to take it off for you?◆ His face contorted as his pig like eyes traveled over her. He started to ease the belt out of his pants.*

Aubree looked up at the ceiling and fought back her tears. *◆ He's taking off his belt◆ to beat me◆ to beat Fuck Toy◆ I'm Fuck Toy◆ She swallowed hard.◆ He's going to force me◆ There's no where to run◆ Just get it over with◆ Don't make him angry◆*

She clenched her toes and slowly unfastened her robe. She let the ties fall and the robe slowly fell apart, revealing her firm body to Lester's lustful gaze. She shuddered as she stared down at the carpet. *◆ Fuck Toy◆*

Lester sank back on the couch and whistled through his teeth. ♦Oh my. You sure are pretty, baby. Just like I remember♦♦ His eyes drank in Aubree's firm breasts and large nipples. He looked down at her tan stomach and perfectly shaped navel. His eyes dropped to her shaved pubis and adorable slit peeking from between her tightly closed legs. He leaned forward over the coffee table and grabbed her wrist. ♦Come around the table, honey. Come stand in front of me.♦ He pulled her around the table. ♦Come over here, baby. Don't act shy.♦

Aubree allowed him to pull her slowly around the coffee table. The bottom of the open silk robe caressed the backs of her thighs making her feel even more exposed as she turned towards the lecherous old man. He placed his hands on her hips and ran them over her smooth waist. As his hands moved up her sides, his arms pushed the robe further apart. He cupped her large breasts in his palms. He stared down at her shaved pussy. ♦There now♦ that's the little girl I remember♦ what a beautiful body you have, Aubree♦ you are so sexy♦.♦, he whispered. ♦You're perfect♦ I've never seen a sexier body♦ what a pretty little girl you are♦♦

Aubree crossed her hands under her chin, holding her elbows over her bare breasts as she looked away. *Dolphins♦ swimming free♦* She felt Lester groping her. His hands moved down her stomach. ♦Yes indeed, honey girl. You sure are a pretty little thing. Your body is just perfect♦♦, he cooed.

Aubree shivered. She tried to block out the feeling of Lester's hands roaming over her exposed flesh. *I'm not a fuck toy♦ I'm Aubree!*

Lester licked his lips as he fondled the teenaged girl. He reached up and eased the robe off her smooth shoulders. ♦Let's get this off♦♦ Pulling her arms down by her sides, he smiled as the robe fell to the carpet. ♦There♦ there♦ perfect♦ all nice and bare♦ Good little Aubree♦ good little baby girl♦ just like I remember♦ even better♦♦ He moved his hands down her hips and onto her bare legs. ♦You're so sexy, Aubree. Why don't you turn around and let me look at that firm little ass of yours?♦ He grabbed her hips and slowly turned her around. His eyes focused on her bare butt. ♦What a juicy little bottom you have♦ just like I recall♦♦ He placed a finger at the top of her crack and moved downward tracing the curve of her butt. ♦Delicious.. Yummy♦♦ A string of drool dripped from the corner of his lip.

Aubree looked across the living room at her bedroom door. *Fuck Toy♦ I'm only here for the pleasure of men♦ Pretty girls are made to be enjoyed♦ That's what Winston says♦ I'm good for nothing but sex♦ I hate myself♦* A chill ran down her spine as she felt Lester's eyes on her bare back.

She listened with revulsion as Lester sucked his finger. A moment later, she felt a wet finger slip between her buttocks. She jumped. *Eww!!! ♦Stop it! Don't touch me there!♦* She tried to pull away but Lester's grip was firm. ♦Please stop!♦, she pleaded.

Lester licked his dry lips as he eased his finger into the girl's rectum. ♦Mmmmm. That's really tight, Aubree.♦, he said as he pushed his finger deeper into her tiny hole. ♦I didn't think your asshole could still be so tight after all the anal sex you've been having lately♦ Winston tells me he's butt fucked you more than once♦ Is that true, cutie? Has this little ass of yours been getting a regular fucking?♦, he asked as he pinched her bare buttocks. Sweat glistened on his forehead as he stared hungrily at her adorable backside.

Aubree tried to step forward while pushing on Lester's arm in a futile attempt to get his finger out of her bottom. She was shaking violently and her lips quivered. She felt warm tears starting in the corners of her eyes. ♦Please stop♦♦ *I'm tender in there♦ it hurts♦*

Lester thrust his finger deeper into the squirming girl's rectum. ♦It's okay, Aubree. It's okay that you've had anal sex♦ I still think you're the prettiest girl I've ever seen.♦ He continued to push his finger into her rectum as he squeezed her buttocks. ♦Don't worry about that. It's okay that you've been butt fucked. I still like you, Aubree.♦ He reached around and caressed her tummy. His hand slipped between her legs, tracing her slit. ♦I still like you, honey♦♦ He moved his fingers up her stomach and touched her bellybutton. ♦I like you a lot♦ I like you a whole bunch♦♦

Aubree wanted to run. *Get off me!! Stop it!!!* She squirmed under Lester's probing hands. *You're a sicko!!! Go away!!* A teardrop slowly rolled down her cheek. *Fuck Toy♦ again♦*

Lester pulled his finger out of Aubree's rectum and placed his hands on her hips. He stared at her bare back and enjoyed the feel of her soft flesh beneath his fingers. ♦You're so sexy, Aubree♦ what a delightful little body you have. It's even better than I remembered♦♦ He ran his tongue over his lips as he drank in the lovely teenager's nude body. His eyes locked on the cleft of her buttocks. ♦So beautiful♦ like my granddaughter♦, he said under his breath.

Aubree attempted to push his hands away. She tried to fight back her tears. *I've got to focus♦ can't break down♦ he's a crazy pervert♦ I've got to talk him out of doing anything else to me♦* ♦Okay, Lester. Thank you for the compliments.♦ She fought to keep a steady voice as she glanced at her bedroom door. ♦I'd like to get dressed now. Okay? You've had your look. Okay?♦ A tear rolled down her nose and dripped onto the carpet. *Fuck Toy♦* She looked down at the robe, bunched around her bare feet. ♦Just let me get dressed♦ okay? I let you look at me like you wanted♦ now I'm cold. I need to put my clothes on. Okay?♦ *Please let me go!*

Lester massaged her bare legs and moved his hands up her inner thighs as he stared at her firm butt. ♦Nope. I don't want you to get dressed just yet, honey. You've got such an adorable body. Why do you want to

cover it up? Why does a body like this need clothes? he asked as he drank in her lovely form. I think pretty little girls like you should be nude all the time it should be the law the world would be a better place if all the young ladies were naked, he chuckled.

Aubree crossed her arms over her bare breasts and shivered. Please, Lester. I'm cold I'm nude I don't even know you this is embarrassing She choked back a sob. Please let me go to my room. Okay? Please

Lester nodded. Okay, he suddenly agreed. Let's go to your room. He stood up and grabbed her hand.

Aubree froze. She sucked in a deep breath. I I

Lester squeezed her hand. Come on, Aubree. He patted her bare bottom. Let's go to your room. He eased her forward with a large hand on the small of her back. Show me your bed, honey.

No I mean I want to get dressed I, Aubree stammered.

Lester guided the nude girl towards the hallway. Stop your mumbling, Aubree. Be a big girl. Get along now, he said as he pushed her into the bedroom.

Aubree wanted to pull away. She wanted to run. However, she went totally numb as Lester guided her into the bedroom. What's happening? I've got to stop him from doing this I Dolphins Aubree's mind went blank.

Lester paused in the doorway as he eased the nude girl forward. Lay down, beautiful. I want to see what you look like on the bed. He motioned at her. Go on now lay down I want to look at you on the bed. I've been imagining you on your bed all nice and naked lay down now, Aubree. Let Uncle Lester get a proper look at you, he commanded.

Aubree's heart raced as she sat on the edge of the bed. She folded her hands in her lap and stared down at her bare toes. She tried to clear her head. Look Lester I let you see me like you wanted now I want to get dressed I'm cold and

Lester shook his head. Shut up. He took a step forward causing Aubree to shrink back. He pointed at her. I said lay down. NOW LAY DOWN! he shouted.

Aubree's heart jumped. He had not yelled at her until now. Fear welled up inside her. She quickly pushed herself completely onto the bed and eased herself onto an elbow. Okay it's okay, she said timidly. Don't hurt me I'm a good girl

Lester's face flushed. No, Aubree! I said lay down! On your back! Flat on your back! Feet towards me! he snapped.

Aubree sank to her back on the mattress. She folded her arms over her breasts and stared up at the ceiling. I'm freezing She looked at the vent above her bed. The cold draft from the air conditioner made goose bumps rise across her flesh. Freezing

Lester smiled. That's better. You look pretty, Aubree. He walked over and looked down at her. You have such an adorable body. Curves in all the right places If I had to think up a pretty girl, you would be the girl He grabbed her ankles. Open your legs, sugar. Let Uncle Lester see what you've got. He slowly pushed her legs apart and stared down at her exposed labia. Very nice you have a plump pussy looks soft, he whispered.

Aubree closed her eyes. Got to get away Why did I open the door?? She squeezed her elbows and pulled her arms tightly over her breasts. Leave me alone She swallowed hard and fought back the urge to cry.

Lester knelt down and took off his cap. Now you just relax, little honey. I'm gonna get me a taste of that eighteen year old pussy now. He leaned forward and placed the tip of his tongue on the top of her exposed labia. He traced her slit all the way down and pressed his fingers against her pussy lips, easing them apart to reveal the young girl's clitoris. There we go, little girl there we go, he cooed as he leaned forward and touched her clit with the tip of his tongue.

Aubree winced and looked away as Lester's tongue played across her exposed sex. Disgusting gross She slowly sat up and tried to push him away. Please stop This isn't right. She pushed on his shoulders. Please stop. I don't like this, she winced.

Lester looked up at her. His face became harsh. I was trying to do something for you, honey. I wanted to make you feel good I only want to make you happy His eyes darkened. I guess you don't appreciate me none too much, he muttered under his breath. He stood up and looked down at her with his hands on his hips.

Aubree sat up quickly. I've got to think! He's a stupid hillbilly I can play him She forced a smile. No, Lester. I do appreciate you but I think we're rushing things. Do you know what I mean? She held one hand over her privates. Normally, a girl goes on a few dates before the physical stuff you know?, she asked quietly. A warm tear rolled down her cheek. She quickly wiped it away.

Lester stared at her blankly for a moment. ♦Yep. I think I hear you just fine♦♦, he said. ♦I understand. I guess I'm rushing our love♦ I guess I like you so much that I couldn't contain myself, honey babe.♦ He shook his head and looked down at her. ♦It's just hard to control myself when you're all naked and stuff♦♦

Aubree nodded quickly in agreement. ♦That's right, Lester. It's hard to control. So, why don't you let me get dressed? Then, we can talk and get to know one another. Okay?♦ She stood up quickly and looked over at her closet. ♦I'm freezing♦ She forced herself to smile. ♦I forgive you, Lester. I'm going to get dressed now and then we can talk. Okay?♦

Lester was slack jawed as he watched Aubree walk towards the closet. Suddenly, his glazed eyes cleared. ♦Wait a minute, babe. Winston said he left some clothes for you to wear tonight. They're under the bed.♦ He knelt down and lifted the bed skirt peering underneath the mattress. ♦Here we go♦♦

Aubree's heart sank. ♦Oh no♦ what clothes???

Lester removed a box from underneath the bed. ♦Here♦ just like Winston said♦♦ He smiled broadly as he placed the box on the bed.

Aubree shivered. She turned towards her closet and pulled the door open. ♦Okay, Lester. Let me throw some clothes on and then we'll look at what Winston left for me. Okay? You said he's not expecting us until eight o'clock. Right?♦ Without waiting for his answer, Aubree grabbed a pair of jeans from the closet. ♦Got to get dressed♦ fast♦

Lester didn't seem to hear her as he opened the box. He pulled out a black leather halter top vest and a pair of daisy duke blue jean shorts. ♦Wow♦♦ He held the halter top up. ♦Look here♦ look what Winston left for you, sweetie♦♦, he exclaimed. He turned toward her and frowned. ♦Why are you putting on jeans? Winston wants you to wear this stuff♦♦, he said.

Aubree had the jeans around her ankles and was struggling to pull them up. ♦We'll look at that stuff in a second, Lester, just give me a minute.♦ She started to pull the jeans up. ♦Pervert♦ freak♦

Lester took a quick step forward and grabbed Aubree's bare arm. ♦Now you just wait a minute, honey. Take them jeans back off♦ I didn't say you could get dressed.♦, he barked.

Aubree tried to pull the jeans up but, Lester slapped her hands away. ♦Take them jeans off♦ what are you doing, Aubree?♦, he asked.

Aubree froze. ♦Lester♦ I thought you understood♦ I'm cold♦ I want to♦♦

Lester squeezed her arm. ♦Now, you step right back out of those damned jeans, Aubree. I won't take no for an answer. Winston was very specific about what you're gonna wear tonight♦.♦ He pulled her backwards, placing his foot on the jeans. ♦Get them off♦♦

Aubree staggered backwards and looked down at the crumpled jeans on the floor. ♦Lester♦ please♦ I'm cold♦ I♦♦

Lester shook his head. ♦Winston was very specific about what you're going to wear tonight, honey. There ain't no if's and's or maybes about it♦♦ He stared hard at the nude girl. ♦Besides♦♦ His eyes roamed over Aubree's nude body. ♦You and I are gonna lay down on the bed for a little while♦♦, he whispered. ♦I want to show you how I feel♦♦

Aubree crossed her hands over her breasts. She looked down at the jeans on the floor. A chill ran over her naked body. ♦But, Lester♦ I thought you understood. We can't rush things. We should get to know each other.♦, she said weakly. ♦Dolphins♦ swimming in the deep blue sea♦ free♦

Lester grinned. ♦That's right, sweetie. We do need to get to know each other♦ and that's exactly what's we're gonna do♦♦ He slowly unfastened his trousers. ♦Now, you just lay down on the bed, Aubree. On your back. We're gonna get to know each other real good♦♦

Aubree stood by the closet staring at the floor. She held a hand over her mouth. She could see Lester undressing out of her peripheral vision. ♦He's going to make me have sex♦ I'm Fuck Toy♦

Lester pulled his underwear down and kicked them aside. He was fully erect and precum dribbled from the head of his penis as he stared at the naked girl. He sat down on the mattress and stroked his cock. ♦Come over here, Aubree. Let's get to know each other.♦, he smiled.

Aubree hesitated for a moment before turning towards the bed. She reluctantly stepped towards Lester. She could feel his eyes burning into her exposed body. ♦I'm just a whore now. Nothing more♦ Aubree the fuck toy♦

Lester's lip twitched as he watched the nude teenager slowly walk towards him. ♦That's it, Aubree♦ come to Uncle Lester♦♦ He stared at her large breasts as they swayed provocatively with each step. ♦Come over here, girl♦♦ He smiled broadly as Aubree stopped in front of him, inches away. He reached up and grasped her full breasts, squeezing her nipples lustfully. ♦You're perfect, Aubree♦ what beautiful tits you have♦♦,

he whispered. ♦Now♦ kneel down, honey babe♦ I want to feel your mouth on my cock♦♦ He closed his eyes as he pushed the girl down in front of himself.

Aubree knelt between the disgusting man's fat thighs. She watched as he squeezed his testicles with one hand while stroking himself with the other. He's a sick pervert♦ like all men♦ sick perverts♦ She wiped a tear from the corner of her eye.

Lester placed a hand behind her head and eased her forward. ♦Now, Aubree♦ let's get to know each other better♦♦ He guided her towards his stiff penis. ♦Open those pretty lips now. That mouth of yours is good for more than complaining♦♦, he commanded.

Aubree trembled as she leaned forward. She closed her eyes and slowly parted her lips. Fuck Toy♦ my lips are cock cushions♦ like Winston says♦

Suddenly, a muffled cell phone rang. Lester paused and looked down at his crumpled clothing. ♦Shit.♦ He pushed Aubree away and leaned forward grabbing his trousers. ♦Son of a bitch♦♦ He pulled his cell phone out.

♦Hello?♦ He frowned. ♦Yeah♦ yeah♦ no♦ I'm already here. I'm with her now♦.♦ He glanced down at Aubree. His eyes moved over her trembling body. ♦Nope♦ that's right♦ I'm here now♦ she's with me♦♦, he said timidly.

Aubree quickly stood up and backed away. She crossed her arms over herself. Her heart raced. Oh my god♦

Lester nodded. ♦She's good. Almost ready♦ I found the clothes♦ just like you said♦ under her bed♦♦ He glanced down at the box on the bed. ♦Of course not, man! I wouldn't pull that shit on you♦ I know the rules.♦ He knelt down in front of his clothes. ♦Count on that. We'll be on time♦ Thanks, man♦ I♦♦ He suddenly looked down as the phone went dead. ♦Holy shit.♦

Lester looked up at the nude teenager as the blood drained from his face. His eyes narrowed. ♦You're gonna get me in trouble, you little vixen!♦, he exclaimed.

Aubree backed away. ♦What?♦ Her heart pounded. Dolphins♦

Lester started pulling on his clothes. ♦You heard me.♦, he said with a glare. ♦You're trying to tempt me.♦ He quickly got dressed as Aubree cowered in the corner. He wagged his finger at her. ♦You're just a little temptress♦ I should have listened to Winston! He told me what a little slut you are.♦ He finished pulling on his pants and stepped towards her. ♦Now, let's get you dressed.♦, he said as he buttoned his shirt. ♦Vixen. Little whore.♦ He shoved the cell phone into his pocket.

Aubree felt confused. ♦What? I don't know what you're talking about♦ you said you wanted♦♦, she stammered.

Lester slapped her across the face. She staggered backwards and fell to her knees. Holding a hand over her cheek, she stared up at Lester pathetically. Why is he hitting me? She bit her bottom lip. Goosebumps rose over her bare skin.

Lester grabbed her hair and pulled her to her feet. ♦I was wrong about you. You're just a little whore♦ like Winston said♦ he warned me♦ He said you were a little slut.♦ He curled his hand in her hair and yanked her towards the bed. ♦Get over here, tramp.♦ He jerked her towards the bed.

Aubree grabbed Lester's hand and tried to free her hair. ♦Ouch! Please stop!♦, she squealed. ♦You're hurting me!♦

Lester shoved her forward. ♦Get over there, tramp. You little slut. You act like a little Barbie doll. Tempting men. Just like Winston said. Well, it's time to get little Barbie doll dressed in her evening wear.♦ Aubree fell across the bed. Lester smacked her bare butt with his open palm. ♦Little slut. Little temptress.♦, he growled.

Aubree pushed herself up from the mattress and scooted backwards on her elbows, glancing up at Lester fearfully. ♦What's wrong? Why are you mad? I thought you liked me♦ I thought♦♦ Her heart pounded. Oh ♦ my♦ gawd!!!

Lester shook his head. ♦That's the problem♦ You think too much♦ always plotting♦ trying to trap men in your net♦ jiggling your big tits♦ a little vixen! Just like Winston told me♦♦ He reached down, grabbing the box and dumping the remaining contents onto the bed. A pair of six inch heels and thong panties fell onto the mattress alongside the halter top vest and jean shorts. He gave Aubree a hard look. ♦Here's Barbie's outfit for the evening.♦, he smirked. ♦Let's get you all prettied up for Ken.♦, he said with a hateful laugh.

Aubree shivered. She held one hand over her pubis and the other arm crossed over her bare breasts. She winced as Lester clapped his hands impatiently.

♦Come on, Barbie! Get into your evening wear! Ken's waiting!♦, Lester pointed at the clothes. ♦Get them clothes on♦ NOW!♦, he shouted. His face was pale and sweat glistened on his forehead.

Aubree looked up at him through narrowed eyelids. He's insane Out of his mind That was Winston that called Lester is in trouble with Winston he's losing it She slowly eased herself towards the pile of clothes. She glanced back at Lester. These clothes aren't decent. I can't wear these outside. I'm not a whore

Anger washed across Lester's face. The veins on his temples pulsed. YOU'LL WEAR EXACTLY WHAT I SAY YOU'LL WEAR, TRAMP! he screamed at her. NOW, GET DRESSED! HURRY UP! He stared hard at her. Hurry up. he whispered through clenched teeth.

Aubree shrank away from him. Glancing down at the pile of clothing, she picked up the thong panties between two fingers. These are way too small. she said weakly.

Lester growled. His eyes burned into her. Put em on... Now. he hissed.

Aubree's heart pounded as she hurriedly pulled on the tiny thong panties. She glanced over at Lester and frowned as he pointed.

She quickly picked up the jean shorts. These are ridiculous She pulled them on quickly, forcing them over her thighs. She had to suck in her stomach to pull up the zipper. The shorts were skin tight. She could barely fasten the top button. She looked up at Lester. I don't think these clothes are the right size

Lester snapped his fingers. Get them on. Hurry up. he said quickly. His eyes darted around the room like a trapped animal. He glanced down at his watch. Hurry up.

Aubree rapidly pulled the leather halter vest over her shoulders. She zipped up the front. The zipper only came to the middle of her cleavage, leaving the tops of her ample mounds bare. The vest was small, leaving her tummy on full display.

Lester nodded at her. Now the heels. Get them on, tramp. Hurry up. he motioned at the shoes.

Aubree hated heels. She never wore them. She slowly pulled the six inch heels over her feet. I can't walk in these She fastened the straps reluctantly.

Lester smiled down at her. His eyes were cold. That's good, Barbie doll. It's time to go see Ken He grabbed her elbow, pulling her up. Let's go.

Aubree allowed him to lead her across the living room towards the front door. She felt ashamed and embarrassed as he opened the door and pushed her outside. I need my purse and keys She whimpered quietly as Lester shoved her onto the porch. He turned towards her and smiled. Let's go, Barbie doll. he said as he closed the door and guided her towards the stairs. Her pulse quickened. My apartment isn't locked! She started to speak but an evil look from Lester silenced her. He forced her down the staircase towards the parking lot.

The evening air was hot. Crickets chirped from the trees across the parking lot. Aubree struggled to keep her balance in the high heels as Lester guided her across the pavement. I'm not decent I can't be in public this way She looked down at her clothing as Lester pulled her towards his car. The leather halter top was tight. Her cleavage was clearly visible. Her tummy was exposed from four inches above her navel all the way down to the top of the tight jean shorts. The shorts rode low on her hips and high on her thighs. In the high heels, she looked like a stripper. I'm no better than a stripper I'm even worse I'm a fuck toy A teardrop rolled down her cheek as Lester pushed her into his sedan. She stumbled on the high heels. As Lester closed the car door, her eyes raced across the apartments. I hope nobody saw me like this I'm not a slut I'm Aubree! I'm Aubree Sidney! From Reed! Not a slut

Tears trickled slowly down her cheeks as Lester pulled the car away. I'm Aubree! Not Fuck Toy! She glanced anxiously back at her apartment building. The door isn't locked someone could get in She shot a quick glance at Lester. He's crazy Oh my god dolphins She shook violently as Lester gunned the gas. The car raced away into the dim light of dusk.

Chapter 36: Liquor in the Front. Poker in the Rear:

Aubree looked over at Lester as he pulled the blue sedan into the parking lot in front of a large nondescript warehouse. The sun was setting and shadows fell across his face. His eyes were shadowed. She shivered. Look, Lester just take me home okay? You don't have to do what Winston says He's a bad person evil She crossed her arms over her bare tummy and fumbled with the zipper on the halter top. Please take me home. she pleaded. Please!

Lester turned off the ignition and opened the door. Not a chance, Barbie doll. he said quickly as he stepped out of the car. Not a chance. He slammed the door shut and walked around to the passenger side, pulling Aubree from the car. Come on, Barbie let's go

Aubree allowed him to pull her towards the large warehouse. She glanced up at him, timidly. Where are you taking me? The question was frank and totally honest. Aubree had no idea where they were. Her high heels clicked loudly on the asphalt. She struggled to maintain her balance. I hate high heels they're for sluts and strippers She frowned and her eyebrows creased I'm a slut now She bit her bottom lip, forcing back new tears.

Lester's mouth twitched. He quickly looked away. Poker night, girl. Like I said Poker night He said. Come on Barbie

Lester stopped in front of a blank grey door and rang the bell. A moment later a buzzer sounded and Lester pulled the door open. Let's go, he said as he pushed Aubree into the warehouse.

As they entered the cavernous warehouse, Aubree's eyes adjusted to the dim light. It's dark in here Her heels clicked on the dusty concrete floor as Lester pulled her into the darkness. The sound of their footsteps echoed off the high ceilings and walls. This place is huge She looked nervously over at Lester as he guided her between the rows of metal shelves which lined the floor. Where are we??? She swallowed hard and almost felt thankful Lester was with her. This place is old and scary The smell of musty boxes and decaying paper mixed with the faint smell of gasoline and grease. The overall feeling of the place was dark and decaying. Aubree ran her palms over her arms. It's cold

Lester pulled her down an aisle of shelves. Come on, Barbie. We're almost there, he said with a mocking venom which made her heart skip a beat. Keep moving.

Aubree could see a light ahead through the darkness of the vast warehouse. She heard rough laughter and the sound of beer bottles. She began to detect the smell of cigarette smoke. Winston Her heart sank. Poker night

A voice called out from the dim light ahead. Lester? Is that you, old man?

Lester cleared his throat. Yeah. It's me. I've got the chick with me

Suddenly, Winston's silhouette appeared at the end of the aisle. The flash of a lighter briefly revealed his face. Well well and here they are, he said as he exhaled smoke into the dank air. And, only twenty minutes late! That's got to be a record for you, Les, he commented in a deadpan voice.

Lester shrugged and shoved Aubree towards Winston. Sorry, man. She took awhile to get changed into her clothes. She said they didn't fit, he laughed nervously.

Aubree stumbled into Winston's arms. He grabbed her face with both hands and lifted her head up so that their eyes met. The cigarette hung from his lip. Ashes trickled down his shirt as he stared at her. Have you been difficult, little girl? he asked quietly.

Aubree tensed. Every muscle in her body seemed to contract. No, sir, she whispered. I'm not difficult I just don't like these clothes Besides Lester tried to have sex with me he wanted me to put his thing in my mouth I didn't want to and Her mouth moved without forming words. She stared up at Winston. I'm Aubree pleased to meet you not Fuck Toy She quickly looked away from his piercing gaze.

Winston smiled and took a long drag on his smoke. The tip of his cigarette crackled and bright orange cherries dripped from the end. Smoke enveloped his face in a bluish cloud. He squeezed her face between his large palms. Have you been difficult, little girl? he repeated.

Aubree stared into the darkness, avoiding his sharp gaze. No, sir. I haven't been difficult It's just that I don't like high heels and these clothes are way too small and

Winston cupped a hand under her chin and squeezed her mouth open. He lifted the cigarette over her lips. Have you been difficult, little girl, he asked again. His finger twitched.

Aubree stared up at the cherry hanging from the end of his smoke. The ash was long. She closed her eyes. I'm Aubree. Pleased to meet you I'm from Reed I don't know any Fuck Toy Dolphins

Winston flipped the ash into her mouth. He smiled as the young girl gagged on the cigarette ashes. He pushed her backwards and watched her sink to one knee, retching. A long strand of drool dripped from her mouth. She held a hand over her bare stomach. Winston's eyes traveled over her skimpy attire. He laughed. Nice outfit, Fuck Toy. Looks good on you does your body justice He took another long drag on his smoke and glanced over his shoulder.

Aubree fell forward with one hand on the floor and the other over her tummy. She tried to speak but gagged instead. She watched the drool dripping from her mouth. A puddle of spit was forming on the floor beneath her. She gagged again. She tried to stand up but slipped on the high heels. She fell forward, on all fours. He flipped ashes in my mouth. Sickening She coughed and tried to clear her throat.

Get up, Fuck Toy. Winston's statement was clear and straightforward. He looked down at her with unconcealed contempt. Get up. Stop being a lazy girl, he said with impatience. All you ever want to do is lay around.

Lester laughed suddenly. ♦Take it easy, man. She's here. We're cool. Maybe little Aubree is nervous or something♦♦ He looked over at Winston. ♦You know? She's never been to poker night or anything♦ maybe she's just a little nervous♦♦, he chuckled.

Winston nodded. He smiled as he took a step towards Lester. ♦Maybe you're right, old man♦ maybe.♦ He blew cigarette smoke over his head. ♦Then again, maybe not.♦ He backhanded Lester across the face, staggering him. ♦You fucked her didn't you, old man? You fucked her against my explicit orders!♦, he said loudly.

Lester held his arms up defensively. Blood trickled down his chin. ♦Nope! I didn't touch her!♦, he said quickly. He looked down at the gagging girl. He pointed at her. ♦She tempted me though. Just like you said she would♦ it was just like you said♦ she shook her ass and ♦ and♦ tempted me♦ but, I didn't do nothing.♦, he said fearfully.

Winston nodded slowly. He stared back and forth from Lester to Aubree. A half smile formed on his lips. He looked directly into Lester's eyes. ♦I was just kidding, old man. You need to learn how to take a joke.♦ He threw his cigarette on the ground and crushed it out with his heel. ♦Just a joke, old man.♦, he repeated. ♦Have a seat.♦ He motioned at the table behind him, smiling.

Lester stumbled over to the table and sat down.

Aubree looked up timidly. Winston stood a few steps away, staring down at her. She wiped her chin with the back of her hand and looked past him. A round card table was set up underneath a bright fluorescent light in an open area. Three men sat at the table. Lester sat, massaging his bleeding lip. A grey haired black man who appeared to be in his mid-fifties sat with his elbows on the table and a large cigar hanging from his lip. The third man looked to be in his early twenties. He had shaggy, disheveled hair and multiple tattoos on his arms. He wore a blue work shirt with a name patch on the front. He held a bottle of beer to his lips and winked at her.

Aubree slowly rose to her feet. She crossed her arms over her bare midriff and looked nervously at Winston. Those men are looking at me♦ I look like a whore♦ the young guy is cute♦ Her mind raced. I hate Winston.

Winston lit another smoke. He waved his hand at the table. ♦Welcome to poker night, Fuck Toy. Perhaps, you should get to know the players♦ since, you're the evening's prize.♦

Aubree bit her bottom lip. I'm not here♦ this isn't real♦ I'm no prize for anyone♦ dolphins in the ocean swimming free♦

Winston grabbed her elbow, pulling her towards the card table. ♦You know Lester, little girl. For the rest of the night, we'll call him Lester the Molester. By the way, I think old Les here is kinda sweet on you, honey.♦. Winston laughed. Lester scowled and quickly looked away.

Winston turned towards the black man. ♦This is Roy. He's got a really big cock and likes to use it. Don't tell his wife though.♦ Roy nodded and held a large finger over his lips. ♦Shhhh.♦ He rolled the cigar between his thumb and forefinger.

♦And this♦♦, Winston motioned at the young man, ♦is Brad. He works here and has graciously allowed us to use the warehouse facilities after hours. He likes little girls like you. He has interesting ways of♦ shall we say, enjoying little whores.♦, Winston said with a wink. Brad gave Aubree a wink and a flick of the tongue.

The men drank in Aubree from head to toe with unconcealed lust in their eyes. She looked down timidly at her tight halter vest and tiny shorts. I've become a whore♦ doing whatever my pimp says♦ she folded her arms over her bare tummy and crossed her legs. She shivered as she stared down at the high heels. I don't like this♦ She took a step back. Glancing over her shoulder, she looked at the darkness of the vast warehouse surrounding them. ♦Where are we?♦, she asked meekly.

Winston ignored her as he pulled up a chair at the table. He reached for a deck of cards. ♦Okay, gentlemen. The evening's ante is \$20.00 per hand to start. The first round will be Mexican Sweat. He shuffled the deck.

Aubree stumbled on her high heels and struggled to regain her balance. The sound of the heels echoed off the high ceiling.

The men at the table turned to look at her. Winston let out an exasperated sigh. ♦Well, gentlemen. I see our little waitress can't seem to stay still.♦ He blew a smoke ring into the dank air. ♦He pointed at a large cooler sitting in the corner. ♦Get us a round of beers, Fuck Toy.♦

Aubree sucked in a breath. She looked down at her shoes. Fuck you! I'm not your servant! She slowly walked towards the beer cooler. ♦Okay.♦, she said quietly. She pulled open the lid and looked down at the iced bottles. The cooler was packed with beer and liquor. ♦What kind of beers do you want?♦, she said weakly.

The men at the table laughed. Winston dealt the cards. ♦Beer, you stupid little fuck. If we want liquor, we'll let you know.♦

Aubree blushed. She pulled four bottles from the cooler. She heard Winston dealing the cards behind her and felt the men's eyes on her bottom as she bent over. The young man named Brad whistled at her. I hate

him She stood up and turned towards the table, placing a bottle in front of each leering man.

Winston looked up at her. Well?

Aubree stared at him with questioning eyes. *I hate you. Pervert.*

Winston frowned. Open the god damned bottles, idiot girl, he hissed.

Aubree quickly grabbed each bottle, twisting off the lids. She saw the black man, Roy, looking down the front of her vest as she leaned over. He sucked deeply on his cigar and exhaled smoke from the side of his mouth. His eyes never left her chest. She's a real looker, Winston. A real fine piece of meat, he said in a deep voice.

Winston nodded as he stared down at his cards. Yep. She ain't too bad. He threw a twenty on the table. I raise, he stated.

The men each cast in their money. Roy looked over at Aubree as she backed away. He picked up his fresh bottle of beer and took a swallow. Yes, sir. That's one fine snow angel. He chewed on the cigar.

Winston shrugged. She isn't bad. Squirms a little bit when she's taking it in the ass

The men laughed. Brad reached over and placed a hand on Aubree's bare thigh. How old is she, man? he asked.

Aubree backed away, out of his reach. Stop talking about me like I'm not here

Winston examined his cards. Eighteen with the mentality of a ten year old very nice body but dumb as a box of rocks, he stated evenly.

Aubree crossed her arms over her bare tummy and looked away. I'm not some piece of meat I'm Aubree! From Reed! I'm not dumb! I'm in college!

Winston glanced over at her. Take those god damned heels off, girl. Stop stumbling around like an idiot. You have no balance. And, get the shorts off too. I think we would all like to have a good look at that tight ass of yours, Fuck Toy, he demanded. You can't seem to do anything correctly so it seems your tight little body is your only redeeming factor

Aubree didn't resist. I'm Fuck Toy She quickly unlaced the heels and pulled them off, casting them aside. Okay, she said. She took a step back and folded her arms over her jean shorts. Her bare feet felt cold.

Winston grinned at her. The shorts. He pointed. Take them off, he said quietly.

Aubree felt a sheen of sweat forming on her forehead. Her heart raced with anxiety. She caught a glimpse of Brad flicking his tongue. I hate you. She looked away as her fingers fumbled with the tight buttons on the shorts. Fuck Toy. Ready to be inspected She lowered the zipper and pushed the shorts down her bare legs, stepping out of them. She stood up, facing the men around the table wearing only her tiny panties and a tight leather vest which did nothing to cover her stomach. Goosebumps rose across her exposed flesh. She looked down at her bare feet. I hate you all. Anger swelled inside her. She suddenly stared up at the men with a look of defiance. I'm not Fuck Toy! I'm Aubree!, she said loudly.

The men around the table paused. The silence was deafening. Then, everyone laughed. Winston threw his cards on the table and stood up. Well, gentlemen. She's Aubree. Excuse me Not Fuck Toy, he said as he stepped towards her with a mocking grin.

Aubree backed away and tried to pull her small vest down. I'm Aubree! At least use my real name! Asshole! She watched as Winston approached her. I'm Aubree I'm Aubree I'm Her mind went blank with fear as she looked into his eyes.

Winston stood with his hands on his hips, staring down at her. What was that? he questioned.

Aubree swallowed. I'm Aubree. I don't like Fuck Toy. That's not my name, she said as she tried to muster strength.

Winston nodded slowly Not Fuck Toy, heh? he asked quietly.

Aubree shook her head. She looked down at her bare toes. I'm Aubree. That's my name. Use it.

Winston smiled. Okay, Aubree, he said with unconcealed contempt. Take your panties off. You've been a bad girl. Take them right off and hand them to me. You know what bad little girls get, he said flatly with a snap of his fingers.

Aubree shot a quick look over her shoulder. She closed her eyes and swallowed. I've had enough of this abuse No. My panties are staying on, she said in a matter of fact tone. Screw you! Her eyelids narrowed as she glared up at Winston with a defiant look.

Winston picked up his beer and took a long gulp. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and spit. He smiled slightly as the other men chuckled at the table. ♦So♦ your name is Aubree and your panties are staying on♦ Is that what you just said to me, you little cunt?♦, he said evenly.

Aubree's heart jumped. Her eyes rushed over the dark warehouse. ♦Yes. You heard me.♦, she said, trying to sound strong. ♦I'm leaving.♦, she stated as she turned away. *Up yours, asshole!* She took a small step towards the dark aisle leading away from the card table. *You don't own me. Nothing you have matters now. You've played all your cards. You can't hurt me anymore. I'm leaving.* She hurried away from the table and towards the darkness of the warehouse aisle. *Try to stop me, asshole! I'll tear your eyes out!*

Winston laughed as Aubree vanished into the darkness♦ he took out a fresh cigarette. ♦Well. Here we go again.♦, he said under his breath. ♦If there's one thing Aubree is, it's a runner.♦, he said calmly.

The men at the table shifted uncomfortably and looked up at him.

Brad spoke up. ♦You're going to let her talk to you like that, man?♦, he asked incredulously. ♦And then, just take off?♦ He shook his head.

Roy chewed on his cigar. ♦That's one mouthy little bitch, Winston.♦, he said around his cigar. ♦I wouldn't take that shit from her♦♦ He picked up his beer bottle and shrugged. ♦That's bullshit.♦

Winston lit his fresh smoke. He listened as Aubree's bare feet padded away into the darkness. He smiled at the men seated around the card table. ♦This warehouse is locked up tighter than the federal reserve. She isn't getting away. I was actually waiting for this♦ you see♦ Aubree likes to play chase. She likes to run away♦ makes her think she's in control. She isn't♦ but♦♦, he paused. ♦Let's let her think she's getting away♦.♦, he spat on the floor and flicked a hot ash. ♦Let's let her run away. Then♦ the hunt shall begin.♦, he said quietly.

The men laughed. Their laughter increased as they realized what Winston was proposing.

Brad lifted his beer in a toast. ♦To Winston. Master of unruly hot bitches!♦, he said loudly.

All three men lifted their beer bottles in a toast. ♦To Winston!♦, Brad repeated.

Lester sat his beer back down and scratched his chin as the others laughed. He looked away into the darkness. *Winston is evil♦ Aubree is a good girl.* He frowned. *A good girl♦*

Winston took a seat. He listened as Aubree's whimpering became more and more distant. *Run you little bitch♦ run!* He flicked an ash. He gathered the cards and shuffled the deck absent mindedly. He glanced back up, allowing his gaze to travel over each of the three men seated before him. The sound of Aubree's retreat into the darkness had faded away. He shuffled the cards. *Try and hide, little girl. Give it your best shot.*

♦Well, gentleman♦ it seems our little Fuck Toy has decided to run away♦ it seems to be a habit for her. A routine.♦, Winston smiled. He looked down at the deck of cards in his hand. ♦Here's the deal♦♦, Winston said with a long pause.

The men leaned forward, attentive to anything Winston might say. Lester reached into his front pocket and withdrew a pouch of chewing tobacco.

Winston sat back and crossed his hands behind his head. ♦As I stated, this warehouse is secure. Aubree won't be leaving. So, the hunt shall begin.♦, he smiled. ♦Each of you will have the opportunity to catch her♦ However♦♦, he paused for effect. ♦It will cost you to enter the hunt. Five hundred dollars each♦ if you want to join the hunt, that is♦♦, he said.

Brad looked down. ♦That's a shit load of money, Winston. What do I get if I catch her?♦, he asked.

Roy nodded in agreement as he pinched out his cigar. ♦A lot of cash. Five hundred bucks don't come easy, my man. I second the kid's question. What does the winner get?♦, he asked.

Winston grunted and gave a shrug. ♦Anything you want, gentlemen. Enjoy her in whatever way you please♦ The first one to catch her, owns her for an hour. She's all yours♦ do with her whatever you wish♦ just pay up front. Then♦ enjoy the game.♦, he stated calmly. *I'm making my money one way or another... Fuck you Black♦*

All three men reached for their wallets. Winston watched as they cast their money onto the table. He took his time collecting the cash. He counted it slowly with a half smile. His cigarette hung from the bottom of his lip.

Satisfied that everyone had paid their full five hundred dollars, he stood up and blew a smoke ring into the fluorescent light. The men shifted impatiently in their chairs as Winston walked over to a dark corner and pulled out a duffle bag. Unzipping the top, he removed three flashlights and three sets of handcuffs. He handed each man a pair. ♦Well, gentlemen. The name of the game is Hunt the Cunt. The rules are simple. This warehouse is well over 50,000 square feet. And, our little fuck doll could be hiding anywhere. There are two exits on the east and west ends of the building. As you know, the doors are locked and can only be opened via keypad code or from the main office, which I will be monitoring. He nodded at the building office

to his right. The first man to catch Aubree will own her for an hour and will be allowed to enjoy her sexually. However, the girl is not to be injured. No bruises or permanent marks

Suddenly, there was a loud crashing sound in the distance. It sounded as if several boxes had fallen over. Winston grinned. By the way, little Fuck Toy tends to be a wee bit clumsy at times, he smiled.

Why don't we just turn on the lights? Wouldn't it be easier to find the bitch?, Roy asked as he looked down at his flashlight.

Winston chuckled. What's the fun in that? Besides, if we turn on the fucking lights after hours it just may attract unwanted attention. Brad here was nice enough to let us have our game here tonight. We don't want to get him fired.

Brad nodded in agreement. Damn right. Besides, the darker the better, he said as he stood up.

Roy chuckled. That's what the little slut will be saying by the end of the night, kid, he said with a sly grin.

Winston laughed. Well gentlemen. Let the hunt begin!, he said dramatically with a wave of his hand. Good luck.

He watched as Roy and Brad headed down different aisles, the beams of their flashlights leading the way. He repressed a another laugh as Brad gave a catcall. Here kitty, kitty, kitty, Brad's voice echoed into the darkness. Here kitty, kitty, kitty

Lester slowly flipped on his flashlight and stood up. He looked over at Winston. Look, man. Don't you think we've abused the girl enough? I mean she's well

Winston walked over and placed his hand on Lester's shoulder. She's what, old man?, he asked with a frown.

Lester cheeks looked flushed. I don't know, Winston. It's just that she reminds me of someone you know what I mean? I

Winston stared down at Lester with a stone face. Reminds you of whom, old man? That slutty little granddaughter of your's? Maybe she'll be my next project

Lester recoiled. You don't touch her. Leave her out of this. Leave Emily out of this.

Winston laughed. You have no sense of humor anymore, Lester. What's gotten into you lately? He grinned but his eyes darkened. I think you're really getting sweet on Aubree. Aren't you, old man?

Lester flipped off the flashlight. Aubree's a good girl. He suddenly looked up at Winston. Why don't you sell her to me, man? Screw Black. I'll buy Aubree. Right here. Right now. Name your price. The words rushed from his mouth.

Winston closed his eyes. The blood pulsed in the veins of his forehead. His fists clenched as rage swelled in his chest. He bit his tongue and looked down at Lester. Stupid old man, you fool, how long have we played with these little tramps? How many little whores have we gone through together? And now, you go insane over this one little vixen?, he asked quietly.

Lester stepped back. She's different. This one's different, he said with a trembling voice.

Winston slowly pulled out a cigarette. You know the club rules, Lester. I'm already crossways with Black as it is, and now this from you? He lit the cigarette and inhaled deeply. You disappoint me. I don't need this from you right now

Lester took out his wallet. Just name the price, Winston. Give the girl to me.

Both men paused as Brad's voice came from the distance. Here kitty, kitty, kitty, come to daddy. His voice echoed through the warehouse.

We've got to stop them, Lester suddenly stated as he flipped on the flashlight and turned away. They'll hurt her. He took a step towards the darkness.

Winston picked up a beer bottle and brought it down on Lester's head, staggering him. The flashlight clattered onto the concrete floor as Lester fell numbly to his knees. Winston quickly walked around and stood glaring down at the stricken man. You stupid old fool. He backhanded Lester, knocking him to his back on the floor. He bent forward and grabbed Lester's ears, pulling his face up towards his. You stupid, stupid, pathetic old man, he gave Lester a hard kick to the stomach and jerked him to his feet.

Lester stood on wobbly knees as Winston held him up by the ears. He tried to clear his head but he was seeing double. Please, he begged. Blood bubbled from his lips.

Winston stared into Lester's glazed eyes. You've stepped over the line, old man, he hissed. Your behavior has become unacceptable. He kneed him in the groin. Totally unacceptable and dangerous. He quickly threw Lester into a headlock under his arm and pulled him across the floor. Time for you to go home, old man

Winston pulled Lester down the dark warehouse aisle until they reached the exit. He quickly punched in the code and kicked the door opened. ♦Get out! And go sleep off your stupidity, you ignorant mother fucker!♦, he shouted as he threw Lester into the parking lot.

Before he closed the warehouse door, Winston pointed down at the prone man. ♦Go home. Go home and sleep it off. Think about what a fool you've become. And, if I hear even a whisper of you starting anymore trouble♦♦ His eyes darkened. ♦No more from you, old man. No more♦ ever♦♦ He slammed the door, leaving Lester moaning on the pavement.

Aubree ran quickly down the dark warehouse aisle. The concrete was cold on her bare feet. She rounded a corner and stopped suddenly. A long, wide aisle led away into the blackness. *It's so dark and cold♦ I want to go home♦ I want to go home to Reed♦ to be with Momma and Daddy♦* She squinted, trying to see into the darkness ahead. Suddenly, a loud voice came from behind her in the distance. ♦To Winston!♦, the voice cheered. She heard other voices cheering as well. *It's them♦ Winston is up to something♦ why are they cheering?* She looked down at her leather vest and was ashamed to see the zipper had come down halfway during her hasty retreat. Her bare breasts were almost totally exposed. She quickly yanked the zipper up. She pulled on the bottom of the vest. She glanced nervously down at her bare legs. *I need pants♦ Loud cheering erupted from the distance behind her.*

She quickly ran forward several paces and stumbled into a stack of boxes, knocking them over. The sound of the boxes falling was loud and echoed off the ceiling. *Oh no!* Aubree's heart leapt into her throat. *Now they know where I am!* She jumped over the fallen boxes and raced away into the darkness ahead. She made a quick right turn and ran full speed down another dim row of shelves. She paused at the end of the aisle and held her hand on a cold shelf as she bent forward, gasping for air. She placed a hand over her bare tummy and coughed quietly. She felt her heart pounding in her chest. *There has to be an exit♦*

Aubree bent forward and quietly moved ahead. *Like a ninja♦ They won't see me♦* In the darkness behind her she heard Brad's voice. ♦Here, kitty, kitty, kitty♦♦, his voice called from the distance. Aubree bit her bottom lip and hurried away. Ahead, she made out a large stack of empty wooden pallets stacked ten feet high. She made for the pallets and ducked between them. She knelt down and stared back down the warehouse aisle. In the distance, she could see the beam of a flashlight. It was moving in her direction. *Oh no!*

She quickly jumped to her feet and ran down a row of tall shelves. *I've got to get to the end of this warehouse and find the wall♦ then, I can move down the outer wall until I find an exit.* She heard the men calling out behind her. *Got to find the exit♦*

She slowed down as she turned down another row of shelves. In front of her was a dim light. She made for the light. Towards the end of the aisle, she could make out a small neon sign on the wall. *The wall!!! I just need to move down the wall and eventually there will be an exit!!!* She hurried forward towards the dim sign ahead. *Restrooms♦ It says restrooms♦* She paused looking up at the restroom sign. She looked to her right and to her left. In both directions the concrete warehouse walls faded away into the darkness with no indication of an exit in either direction. *This place is huge♦*

She leaned against the wall underneath the restroom sign and sank down to her knees. She stared down at her bare feet and legs. She ran her hands over the leather vest. It barely came below the bottoms of her breasts. Sweat glistened on her bare tummy. The sweat was cold on her flesh. She ran a hand through her hair, pulling it off her forehead. *I've got to focus♦* She saw a flashlight beam moving down the aisle in front of her. She quickly looked up at the restroom sign. *Got to get out of the light!* She jumped up and raced away, keeping her hand on the wall. *There will be an exit soon♦ Just stay out of sight♦*

As she hurried forward her stomach churned with fear. Ahead, in the distance, she was suddenly able to make out another sign. *It says exit! It's the exit!!!* A smile crossed her lips as she rushed forward. *The exit!!! Suddenly, a large shadowy figure stepped in front of her and a flashlight came on. She stopped, dead in her tracks.*

♦Well♦ well♦ hello, Aubree.♦, the voice of the black man, Roy, boomed from behind the flashlight beam in front of her. ♦Gotcha.♦, he said.

Aubree turned and started to run the other way when another flashlight appeared around the corner. She froze. *Oh my god!!!*

Brad stepped towards her, pointing the flashlight at her eyes. ♦Look what I caught.♦, he said gleefully.

Aubree stood like a caged animal between the two men. Her hearted pounded. ♦Please let me go♦♦, she said quietly and without hope. *Fuck Toy. Captured again♦*

Roy spoke first. ♦I found her, kid. She's mine. You lose.♦, he said in a deep voice.

♦Fuck that, man!♦, Brad said. ♦I saw her from way back there. I was on her before you had a clue!♦, he said as he aimed the flashlight at Aubree's bare legs. ♦She's mine.♦ He moved the flashlight over Aubree's

thong panties.

Aubree crossed her arms over her breasts. I don't belong to either of you what are you talking about? I want to go home. Okay? She looked back and forth between the two men. Please!

Roy laughed. Look kid, she's got more than one hole. I think we both paid our fee. He pointed at the restroom. Let's take her in there and give her what she deserves.

Brad grinned and nodded. Hell yes hell yes, he said as he flipped off the flashlight and stepped towards Aubree. Let's give her a good fucking.

Aubree turned to run but Roy wrapped his arms around her from behind, lifting her off the ground. His large hands squeezed her breasts through the tight vest. You ain't going anywhere, honey, he said in her ear. His breath stank of cigars.

Brad grabbed her bare ankles and lifted her feet in the air. He pulled her legs apart and stared down at her tiny panties. We're gonna have some fun with you, baby, he said with a grin.

Aubree screamed. She struggled to break free, kicking and twisting her body, but the men were too powerful. Let me go!, she screamed. Let me go! Terror raced through her body and her breathing came in short quick gasps. Let me go! I don't want to do this!, she begged.

Roy held her underneath the arms as Brad gripped her ankles. They carried her towards the restroom door. Roy kicked the door opened and flipped on the light. They carried her over to the counter and pushed her face down over the sink.

Roy leaned across her back, holding her down. She felt Brad's fingers on her panties. A moment later they were ripped down her legs and off her bare feet. Roy reached underneath her and grabbed the zipper on the front of her halter vest, pulling it down. He grabbed the vest collar and yanked it off her shoulders, casting it aside.

In a matter of less than ten seconds, Aubree was as nude as the day she was born. Please don't please don't I don't want to. Please, she blubbered. Tears rolled down her face and dripped into the restroom sink. Please let me go, she begged.

Roy continued to hold her down. His large hands roamed over her bare flesh, fondling her in her most private places. Lookie what we caught, he said with a laugh. We got us a little snow angel.

Aubree closed her eyes and tasted her salty tears as they ran down her cheeks. She tried to stand up but Roy's weight held her down. Her nostrils flared with fear. The bathroom stank of stale urine mixed with the strong odor of disinfectants. The floor felt slick under her bare feet and she slipped as she tried to push herself up from the counter. She briefly caught her own reflection in the mirror and was shocked by her appearance. I'm not me anymore.

Roy leaned over and placed his lips against her ear. Stop struggling, snow angel. We're gonna take good care of you tonight, he hissed.

Brad unzipped his pants and pushed them down his legs. As he lowered his underwear, his erect cock sprang out. That's right, whore. Stop resisting or I'll take you over to one of them stalls and give you a good swirlie. You know what a swirlie is, bitch?, he asked.

Aubree choked back vomit as her heart raced. Let me go, please, she pleaded. She felt Roy's fingers between her legs, caressing her pussy. Let me go.

Brad stepped forward. He wrapped his hand around his shaft and began stroking his cock. Answer me, bitch. Do you know what a swirlie is?, he asked again.

Roy chuckled in her ear. You better answer him, snow angel, he said as he fondled her.

Aubree clenched her toes and tried to push herself up from the cold counter top. Please let me go I don't know anything about a swirlie I just want to go home, she whimpered.

Well, I guess I'll just have to show you, bitch!, Brad stated harshly as he grabbed her neck. Let me have her, man!, he said with a look to Roy.

Roy backed away and allowed Brad to lift Aubree up by the neck. He chuckled under his breath. You're fucking crazy, kid. Just be careful. Remember what Winston said about bruises, he stated evenly. He watched as Brad pulled the nude girl across the restroom towards one of the stall doors. Crazy kid, he laughed as he unfastened his own pants. He stared at Aubree's bare buttocks and smiled. I'm gonna get me some of that white tail, he said as he pushed his pants off, allowing his cock to swing free.

Brad gripped Aubree by the back of the neck and pulled her into a stall. Let's just show you what a swirlie is, you bitch!, he shouted as he pushed her down on her knees in front of the toilet. Stick your face in there.

Aubree suddenly understood what a swirlie actually meant and tried to stand up. NO!, she screamed.

Brad grabbed a fistful of hair and pushed her face into the toilet. ♦Let's teach you your place, you little whore.♦, he said as he shoved her face into the toilet bowl water. ♦Stop fighting me! Or, it will just get worse for you!♦, he commanded.

Aubree held her breath as her face was submerged in the nasty water. *Oh my god!!! He's going to drown me!!!* Suddenly, the water swirled as Brad flushed the toilet. Aubree gasped as he pulled her head up. Water streamed down her face along with her own tears. ♦Please stop!♦, she begged.

Brad pulled her head back and stared down at her. ♦Are you going to do what we say or not, bitch?♦, he asked.

Aubree blubbered with fear. ♦yes♦ yes♦ I'll do what you say♦♦, she cried.

Brad grinned. ♦That's better, you bitch. Now get up.♦, he said as he pulled the nude girl to her feet. ♦Roy and I are gonna have some fun with this tight little body of yours♦♦, he said.

Aubree allowed Brad to pull her out of the stall. Water rolled off her face and streamed down her shoulders and tummy. *I'm scared♦ I want to go home♦*

She choked back a sob as she saw Roy standing in front of her. He was naked from the waste down. His cock was huge. He curled a finger at her. ♦Come over here now, snow angel. I'm gonna get me some of that white ass♦♦, he said with a smile.

Brad shoved her forward into Roy's waiting arms. ♦Get her, dude.♦, he said. ♦Do her good, Roy♦♦, he laughed.

Aubree stumbled forward as Roy grabbed her elbow. ♦Get on your hands and knees, snow angel♦ like a dog♦♦, he demanded.

Aubree weakly knelt down on the cold tile floor. *I'm just a whore now. Nothing but a slut. Fuck Toy.. Tramp♦ Whore♦ Snow Angel♦ Her body felt numb as she sank onto all fours. Good for nothing but sex♦ She watched as toilet water dripped from her body onto the floor. I'm a filthy slut♦*

Roy massaged his stiffening cock and knelt down behind her. ♦Now, let's see how that little ass feels wrapped around my prick, snow angel.♦, he said as he spit into his palm and massaged his hard cock. A moment later he placed the head of his dick against her anus and pushed.

Aubree closed her eyes and wept as Roy entered her from behind. *Another man's thing in my butt♦ I guess that's what my butt is for♦ It's for men's things♦ for their pleasure♦ She opened her eyes and stared down at the bathroom floor as Roy violated her. His thing is big♦ it hurts♦ She looked up as Brad stepped in front of her. His cock was stiff. The veins stood out along his shaft. I know what he wants♦ She slowly parted her lips and allowed Brad to enter her mouth. My mouth is for sucking, not talking♦ no one cares what I have to say♦ She tightened her lips over Brad's erection as he thrust into her mouth. Just get it over with♦ spray your stuff in my throat♦ just let me go home♦*

Brad looked down at the top of Aubree's head as she sucked his cock. He sucked in a breath and squeezed his balls. ♦That's it, bitch. Suck me good.♦ He stared up at the ceiling. ♦Suck me good or I'll have you in the stall again♦ for another swirlie♦♦

Roy pushed himself deeper into the weeping girl's bottom. Her anus was tight. Like a glove. The tender moisture of her opening excited him. ♦Mmmmm♦. That's the way to take it, white girl♦ Take what you deserve♦♦, he whispered.

Aubree kept her eyes closed. Her mind was far away. She felt the men turning her over and pushing her down onto her back on the cold floor. Then, they were in her again. One in her pussy, the other in her mouth. She didn't know which was which anymore. She didn't care. She kept her eyes shut and her mind blank. *I'm not here♦ I'm in a deep ocean♦ deep under water♦ free♦ a dolphin♦*

The minutes passed like hours as they violated her. Their grunting and laughter blended together into a cacophony of white noise. *Meaningless ♦ I'm free now♦ they can't get into my mind♦ She felt them thrusting into her holes, forcefully. The pain melted away. You can't hurt me anymore♦ She no longer wept. All her tears had dried up. She opened her eyes and looked up at the bathroom ceiling. Her face was blank♦ as blank as her mind.*

Roy pulled back and sprayed his semen across the girl's face. ♦Lick it up, baby. Get it all♦♦, he laughed as his cum rolled down her cheeks. He fell backwards and groaned.

Brad continued to penetrate her. His thrusts became more forceful. ♦Get some♦ get some♦♦, he moaned. ♦Get some, baby♦♦, he said excitedly. Suddenly, he ejaculated powerfully. ♦Oh my god! Take it you little cunt!♦, he bellowed as he spurting onto her bare tummy.

Both men stood up slowly, smiling. They looked down at Aubree. Her eyes were wide and unblinking. Her face showed no emotion as she sat up slowly and looked around for her clothing. ♦Can I get dressed now? Are you done?♦, she asked weakly. Semen dripped off her face and down her stomach.

Brad shrugged. ♦Sure, whore. We're done. Thanks for the fuck.♦, he laughed. He quickly pulled on his pants.

Roy fastened his trousers and pulled out a cigar. ♦Yeah, bitch. Thanks for the screw. Enjoyed it.♦, he said as he fired up the cigar.

Aubree quietly pulled on the halter vest and zipped it up. She picked up her panties and realized they were ripped beyond repair. She dropped them to the floor. She stood up and faced the men wearing only the vest. She shook her head. ♦You two are animals♦ not even human beings♦♦, she stated calmly. Semen dripped down her cheek. She turned and walked out of the restroom.

Both men stared at her bare butt as she walked away. There was a moment of silence. Then, both of them laughed.

Chapter 37: Hope no more

Aubree stumbled out of the restroom and leaned against the wall. She wiped semen off her face. She heard the men laughing behind her. Their voices echoed through the warehouse. Pigs♦ animals♦ She staggered forward. She forced one bare foot in front of the other as she walked down the dark row of shelves. She heard the restroom door open behind her. Here they come again♦

Aubree hurried forward. Brad rushed up behind her. He placed a hand on her bare buttocks. ♦Hey there, little baby. Slow down now. Where are you going in such a hurry?♦, he asked as he pinched her bare butt.

Aubree stopped. Her stomach churned. She was aware of her state of undress. I'm only wearing a top♦ no bottoms♦ She looked over her shoulder at Brad. Stop touching my butt♦ I'm not your plaything♦ She scowled at him. ♦Get your hands off me. Haven't you had enough?♦, she said weakly.

Brad smiled. ♦Yeah. I've had enough for now. But, if I hadn't had enough, I'd just take you into another dark corner and fuck you again.♦, he said. ♦I paid my fee.♦, he said with a grin.

Aubree pushed his hand away and looked down. She pulled on the bottom of her halter vest. She looked over at the exit sign in the distance. ♦I'm not a whore. You didn't pay any fee. You raped me.♦, she stated as she walked away. She heard Brad chuckling behind her. Asshole♦

Roy walked up behind Brad and chewed on his cigar. He nodded towards Aubree. ♦Where's she off to, kid?♦, he asked as he enjoyed the sight of Aubree's jiggling backside.

Brad shrugged. ♦Who gives a shit?♦, he said with laugh. ♦I got me some of that tail already.♦ He turned and walked away. ♦Good pussy♦♦

Roy puffed on his cigar. He watched the young girl's backside as she increased her pace, hurrying away. He held up a hand. ♦Hold on there, snow angel.♦, he said as he pulled the cigar from his mouth. ♦Wait just a minute♦♦

Aubree paused. She stared down at her bare toes. I'm cold. What does he want? She continued to look down at the floor as Roy came up behind her. She jerked involuntarily as Roy placed a hand on her neck. Please don't♦

Roy gave her neck a squeeze. ♦Let's take you back to Winston, snow angel. He'll be looking for you.♦, he said as he pushed her forward. ♦Let's go♦♦

Aubree allowed Roy to lead her through the dark warehouse. Like a lamb to the slaughter♦ fuck toy♦ not a dolphin anymore♦

Winston took a long swig of beer and shuffled the money in his hands. Fifteen hundred dollars♦ not enough but a decent payday♦ I should have gotten more for this girl♦ He shoved the cash into his pocket. Fuck it. Who cares? There's plenty more stupid little girls out there waiting to be owned♦ He paused and looked up suddenly. He smiled as Roy appeared out of the darkness, leading Aubree by the neck. Winston noted Aubree's lack of panties. Looks like they caught the little escape artist♦ He stood up from the table.

Roy shoved Aubree forward. She collapsed to her knees on the floor. ♦Here you go, man.♦, he said. ♦Thanks for the hunt. She was good. A real nice white treat♦♦, Roy said.

Winston shook Roy's hand. ♦No sweat, dude. Glad you had a good time.♦ He cocked his head. ♦Where's Brad?♦, he asked with a raised eyebrow.

Roy rolled his eyes and blew cigar smoke into the air. ♦Who the fuck knows, man? He left♦ right after we had our way with little Fuck Toy over there.♦, he nodded at the kneeling girl.

Winston paused and lit a smoke. ♦The kid left, huh?♦, he asked.

Roy nodded. ♦Yep. Right after we fucked her.♦

Winston's eyes momentarily widened. ♦You shared her?♦ He blew smoke out of the side of his mouth.

Roy shook his head. ♦Yep. We figured we both paid the fee so♦♦

Winston nodded slowly and clicked his tongue. ♦Mmmmm♦ I guess that makes sense.♦, he smiled. ♦Well♦ I'll see you on the flip side.♦, he said as he stuck out his hand.

Roy grasped Winston's hand and blew out a billowing cloud of cigar smoke. ♦Next time. Hopefully, sooner rather than later, Winston. You always seem to bring the prime meat, man.♦, he said.

♦Yeah♦ I do and always will.♦, Winston said. He picked up his beer.

Roy grinned. ♦I believe that.♦ He looked around. ♦Where's Lester?♦

Winston spit. ♦He got sick. Had to go♦. You know how it happens♦♦

Roy nodded. ♦Yeah♦♦

Winston watched as Roy walked away into the darkness. Then, he turned and looked down at Aubree. The girl looked pathetic but sexy♦ She knelt on the floor wearing only the leather halter top. Her hair was in disarray and her cheeks were stained with tears and dried semen. However, her bare stomach was smooth and firm and her legs looked tan and lean. His cock jumped. He sat down. ♦Come here, Fuck Toy. I need a blow job♦♦, he motioned at her. He watched with satisfaction as Aubree crawled towards him, submissively. *That's a good girl♦ Now you understand your place♦ I've trained you well♦.*

As Aubree sucked his dick, Winston thought back to the first time he has seen her. *So arrogant and haughty♦ nose in the air♦ wearing her little tight jeans and cut off shirt♦ like a little princess♦ walking towards the apartment office♦ He looked down at her as her lips played across his stiff cock. He remembered how sexy she had looked at the apartment swimming pool. In her tiny little bikini♦ all oiled up♦ enjoying the men's lustful gazes and the women's jealous looks♦ He listened as she slurped on his erection. A stuck up little eighteen year old tramp♦ wearing sexy clothes and being a cock tease♦ I guess you're not a cock tease anymore, whore♦ He stared down at the top of her head, bobbing up and down. Now, you know your place♦ a sex object♦ nothing more♦ you were born beautiful♦ a physical angel with a perfect body♦ a plaything for men♦ nothing more♦ I guess your nose isn't so high anymore♦ He smiled as he ejaculated into her mouth. A whore now♦ as you always were♦*

Aubree sank back onto her knees and closed her eyes. Semen dribbled from the corners of her mouth. *Fuck Toy♦ Aubree♦ Whore♦ Aubree♦ Slut♦ Aubree♦ Plaything for men♦ not a dolphin♦ just a tramp♦ A warm tear rolled down her cheek and dripped onto her bare thigh. She watched it roll away. Gone♦*

Winston stood up and zipped his pants. He reached for his cigarettes and stopped suddenly. He looked up♦.

Chapter 38: Darkness Comes

A tapping sound came from the distance. *Tap♦tap♦tap♦*

The sound was slow and steady♦ getting louder♦ closer♦ Winston fingered the pistol in his pocket. His eyes searched the darkened warehouse in the direction of the sound. *What the fuck???* He slowly stood up. A shadowy figure appeared from the darkness. A tall man dressed in dark clothing came into sight. He carried a cane which he tapped on the floor in front of himself with each step. Winston tensed. *Mother fucker♦ Black.*

Winston felt his blood run cold as Mr. Black appeared suddenly from the darkness. *How did he get in here? Mother fucker♦ sneaky bastard♦*

Black stepped forward. ♦Hello, Winston.♦ His voice was calm, almost a whisper.

Winston took a step backwards. ♦Black... How did you♦♦, his voice trailed off.

Mr. Black silenced him with a smile. He tapped his walking stick on the floor. ♦No matter how, Winston. No matter♦♦, he flipped a long strand of hair off his face. His eyes were concealed by dark sunglasses. ♦I've come to claim what is mine.♦

Winston stood, momentarily stunned. He started to speak but was shocked to see the two bikers walk up behind Mr. Black. They had guns. This is it they've come for me like dean Smith Winston backed away slowly. He held his hands up. Look, Black I thought we had an agreement

Black laughed. I thought we had an agreement as well, he said quietly. He cocked his head at Aubree. It would appear we weren't speaking the same language when we made our deal, Winston. he motioned at Aubree with his walking stick. Otherwise, she wouldn't be here now, he stated as he turned back towards Winston. Isn't that a fact? he asked.

Winston tried to compose himself as he lit a cigarette. He coughed. Depends on your definition of facts I thought I had a week to finish her training, he said as he glanced over at Aubree. You know she isn't completely trained

Black smiled and shook his head with disappointment. Always the con, Winston. Always the con You're a talented man That's why I like you and why it will hurt me to see you come to an end ignorance coupled with talent is only ignorance glorified. he said as he nodded at the men behind him. The bikers stepped forward. In an instant, they were on Winston like a whirlwind, beating him.

Aubree cringed on the floor. She curled into a fetal position and listened to the fight ensuing just feet away from her. She closed her eyes. Dolphins? Where are you? She heard the men struggling and the sounds of fists. Beneath the noise, the sound of Mr. Black laughing blended almost perfectly with the struggle. A moment later a gunshot echoed through the warehouse.

Suddenly, a cloth was placed over her face. A noxious smell filled her nostrils. Aubree fainted, sinking into a quiet dark place swimming like a dolphin

To be continued.

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