

Bully Ch. 01

He tricks a mom out of her clothes

Brendan asked his mother to talk to James, who was bullying him at school. It would be better if his father spoke to the boy, but he was away on business. His mom was the only hope, and so Brendon explained how to approach the boy.

'Don't shout and rave at him, mom, that won't work. He will just bully me all the more,' Brendan said.

Alicia wondered if it would be best left to her husband. He was used to negotiating, as it was one of his business techniques. Both boys were eighteen, so she was reluctant to get involved.

'I'm not sure, Brendan. I, err, I'm not very good at being, err, you know, assertive. I don't think I can tell him off, or make him stop. We should leave it to your father,' she explained.

'It will be too late then. The sports day is tomorrow, and you promised to come along. He will ruin it for me, if something isn't done,' Brendan told her.

'Are you sure?' Alicia asked again, while trying to squirm out of the confrontation.

'It's better to sweet talk him. Bullying him, or being logical won't work. You can't force him to see sense, mom. You are really good at being nice, everyone says so. He will respond to that, you'll see. Just so long as you try, that's all,' he implored her.

He went on at her until she gave in. He was too much like his father, persuasive and effective when arguing. From her he had a soft streak.

'Alright, what do you want me to do?' she asked.

'Just go to his house, to see his parents. They probably don't know what he's like in school. I expect he'll be all sweetness and light at home. Don't worry, just get me a day off,' Brendan pushed.

'I think I could speak to them,' she hesitantly spoke.

At school she had been bullied, so knew what it was like, and of course protecting her son was important. Deep down she was frightened of confrontation. Not wanting to show the fear, she smiled at her son, and grabbed the car keys.

Agreeing to see the young man at home, seemed like a good idea. His parents could be talked to at the same time, or instead of, leaving the awkward and unpleasant job to them. Although she was unused to putting her foot down, this was an opportunity to show some initiative and determination for once.

After all, he was only a boy, so she could deal with him. A lot had happened since high school, and she was an adult now. She was thirty-six, but eighteen years ago, she had been a young mother. Marrying Harold when she was just eighteen had been necessary. It meant she hadn't a chance to gain experience in the real world. Friends envied her cosseted home life, and it had to be admitted, it was nice and pleasant.

'Hello, James,' Alicia said, trying for a smile.

'Hello, Mrs Lucas. Please, come in,' he said, and gave her a pleasant smile.

Before she could continue, James invited her in and led her to the lounge. She was very nervous now. It was a good guess he knew why she was there. He knew her name, probably from Brendon. He seemed nervous of confronting an adult, and that gave her courage.

'Would you like a coffee?' he asked.

Wanting to exercise her new found assertiveness, she said, yes. On the assertiveness course she was learning to say, no, though that didn't occur to her. When he returned her resolve was renewed, and she was ready to tackle him.

'Where are your parents? I need to talk to them,' she firmly spoke.

'Oh!' she gasped in surprise.

Hot coffee was spilt on her dress, and it stung her legs.

'I'm so sorry, Mrs Lucas,' he fussed, keeping her busy with words and action. 'Are you always accident prone?' he casually asked.

'No, I'm sorry, I didn't grasp the mug properly,' she apologised.

He lifted the hem to mop above her knees with a cool cloth. Being shocked and distracted, she didn't wonder why he had a cloth ready. A gasp of surprise when he lifted the dress left her silently objecting, with lips noiselessly flapping

'You'd better take the dress off and I'll rinse it, before it stains,' he firmly told her.

Guiding her to a spare bedroom, she pulled the dress off, and wrapped a towel around herself. She hesitantly handed him the dress while hiding behind the door.

It wasn't until that moment she realised the consequences of letting him take the dress. She was in a stranger's house, in her underwear. She could hardly drive home in bra and panties. The boy had talked her into this, and she wondered if it had been on purpose. Of course it hadn't been, she was being paranoid. What possible reason could he have for a complicated ruse.

'Are you decent?' he asked.

'Just about,' she answered.

The thin shaky voice surprised her, so she cleared her throat. It made no difference.

'I'll show you the utility room,' he stated.

Following him through the house wearing a small towel, left her feeling embarrassed. If his parents walked in now, what would they think? Working out why she had let him take charge, should have been thought through more carefully. Instead she relied on his good manners, as she usually did with everyone.

'You'll need something to wear, while your clothes are washed. Throw the rest in there with the dress, then I'll bring you clothes to wear, until yours are ready,' he firmly stated.

'That's alright, I'll, err, oh, I see,' she stammered.

Her dress had been soaked, then thrown into the washer. It was in a soggy mess, totally un-wearable.

'My dress! Can it be dried?' she asked.

'No, it will take just as long as the wash cycle. Don't you want me to get you some clothes?' he asked.

'I guess, yes, please,' she politely agreed.

'Then take off the rest and throw them in the washer. Mom doesn't have anything that will go over that underwear. I'll get you something, you just need to be quick, before my parents get home. Come on, move it!' he cajoled her.

Mention of his parents worried her. She had to do something, and leaving like this wasn't an option. Not wanting his parents to see her like this, pushed her panic button. She deftly pulled the bra and panties off, without revealing anything. He had his back turned, so she felt he was trying to be decent.

'You know where the spare bedroom is. Wait there while I fetch something for you to wear,' he said, and pushed her in the right direction.

Alicia was shaking with stress when he walked in. Once dressed, she could decide whether to drive home, or face his parents. The boy had been polite and helpful, as her son had expected. At home the bullying had dropped away to leave a nice young man.

He still had that pushy way about him, and she could see him being a bully in school. To some extent she was pleased he'd pushed her into doing the right thing. The new dress and expensive underwear were saved, due to his quick action. It wasn't something she would have volunteered to do, but it was done now.

Yet another anxious look at the door, and this time he walked back in.

'Thank you, James, I appreciate your help,' she nervously spoke.

He turned his back on her, allowing her to change. About to ask him to leave, she thought it better to quickly pull on the clothes, before his parents arrived. First the panties were pulled up, then the dress was quickly pulled over her head. Trying to spread out the panties to cover down there, she found there was nothing to adjust, that was all the material there was.

'Damn! I can't wear this!' she whispered.

The clothes were awful. Not something a decent woman would choose, but then he was just a boy. He probably just grabbed whatever came to hand.

It was either wrap the towel back around her naked body, or keep the dress. The baggy t-shirt was almost long enough to be a very short dress. The thong left her feeling vulnerable.

'Err, James, is this something your mother wears?' she tentatively asked.

'Can I turn around, Alicia,' he asked.

'Yes, but I'm not sure about this, err, dress,' she said.

'It's one of my sisters. I tried looking through mom's wardrobe, but everything will be miles too big,' he politely explained.

He was standing a little too close to her. It was a little intimidating, especially as she felt so naked.

In Alicia's family everyone was short and finely boned. He was tall and muscular. If his mother was as tall and well muscled, he was right about nothing fitting.

'Does your sister have anything else. This is a bit short. Something more, err, comfortable, err, more coverage, please,' she said, trying not to say the obvious.

Would it be obvious to a boy of eighteen that her breasts were too exposed in the loose garment? If she weren't careful, they would fall out the large arm holes, one side or the other. It was a balancing act. Of course, his younger sister wouldn't have this problem.

'I think you look cute, Alicia. I didn't want to give you something new, as she would go ballistic when she gets home. This is something she used to wear,' he informed her.

'I see. Well, I understand. Perhaps another t-shirt could be found, to wear under this?' she timidly asked.

He put his large paws on her shoulders, gripping them tight, and smiled at her. Being in his hands, she felt very nervous, almost afraid. Wanting to suggest something else to wear, she tried to imagine what a modern girl had in her wardrobe. She licked her lips, and tried to say something. Whatever it was, the idea escaped her. Anyway, her throat was too dry to speak.

'It's only until your clothes are washed and dried. Surely it doesn't matter what you wear. No one will see you, so no problem. Will they need ironing?' he cheerfully asked.

'I guess you're right. That's alright, I won't bother ironing,' she said, on a whispery voice.

'Well, I think you look young and cute, in my sister's old clothes,' he smiled.

'I'm a thirty-six year old woman, err, I err, no longer do cute,' she quietly spoke.

The attempt at reminding him she was a mature woman, an adult, didn't seem to impress him.

'I don't believe your thirty-six. You look much younger. It's your pale clear skin, and you're short, that's what does it. You look real cute,' he said, and gently shook her.

Being manhandled by a boy didn't seem right. Pushing him away, meant letting go of her breasts, and letting them fall out the sides of the dress.

A chant from school came to mind about, finders, keepers. The sudden stupid idea sprang to mind, that if he found her breasts, he could keep them. An image of him mauling her breasts made her choke. He was grinning at her, telling her he found them hanging loose, so they were now his to keep. He owned them, so he could do whatever he wanted with them.

The nonsense was a sign of something. Panic? Hysteria?

'Thank you, I, err, do feel young,' she whispered, with the words tumbling from her mouth unbidden.

Why had she said that? Still holding her shoulders tight, he turned her around to face a mirror.

'It suits you. It's your colour,' he said.

Looking at the pale blue t-shirt dress, she wondered what he meant. Of course, her blue eyes. A string of butterflies winging their way from the hem, up between her breasts and over her shoulder, could be described as cute. It was no wonder his sister didn't wear it anymore.

A nudge of her arm, prevented a large breast falling out the side. It didn't feel appropriate to hold onto them, with arms crossed. Besides, that pose wasn't effective. It just served to hold them up, emphasising them. Pulling at the hem tightened the t-shirt over her bust. In the mirror her nipples were protruding, so she let go of the hem.

'I'm too, err, well, you know. I need something with more, err, more to it,' she pointed out.

'You can wait until your clothes are ready. They won't take long. To make the time go quicker, we'll get that coffee I promised you,' he firmly stated.

Meekly following him to the kitchen, she realised the compliments, and the vulnerable dress, had got to her. The situation combined with his deep commanding voice, had her spellbound. When last had her husband complimented her? He was always in too much of a hurry for much conversation. In bed the only sound between them was his snoring.

'Sit there, and I'll make the coffee. You all right?' he asked.

Sitting on a kitchen chair, she felt how little of her bottom was covered. This was the first time wearing a thong, and it should have been attended to instead of worrying about her breasts. How could she ask a boy for a decent pair of panties?

'No, I'm not sure, err, about this t-shirt,' she started to say.

He planted his hands on her shoulders, from behind this time. He leaned over her, talking right into an ear. The teasing breath overtook her. Her ears had always been sensually sensitive.

'You can always take it off and wait for your things to wash,' he teased.

Words of complaint tried to be said. The audacity of the remark, and the helplessness, combined to choke her.

'You've got nice long hair. It's naturally blond too,' he said, while running a hand through her golden locks.

'Yes, thank you. I'm alright, maybe I should leave,' she whispered on a paper thin voice.

Her legs didn't seem strong enough to lift her off the chair, let alone walk out the kitchen door.

'Let me help you up,' he said.

Afraid of going outside dressed like that, she said, 'It's alright I'll have that coffee, and wait for my clothes,' she said, trying to sound assured, and failing.

His big hands had gripped her under the arms, with finger tips touching her breasts. The sensitivity of them was more than it should have been. Why they were, she pushed out of mind.

'You seem tense,' he observed, and began to deeply massage her back and neck.

He lifted her hands to place them over her breasts, and she gasped. The reason was obvious when he dropped the shoulder straps, to massage her back. He was showing her some decency by preventing the top falling, and exposing her. A big hand came over her shoulder, and she expected it to drop down to grip a breast. When it ran back up to her neck, she nuzzled her cheek against the strong hand.

Quickly recovering, she told herself not to be silly. The coffee was ready and he poured two cups.

'Here, I'll carry them into the lounge. I can't trust you,' he teased.

The commanding tone had her following him before she realised she'd even stood up.

'Sit there,' he said, pointing at the sofa.

Alicia sat as commanded, and sank into the soft cushions. Her legs were raised, showing them off.

'I usually wear high heels,' she said, and wondered at the inane remark.

'You have nice smooth long legs. I bet they look stunning in high heels,' he told her.

Every time she sat down her bare bottom reminded her of that particular exposure. Some people might have been angered, or energised to do something. Alicia withdrew into herself a little each time, and became more passive.

Pulling at the t-shirt, as though trying to stretch it, she tried to cover her thighs, then had to prevent a breast escaping. Handing her a coffee, stopped the continuous fidgeting. Pulling her upper arms together helped keep her breasts from swinging out the sides of the t-shirt.

He sat next to her. He was sitting uncomfortably close, and one hand came to rest on her bare thigh.

'You look worried, Alicia,' he heavily stated.

'Err, I'm, alright, err, thank, you,' she hesitantly murmured.

She looked down at the big hand making her thigh look small.

'I'm glad you are here. It's nice to have an attractive woman to talk to. You look really nice. Have you had your hair done?' he asked.

Forgetting her bust for a moment, she pushed a hand through her hair. There was nothing protecting her breasts, with one hand holding the coffee, and the other in her hair. A lean to one side, and a hand to that breast had it back under cover. She was now leaning against him. If she lent the other way the other breast was sure to swing free.

He was trying to think of things to say, and was coming up with points of conflict his parents argued over. Not buying her flowers, not noticing her hair, not making nice comments about a new dress. All these had been stored away, and were now being used.

'No, I, err, think I've an appointment, next week,' she stammered.

'Don't get it cut short, its lovely when long,' he told her.

'I should go,' she said, with a shaky voice.

'Wait for your clothes,' he firmly stated.

'I could collect them,' she offered.

'No need. They will be ready soon. You're not worried are you?' he asked.

'No,' she squeaked.

'Finish your coffee,' he ordered. 'Do you like flowers? As a present, I mean,' he asked.

'Yes, I do. Can't remember when someone bought me flowers,' she sighed.

Trying to get up, she nevertheless couldn't trust herself to even speak. Besides, if she got up, she would show her bare bottom to him. It would be uncomfortably close, and might be seen as an offer. Oh! No! What an awful thought. She sat still, and sipped the coffee.

'It's nice, you make it nice,' she said.

It could easily be imagined what he might say at school to his friends. It was no fault of his, it was her silly mistake. If she had grasped the coffee mug, instead of fumbling it, none of this would have happened. He was a nice boy trying his best to help her. He was being kind to her, merely talking nicely to get her through the awkwardness.

'I can't go home like this. The dress is too short,' she said.

'No, I think you should wear it, I like it. It shows off your beautiful long legs,' he insisted.

'They aren't long, I'm too short for long legs,' she said.

'They look long, in proportion, shapely too,' he smiled at her.

'The dress is too short, and it's far too loose,' she complained.

'Stop complaining, girl,' he firmly told her.

The sudden change in his tone of voice alerted her. The aggressiveness stopped her cold. It suddenly occurred to her how big and strong he was. Since being on the assertiveness course, she should have been able to control the situation. All this time she was responding to his commanding tone, not realising she was becoming more and more submissive. It wasn't too late, he was only a teenager, so she could put a stop to this.

He took her wrists in a powerful grip and pulled her close.

'You came here to talk to my parents, to complain to my parents. You want me to stop bullying your son. Make a deal with me, not my parents,' he aggressively spoke.

'There's no need to be angry. We can talk about this. I just want you to leave him alone. You don't have to be nice to him, or anything,' she weakly spoke.

'I'll make you a deal. You stop complaining about the clothes, and I'll think about what you want,' he said.

'Alright, sure,' she agreed without understanding him.

She felt stupid. Stupid from the way he treated her. Stupid for getting into this situation. Stupid for not putting her foot down from the first moment.

'While I think about it you can get me a drink. A beer, you can work out where to find one, can't you,' he sarcastically said.

'Yes, I think so,' she demurely acknowledged.

Glad to get away from him, she tried to roll out of the soft seat.

'Hurry up,' he said, and shoved her bare bottom upward with a big hand.

'Oh!' she squeaked.

On the brink of a deal, she wasn't going to upset him, so she said nothing.

On her hurried return, he didn't reach for the beer, so she had to stand right in front of him. He gripped her hand around the bottle, not letting her go. Conscious of the short dress and being so close to him, she nevertheless couldn't look away. Pulling at the hem was out of the question.

He could lower his eyes and see her crotch from where he sat. Instead he looked stared her in the eye, capturing her attention. She felt like a frightened rabbit, caught in a trap.

'You have a nice ass,' he eventually said.

On a trembling voice, Alicia said, 'You shouldn't say things like that.'

'You've beautiful blue eyes, is that alright to say?' he said.

'Yes, maybe, no,' she stammered.

'I've decided what I'm going to do,' he smiled.

She was still stuck in front of him, holding the bottle, while he held her.

'I want you to do something for me,' he said.

'Alright, as long, as it's, err, reasonable, I'll, err, do it,' she haltingly spoke.

'So you'll agree to do what I say?' he demanded.

The voice seemed to vibrate her ribs. Her whole body seemed to tremble.

'Yes, of course, I'm protecting my son. I'll do anything to protect him,' she asserted, only her voice sounded feeble, even to her.

'I won't bully him, as long as you do as you are told. I'll not bully Brendan. Got that, girl,' he forcefully spoke.

'Yes, err, no, I mean, you mustn't bully my son. I can't let you, I'm here to stop you. What must I

do?' Alicia whined.

Her ears were working but fear and confusion was preventing his words making sense.

'Listen carefully, girl! You do as I say, and I won't bully Brendan. Got that, stupid bitch!' he forcefully stated.

'There's no need to be crude. You're hurting me. What do I have to do to stop you bullying him? Oh! Well, yes, thank you, James. I did say I'd do anything to protect him, and I will,' she gabled.

'Good, then it is a deal,' he said, and shook her hand.

The beer splashed over the dress, and she was distracted for a moment. He still wouldn't let go of her hand.

'What? Err, what do I have to do? I don't understand,' she queried, looking confused.

'Do as we agreed. I said you have to do as you are told, you agreed, and said you would do anything. Isn't that so?' he demanded.

'Well, I guess, yes I did, but, I don't get it,' she prevaricated.

'A deal is a deal. You want me to lay off your son, or what?' James imperiously asked.

'Yes! That's why I'm here. Of course I'll do anything for him, I'm his mother,' Alicia asserted.

With both hands he guided her down on to her knees before him. It still didn't dawn upon her what he wanted.

'Pull my cock out,' James quietly spoke.

As first she couldn't believe it. It must have been a mistake. The bottle slipped from her hands, emptying itself on the carpet, and her.

'I, did, I, agreed, but, no. It's a mistake, I can't. Not that!' she whispered in horror.

'Stop your whining, and get on with it. Prove to me you mean it,' he ordered, and pulled her head into his lap.

One handed he unzipped his jeans.

'You, can't bully me, I'm an adult,' she protested. Feeling his hot hardness against her cheek, she flinched, and whimpered. 'No! Please, I can't. I'm a married woman, a mother!'

'What are you doing? You can't treat me like this,' she whined.

James slapped her face.

'Get on with it, girl,' James told her.

'Please, you don't need to hurt me,' she whined. 'I'll do whatever you want,' she said again. Realising that might mean something worse, she babbled something unintelligible. Not even then had she realised there was no way a bully would let go of his victim, or moderate his demands. There was no compromise, and she was beginning to realise it.

Not clamping her mouth shut was another mistake. Maybe she didn't believe this was happening. Nothing bad had intruded into her world, ever. Now this!

'Oooo! Nooo!' she managed to exude a sound from around his cock.

Her mouth was full, and she choked. Thoughts slowed down. It wasn't dirty or bad tasting. Curiously it tasted of bananas. Trying to detach herself from what was happening, she let him work her head up and down his cock. Not having ever performed this dirty act, she didn't know what to do. It seemed she didn't have to, as he was entertaining himself with her mouth.

Being foully used was disgraceful. It was doubly so, being used by an adolescent. He was humiliating her, in such a disgusting way. Hot tears of self-pity sprang forth and ran down her cheeks. This was not what she agreed to. Never!

Being dishonoured like this was shocking.

She moaned around his cock. A mournful low noise. Her tongue touched it, and pressed against it. The sooner he cum the sooner she would be free. She pressed her head down, then lifted it up his shaft. He let go of her head to let her get on with it. Taking a deep breath, she tried to take him all in. Choking stopped that. A cheek bulged out with as much as she could take.

Her hands gripped his cock, to stimulate it, as though she had swallowed him whole. Sensibility slowly came back to her, so she could think about what to do, and not do. He suddenly grabbed her hair, and she wondered what she had done wrong.

'Please! Don't hurt me,' Alicia yelped.

Suddenly clamping her eyes closed, she felt him spurting clumps of sticky cum over her face. It was in her mouth too. Afraid to swallow it, she kept her mouth open, not wanting to spit his cum on his mother's carpet. She had already spilt beer over the carpet.

'Swallow my cum, girl,' he ordered.

Without a word said, she swallowed. She felt him scoop some off her face with his fingers, and wipe them on her lips. When he'd finished he told her to swallow it. The tears wouldn't come. At least they would wash her face. They would taste as salty as his cum.

'Good bitch. You have learnt to do as you are told,' he laughed.

He looked her over, still on her knees before him. At first she hadn't known what to do, then got into it with enthusiasm. Fancy having the splendid MILF, Mrs Norman, at his feet. After this he might be able to make her do more. He would certainly try. She looked totally out of it, as though on drugs.

He frowned, and sniffed her. He lifted the dress, and pushed a hand into her panties. She gasped, and tried to move away, but he gripped her crotch tight.

'Well, well, Mrs Norman! You are wet down here,' he said, and squeezed her whole pussy in his big hand.

She deeply sighed at his words, having felt what he meant.

The bastard was right. She was wet and open. Despite, or because of what she just did, she was

open and ready for him. The shock from being in this state froze her.

James pulled the woman onto her feet and half carried her to his bedroom. In a mirror he made her look at herself.

'Look! Open those big blue eyes. Do you want to go home like this?' he asked, and pulled at some spunk sticking in her hair.

The short nothing of a dress was see-through from being wet. It smelt of beer, cum, and her musky female arousal. Imagining walking into her home, and meeting her family and friends, made her shudder.

'Please! Please don't send me home like this. Please let me have my clothes, please,' she begged him.

'What will you do? You agreed to do anything, and promised to obey me,' he heavily stated.

'Yes! Alright, I will, I submit,' she giggled, sounding hysterical.

'Remove that filthy rag and shower,' he ordered.

Quickly soaping and rinsing, she emerged into his bedroom completely naked. Not even the inadequate clothing was available now.

'Come with me,' he brusquely said.

'In there are cleaning materials, get something to clean the carpet,' he calmly said.

'Yes, sir,' she whimpered.

As though she were nothing but a humble, naked slave, she got on hands and knees to scrub the carpet. The stain didn't show, unless someone carefully examined the patch. A spray got rid of the smell.

The boy had led her along, outwitting her as though she were stupid. She did feel stupid, and badly used. How far she had fallen in the last hour! Coming here to tell him off, she ended up squatting at his feet, sucking on his cock. Alicia felt so bad, that she denigrated herself more than he possibly could.

Her self-worth had her thinking she was nothing more than something he used on the end of his cock. He'd shown her how sexed up she was, and it was still true. How was it possible to be so sexually aroused by a mere eighteen-year-old boy?

Following him back to his bedroom, she wondered what would be demanded of her next.

Bully Ch. 02

He teaches a mom to obey

Being naked in a neighbour's house was a more desperate situation than ever. Without clothes to drive home, James had her at his mercy. Or did he? Could she find the strength to demand clothes to wear home?

It was important that he keep his mouth shut. If anyone found out what she did to him, her reputation would be dirt. What would happen to her family? They would have to leave town, and

start in a new city, unless she were thrown out.

Stop! These negative thoughts were paralysing her, robbing her will to action. She must do something, anything to get out of here. Running away from an eighteen-year-old boy was weak, but she had to.

This adolescent had forced her to suck on his penis. At first it had been so terrifying, she let him guide her. What was mystifying was that she hadn't fought him off. He was bullying her son at school, and now he was bullying her into doing what he wanted. He was very accomplished at getting his own way, and she had found this out the hard way.

If he made more nasty demands upon her, she could use the anger to gain enough assertiveness to keep him quiet. She'd been taught to use feelings of anger at assertiveness classes. Though, so far that hadn't worked. Thirty-six years of being submissive meant it was deeply ingrained. It was too difficult to shake off, even to protect herself from this boy.

Damn! She still needed him to stop bullying her son, which was the purpose of her visit.

Maybe he took advantage of her, because she promised to do anything to save Brendan from bullying. Was it her fault he made her do that bad thing? Was this all just an awful misunderstanding?

Alicia had never given anyone a blowjob, thinking of it as nasty. Something a common woman would do, not a decent housewife like her. It didn't seem so bad after the event. Of course, she didn't want to ever do it again, especially not with her son's bully. This was so very bad, and beyond her experience, therefore difficult to deal with. She wanted it all to be over, right now.

How she could stand being naked in this house was another mystery. Not even at home would she dare go around without clothes. In her bathroom, and dressing room it was unavoidable. Had this eighteen-year-old boy stripped her morals away with her clothes?

'In here,' he told her, and she meekly entered a bedroom.

It was obviously his, decorated for an adolescent. There were some younger items still left, probably of sentimental value. An old plastic airplane, hanging from the ceiling in the corner. It looked dusty. The whole room looked as though it needed a good tidy and a spring clean.

About to offer her services as a housewife, she quickly shut her mouth. It was obvious he wasn't interested in anything like that, but her mind blanked the obvious. She thought it might be possible to get through this, if she didn't annoy him, despite knowing better from experience.

It was wrong to give in to a teenager, for they were self-centred, yet she nevertheless submitted. She was impelled to go along with whatever a strong dominant person wanted. It was a lifetime's habit.

Had he brought her here to dress her?

'On the bed!' he sharply spoke.

Alicia stood there trying to bring her scattered thoughts together. Her mind was in turmoil.

'Please, I need some clothes,' she pathetically spoke.

The sound of her voice revealed her state of mind. She felt like a delicate waif next to his hard

muscular body. He was big and strong so she must keep him happy so as not to be hurt.

'Do as you are told,' James demanded, and shoved her onto the bed.

Seemingly floating in slow motion she fell on his bed. Landing in a tangle of limbs she straightened herself out, laying stiffly at attention.

'Open up! Spread your legs,' he demanded.

Seized by fear, she couldn't move. He grabbed an arm, and spun her over onto her tummy.

'Oww!' she yelped.

'Do as you are told, girl, or else,' he threatened, and slapped her ass.

'Oww! Please, I'll do as I'm told,' she yelped.

'Oww! Please, sir, please stop,' she cried.

The sound of her voice was pathetic to her own ears. It reinforced the idea that she must give in. There was no chance of being an authoritative adult figure with him. The very idea of defying the big brute was frightening. His large hands, deep chest, and thick thigh muscles, were an example of his great strength, and it frightened her.

He flipped her over onto her back, gripped a thin ankle in his large paw, and pulled her legs apart. It didn't take the slightest effort on his part. The manhandling left her breathless.

Alicia was spread over the brutes bed, with her eyes tightly shut. She had no choice, so tried to relax and prepare herself. She had to face the terrible truth. Her son's bully was going to use her body. Where was the anger and resultant resistance now she needed it? Fear left her weak, as though she were a rag doll, letting him manipulate her limbs.

'Open your legs, bitch! Show some enthusiasm!' he demanded.

'Please, don't hurt me, I'll do whatever you want, please!' she begged.

It was awful! He could see everything down there. It was so shameful letting him see her sex, especially as no one else ever had. The nasty boy climbed upon the bed, and was kneeling between her legs. At least he wasn't staring at her down there.

Feeling him lick her nipples burst the protective bubble. Pretending not to be there was impossible now. Every sensation was explosively experienced. Dare she think a disgusting thought? Yes! It was enjoyed! Her nipples were engorged from pleasure! The brute was kissing his way down to her tummy. No! He was going further! Not down there, surely? Why would he kiss her dirty bits?

'Oh! God! Oh! Yes!' Alicia exclaimed, feeling her naughty bits being sucked into his mouth.

Everything! The wonderful sensations shot through her entire body. It felt as though she were being filled with beauty. Colours of the rainbow flashed behind her eyes. Her limbs were stretched out stiff, as though reaching for nirvana.

He began to kiss the length of her body, upward toward her breasts. Her body was so much more sensitive compared to the journey down. When his lips touched her super sensitive nipples, it felt

as though they were exploding.

A violent orgasm ripped through her body, or was it a continuation of a climax.

'Oh! Yes!' she murmured through clenched teeth.

The boy had finished with her breasts as her body began to subside from a wonderful orgasm. Just as she was recovering, she felt his penis nudge her sex.

'No! Please, no more!' she excitedly protested.

James ignored her reluctance completely. He thrust in, deeply penetrating her vagina. Past engorged outer lips, pushing aside throbbing inner lips, he pounded into her.

'Oh! Yes! James! Please!' she whimpered.

As he touched the entrance to her womb the arousal climbed again. Yet again she was on a climb to paradise. Her body became beautifully alive. She wrapped her heels around his bottom, and dug in. Finding his rhythm, she matched him push for shove.

Feeling him spurt his load deep into her body, it was as though he were filling her up with semen. A first reaction was to cry out for him not to cum inside her. An instant later it didn't matter. She squeezed his buttocks with her ankles locked around him. It felt as though she were squeezing him dry of sperm.

'Mmmmm, oh, James,' she murmured.

He rolled off her, and locked eyes. He looked pleased with himself. Alicia needed to look innocent and put-upon. This should have been an awful experience, with too many bad reasons why it should not have happened.

Alicia realised she wasn't doing a very good job of looking angry. The boy wasn't an assailant, he was her lover. The idea that she had a lover made her feel sophisticated, yet of course she also felt terrible. Terrible enough to tremble with fear.

'Still excited,' James commented, and squeezed a breast.

Craning her neck she watched him fiddle with a nipple. It was hard and throbbing. Her pussy was throbbing too. This young man had done that to her. She'd never ever thought of having a lover, and now, she had cheated on her husband.

'You won't bully my son,' she stated, trying to bring her mind away from what she had just done.

It reminded her that this boy was her son's bully. Instead of gaining the upper hand, and demanding he didn't bully her son, she had let the bully defeat her. She was no longer a respectable woman, she was a slut, in the hands of a bully.

Why didn't it feel so bad? It should do. It should feel so very bad something must be done about it. Only, she wanted to lay there amusing him. He was amusing himself with her naked body! The will power to move away from him had evaporated with the last orgasm.

The last! Oh! Yes! She had multiple orgasms!

'Do you want more?' he asked, with a glint in his eye.

'Yes! No! We mustn't, never, not again,' she huffed and puffed.

It sounded as though she were shocked, though no such thing showed on her face. Alicia tried to disguise how she felt as it was so very wrong. A smug satisfaction warmed her belly, and casually walked around in her mind. Again? Could she say no? How could she refuse him anything after that!

Her thoughts were in turmoil. It didn't help that his hand was lying on her belly with fingers outstretched, seemingly ready to reach for her pussy. Was that in her imagination or real? He leaned over her again and kissed a nipple.

'Oh! James,' she sighed.

Did she want more? It was all so very wrong, so of course she didn't want more. Then why couldn't she tell him, no. Why couldn't she trust herself to open her mouth. Was it because she might beg him for more?

It took her awhile to bring her thoughts to something resembling normality. The first thing needed was some clothes. Denying him the use of her body was an imperative. He kept teasing her, with pinches and tickles. If he didn't stop, she would fall helpless in a fit of giggles.

'Please, James, I need some clothes. Something to wear to drive home,' she implored him.

Keeping him quiet about this was easy, as he wanted to use this against her. That would have to be dealt with another time. This wasn't being bullied by him, though he used coercion at first, it ended up with her wanting him to use her. How that was going to be accepted and fitted into her self-image, was going to be a challenge.

First things first.

'Please, James, I need to wear clothes, surely you can see that. I mean, come on, please,' she pleaded.

'Wait here, don't move. Do as you are told or no clothes. I'll pack you off home without them,' he heavily spoke, and slapped her bottom.

Feeling guilty, the slapped bottom seemed appropriate. She had behaved like a stupid girl and needed to be punished. When she was his age she wouldn't have let a boy seduce her, or even kiss her. She'd been called a prude and worse. Even her husband hadn't been allowed to do these naughty things with her.

James came back into his bedroom startling her from depressing thoughts. A demure smile crossed her face, then left a worried look. It was going to be difficult walking into her home after this.

'Oh! James, I can't wear this!' she complained.

He grabbed her arm and propelled her out of his room and down the corridor toward the front door. She had to run to keep up or fall and be dragged. Startled protests did no good. He opened the door for bright sunlight to flood in. The big brute tightly gripped her arm, and shoved her. Alicia was outside, naked, for all to see!

'No! Please, James, I'll do whatever you say, please!' she begged.

'Kiss me then, right now,' he smiled.

A furtive glance behind her, just to check. There was no one around, yet. She reached on tip toe to kiss him. He engulfed her in his arms to deeply smooch her. His hands were on her cheeks, pulling her close, holding on tight. She could hardly breathe. He stopped to take a breath and she sucked in air.

Unable to look at him she pushed her face against his chest. She smelt his sweat, and a mixture of their sex juices rising up to attack her nostrils. Uncharacteristically it didn't repulse her, rather it reminded her of their sexual encounter and that pushed up her sexual tension a notch.

Outside a neighbour's home, she was naked, cavorting with their son. How decadent was that! This was more devilish than she had ever been in her whole life! It was exciting, though very bad, and maybe more exciting because it was so bad. She was gasping deep breaths, her head light, spinning, ready to faint.

He pulled her inside, and they ran back to the bedroom. She stood waiting for him, and his permission to get dressed. He sat on the edge of the bed looking her over. Alicia was relieved that he liked what he saw. Why that was so, she had to store away for a later explanation.

'Let's take a shower,' he casually said.

This was another first for Alicia. He didn't let up on her for one moment. He soaped her entire body, leaving nothing untouched. She tried to keep her breathing under control but soon began to huff and puff with arousal. A soapy hand ran down her back between her cheeks, another over her tummy down between her legs.

Feeling his fingers rub her clit, and her lips, and bottom, an orgasm rocked her. Both legs became weak, and she slid down the slippery wet tiles in the shower. He grabbed her by the arm pits, and held her up.

'You enjoyed that! There's more to come,' he laughed.

He wrapped a towel around her and patted her dry. Half carrying her, he dumped her on the bed.

'You can get dressed now. You have my permission, Alicia,' he heavily stated.

It was what she needed to do, get dressed. Being given permission by this boy was embarrassing. Nevertheless she did as she was told.

Pulling the panties on she found they were too tight. They fitted between her cheeks, and showed a camel toe in front. It wasn't necessary to see them, it was felt. There was no bra, but the top tied under her breasts holding them up in a deep cleavage

The skirt was wasn't much more than a belt. Slung low over her hips, it just covered her upper thighs. Her midriff was bare, so she was glad she had a flat tummy. It seemed shorter than a miniskirt. Not that she had ever dared wear one, not even in college. He seemed very pleased with the look. The only way to get something decent would be to placate him. By pandering to his ego it might be possible to get what she wanted for a change.

'Please, sir, I'm a woman not a girl. These clothes are too, err, young for me,' she tried explaining.

'Nonsense, you look great! You look really sexy,' he said, with a glint in his eye.

'Well, thank you, sir. It's really nice of you to say that. I can't go home looking, err, sexy. Not like this, please!' she tried again.

Alicia could hear in her voice the sound of desperate pleading. Of course he could see she was beaten, and was ready to beg. If that is what he wanted then she would have to plead for sympathy. That was no good, a bully didn't show sympathy. She knew this from years ago in school.

'Please, sir, I would appreciate some decent clothes, ever so much, please,' she cooed, while trying to flirt.

It wasn't very sophisticated but the obvious was more to James' taste. She put a finger to a lower lip, swung her hips, and fluttered her eyelashes. With no experience, it was all she could think of. It wasn't realised she was flaunting a deep cleavage, while swinging her breasts from side to side.

Holding his attention was a start, so she continued.

'Please, sir, I would love you to get me a longer skirt. You don't want me to show off my panties to everyone, do you?' she asked, and lifted the hem.

The camel-toe had an effect on him. It wasn't what she hoped for. James could see why she wouldn't want to go home dressed like that, and the shame of it was why he selected the clothes.

These were from the back of the wardrobe, from when sis was much younger. Not that he was aware of style, or was looking for something suitable. His sister was taller, so there had been nothing recent to fit Alicia.

After using her, sending her home dressed like an airhead girl would be hilarious. Especially as that is how she had behaved. How stupid was she to let him strip her naked. Not even the dumbest cheerleader in school would have fallen for that.

He'd hardly had to bully her. He simply spoke to her in a demanding and heavy voice, not asking her, he gave her orders. When she tried to put her foot down he put a hand on her shoulder and squeezed, to show off his strength. Though it was his strength of character, with a veiled threat, that brought her under control.

There had been some resistance to giving him a blow job, of course. Though she succumbed, and got on with it, from being stoked up. He was surprised how sexed up she became, to the extent of being out of control, and letting him do whatever he wanted.

Now he was thinking of something else. The woman had put ideas into his head. He wouldn't want anyone to see her panties, she said. It would be more fun showing her off to friends. Toting Mrs Lucas around showing her panties off to friends would be more fun than sending her home. She had submitted to him, so why not keep her that way.

He wasn't sure why she was still submissive, and didn't just go home, but that wasn't his concern. He could use a willing sex doll, which is how she had behaved in bed.

'I couldn't find anything else to fit you. I'll take you shopping, see what we can find, alright?' he smiled.

Alicia should have know better. He was a bully by nature, not by choice, and wasn't going to

suddenly go easy on her.

'Thank you, sir, I appreciate it, honestly, sir. I really do, sir. I'll do anything for you, sir,' she stopped in mid flow.

The pathetic gushing appreciation, was awful. Why was she calling him sir? He was a boy not her superior, though it did feel as though he was the one in charge here. Reluctantly she had to admit to herself, he was in charge. He was in charge of her, not only because he had dressed her.

He'd taken her and made her his. As soon as the thought occurred, it rang true. Not alarm bells, but a ringing of well being and happiness. She shouldn't feel good about such a strange idea. She couldn't possibly be happy about belonging to an adolescent boy. It wasn't possible, yet the feeling was so very strong. Was that why she called him, sir?

Alicia tamely followed him into the kitchen. The shock of thinking and feeling he somehow owned her, was difficult to overcome. Especially as a big part of her didn't want to let go of the wonderful feelings. When he looked at her a big smile lit her face. Immediately she turned away, looking demure and embarrassed.

'Make the coffee, then we'll go shopping. I'll buy you a complete outfit, underwear and a nice dress,' he promised.

'Thank you, sir, thank you so much, sir,' she gushed.

This time she refrained from promising to do anything he wanted. The feeling was there, but she pushed that to one side. In its place she felt grateful to him. What for? The sex?

Oh! God! She was still in the grip of an orgasmic serenity. Her mind was still swamped with hormones, influencing the way she thought. Not used to such dramatic sexual exploits, she hadn't realised it could last this long. No wonder she had such a warm feeling towards him.

She stood with a cup of coffee, staring at him. Damn! He was a handsome hunk, and she would have been ecstatic in high school to have him as a boyfriend. Would she have given herself to such a boy. If she had, maybe her life would have been different, more relaxed less uptight.

It was wrong to ponder over not being married to Harold. He too was a quiet unassuming person. He didn't show her much emotion, and certainly wasn't entertaining in the bedroom. Although true, it was wrong to think like that.

'Hi James, and who is this? A new girlfriend?' Ralph briskly asked.

The father had stepped into the kitchen without warning, from the garage. Alicia almost dropped her coffee, but just managed to save it. she turned away from the man and pored the coffee down the sink. She busied herself cleaning the cup.

'Yea, dad. My new girlfriend, Alicia. Say hello to dad,' James teased.

'Hi, Mr Robertson,' she murmured, keeping her back to him.

'Shy little thing isn't she,' Ralph laughed.

'I've brought back pizza. Here honey you can slice it,' he ordered.

Alicia took the box, and slipped it onto the work counter, found a slicer and cut it up. All this without facing the man. Opening cupboards she found plates, and dished out the first slice.

'That's good, honey. Just help yourselves to the rest, this is enough for me,' Ralph said.

'I needed this, thanks dad,' James said.

They were silent while eating. Alicia kept her head down, afraid of being recognised, or just the father seeing she was too old to be his girlfriend. The last thing she wanted was for the truth to be revealed.

'So you two are an item then. I guess you want to get back to your room,' Ralph said, with plenty of innuendo in his voice.

In his room he James laughed at her, and said, 'So, you're my new girlfriend. I guess that must be right, after fucking you.'

He looked her in the eye, and held her shoulders. She looked away, feeling a little more brave. When he hugged her she melted. Knowing it was wrong wasn't enough. Her feelings ruled her head, leaving her vulnerable to his control.

She kissed him, and said, 'I need the bathroom.'

He reluctantly let her go. It was vital not to look back at him, otherwise she would relent and return. This was an attempt at escaping him. Even dressed as she was, she would drive home. Without cash or a credit card she wouldn't be able to buy something decent, so she would have to sneak into her own home.

Hurrying into the kitchen she ran into his father.

'Where are you sneaking off to?' Ralph asked.

'Home, err, I can't stay, I need to get home,' Alicia murmured.

'You're a tease aren't you. I know your kind. Look at me when I'm talking to you,' he angrily said.

'Sorry, sir,' she demurely spoke.

'You've led him on haven't you,' he firmly spoke.

'Yes, sir,' she replied.

Alicia was feeling guilty for taking advantage of this man's son, and letting her family down. All the guilt and anguish had her confused, and admitting to anything. If he accused her of murder, she would admit to it.

'Get back in there and tell him you're going, or staying. Don't mess him around. In fact, you will stay with him and keep him happy. I won't have my son messed around with. He lost his mother last year, and hasn't brought home a girl before. He must think something of you, so don't let him down,' Ralph heavily warned.

What could she say to such an emotionally laden question.

'Sorry, sir.'

'You've slept with him haven't you,' he said.

'Yes, sir,' the truth slipped out.

'Do you love him?' he asked.

'Yes, sir, I love him,' she murmured.

Alicia realised the sexual afterglow was still influencing her, and his impassioned speech couldn't be ignored.

'So where and why are you going?' he asked.

'Don't know. Don't know why or where,' she hesitantly spoke.

How could she tell him she was going to her own home and her family.

'You'll stay here then. Go to him and tell him you love him. Tell him you're going to stay the night,' he ordered.

The man was a bigger version of James. He was overpowering and forceful. She could see where James learned his bullying techniques from. She needed to get home, and quickly, before she was completely subsumed by them.

'Sorry, I can't stay,' she whined.

'You will stay. I'll phone your parents and make an excuse for you. Don't cross me girl. In my house you do as you are told,' he fiercely spoke.

'I can't,' she whined.

'Oww! Please, I'm sorry,' she cried out, when a heavy hand slapped her bottom.

'You are going to stay, I've decided,' he said.

'Oww! Alright, I'll stay. I'll keep him happy, I promise, sir,' she wailed.

'You'll do as you are told,' he heavily stated.

'Yes, sir, I'll do as I'm told, sir,' she whined.

'Good! No playing around. I want you to be a good obedient kid here, or else,' he said, and slapped her ass.

'Yes, sir, sorry, sir. I promise to be a good, obedient, girl, sir.' she clearly spoke.

James wondered where she was, and halted by the kitchen door. He watched what was going on from the moment his father tackled her. He watched her being spanked by his father, and stifled a laugh. His father hadn't had a good look at her, otherwise he would have seen she wasn't an eighteen year old girl.

It was highly amusing seeing Mrs Lucas being spanked. When she promised to be obedient, he figured on taking advantage of it. He hadn't expected any of this. He expected to listen to a boring lecture from the guy's mother, then promise not to bully him again. Instead he ended up screwing her.

Nothing was planned, he just made it up as he went along.

He watched her drag her feet across the kitchen floor toward him. He stepped back from the door, letting her walk passed him. He wrapped his arms around her and guided her to his bedroom.

Alicia was stunned. James had playfully slapped her bottom, but his father had spanked her! He'd looked at the way she was dressed, and thought she was a young slut. Unthinkingly she told the truth, that she had slept with James, and that was a big mistake. The man figured she was just a stupid slut and would stay the night with James, without thinking much about it.

'You don't like the clothes, so you can take them off now,' James gleefully said.

'Err, I'm not sure. They aren't so bad,' she demurely said.

'You promised to be obedient, so do as you are told. Get undressed, and get into bed,' James firmly spoke.

'Yes, sir,' she sighed.

He was naked, looking down at her, licking his lips, and grinning. He had her where he wanted her, and was going to take full advantage. He never expected Brendan's mother to arrive, and end up in his bed. It was a hell of a way to pay him not to bully her son. Though vary effective.

Slipping between the sheets, she looked up at him. Earlier they had sex on top of the bed, and now she was in his bed. This seemed so much more serious. If she attempted to leave, his father would punish her. It closed in on her that she was now this boys slut, and she had to obey him. She was his sexual plaything for the night, and her pussy tingled from the thought.

Bully Ch. 03

Ch. 03

A mom is humiliated

Alicia was in deep trouble. How in hell was she going to get out of this fix? Visiting James to get him to stop bullying her son, hadn't been a good idea. She was too submissive to tackle a bully, even an eighteen-year-old boy. Submitting to his dominance had been so gradual, she hadn't noticed. Or maybe she didn't want to admit to being weak willed.

At thirty-six, and after completing an assertive class, the boy should have been easily put in his place. Instead, before she knew what was happening, he had her where he wanted. Looking back over the last two hours, it was realised how very stupid she had been. Like the bully in high school all those years ago, he had intimidated her.

'Come on, you've been in there ages,' James told her.

Alicia was in the bathroom, playing for time. Surely there was something she could do or say to get out of this mess.

'Shall I take you to my father? He will probably spank you again,' he said, trying to sound serious.

'No! Please don't. I need to get home,' she said, sounding worried.

'Then why did you promise my father to keep me happy?'

'He, err, he thought I was a slut, from the way I was dressed,' she explained.

'Why didn't you tell him you're Brendan's mother? If you told him who you were, you wouldn't have been spanked, and sent to my room,' he teased.

'I couldn't admit to being a respectable married woman. You dressed me up in these terrible clothes, and introduced me as your girlfriend. I had to hide my face. Being recognised would have been terrible,' she complained.

'Don't trash the clothes, they were my sister's. Awhile ago, but they were hers,' he said, and shrugged.

'I really need to get home, James. Can I have my clothes back, please,' Alicia asked, trying for sympathy.

'No, you can go home like that. I'll drive you. Of course, everyone will find out what you did. They might even be sympathetic, as it was to save your boy from bullying. I have a video of you blowing me, ready to put on the internet,' he smirked.

Alicia was stunned from what he said. He guided her with a firm grip of her shoulders, and sat her in front of a computer. A video started.

She didn't recognise what was happening at first. Hair came into focus, then she recognised the top of her head. A sharp intake of breath was made, on realising what was happening. It was her, sucking on his cock! A blow job it was called, and she heard him groaning, saying the awful word. He was guiding her head, using her mouth in that disgusting way.

No! He let go of her head, and she continued doing it. She looked up at him, and the camera, while lifting her mouth up the length of his penis. His penis fit obscenely tight between her lips. Her face was distorted with his cock, but it was her. She looked down and pushed along the length of his cock.

When she looked up at the camera it was obvious she didn't see it. There was a studied concentration, no enjoyment, just acceptance. The working up and down his penis seemed to go on forever. She couldn't take her eyes off the screen. She began to splutter and choke. He lifted her head off his cock.

No! She had his cum in her mouth, and he told her to swallow. The dirty woman, her, looked to be in shock. Why on earth had she let this happen? Her son's bully had spurted semen in her mouth!

'Oh! No! Please!' Alicia whined. 'You mustn't let anyone see this, please. Promise me you'll remove it from your computer, please,' she said, looking frightened.

'If you make a fuss, I'll get dad to take you home. He'll be surprised to find you're the lady of the house. Though you can't really call yourself a lady, can you,' he commented.

'No, no, I can't,' she murmured.

'What are you then?' he demanded.

James grabbed her hair, and twisted it.

'Ouch! Please! Don't hurt me, please,' she yelped.

'I said, what are you? A slut? A cock sucking slut is more like it. Tell me!' he demanded.

'I, err, I don't know. . . Please, don't hurt me. Owwww! Stop it, I'll say whatever you want. I'm your cock sucking slut! Pleased now?' she sobbed.

'I've got the proof on my phone and computer, so you can't deny it,' he said.

'No! Oh! No,' she moaned.

'Tell me again, Alicia. Say it!' he demanded.

'I'm you cock sucking slut, sir,' Alicia whimpered.

'Get those clothes off, and get into bed. You heard dad, he said to please me. You don't want to be spanked, then taken home, do you,' James stated.

Looking frightened and shocked, Alicia slid into bed. She turned away from him, and pulled the sheet up around her neck. His father thought she was a girl from the wrong side of town, and had spanked her for being a nasty tease with his boy. He was a bully like his son, only a bigger version. It was humiliating being treated like a naughty girl, spanked, and sent to James' room.

At least he hadn't found out who she was.

'You heard what my father said. He sent you to my bedroom with a smacked ass, and made you promise to obey,' James gleefully said.

'It wasn't like that,' she began, only to realise it wasn't far off.

Damn them both! Somehow she was in this boy's bed for the night, expected to play with him.

When he and his father were asleep she would be able to escape back home. Oh! God! Until then she would have to pander to this boy's whims. Knowing it was her stupidity that got her into this mess, left her feeling weak and pathetic. The two of them had bullied her into this dreadful situation.

A hand went protectively between her legs, and she clamped them tight. This was such a bad thing, how could it be endured? Why hadn't she screamed for help and made an attempt to run away? Instead, she kept quiet and demurely endured their bullying. Oh! God! What was happening to her? The humiliation from their bullying had left her completely submissive to them.

When he got into bed she looked away. A feeling of anxiety and fright washed over her entire body.

To delay the inevitable, she asked, 'Could I borrow your phone, please. I need to phone home. . . Please!' she shyly asked.

Doing something would be a distraction from these bad thoughts, and give her a chance to think of something. He handed her the phone and she made to slip out of bed. James put a restraining hand on her shoulder, prevented her leaving. Unfortunately he was too strong to shrug off, or push away.

Alicia sighed, and relented as she was bound to do in this damnable house. It was the story of

her life, only this time she was in a terrible place. Not having her mobile, she had to think for a moment before remembering the home number. On her side, trying to distance herself from him, she felt him snuggle up to her.

'Hello, Harold, sorry I didn't phone earlier. I'm at a friend's place, she's ill. I don't know when I'll be home. If it's late I'll spend the night. Alright?' she asked her husband.

What could she do if he said no, and she had to go straight home? Alicia was unable to concentrate on what her husband was saying, as James started playing with her sex! He pushed a finger up her ass, and she couldn't help giving out a little yelp of anguish. She was on her side, and he was behind her, helping himself to her sex!

'Yes, I'm all right. It isn't nice seeing a friend like this. The doctor has been. If she gets any worse, I'm to call an ambulance. Alright, yes, thanks, good night,' she distractedly murmured.

Alicia couldn't send a kiss down the line to her husband, when a boy was stroking her pussy, and delving into both holes down there. It was the worst moment ever, in her whole life. It had been terrible, trying to talk to her husband while being sexed up by this boy!

With the phone checked to make sure it was really off, she laid still. It was hoped he would get the message that she wasn't interested, and leave her alone. Passive resistance wasn't enough. His fingers went deeper, and she was opening up! How could that be? It was bad enough being in bed with her son's bully. Responding to his crude fondling was downright wicked.

A hand left her bottom to squeeze her breasts. He squished them together in a big calloused hand. Somehow he managed to pinch her nipples, and they soon hurt from his brutish strength. Oh! God! He had two fat fingers in her vagina, exploring inside her body. At least they were no longer up her bottom!

'James! Please! You shouldn't be touching me like this. I'm a married woman. I have responsibilities. I'm the mother of a school friend. Brendon is in your class at school,' she moaned, trying to put him off.

'I'll not bully him after this. You're doing a good job for him, Alicia,' James chuckled.

Another badly needed protest was tried, only she gargled a moan of pleasure instead. Slamming her lips together, she dare not try to say anything, or the words might betray her. The damn boy had her worked up, and he knew it! His manipulative fingers were so damn good.

This time there was no holding back, it had to be recognised, she was being sexed up. He was stoking her boiler, making her so very hot. She was more than ready for him, and almost ready to beg for it. It was humiliating to be brought to this state of arousal by a mere boy. Her husband never spent so much time on foreplay, so maybe that explained it.

He whispered in an ear, 'You like this, don't you. Tell me how much you want it, Alicia,' he said, with a grin revealed in his voice.

'No, this is wrong, James, terribly wrong. Please stop it, please!' she moaned.

'Don't lie to me, I can feel how excited you are,' he said, and pushed three fingers into her.

It couldn't be helped. The truth spilled out from her open mouth, among the gasps of pleasure.

'Ooooo! Yes! Mmmm! Don't stop! Oh! That is so good,' she relented. 'Uhhh! Yes! I need it!' she

panted.

'What do you need, Alicia?' he blew into an ear.

The damn boy was teasing her! Still laying on her side, from making the phone call, he relentlessly pleased her. Again she tried to bring her legs together, needing to protectively squeeze her thighs. His big strong hand was in charge of her crotch, and couldn't be budged.

'I need it. I need you inside me,' she desperately panted.

Both hands were wrapped around her, each gripping a breast. Her knees were drawn up to her chest, or at least to his hands. She was still highly aroused, and the unexpected withdrawal from her vagina left her feeling disappointed. She shouldn't feel like that, she was being a bad girl.

A hardness nudged her bottom, then slid toward her slit. Alicia froze in dismay. Not that! Surely her son's bully wasn't going to do it to her. As a married woman and a mother, she had to preserve her dignity. Damn! She had climbed into this boy's bed, so how could she think about dignity? It was too late for that.

'Ohhh! No!' she yelped.

The head of his cock slipped in. It was so easily pushed inside she must be open to him. Just the head of his cock penetrated her. Again he was teasing her, wanting her to beg for it!

'Is that nice, Alicia? How do you like it? Rough or smooth, fast or slow?' he asked.

His tone of voice was derisive. He'd subjugated a woman, an adult, and enjoyed pushing her into the gutter. How far would she go? How low would she stoop to save her son from being bullied in school. No, it had gone past being about her son. It was all about the bully and her. James was her bully now.

Alicia wasn't allowing this damned boy to treat her like this just to protect her son. It was because she was weak and submissive. The damn boy had broken her resistance! He was a more accomplished bully than she realised. Giving in to him seemed the only way.

'Fuck me, hard!' she whimpered.

It had to be said, or he would continue to tease her, and pinch her nipples. They hurt, yet surprisingly this too was arousing.

From behind her he thrust in, long and hard. Alicia had never tried different positions before. This felt different, as though it were reaching a different part of her vagina. It seemed as though he was being squashed between her thighs.

The usual missionary position was practiced at home, and they got it over with as quickly as possible. They were embarrassed about sex, and never discussed it.

He pulled one of her legs, opening her up, to penetrate deeper.

'Oh! God! Yessss!' she shrieked.

The boy was slamming into her, taking her hard. It went on and on, for an age, he banged her. She had asked for it hard, and he was doing just that with all his youthful strength.

James was huffing and puffing when he suddenly stopped, and seemed to be drilling into her. While shoving fiercely with both feet, he spurted semen into her. He felt her whole body vibrate beside him. She was shaking and moaning. With little experience he guessed she was having an orgasm. It seemed to take over her whole body! Was she having a fit?

'Oh! My! God! I can't believe it,' she murmured.

Nothing like this had ever happened in her marital bed. Only having Harold to go by, this was exceptional. Even thinking about comparing this boy with her husband, gave her a terrible dose of guilt. Then whack! A feeling of devotion swamped her mind.

Alicia turned over to face the boy, and rested her head on his chest. He had taken her and made her his. She belonged to him. There was no explanation for how she felt, and didn't need one. The afterglow had her trapped in a private loving world of her own. It included him, the man who gave her multiple orgasms.

More than that! He had taken her, forced her to have enormous pleasure. He forced her into having overwhelming pleasure, that knocked her into another world.

'You all right?' James asked.

'Oh, yes, James, yes!' she cooed.

He looked her over, wondering if this was some kind of trick. Maybe reverse psychology. He wasn't stupid. He'd read on the internet that women sometimes overreacted after sex. He felt a warmth toward her, a sort of protectiveness, but nothing much.

Alicia couldn't help herself, she was besotted with the boy, like a silly schoolgirl with a crush. Knowing the feeling would soon fade didn't help how she felt right then. It seemed he had a willing sex toy for the night, and it was her. The thought left her giggling.

'You like that then,' James said, while stroking between her lips.

'Mmmm! Nice,' she admitted.

He unexpectedly found her clit, which was super sensitive after the orgasm. She trembled and made gargling sounds.

'You really like that!' he smiled.

He kissed her forehead while rubbing her clit. He kept her on the edge of another orgasm. He couldn't fulfil the promise but at that moment she didn't care, just so long as he continued working her up.

'Oh! God! So nice! Keep going!' she pleaded.

He kissed her and she kissed him back. Her tongue rampaged inside his mouth twisting this way and that. Her hands were all over him. It was as though she were searching for something. It was another orgasm, though she didn't know it.

It hit her hard. Her legs pointed straight out. A tingling began in her tummy, and grew more violet as it travelled to her fingers and toes. Her extremities felt numb. Her mind began to numb, with a single thought, another orgasm. James brought her to nirvana once more.

'Get down there, and lick me clean,' he ordered.

Alicia scrunched down in the bed, to nestle between his legs. He'd already made her do this, so a second time wasn't so bad. Knowing it would be regretted later, she avoided thinking about it. At the moment she was pleased to obey the young man who took her to heaven.

Alicia didn't need guiding this time. She licked his cock, then sucked it into her mouth. It was small and soft this time, and fit easily. There was a gentleness to her care of his penis this time. It had given her such pleasure, she felt a great warmth and thankfulness towards it.

It was a surprise when it began to grow in her mouth. It was gradually getting hard, and filling her mouth too much. Choking and retching she just held the head of his cock between her lips, trying to recover.

James pulled her up the bed, laid her on her back, and spread her legs, while rolling on top of her. Before she had a chance to stop choking, his hardness had invaded her. The warm glow had faded, and she was shocked to be so roughly treated. The boy was taking her again!

As a teenager he had a great power of recovery. Surely he wasn't inspired by her. Did he find her sexy? Was he responding to her body, aroused by her. Surely she was too old for him. He was fucking her, but she wasn't ready! Her body was, as he hadn't needed to force himself into her.

He was pummelling her with his hips. They were hurting, maybe bruised from the impact of his bones against hers. She lay under him with little interest, much as she would under her husband. Only this seemed to be going on for too long. It would hurt if he didn't stop soon. She wasn't used to such a large penis, so it felt as though he were stretching her.

'Oh! Oh! Oh!' she began to murmur on each exhalation.

He was hitting the entrance to her womb! It was both an unusual feeling, and consumed her attention. Oh! Dear! He was going to shoot his load directly into her womb! No! Not that! Please not him! This boy was going to shoot his potent sperm into her womb!

Alicia struggled to free herself. Instead it felt as though she were responding to his thrusts with her own. Her timing was in harmony with his hardness dipping into her. He stopped. Then heaved with his feet dug into the bedding. His hard muscles were impossible to slide away from. She was stuck on the end of his cock, pinned to the bed. His whole body trembled, and she imagined feeling him erupting a fountain of sperm into her body.

'Oh! Yes! Fill me up with hard cock, and gallons of cum. Fill me with cum!' she whispered.

He heard, but couldn't respond. Eventually he'd had enough, and rolled off her. He mumbled something complimentary, about her being a good fuck, and was soon fast asleep.

'Oh! Dear, what am I to do?' she whispered to his sleeping form.

With a big heavy arm around her, she couldn't move. Was it an excuse, or was there still a vestige of feeling for him. Waiting to hear him snore, to make sure he was deeply asleep, she instead fell into dreamland.

He woke her through the night to use his sex toy. Half asleep she responded without moral restraint. Mostly, she let him get on with it. More sex than a whole month was experienced that night. It might have been forgiven if she began to think of him as a legitimate lover. He'd certainly earned the title. Any two people having that much sex, should consider themselves as one.

James had learned something about her. He knew where and how to touch the woman to arouse her. In the night, she hadn't stood a chance against him. He'd learned how hard and fast to fuck her, and when she was ready to orgasm.

Alicia woke up from a dream, with a big smile on her face. Opening her eyes she saw a close up of James staring at her.

'Oh! Hell!' she exclaimed.

'I'm not that ugly am I?' he asked.

'No, you're handsome,' she unintentionally answered.

Alicia looked away, feeling ashamed with herself. Why she hadn't put up a fight, she had no idea. Tamely getting into his bed had been a very bad thing to do. Being in bed with her son's bully, was a horrendous thing to do. Bullied by him and his father, she'd been mentally beaten into submission, yet it was the threat of blackmail that finally broke her. The blackmail threat suddenly lit her thoughts with fear.

'You won't tell anyone, will you!' she demanded to know.

'Not while you behave yourself, Mrs Lucas,' he grinned.

Being reminded of her position, as a married woman, should have inflamed her spirit enough to fight him. Instead it brought home how disgusting she was. She was a stupid, stupid woman, to have given in to a mere boy. How could she face anyone after this?

'Better get up and get dressed, we've a lot to do,' James told her.

In the shower she still wasn't free. He soaped her entire body, and when she least expected it, he took her. He bent her at the waist, and thrust in. It didn't take long. He was finished with her before she had a chance to catch up. The thought of her son's bully, using her to cum into, was horrendous. How she had let all this happen was pathetic. She was nothing more than a pathetic slut.

Oh, hell! Last night she'd told him she was his, cock sucking slut! That was a disgusting admission, while being humiliated into submission. Was it true?

Without a comment Alicia pulled on the clothes he gave her, and stood still, putting up with his inspection. The outfit was more suitable to a teen, not a mature woman. The blouse was tied under her breasts, showing off too much cleavage. The skirt was far too short. The heels were too high. He seemed to approve, then she felt his big paw pushed up the tiny skirt. He gripped her crotch, and squeezed.

'You'll have to shave your cunt, girl,' he told her. 'You can sit there and fix your hair. Pigtails will look good,' he smiled.

'I can't go home like this!' Alicia complained.

'Then you won't go home. Your friend isn't well enough to leave alone,' he laughed.

'Oh! You made me lie to my husband,' she complained.

James sneered at her, not deigning to answer that accusation.

'When she's better you can go, not until I say. Do your hair, then I'll show you why you'll do as I say,' he heavily told her.

Out of habit she did a good job, as her father had often told her. The pigtails looked cute, but nothing else did. She'd never dressed like this. As a blond she had always dressed sensibly, trying hard to avoid the typical blond look. For the first time in her life she looked like a dumb blond.

He stood behind her, forcing her to look into a mirror. His hands were wrapped around her breasts, holding them up. The thin blouse hardly covered them. He kissed her neck and ears. For a moment she enjoyed the feel of his lips on her sensitive skin, and silently chastised herself. This must not happen! She was a married woman and would not give in to a bully.

She stood there, mesmerised by the image. It wasn't her he was kissing, it was some dumb bitch.

'You have beautiful long legs,' James commented.

'Thank you, sir,' she conceded, and wished she hadn't.

It was inbuilt politeness that had her responding. Why she was calling this boy, sir, was a mystery. He hadn't demanded it, and she couldn't remember why, or when it started.

He took her over to the computer and sat her down. Alicia cringed on feeling her bare cheeks on the seat. It wasn't nice being reminded she wore a thong. She just sat, hardly looking, expecting to see the same obnoxious video as last night.

His phone had been on the bedside cabinet. That much was easy to work out. Damn! Her face was in focus while he rammed home into her. My God! Her face was a picture of agony, yet she was obviously enjoying it.

No! No! No! It could just be heard among the grunts. She was asking him to fuck her harder! Surely this wasn't her. It was clearly her face, and her voice was recognisable, grunting and moaning in pleasure.

'No more, please, James, please!' she begged.

He thankfully switched it off.

'Please, delete this obscenity, please! I beg you James, no one must see it,' she implored him.

'You have to do as you are told, or I'll put it on the internet. Understood?' he firmly spoke.

'Yes, sir, whatever you say,' Alicia murmured.

'Louder, and mean it!' he threatened.

'I'll obediently do whatever you say, sir,' she stiffly spoke.

He grunted approval, not caring if she meant it or not. It would be more enjoyable making her bend to his will. Having a pathetic girl do as she was told would be no fun. Having this adult woman cave in each time he tested her would be ideal.

Gripping her shoulder he guided her back into the bathroom. In a daze, she didn't wonder why, she just went along with him.

'Sit on the floor,' he told her.

He flipped up the skirt, and pulled the thong down her legs. Not even a gasp left her lips. Seeing a razor and foam, she realised what he was up to, and stiffened.

'No! Please! My husband will know! Please don't! James, you can't, please!' she begged.

She pulled her thighs together, but he was too strong. His knees kept them apart. When he squirted shaving foam over her crotch, and massaged in into her pussy, she gave in. Alicia simply lay on the bathroom floor, passive. He was definitely her bully and again had beaten her into submission.

When he pulled upon her lips, she dare not move, even holding her breath. He was certainly thorough! He hummed as he worked, as though completing some carpentry, or painting a wall. That's all she was to him, an object! She was something he owned like a pet, and he was taking care of it.

Maybe she was nothing more than a sex doll, being tidied up. That's how she felt. Nothing. No anger, no fear, nothing.

With eyes wide, she watched him working. He was pulling her sex this way and that, being careful not to cut her. He lifted her up with a hand under her bottom. He made sure there wasn't a hair left standing. Everything had been shorn away, leaving her sex naked.

'There, that's better, Mrs Lucas. Nice and clean. You can wear a thong now,' he smiled at her.

he helped her up off the floor and gave her a hug. She reached up on tiptoe to kiss his lips. The kiss lingered, and almost began another session. Her head spun from this turn around. The intimate tender touching of her sex had inspired this. Was it because no one had shown such intimate care of her. The boy embraced her sex. It wasn't something dirty, he treated it with respect and gentleness.

Alicia followed him into the kitchen. She was completely beaten, bullied into submission. He was a bully with surprising depths. He kept her off balance, from being abused, then cared for, almost lovingly. She shook her head of these uncalled for thoughts and feelings. The bastard had taken her, with blackmail and bullying tactics.

Last night it had been dusk when his father walked in. The darkness helped hide her face, otherwise he might have recognised her as Mrs Lucas. This morning sunshine flooded the room, and so she kept obsessively glancing at the door.

'It's alright, he sleeps late on Saturday,' James smiled at her.

He couldn't keep his eyes off the woman. It was amazing having an adult at his disposal. He knew how to get his peers to do what he wanted, but this was different. She was an attractive woman, capitulating to his every whim. After last night, and shaving her, he had even more material to blackmail her with. Two of the sex sessions clearly showed how much she enjoyed it. Everything was now on his computer, and safely stored in the cloud.

'Mrs Lucas, you are mine. You belong to me now,' he said.

Not meaning to say it out loud, he studied her for a reaction. Damn! She hadn't fought back, as this audacious statement seemed to be accepted. The woman was either stupid, or spineless.

Alicia wasn't that, so what was it preventing her from struggling, and giving him an excuse to go hard on her? There was something more than the blackmail keeping her compliant.

'Well?' he asked.

'Yes, sir, whatever,' she listlessly spoke.

'Tell me then, tell me what you are,' he demanded.

Standing behind her, he grabbed her breasts, and twisted both nipples through the thin top.

'Oww! I'm yours, sir. I belong to you,' she quickly said.

'Why?' he asked.

'Because I'm a stupid slut. I was stupid to be trapped by you. I'm a slut for having sex with you,' she sobbed.

'So now you belong to me. You're mine to play with,' he smiled.

'Yes, sir, I belong to you, to play with,' she whined, feeling very sorry for herself.

Her life had been perfect, with wonderful parents, and an undemanding husband to look after her. For a short time in high school she had been bullied, but nothing like this. There was nothing in her experience to prepare her to deal with such a dire situation.

It wasn't a protectiveness over Brendan that had her yielding to him. He would have to find out what the key to her submission was. This was something his father taught him, to find out how to get to someone, and it had served him well. Though never before had he tried it out on an adult.

Damn! This was just awesome! He had a grown woman as his sex pet, and he'd hardly started on her yet. There were more intimidation techniques to make her submit to his desires that hadn't been tried. This time there was a very real incentive, with a brilliant reward. After last night he felt on top of the world. She fucked like a whore, and so he would treat her like one.

'Get your chores done, stupid slut,' James heavily told her.

Alicia flinched from being called such a dreadful name. It was her own fault, as in a dark moment she had admitted to feeling like a stupid slut. Now he was using it against her, driving home her mistake. At least while washing up and tidying the kitchen, she felt almost normal.

Having completed the chores he set, she stood beside him waiting for dismissal. He made her feel like a naughty girl, completing chores as a punishment.

'May I go now, sir,' Alicia asked.

The weak tone of voice left her feeling pathetic. Perhaps she was a stupid slut. The feel of his cock inside her was still there. Probably from him taking her so often last night. It was such a bad thought it left her feeling like trash. This whole thing was a bad reflection upon her morals.

Having his cum continuously leaking all morning was terrible. She had to ask permission to go to the bathroom several times, to wipe her thighs and crotch. How many times did he wake her up to have sex? How many times did he spurt his load into her? However many times that was, she had as many, if not more orgasms. Maybe two to his one.

A thrill ran through her entire body thinking of having so many orgasms. Each and every time he gave her an orgasm, he'd pummelled her mind and body. The boy had pounded her vagina, and the bruises on her hips proved it. A quick glance at him showed he was still staring at her.

Trying to concentrate on what she was doing did no good. He'd filled her pussy, and now her mind. It had to be admitted she had never ever had so much sex! It had been a hard ride, and so very exciting. It wasn't ordinary sex it was gloriously satisfying.

Damn! The boy had given her such explosive orgasms, they rocked her being. He'd stripped her naked, and tricked her out of her morals. How had he got her to do that first terrible thing? Blowing him, he called it. How had he got her to capitulate so easily?

She looked at him, to see a handsome young man. He was well built, with a cute bottom. He had strong legs, she could testify to that. He had a charming smile when he wanted to use it. He could be hard and dominating when he wanted to use her. It was a devastating combination of charm, toughness, and domination, that had her capitulating to him.

'Come on, let's go,' he told her.

'Where? I thought you would let me go home, after, err. . .' she complained.

'Stop whining. You're coming with me. Shut it!' he fiercely spoke.

'Yes, sir,' she demurely answered.

He was pleased with the way she gave in to him. Playing around in his bedroom was one thing, taking her out to play was another. He wondered if she would obey him when they arrived.

Alicia kept pulling at the little skirt, and adjusting the top. It felt as though everything was on display, advertising her charms, for anyone to use. This boy had used her, and wasn't letting go. From now on she would have to put up a fight. It was a bit late but it had to be done, despite the consequences.

'No! We can't, not here,' Alicia wailed.

James pulled her from the car and she became desperately quiet. In the school's student car park it was vital no one recognise her while dressed like this.

'Please, don't make me go in there, please, sir! I'll do anything you want, just not this, please,' she begged.

He smiled at her, and demanded a kiss. She held onto him, hidden by his large frame. He hugged tight and kissed her hard. Alicia likewise kissed him for all she was worth. If she pleased him he might take her away from here.

'Put this on,' he said.

'What! I thought . . .' she protested.

'I know what you thought. I didn't agree did I? If I did I would honour it. Now get the mask on,' he ordered.

Timidly she trotted along at his side. His protection was badly needed. There was some

protection behind the mask, but it might attract someone's curiosity. No way did she want to answer questions, or even be approached by someone, with the risk of being found out. Being recognised had to be avoided at all costs.

Her breasts were bouncing around all over the place in the tied blouse. The tiny skirt was bouncing up showing off her panties. She hoped not, but it felt like it.

As she feared the worst happened.

'What do you think, Brendan? My latest girlfriend,' he boasted.

Brendan looked the girl up and down, unable to hide his scorn. Not wanting to be bullied by the big guy, he had to say something.

'She's, err, nice. Pleased to meet you,' he said.

His mom hid behind the big guy, as though she were scared, which she was.

'She's a right slut, always hot to fuck,' James grinned.

Brendan guessed his mother must have had a convincing word with James after all. The guy was being his usual disgusting self, but not hurting him, or making jokes at his expense.

'I'd better get over to the track,' he said.

'Good luck, Brendan. I'm sure you'll win,' James smiled.

Brendan nearly fell over as he turned to go.

'Thanks, James, I appreciate it,' he said.

'You're welcome. Do it for the school, and your folks,' James, laughed.

Brendan jogged across the field, escaping before the big bully's mood changed.

'Can we go now, please! We could go via your house, and pick up my clothes,' Alicia said, trying to sound casual.

'Somewhere else first,' he said, and pulled the mask off.

The little girl scream she gave out was cute.

'Please, James, please! she begged as they walked back to the car.

He stopped and took her hand.

'What's the matter? Don't be scared, Alicia. I'm here, and I'll look after you,' he smiled.

'Someone will see me,' she shivered, while keeping very close to him.

'Maybe I want to show off my new cock sucking slut,' he commented.

'No, please, let's go. Anywhere you like, just not here!' she argued.

'You offering to suck my cock, Mrs Lucas?' he innocently asked.

'No! I didn't mean that! I just meant I need to get out of here. I'm willing to go anywhere. Just don't make me stay here. Please, sir,' she said, sounding more conciliatory.

'That's better, Alicia. I like it when you know your place. Besides being on the end of my cock, you must be a good girl, and obey me. Let me hear it then. Do you know your place, Mrs Lucas?' he chided her.

'Oh! Please, not here! Alright, you've got me. Can we just go, when I've told you want you want to hear?' she asked.

'No arguing. You don't have anything to bargain with. Just tell me,' he firmly spoke.

'I, I, err, belong on the end of your cock, sir. At other times I simply obey you, sir,' Alicia admitted.

She couldn't help thinking this was true. Hadn't he proved it time and time again. He kept her guessing, not knowing what he was going to do to her next. What had he planned to put her through today, she had no idea.

'That's right. You are my cock hole, got that!' he said, while gripping her face, looking meanly into it.

Alicia shivered with fright, and stammered awhile before she could speak.

'Please, sir, this cock hole will obey you, sir,' she whined.

'Right then, let's not mess around. No more discussions instead of just doing as you are told, understood? Good girl! In future be a good cock hole, and obey me,' he chuckled.

'Yes, sir, sorry, sir,' she simpered.

Keeping him in a good mood, marching toward the car, was vital. If anyone recognised her, she would die of shame.

Bully Ch. 04

Ch. 04

A mother submits

Alicia was struck dumb. Admitting to this bully that she was his slut was despicable. It was her being bad, not him. Not just bad, she was disgusting. He was just a naughty eighteen-year-old boy, whereas she was a mature woman of thirty-six, and should know better.

Being naturally submissive had been awkward at times, but suddenly it had become dangerous. Visiting James to ask him not to bully her son, had turned into a nightmare. He was an accomplished bully, far more manipulative than she could have imagined.

A combination of blackmail, and a threat to her son, had her complying to his demands. He'd dressed her to look like a slut, though it was behaving like one that was damning. Had he corrupted her, or just brought out the slut in her?

James cleverly put her into bad situations, so she had to beg him to get her out of them. Begging a mere boy for help, added to the feeling of being pathetic and vulnerable. Promising to do

whatever he wanted, became more demeaning every time.

Keeping up with his long strides, she had to jog. Her braless breasts were bouncing around in the blouse. That didn't matter, as it was vital to get back to his car and leave the school. If anyone saw her dressed like a slut, it would be so very bad for her reputation. What would they think of her, trotting along beside this bully. Would they guess how disgusting she had been?

They drove from her son's school, after Alicia promised to go anywhere he wanted. There was no choice, she had to submit to her son's bully. He just laughed at her discomfort, telling her she had to obey him, if she didn't want the nasty video's uploaded onto the internet.

They both sat silently contemplating the last twelve hours. It had been a hell of a ride for both of them, though experienced completely differently. Alicia had been humiliated beyond endurance. James took control of a mature woman, and fucked her.

James looked across to her, and couldn't help grinning. It looked as though she were sinking into the seat, trying to disappear. Certainly she didn't want to be there, but the woman had no choice. He'd snared the woman with well honed bullying tactics. In his home, the submissive mother hadn't stood a chance.

'Where are we going?' she asked.

'You don't need to know, you just go where, when, and do whatever I say,' he smirked.

'You could still tell me,' she tried.

'What can you do about it if I told you?' he said.

Again he was turning her positive thoughts around, pulling them apart, leaving her feeling pessimistic. Any attempt to free herself he blocked, for her to feel hopeless.

Before she could answer he pulled up, and said, 'Here.'

They both realised she hadn't tried to deny that she was complying with his demands. Her mouth worked hard, yet the words couldn't be found to object. Damn it! Her son was the same age as James, yet she found herself trapped into obeying him.

'Alright, whatever you say,' she murmured.

The area was a rough, abandoned warehousing district. James was from a nice middle class family, well, maybe not so nice. So when did he go off the rails, and why? That might be a clue as to why he was doing this to her, and point to a way out of the mess.

'Stop daydreaming and get out,' he said, and tugged her arm.

A small door opened in a larger one, leading into a warehouse. There were teenagers standing around in groups. Like James they were eighteen. Despite dressing like one of them, she felt everyone of her thirty-six years. He dragged her by the arm to a group of youths talking in a corner. Loud music drowned out what was said.

'My latest, Alicia,' he introduced her.

Alicia cringed at the idea of being his latest girlfriend. They were looking at her as though she were a common slut. It didn't take much thought to realise that was how she looked, and how she was behaving. They could see she was old, yet didn't say anything.

One or two nodded their heads, that's all. Adolescents find it difficult to communicate, and certainly couldn't show emotion. Inconvenience them, and a reaction might be seen. As long as they could sleep in, stay out late, have money when wanted, they could function without a problem.

Alicia noticed a girl in the corner, slumped on a sofa.

She couldn't help asking, by shouting over the music, 'Is she alright? How old is she?'

'That's Philly, she's eighteen, same birthday as me,' James informed her.

The girl looked older, much older, almost as old as she did. Obviously drugs had aged the poor thing.

James was welcomed into the group with a slight motion of the hand, or a raised eyebrow. Having embarrassed her with this group, others were found to discomfit her. They walked to another area of the warehouse, to grab a coffee.

'Hi, Rainbow, anything going?' James asked.

'Not much. This the bitch you want pierced?' he asked, sounding disinterested.

'Yea. Now okay?' James asked.

He'd arranged it on the phone, though Rainbow wasn't so hot on dates and times. Sometimes James thought it was contrived, to go with his reputation. He was a hippy, decades too late. He knew the music, and had a rainbow tattoo across his back. Wearing beads, long hair, and a beard, fitted the contrived image.

They walked across the warehouse to a far corner, with James holding tight onto her hand.

'Sit there,' James told her.

He lifted the skirt and tucked it into the waist band.

'Lift your hips,' he ordered and pulled her panties off.

Alicia slammed her thighs together. He pulled one leg over, the other came with it, so he slapped her leg, hard. Another slap to her face, and she separated them. He pulled the leg against the side of the chair. He slid a bar into a slot at the front of the chair, holding the leg in place. He did the same to the other leg, so she was sitting with legs spread.

The word piercing had been heard, though nothing else. It seemed too late now but she had to try.

'Please, James, I can't have a piercing. My husband will see it. Please! Don't pierce me,' she whined.

It wasn't just her husband finding out that bothered her. With legs spread, the word piercing was frightening. She felt so very vulnerable, it was shocking. What were they going to pierce?

When the other boy moved closer, she tightly closed her eyes. He was carrying instruments of torture, as far as she was concerned. His fingers were pulling on her labia! Allowing a complete stranger to see her naughty bits was wrong, yet he was touching her down there. Trying to pull her legs together was a useless effort but she had to try.

'James!' she complained.

Too late, his name became a drawn out wail of protest. It felt like a bee sting, though maybe more like a staple gun. Being between her legs in a sensitive place, it should have been excruciating. It was painful yet lessening to a burning sting. While she stared at her sex, the boy did it again. Not so painful this time, as maybe she had become used to it.

Seeing him put the machine away, she took a deep breath, and whimpered. The sound just emerged, without thought or intending it. The stranger fiddled with the piercing, doing something down there. He then soothed her sex with ointment. It helped a little. He gave her a small jar of the stuff.

'Put this on twice a day,' the young guy told her.

The bars were removed, allowing her to pull her legs together. A little sound of complaint was heard so she had to keep them separated, as though having ridden the range all day. Pulling up her panties at least gave her a small sense of privacy.

'James, can I have my panties, please!' she pathetically asked.

Again he had her begging for something. She gave into his demands too easily. He put her into these terrible situations, where she had to beg him for help.

'Not yet,' is all he said.

He grabbed her hand to drag her toward the original group she had met. Not wearing panties again put her in a difficult situation. Alicia pressed up against him, from feeling so vulnerable. The skirt was far too short not to be wearing panties. With the piercing throbbing away it felt downright dirty to be naked.

'Did Rainbow do a good job?' one of the guys asked.

'What do you think?' James asked them, and lifted the skirt up.

'Oww! Please, sir,' Alicia whispered.

It felt as though she had been slapped. They were all staring at her bare pussy! It had been shaved, and under strict order orders she would have to keep it smooth. They laughed at her pussy, leaving her feeling worthless. A tour of the warehouse, had her trotting along to keep up with him. Showing off her naughty bits, and the little rings piercing her lips, was dreadful.

Awkwardly, she followed James to his car. He chuckled, managing to suppress outright laughter. She looked at him with stares that could kill at twenty paces. It was fortunate that he was invulnerable, as he was the one driving. When they arrived at his father's house, she was about to use the strength of anger, produced by this latest indignity.

At least one of the adolescents had visited her son, and her home. Staring at her sex meant he hadn't recognised her. The indignity of having her son's friends seeing her dressed and treated

like a worthless slut, was devastating.

'This has got to stop! You can't do this to me. I'm a grown woman, a wife and mother, with responsibilities. It's got to stop! James, do you hear me?' she bleated like a lost sheep.

'Agreed. You will take a shower, while I get your clothes,' he sweetly smiled at her.

The ease with which he clamped down upon her protest stymied her yet again. It left her speechless. Trying to force the decision as though it were hers, would do no good, so she kept quiet. He was up to something, but what?

Following him through the house to his bedroom, left her feeling like his latest girlfriend. This is where he took her to bed, and thoroughly screwed her. He was still directing her, making the decisions. Whatever she said, or tried to do, she would be outwitted and outmanoeuvred. It made her feel as though she really were a stupid slut of a girlfriend.

It felt as though she were an object, something to be fucked, whenever he felt like it.

'Get undressed,' he firmly told her.

Deciding to defy him she crossed her arms, standing with legs apart, wearing a cross expression on her face. He took a step toward her, and looked down upon her. His large muscular frame loomed over her, casting a shadow over her determination.

'Do you want your clothes, or not?' he asked.

The menace in his voice made her wince as though struck. Her arms slid to her sides, and a look of defeat replaced the expression of anger. With the feeling of being slapped, her demeanour returned to being submissive.

'Please, James, can, can I, please, have my clothes, please,' she respectfully asked.

'Get undressed,' he demanded.

It wasn't as though he hadn't seen her naked, so why the fear? Returning home made her family seem close, and real again. That feeling had faded, as though she belonged here. The feeling of family returned so very strongly, it hurt. An effort had to be made to regain her morals, and a rightness back into her life.

Could all this dirty behaviour be put aside? Not easily. Not for some while, though time would heal the wounds.

Very slowly, she undid the knotted blouse, opening it to reveal her breasts. Shrugging it off her shoulders, she dropped the awful rag to the floor. The skirt was unzipped, and left to fall to her feet, where she kicked it toward the blouse. The panties were in his pocket. There wasn't much to them, but she had become used to wearing a thong.

Glancing at him made her quietly gasp. He had an erection tenting his jeans. A slow striptease had been performed before him, and excited him. It hadn't been on purpose, had it? Did she perform this lewd dance to gain his cooperation, to make sure he let her go? Damn! He had her dancing to his tune for almost twenty-four hours. Stripping for him was nothing, compared to the things she did in his bed.

Just laying back and letting him take her was bad enough. Sucking him dry was a terrible

indictment to her morality.

He took her hand and led her into the bathroom. Completely naked, she felt awful, yet excited at the same time. What was he going to do to her next?

His big hand cupped her entire sex and crotch. He was very gentle with her, carefully washing down there clean. The little rings through the labia were still hurting, reminding her this boy had ordered her sex to be pierced. When she got home the first thing she did would be to remove the distasteful things.

He rubbed ointment into her sex, and to her distress it was sexing her up! The damn boy was yet again arousing her! She looked at him in confusion, almost ready to plead for completion.

From somewhere he produced her clothes. They were pressed, ready to wear. Even her panties were neatly folded. He watched her pull on the sensible white cotton panties. By necessity, carefully over her sensitive sex.

'Ouch!' she quietly breathed.

Not wanting to touch herself down there in front of him, she only just refrained. He keenly watched her strip in reverse. His eyes were aflame with passion. He desired her, which heated her up. Trying to calm herself did no good. Be damned if she would ask him, or even speak to him.

Alicia glared at him, then thought better of it, in-case he changed his mind.

On the drive home she wondered if it would be possible to call on the police. Some of his cum was still inside her as evidence. Pulling over she thought it through. He had evidence on video, of her getting into his bed without complaining. The clip of her sucking on his cock was damning. It all looked so bad. His intimidation, slapping, spanking, and blackmail, didn't feature in those horrid videos.

There was nothing to do but go home, with head hanging low in shame.

'How's your friend?' Harold asked.

'What? Oh, recovering. It will be awhile. Nothing contagious,' she added, to his quizzical look.

'What's wrong?' he asked.

'Nothing. Well, I'm exhausted, it was a long night. Didn't get any sleep,' she said.

'You look all in. Get to bed, and I'll take Brendan out for a meal. You can have some peace and quiet,' he offered.

That was typical of him. Anything for an easy life. Nothing in the house had been done. He couldn't be bothered to cook something, so a stop at a fast food outlet would mean not even having to wash up after pizza delivery.

Maybe she was just taking her hurt out on him.

He'd sent her to their bedroom, out of the way, so as not to be bothered with any emotional details concerning her friend. At least that is how it felt. He hadn't meant how is your friend, it was just the right thing to say. She knew he wouldn't be interested, and didn't tell him anything. Not that she could make up much, so it was just as well.

'Oh! My! God! That fucking boy!' Alicia cried out.

In the shower, she discovered what they had done to her. Afraid of looking, and not having the opportunity to be away from James, she hadn't realised what they had done to her body. In the shower a hand went between her legs to wash her sex. There weren't just two small rings through her lips!

Jumping out she grabbed a hand mirror to look down there, between her legs.

'Oh! Shit! The bastard did this to me!' she cried.

Wiping away tears to take another look, she tried to hold the mirror still. The mirror was steaming up. With finger tips, she carefully examined the rings piercing her labia. It was painful, but she pulled them through the new holes, around and around. The rings were solid, joined up, so they couldn't be removed.

What worried her most was the tiny lock joining the two rings. The boy had locked up her pussy! She could urinate but nothing larger than a slim finger could be pushed between her lips. Her labia were held tightly together! Two eighteen-year-old boys had decided to lock up her sex!

James must have the key, and obviously would hold it to ransom. With the threat of blackmail hanging over her, this additional alarming tactic had her beaten. Should she phone him to find out what he wanted? Wasn't it obvious, he wanted her! The damn boy had taken her, and made her his obedient girlfriend. Worse than that, she was his obedient sex pet.

Even in her own home she was subject to his whims. There must be a way to be free of him. Short of burying him alive in his back yard, anything would be considered. With a mind in a whirl of fear and mental agony, it was impossible to think straight. Sensible, was no longer a word applying to her. Neither were the words, responsible or moral. Alicia felt she was a lost soul, tricked into being sold to the devil.

It was no good going to bed, sleep was impossible. Hearing the boys arrive home, she got up and dressed. Jeans were no good, for her pussy hurt too much in a tight crotch. A simple dress was better. Not wanting to do as she was told at home, the cream was nevertheless applied to her sensitive place.

Having to massage grease into her pussy twice a day, as instructed by James, added insult to the injury. Not daring to take a chance of becoming infected down there, yet again she did as she was told. Obedience was being instilled in her, to become a habit.

Sunday morning Alicia was tidying the lounge, clearing up the mess her husband and son had made. They had a good time while she was away, watching sport all Friday evening and yesterday. No sooner had she escaped into the usual routine, the phone rang.

Of course the memories hadn't been lost, or even mislaid. They had been pushed aside for a moment or two. On hearing his voice her heart skipped a beat with fear. Her bully was instructing

her, here, in her lounge! Sweat broke out on her forehead, as all that she had done came flooding back to stab her in the gut. The stinging pain in her pussy had gone, leaving a throbbing sensation, almost as though she needed filling.

That was one of his nasty expressions. Pussy, slut, filling, screwing, fucking, cunt, were his words, never before used by her. He called her vagina a cunt, and forced her to use the nasty expression. At one point he called her a cunt. So downtrodden had she become, it was accepted. She was a slut, or anything nasty he cared to call her. That was her, a dirty depraved slut.

'What do you want?' she pointedly asked.

'Just calling to see how your cunt is, Mrs Lucas,' he said, with a sneer in his voice.

'Is that all?' she stated.

'I guess you eventually found the lock. Must have by now, unless you really are a dirty slut,' he laughed.

'I did find it. You must give me the key!' she demanded.

'Everything comes at a price, Mrs Lucas,' he mocked her.

'What is your price?' she asked, becoming so scared of his answer, she shook.

'Meet me at the club on Monday afternoon, two, sharp. It's where we went yesterday,' he added.

'No you must come here,' she quickly responded.

'Do you really want me in your home, unlocking your cunt? Maybe I'll give the key to your husband, with explicit instructions,' he laughed.

He wasn't giving her time to think things through. As usual panic was driving her into making bad decisions.

'Alright! I'll be there,' she caved in.

'Wear a very short skirt, no panties, and a see-through top,' he heavily stated.

'No! I'll wear something I'm comfortable in, my choice, not yours,' she firmly stated.

'No key then. Two sharp!' he said, and the phone went quiet.

No slamming down of an old fashioned phone, just a button press. Not so dramatic, but nevertheless, it was a final statement, and an instruction that must be obeyed. Alicia had over twenty-four hours to worry about what he would put her through.

Was this it then? A phone call arriving out of the blue, with a summons to attend to his wishes. Was she now attached to him by blackmail, and whatever he came up with next. A video once used, couldn't be used again. He now had a key to her cunt. What would be next. The damn boy was clever, and quick thinking. What other tricks did he have planned to keep her obedient to his whims?

Again Alicia found it difficult to sleep. Her husband grumbled but accepted she needed a full nights' sleep, without being awoken by his snoring. She retired to the spare room, with little chance of sleeping. At least he wouldn't find the tiny lock denying her pussy to him.

Her eyes became heavy from exhaustion. The last twenty-four hours had been purgatory, draining her of energy and willpower. Her eyes flickered, like a light about to blow.

Alicia was standing at the door of the warehouse, with her eyes adjusting to the gloomy interior. Seeing James, she marched over to him. It was useless attempting to defy him, as she was already dressed as he demanded. Wearing a see-through top, and a micro-mini-skirt, without panties, was what he demanded.

Standing at his side waiting for his attention, she was surprised by one of his friends. The young guy put his hand up her skirt! Dropping her bag gave her an excuse to pull away from him. One of the others got on the floor with her, helping to gather up her stuff.

The first one stood close behind her, and commented on her bare ass. If she was going to rebel, why didn't she wear panties? The young guys moved closer, sandwiching her between them. Smelling the beer on their breath and in their clothes, stopped her pushing items into the bag.

One of them wrapped his hands around her hips, while another grabbed her ears. Should she scream? Will they let her go, or are they too carried away to care. The one in front successfully pulled her breasts out the top. How would she explain why she didn't wear panties?

'She's a right little whore. Help yourselves guys,' she heard James tell them.

A scream of outrage was ready in her throat, gaining strength to burst free.

It was too late, one of the boys had his cock out and pushing it into her face. The other was between her legs. No! They both intended taking her, both at once. they were going to fuck her at both ends!

A muffled cry emerged from around a boy's cock. She looked up at him with what she hoped were pleading eyes. He looked at her, and she thought there was a flicker of sympathy. Instead it was something else, recognition.

'Hi, Mrs Lucas! I didn't expect to see you here,' the boy said, while continuing to fuck her face. 'That's Billy behind you. He says, hello. He says you've got a nice tight pussy,' the boy pleasantly smiled at her.

He and Billy were in the same class as her son. They were two eighteen-year-olds that visited the house sometimes.

'Oh! Wow! Mrs Lucas, you can manage deep throat. Awesome! I'm going to cum. Do you mind it down your throat? Billy is spurting his load!' he said, in a strained voice.

Billy disentangled his cock from her vagina, and the other boy took her face in his hands.

'Thanks, Mrs Lucas, I really blew a wad down your throat. You're throat is so tight, it was an awesome fuck. You are one hell of a fuck, Mrs Lucas!' he complimented her.

'Thanks boys. I'm glad you had a good fuck. Use me anytime you like guys, you'll be welcome. I know how randy you boys get, so come around and use me anytime you like,' Alicia smiled at them.

'Thanks, Mrs Lucas, we'll do that. Most girls and women are so uptight, they won't play around. It's not as though we'll wear it out. We'll call around tomorrow after school, if that's okay,' Billy said.

'Sure, no problem. I'll get James to unlock my cunt for you. Unless you both want me to deep throat you,' she smiled.

'It's an idea, though I fancy trying your cunt next. See you tomorrow then,' he said, and walked away.

Two other guys took their place, but she didn't know them. Again she had a massive orgasm which overwhelmed her. She lay panting on the floor with her mind numb. Waves of energy surged through her body, then disappeared, leaving her weak.

The next two had to pick her up and drape her body over the back of a sofa.

'Hey, you!' James said, pushing her around on the floor with his foot.

'Wha?' she managed to utter.

'You enjoyed that, Mrs Lucas. How much did you enjoy it? Tell me,' he demanded, and slapped her bare bottom.

Opening her eyes as though seeing for the first time, she noticed her clothes in a heap beside her.

'Did I?' she murmured.

'How much did you enjoy the fucking?' James asked again.

'Sooo fucking much,' she slurred.

They hadn't been drinking, it was her brain that was drunk from so many orgasms.

'You had plenty of guys fucking you. You had so many orgasms I lost count,' James chuckled.

'Did I?' she said, trying to prise her tongue off the roof of her mouth.

'Everyone of them paid. A bonus too. Everyone agreed you are one fucking awesome whore!' James laughed.

He helped her up off the floor, and gave her a cloth to wipe herself down.

Alicia woke up safely in her bed. A sheet was wrapped around her thighs covered in sex juices.

There was a knock at the door, and grumpy voice asked, 'You alright? You were yelling in your sleep!' Henry said.

'Sorry, go back to sleep,' she said.

He would be asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow. It was a surprise he'd woken up at all. Probably he heard her while going to the bathroom. Damn! If he'd come in straight away, he might have seen her sex. She felt the rings, and the damned lock. How dare a mere boy lock up

her sex! She was a married woman, yet that bully had padlocked her sex, effectively denying her husband access.

She'd been asleep so maybe she could get there again. Not into the same dream though. That had been so shockingly bad. It had sexed her up, leaving her feeling ashamed. A finger pushed passed the rings, to press upon her clit. It might help her get to sleep.

Bully Ch. 05

The mom becomes a giggly bimbo

Mrs Lucas had a terrible night filled with bad dreams. Feeling exhausted she quietly got dressed and left the house. A breakfast of eggs and coffee at a local restaurant woke her up. Some serious thinking had to be done. Monday was a holiday, and people around her were in a happy mood, contrasting with her seriousness.

How could she have been so dim to get into this nasty situation? Stupidly, she'd allowed her son's eighteen-year-old bully, to take control of her. He cleverly kept putting her into despicable situations, where she had to beg him to get her out of danger. In return she promised to obey him. Begging and obeying a mere boy, left her self-confidence in tatters. Was that why she gave into his sexual demands?

The boy was adept at intimidation, charming persuasion, and working on a her weaknesses. When he forced her to suck his penis, he videoed the despicable act on his phone, and used it to blackmail her. Alicia should have put a stop to his tricks before that nasty act, but she succumbed to his bullying tactics.

Ending up in his bed was so terribly wrong. Nothing could justify that! It meant he had a whole lot more blackmail evidence, to keep her jumping through hoops. It was though she were his trained bitch, kept on a leash, and performing tricks.

The latest indignity was having her labia pierced. She'd been sent home with two small rings through her lips, and a tiny padlock clamping them together. He had the key, and would keep it to control her! In the meantime, it was crucial to stay away from her husband while her sex was locked up. The boy had the power of blackmail over her, and he controlled her sex by locking it up.

Alicia had to suppress a sob. James had been far more manipulative than she thought possible. He was effectively taking control of her life!

Yesterday he phoned, summoning her to a club, which she had to attend this afternoon at two. It was an abandoned warehouse where youths hung out. Before then something had to be done! At last thinking clearly, she figured all he had done to her would have to be undone. The lock would be first, then the rings. After that, those terrible videos would have to be destroyed.

Going to a locksmith would be far too embarrassing. Alicia cruised around for another piercing salon. The second one was open, but entering the place took courage. Not that she had much left. It was the disgusting thought of being that boy's obedient sex pet, that made her walk in.

'These rings are titanium, they can't be cut. I don't use them as they are so difficult to remove. I'm sorry, but I can't remove them. Maybe a hospital can do it,' the man suggested.

'What about the lock?' Alicia asked.

With her legs held open in stirrups, she felt awful. He was a complete stranger, not even a doctor,

and he was feeling her naughty bits down there. At least he was professional enough not to leer, and make her feel any worse than she did.

'I'll try some keys I've got, but again this is an expensive lock. It has an individual key, unlike cheap locks where one size fits all,' he shrugged.

A little while later, he told her, 'Sorry, I can't do anything to help. You'd best go back to whoever did this, and get them to unlock your, err, well, they'll have a key,' he said.

Alicia left the store feeling defeated. Another store was no better. The young guy leered at her, and laughed when she lied about it being done during a drunken night out with girlfriends. A third time confirmed what the others told her, so she gave up. Besides, it felt appalling going around showing strangers her private parts.

Never in her life had she thought it would be possible to tolerate such a demeaning position. If suggested she would have said death would be preferred. Not so! She wasn't clinging onto life, she was merely clinging onto her reputation, yet prepared to swallow her dignity. From all that she had been through, her moral standards had fallen by the wayside.

A mere boy had put her through torment, and the result was a loss of self-esteem. More than that, she was having to admit defeat, and settle into being a boy's toy. Time was running out and no clever ideas presented themselves. Driving close to a police station, she wondered if it would be better to just get it over and done with. Surely there would be some way to continue living if her family rejected her.

The car didn't falter, she drove on. The police station disappeared on turning a corner, and she knew the dirty secrets would have to be kept. Alicia wasn't brave enough to force a confrontation. Would anyone believe she had been bullied by a mere boy?

Unable to remove the lock ruined her plans. While he was at the club to meet her, she planned on going to his house, to steal or trashing his computer. What he meant by the cloud, she had no idea. Now she had to meet him for the key. If she could beg, borrow, or steal it, she would. This was now a vital step in becoming free of the damn bully.

It was only four hours, nevertheless, it was going to be a long wait until two o'clock. Going home was out of the question, because her husband might want to use her. Damn! That was such a bad way of thinking about sex, especially with her husband. The boy had her thinking of herself as an object to be used. This morning had worn her down, so again tiredness was effecting her, muddying her thinking.

Alicia phoned home, as it was late enough for them to be up and having breakfast.

'I thought you were still in bed,' her husband said, sounding surprised.

'I couldn't sleep, and noticed we needed some things from the store. Nothing interesting. Do you want anything?' she asked.

'No. Oh! We need crunchy peanut butter,' he said.

'I won't be long,' she said, finishing up.

In a daze she toured the supermarket, trying to think of something they might be short of. Always she took a list, restricting herself to what was needed. This impulse buying was unusual for her. In a small way it was exciting, which showed how boring her life had been.

In the middle of the cereal section she stopped dead, staring into space. There was no one around to see her reaction, but if there was a young person shopping, they might think she'd been turned into a zombie. It was a thought that shocked her into stillness. A realisation of how repetitive and dreary her life was, had stunned her.

Wanting to cry, shout, and stamp her feet in frustration, she merely walked on to hunt down wheat flakes. A comparison of prices wasn't bothered with. The first box coming to hand was dropped into the trolley. What the fuck! Her husband was boringly predictable, and so was she.

How did this happen? They had both been sensible, and studied hard. They had put off having fun, to save for marriage. Putting off having fun until they had what they wanted, meant missing out, and forgetting what they wanted.

'Fuck!' she shouted, then realised she had.

Once home she looked up things on the net. Fun places to go, and fun things to do. All could be afforded, but the enthusiasm had waned. By coincidence a summer camp for social workers was clicked on, when her husband came into the office.

'You thinking of taking on a job?' he laughed.

'Why not?' she snapped.

Taking it out on him was wrong, but who else had colluded with her to become champion bores.

'You don't need to work. You have plenty to do looking after Brendan and me,' he heavily stated.

'I need to do something,' she said, brooking no challenges.

This was unusual, as she always took heed of what he said, and buckled down to looking after them both. Listing interesting places to go brought up camping amongst other things. Then a list of summer camps included this one. It had been a complete fluke that she was on the page when he walked in. For some reason she didn't want to back down, as she usually did.

When he left she looked up social worker training, and followed the links to find out what was involved.

Just before two she pulled into a weed strewn yard outside a warehouse. James was waiting for her. At least she didn't have to go inside alone and wait for him.

'Welcome Mrs Lucas,' he smiled.

He was pleased to see her, that was obvious. Did she have a choice, other than turning up as he demanded?

'Well?' she seriously spoke.

'I want to see the piercing,' he demanded.

'Here? In the yard?' she said, with eyes wide with surprise.

'Inside if you like. I'm sure the guys will love the show,' he smiled.

In response, she lifted the tiny skirt, and reluctantly pulled the crotch of the panties to one side. There was a pattern to all this. He put her into a difficult situation, and gave her an impossible choice, forcing her to behave how he wanted. The boy was so damn adept at manipulating her!

'No panties, I said,' he fiercely spoke, as though she were a dumb pet.

Being patronising was another of his persuasion methods. Becoming angry didn't work for her, as he seemed to know which way she would turn. Anger turned against him, just bounced off. More often than not, she would panic, be given an easy option, and give in. He pulled her close, bent her over his car, and spanked her.

'Ouch! No don't,' she cried out.

'Ouch! I'm a married woman, you can't!' she quietly spoke.

'Ouch! It's hurting, please don't hurt me!'

'Will you do as you are told?' he asked, to be met with silence, so he started again.

'Ouch! Alright, I will.'

'Ouch! I promise, I'll do as I'm told.'

'Ouch! Please, I'll be your obedient girlfriend, honest!' she cried.

A few more slaps of his hand had her capitulating completely. Her panties were dropped, and he put them in his pocket. He took hold of her hand, and led her into the warehouse. The scene in her dream was became vividly clear on entering, only she hoped not all of the dream would become real. He dragged her over to a group of friends, and introduced her.

She stood with legs clamped together, determined not to repeat anything in the dream. None of that dreadful dream could be contemplated. A shiver went down her back when a boy asked her something.

'Are you with James? I mean, his girlfriend?' the young guy asked.

How could she, a married woman, be this boy's girlfriend? How could anyone think that. It was out of the question! Feeling insecure, and especially after the dream she felt afraid, so his protection was desperately needed.

'Oh, err, yea, I guess,' she timidly answered.

As far as these adolescents were concerned, she was now his girlfriend. As bad as that felt, it was a necessary pretence to keep the others at bay. The last thing she wanted was to fend off wandering hands.

The guys were looking at her with predatory looks. Alicia closed in on James and wound an arm around his. Standing very close was meant to confirm she really did belong to him. He was a means of protection, and it was needed.

He put a big muscular arm around her, and squeezed. Nearly knocking the breath out of her, she nevertheless smiled up at him. All part of the game, she told herself. It certainly kept the guys

away from her. A tingling sensation went through her, on feeling his hand on her bottom. The everything under the short skirt, without panties, was an easy target. Knowing his big hands by now, it was obviously James. His fingers were rubbing in her crack, and a finger circled her asshole.

In front of anyone it was bad enough, though in front of a bunch of teenagers it felt even worse. It was because they were the same age as her son that it felt like torture. They might even be in his class at school. What would they say, if they found out she was Brendon's mother? Dressed like a slut being mauled by a teenager, how bad was that?

James was in her son's class, and they knew each other. Recently James had come to know her, intimately! How could she face anyone after what she had done? If it got out she was having sex with an eighteen-year-old it would shame her and her family. Alicia tried to pull away from him, but the effort was useless. His big strong arm held her close.

'Stay here, slut,' James loudly told her.

The boys in the group, standing behind her, could see her ass! If she made a fuss one of them who knew her son might take an interest, and recognise who she was. It was so important not to be recognised, Alicia kept quiet, letting him fondle her bare ass.

Up on tiptoe, she whispered, 'Please, James, let me go!'

'She's such a horny slut, she wants to go and fuck,' James grinned at the guys.

Alicia forced a slight smile on her face. If he would only relax a little, she could make a break for it. Maybe she could get into his house, and steal that damn computer. Seeing a girl come out of a door, wiping her hands on a tissue, she guessed it was a toilet.

Up on tiptoe again she whispered a request, 'Please, James, I need to go to the rest room.'

Straight away he let her go, but watched her all the way to the door. There was no other way out, so she washed her hands in a cracked sink, with cold water. A dab on her face helped cool her down.

Despite hating the idea, it had to be admitted, he worked her up sexually. He had a strong alpha maleness that she would normally despise. The offhand sexual mauling of her body was dreadful, as using her like a sex object was belittling. He was a mere boy, yet the humiliation worked on her, firing her up.

Damn! In his bed that night, she had become sexually alive for the first time in her life!

Why, oh, why, did such sexual liberation have to be with an adolescent? Especially a bully who didn't care for her, and just wanted to use her for his own gratification. He was blackmailing her, and bullying her into abiding by his rules. As an adult and a married woman, she shouldn't be in this wretched position in the first place. Letting it happen had been pitiable.

'Hi! You're with James, his girlfriend,' Clare smiled.

'Err, well, I guess so,' Alicia reluctantly acknowledged.

'He's got a big cock. Nice, and he knows what to do with it,' she said.

Alicia watched the girl touching up her make-up. What in hell did the girl think of her, an old

woman submitting to being a boy's girlfriend.

'Has he, I mean, does he?' Alicia prevaricated.

'You know he does. He's big, and I bet he feels good inside you, an older woman, with experience. He fucks hard, and I bet he makes you lose control when you cum,' the girl laughed.

Alicia went bright red, and the colour spread into her cleavage. It was obvious the girl had guessed right, and she giggled at the revelation. What the girl didn't realise was that she had very little experience. Dating her husband in high school, then getting married in college, meant she had no experience of anyone else.

Now the girl pointed it out, she was right, James was big. A lot bigger than her husband. That thought left her feeling even more guilty than she was already.

'You enjoy him fucking you,' the girl casually commented.

'No! I don't, I mean, I don't, with him,' Alicia tried to dig herself out of a hole, and failed. 'What about you?' Alicia asked, changing the subject.

'I fuck women hard too. I know what a woman needs. It's obvious what you need, Alicia,' the girl seriously told her.

Suddenly the girl had a hand to the back of her neck, holding her over the sink.

A slap to her bottom was a surprise. The second got her full attention.

'Stop it, please!' Alicia cried out.

'You're with James, so you like it rough. I can be rough, girl. I'll take you away from that big oaf, and give you the time of your life,' Clare declared.

'Please, I can't!' Alicia pleaded.

'What do you mean, can't? I'll be your mistress, and much better than that beefy football player. I'll make you into my little lick girl. I'll teach you to love my cunt,' the girl said.

'No! Please, let me go!' Alicia whined.

Having lost her adult authority after becoming just a boy's girlfriend, it left her vulnerable. The hand went from spanking her, to gripping her crotch, while being held down over the sink.

'My, you are so very wet. It's no wonder he locks your sopping cunt up. So, you run around without panties, and love being spanked. What else turns you on, little lick girl,' Clare asked.

'He's, err, blackmailing me. I dare not leave him. I have to do as he tells me,' Alicia admitted, sounding weak and sorry for herself.

Nothing had changed, but she felt a little easier for sharing the awful truth.

'What is he blackmailing you with?' Clare asked.

'He's got a video of me sucking him,' Alicia sniffled.

'I could fix that for you, I'll destroy the evidence. You would be my slave then. After all, I can tell you're a natural submissive. I'll train you into being a grateful, obedient slave girl. After I've trained you, you'll love cunt so much you won't want cock ever again,' Clare grinned.

Alicia no longer felt relieved in the slightest. It would be better obeying James, rather than this nasty girl. Another female would know how to effectively torture a woman. Far better than a man, even James. The way the girl looked at her was enough to be afraid.

'Thanks! I have to be with James. I'll let you know, alright?' Alicia said, trying to slip away.

Still holding onto her crotch, the girl took a closer look at the lock.

'He locked up your cunt! That's just so wonderful!' the girl said, and laughed.

'Another reason I have to do as I'm told,' Alicia complained. 'Please, let go!'

'You sad woman! How could you possibly let someone, especially a bully like him, lock up your cunt!' Clare laughed at her.

Alicia hung her head in shame. How had she got into this dreadful mess? Stupidity was one answer. His cleverness was another.

'Come with me, stupid slut,' Clare said, sounding amused.

Once back in the main room Clare lifted the hem of Alicia's skirt, and tucked it into the top of it.

'No! Please! James will see,' Alicia whispered a complaint.

Batting Alicia's hand away she warned, 'Keep your hands away. I'm going to show everyone what a stupid bitch you are.'

With a hand gripping Alicia's hair, the girl led her over to a group of eighteen-year-olds. No one younger would dare enter the place, and anyone older wouldn't be interested.

'What do you think of this stupid whore? Got her cunt locked up by a customer,' Clare seriously spoke.

'Leave her alone, she's got one bully, that's enough,' someone heavily spoke.

'You threatening me?' Clare glared at the girl before her.

'Yes, I am. I'll rip your clothes off and kick your ass out of here,' Rose meanly spoke.

'You fucking little maggot,' Clare venomously spat, and let Alicia go.

'That's no way to talk to the love of my life,' Paul said, from behind the girl.

Clare span around and opened her mouth unable to speak.

Eventually she smiled, and said, 'Oh! Paul, nice to see you darling. You always did have good taste in girls. Nice jeans, or is it what's in them?' she smiled, and walked away.

Paul was relieved the bitch didn't make a scene. He didn't want James coming over and starting trouble.

'You alright?' Rose asked.

'Thank you, thank you, so much. That girl was horrid,' Alicia nervously spoke, and scuttled over to her tormentor.

At least he was less cruel than the girl. Alicia felt safe once more, while standing next to her protective boyfriend. Fear over what the girl meant griped her, and she snuggled up to James. Pleased to have his arm protectively wrapped around her, she smiled up at him.

'You okay, babe?' he asked, and gave her a comforting squeeze.

The warm friendly tone of voice, and the lovely smile on his face, had her giggling with pleasure. Alicia felt stupid for falling for it, but couldn't help herself. After his rough treatment, and that girl's threats, it was a relief to be treated nicely. Reacting like a dumb bimbo was uncharacteristic, yet she was squirming with pleasure from being gently teased. A hand was up the back of the skirt, squeezing her cheeks. A finger was stroking her face, tickling her. A big fat finger traced her pouting lips.

'You've got such beautiful kissable lips, hasn't she guys?' he laughed.

There were nods and murmurs of agreement. They obviously didn't want to go too far, in-case the big brute turned on them. Alicia felt his protection enclosing her, enfolding her in a warm cocoon of safety. Not just his brute strength, it was the threat he posed if anyone stepped out of line. The anyone included her.

As instructed she licked the finger. He pushed it between her lips working it slowly in and out of her mouth. The implications were obvious, with the guys ensnared, keenly giving their undivided attention to the show.

'Her lips are perfect for sucking on my cock. Isn't that right Ben?' James demanded.

Nervously Ben agreed, skating around the obvious rude words.

'The bitch only sucks my cock. Unless she misbehaves, then I'll give her to you guys, to teach her to behave. The bitch is a good cock sucker, aren't you bitch?' James demanded.

'Yes, sir,' Alicia whispered.

'Tell the guys,' he said, and slapped her bare bottom.

Still hot from his previous spanking and from the girl, she rose upon her toes. Knowing he was ready to spank her in front of his friends, or maybe something worse, motivated her. He might finger fuck her if she didn't do as she was told. His finger seemed poised, ready to enter her bottom. She cleared her throat, finding it difficult to speak.

'I'm a good cock sucking bitch,' she told them.

Damn! Shit! If there had been any doubt as to her subservience to this bully, it had been dispelled now. Anyone discovering who she was, would pass on the information, until it sparked like wildfire, spreading, and growing uncontrollably, to consume her life.

Already she felt hot. There was a danger that her sex juices would flow over her thighs. The humiliation of being treated like a mindless sex object was stoking her up. The threat of being

given to these boys to play with was a huge turn on. There was no denying it now, humiliation sexed her up.

'I'd better get her home. The bitch needs a good fucking, or she'll hump anything, even you guys. The dumb slut is dangerous like this,' he laughed.

The others laughed along with him. They were both relieved he was going, and disappointed not to see more of the slut. They watched the little skirt bounce up as she trotted alongside him. They could see most of her bottom, and there was no sign of a thong.

James grabbed her arm, and told her to, 'Pick that up, and put it in the bin. I don't like untidiness,' he casually said.

Without thinking she quickly bent over, and scooped up a wrapper. The silence was broken by raucous laughter, revealing they had seen everything. Bets were exchanged with the, 'wearing nothing', gamblers winning.

Alicia cringed, standing frozen in the middle of the warehouse. Feeling everyone's eyes upon her, and hearing the raucous laughter at her mistake, was excruciating. They quickly left, and she didn't think about why it was in his car. Just so long as they were away from there, it didn't matter where or how.

In a protective dream world, she didn't wonder where they were going. He pulled her from his car, and led her into a salon. Hair, nails, and everything else was garishly advertised. What body modifications were, she hoped never to find out.

With that threat hanging over her, she didn't have the will to object over the instructions he gave to the girl. Worn down by everything else he had done to her, she let the girl apply makeup, false nails, and eyelashes. Even her toenails were painted a garish florescent red.

Her hair was pushed up into cute pony tails. With every movement they bounced around her ears, tickling them. The makeup wasn't subtle. It looked as though she had raided a prostitutes makeup box. One with bad taste etched into her being.

What frightened Alicia most, was the sight of a needle. Collagen was injected into her lips, while she froze in horror. In the mirror a pair of luscious lips became gross pillows, designed to be fantasy cock suckers.

Alicia couldn't cry. It was all too awful to react. Her face would have looked better if she'd been smacked. James thought it perfect, which was no consolation at all.

Tight fitting rings were screwed onto her nipples. When they started to grow outward it was realised their purpose. The nipples kept growing, and hurting.

A bright red dress was carefully stepped into, with the girl guiding it up her body, so as not to break the red nails. Being dressed in bizarre clothes by adolescents, was embarrassing. To start with she had been naked. Now she wore a see-through pair of pink panties, and a half-cup bra. Also in pink see-through material, the bra pushed her breasts up into a deep cleavage.

The dress was designed to exhibit her breasts. The nipples rudely protruded through the thin material. Her legs were bare, and the high heels were open toed to show off the red toenail polish. Standing with legs apart, as ordered, the light shone through the dress.

In the mirror she could see, as well as feel the panties already clinging to her sex. The swelling

mound could be clearly seen through the dress. The panties dug deep into the cleft of her cheeks. Alicia didn't even bother to ask for an under-slip. The girl wouldn't have understood what she meant.

Tottering on impossibly high heels from the salon, she had to hold onto James. He was proud of her transformation, even though it finally crushed her self-esteem. Alicia sighed deeply. He now had a dumb blond bimbo on his arm. A mirror never lies, probably. From the way she was dressed, the blond of doubtful intellect, had loose morals.

Where he was taking her, she didn't want to know. It would be humiliating, wherever it was.

Outside a youth club he helped her from the car. It was pointless struggling, as he could just pick her up and carry her in. Not used to the tight dress, and high heels, it was impossible to struggle out of the seat. The damn boy had her jumping through hoops yet again. This was an upmarket youth club, when compared to the warehouse they just left.

Surely he wouldn't treat her so badly as before, in front of decent kids.

Holding onto his arm she tottered into a smaller room than the warehouse. The music wasn't so loud, and had more rhythm to it. Recognising a Beatles track, she hummed along to it. Not that she was happy, it was an idea from the yellow brick road, about singing away the fear.

Before a group of young men could escape, James joined them. His threatening presence kept them standing around, trying to look pleased he was there.

'My new girlfriend,' he announced.

They murmured appropriate sounding noises, and tried to shuffle away.

'Say hello, Cindy,' he smiled at them.

They were held in place as much as she was. The calmness in his voice had a chilling confidence to it.

'Hello, Cindy,' she said, then giggled.

Playing along with him seemed important. She didn't want to pollute this club, and these decent young men, with the shocking picture of sexuality she presented. Looking like a stupid bimbo was alright for James, but in front of these nice boys, it felt so very bad.

Looking at the floor she presented a picture of subservience. It wasn't put on either. Alicia was more ashamed of herself here than in the warehouse, where James stroked her bare ass. In front of these young men, her son's age, she felt dirty.

In the corner of her eyes, she caught one of them staring at her. There was a lot to stare at. The long, deep cleavage, her long bare legs, with the tight dress hugging her cheeks, their eyes roamed over her. Feeling naked, she nevertheless looked up.

One of the boys was staring right at her. Her son! Oh Hell! Shit! Fuck! Her legs trembled, so she grabbed James to hold on tight. With her arm wrapped around his, he couldn't grope her. He could if determined enough, though he looked amused enough from observing her shame.

The boys sensed the opportunity of escape. Alicia buried her face in his arm, as though it would hide her from everyone there.

'So, what do you think of my new girlfriend?' James asked, with an amused tone in his voice.

Brendan couldn't speak. His mind couldn't bring anything relevant to say, and if he could, it would have emerged in a garbled form.

'Tell him, your my girlfriend. What did you tell the others?' he teased.

Recalling telling them she was his cock sucking bitch, she wobbled on the heels, almost collapsing. He was going to dictate her words, and that had to be avoided.

'I'm James' girlfriend,' she said, and unaccountably giggled inanely.

It was nerves, fear, and a strong desire to be nothing more than a stupid bimbo. In that way she wouldn't be responsible for how she looked or behaved. A bit of a stretch, but she clung onto anything so as not to drown, in such a rough sea.

'Mom?' Brendan whispered.

His eyes were wide with astonishment.

As though James guessed Brendan's thoughts, he commented, 'She's doing as she's told, so I don't announce who she is. You alright with that, Brendan?'

'I'm just a stupid airhead, babe. I don't know who you are,' Alicia murmured.

Her son followed her warning glances, and took in that others had joined them. Everyone wanted to see the outrageous blond bimbo, James had trawled from the gutter. The girl was obviously older than eighteen, but how old it was difficult to tell. So much makeup, and decoration turned it into a disguise.

James didn't want to reveal who she was, as he was having so much fun. Neither did Brendan want anyone knowing his mother was the bully's slut! Alicia was at her lowest ebb, and could no longer function properly. The three of them stood around wondering what to do next.

Alicia stood next to her boyfriend, looking gauche, and occasionally giggling for no reason.

He was an uncultured oaf, yet always had a girlfriend clinging on his arm. It was usually a giggly blond, or a cheerleader, or both. His mom gripped James' arm and looked up at him. She giggled inanely, wanting the guy to take notice of her. He looked down at her, put his hand up the dress, grabbed a cheek, and squeezed.

His mother giggled and squealed, 'You're terrible!'

Alicia pulled his face close, and kissed his ears. He liked them licked. It was an excuse to whisper an urgent plea.

'Please, get me from here. I'll do anything you like, anything, just get me away from here,' Alicia begged.

Brendan wondered what on earth she was doing. His mom was making a spectacle of herself, and was dangerously close to shaming him to his friends. Of course he thought about his mother's anguish, but she had walked in here dressed like a whore. Did she deserve his sympathy? He didn't think so.

James smiled at Brendan, not bothered by the guy's angry look.

'Tell them you're my bimbo slut, and that you belong to me. Then we go,' James whispered.

Alicia licked her lips and wished she hadn't. The boys followed every movement of her tongue. The feel of the pumped-up lips was embarrassing. It was no wonder her son's friends didn't recognise her, for they were ogling her body, not seeing her at all.

'Don't look at me like that boys. I know you want me, but I belong to James. I'm his bimbo fuck slut,' Alicia giggled.

Alicia couldn't help giggling from embarrassment. Their looks had been derisory before, now they held nothing but contempt.

'Yea, nice slut,' Brendan lamely said to James.

James squeezed Alicia's ass, and again she let out a stupid sounding giggle. With a wink at Brendan, James walked away with the guy's mother. Brendan watched his mom tripping along on high heels, with the obscene dress bouncing around, showing off her ass. His friends remarks about her figure, started to sink in.

'Who is the skanky bitch, do you know, Brendan?' Nigel asked.

'I would give the filthy slut one,' Henry grinned.

'I'd give the slutty bimbo more than one. I'd use the bitch's every hole, then start over again,' Nigel seriously said.

'I've never seen nipples so big. Her breasts are great, but those nipples are enormous. I'd suck on those puppies all day,' Andy grinned.

'Those bimbo lips were made for fucking. What do you think, Brendan? How would you fuck the slut? It's available, you can see that,' Phil commented.

'No! The slut is too dirty for me,' he angrily said, about his mother.

The fierceness in his voice stopped them from pushing him. They didn't wonder about his reaction, as they were too busy memorising the contours of her body.

'The bitch has nice tits,' Nigel sighed, breaking the silence.

They drove without talking. Nothing needed saying. James had a big grin on his face. Alicia couldn't cry, it was all too terrible for that. Her son had seen her dressed like a whore, and acting like a dumb bimbo. Having to say she was a girlfriend, of a boy in his class, was dreadful. He'd seen James massaging her bottom. It couldn't get any worse than this.

Being shown off in that warehouse was nothing compared to this.

Alicia recognised his house when they pulled up. Being taken in didn't bother her in the slightest. What could he do to her that would be worse than displaying her as a giggly bimbo to her son?

'Lie on the bed, with your legs spread,' James ordered.

He was getting the key, so she did as she was told. The red dress was hanging over the back of a chair. As bad as it was, she had paid for it, and meant to keep it from looking worn. Tomorrow she would take it to get her money back. It was the little normal things in life that would keep her sane.

Closing her eyes, she let him fiddle between her legs. James had got to know her sex better than her husband. Harold hardly touched her down there, even when they were first married. Going into piercing stores, and letting strangers fiddle with her naughty bits was weird. At least James had the key to unlock her.

'What are you doing? Oh! God!' she shouted.

He'd obviously removed the lock, and was now sucking her labia into his mouth. Never experiencing such sensations before, it shocked her. Her mind had been overwhelmed earlier, and now it went into override. On automatic, she succumbed to animal desires.

'Oh! James! Oh! Fuck!' she yelped.

The feel of his tongue inside her was odd. A wonderful kind of strange. Again this was a first for her. Unable to stand the extreme arousal, she put her hands around his head and pulled. He got the message, because he pushed up the bed. As his face got closer, she smelt her sex. In one movement he was on her, kissing, and she tasted her sex juices for the first time.

What held her attention was that his cock had thrust into her. Always she had to guide her husband in, but this boy found her opening as he pushed up her body. In one movement he was into her, without hesitation. There had been no resistance from her. Her body had been open for him, ready and desperate to be filled.

From the moment he entered, his cock took over. It dominated her vagina. The warehouse girl was right, he was big. He'd stretched her and made her vagina a snug fit. Locking her sex away meant her husband couldn't take her back. She'd been captured, entered by force, and kept locked up for his exclusive use.

Maybe he wasn't her bully, he was her teacher. He'd taught her to enjoy sex. He was adding to that experience now.

'Oh! Yes! Fuck me hard, James!' she screeched.

He rammed into her, thumping her bones, reaming her with his big fat cock. He reached deep inside her, pushing with powerful leg muscles, simply helping himself to her sex. Thrusting deep, concentrating all his strength on his penis, he banged away at her.

'Yes, yes, yes! James, you are so wonderful!' Alicia croaked.

She clung onto him, locking her heels around his waist. She was just his fuck toy. They were a fuck machine, working hard to reach a climax. Very nearly completed, they shouted at each other, not really hearing, as animal grunts were sufficient.

'Stop! Don't move!' she shouted.

He pushed deep, penetrating her with force. His cock vibrated with the youthful vigour of semen spurting in great gushes, directly into the entrance to her womb.

She gripped his waist with her heels, seemingly squeezing the last drop from his balls.

'Fill me up, fill me up!' she gasped.

The twitching of his cock was felt, and sent shivers of sensation through her nervous system. Her body was hyper-sensitive, her mind was honed to a lightning sharpness.

'Oh! James! Oh! Fuck!' she let out trembling words on a long sigh.

'Did you like that?' he teased her.

'Yes, James, thank you James. I cum so much. I'm still there, please, don't move,' she whispered, and accepted a long deep kiss.

He was still inside her, teasing her vagina with little soft movements. Oh! Damn! He was young, and would soon be ready again! Could she take another pounding so soon? He was so strong and powerful, and she was sore. It was nice, and the afterglow left her feeling wonderful, but not so soon, surely.

She shouldn't have enjoyed a young bully doing it to her. He'd worked her up all afternoon, and this was the result. Touching, spanking, and humiliating her, had her worked up beyond self-control. He'd taken control of her, by manipulating and bullying her. It was no wonder she let him do that to her, and that she became so carried away.

When he pulled out of her, a feeling of loss seeped into her mind. Even soft, he was large enough to grip. She had, she'd gripped him, not wanting to let go. That was very naughty of her. His fingers took over the teasing. Too weak to move away, she laid back letting him torture her. It was so lovely, she had a big smile on her face.

'Oh! God! You can do that forever!' she giggled.

About to tell him she loved him, and that it was meant with real feeling, she suddenly sobered up. The warm afterglow evaporated. Damn! Letting a mere boy manipulate her was one thing. Letting him brainwash her into thinking she loved him, was too much. Damn! That was so very stupid!

'Hey what have you done?' Alicia said, and felt between her legs.

He was grinning at her, and held her shoulders down, pinning her to the bed.

'No! You bastard! You can't do this to me. Unlock me, take that damn thing off! Just do it, now! I demand it,' she ranted.

'Calm down, Mrs Lucas,' he mocked her.

'You can't just lock me up like this. It's wrong. You can't control me. I'm a mature woman, an adult. You're just a boy, it's not right,' she complained.

'I can and I have,' he said, and cupped her crotch in his hand.

'Please! Unlock me! Please, James!' she begged.

'I will, when I'm ready. I don't want anyone else fucking you. You belong to me now,' he heavily stated.

Holding her shoulders in a strong grip, he looked her in the eyes. They both knew he meant her husband. The boy was preventing her from sleeping with her husband!

'If I promise to do whatever you say, will you unlock me?' she offered.

'I will do, but not yet. When I trust you enough I'll unlock you. You have to learn to be obedient, Mrs Lucas,' he grinned.

He was enjoying seeing her cringe every time he called her that. It reminded her she was a married woman, and a mother. She'd given in to him completely, and begged him to fuck her hard. They both thought about the implications of that.

Eventually he let her get dressed. The slutty outfit didn't matter, for he had hit her with a more dangerous idea. He was going to make her obey him. Hadn't this happened already? He'd made her jump through hoops, tricking her into obeying him.

He now wanted her to do as she was told, without threats, or tricks. He was going to take her over completely, by making her into his obedient sex toy. What if he really achieved this? What would her life be like, when subjected to an eighteen-year-olds whims?

Bully Ch. 06

The mom gives in

Alicia walked into her home, at last feeling safe away from that damn bully. Her son was no longer the victim, it was now her being bullied by a rough football player. He was typical of the type she despised. He was a big beefy guy who threw his weight around, bullying anyone who stood in his way.

James, was a only eighteen, so having a mere boy bully her, added to the shame. Unexpectedly he was very adept at manipulating her, and finding her weaknesses, to use against her. Then he had blackmail material to hold over her, and demanded she comply to his demands.

He wanted more from her every time they met, which meant falling further into his clutches. It should have been guessed what an adolescent wanted with a woman. Though, besides sex, he wanted to humiliate her. If she could figure out why, it might be possible to stop him playing with her. For that was what she had become, a boys plaything.

Alicia needed a shower, but was stopped in the hall by her son.

'What have you been up to? Don't tell me, I don't want to know! You're a skanky bitch, out till late, cavorting, that's what! You're just a slut!' Brendan shouted at her.

'Don't call me that, I'm your mother. Show me some respect. I'll tell your father,' she warned.

'I'll tell my father! You're dressed like a whore. You told everyone you were James' bitch! How could you, in front of my friends!' he shouted.

'I didn't mean it! Any of it. I won't tell your father. Please don't tell him. Please, don't call me names. I did it for you. I said those things so he wouldn't bully you. Please, son, forgive me, I did it for you,' Alicia beseeched him, in a rambling moan.

It was impossible to mention the boy was blackmailing her, and had her sex locked up. How could she reveal to her son how stupid she had been. This confrontation confirmed she didn't

have the guts to tell her family what was happening. It served to push her further into the bullies' clutches.

'So why did you dress up like that? Other parents don't go around shaming themselves. Did he bully you into doing that?' he asked.

'Yes! He was too clever for me. I didn't expect him to be so, well, you know, manipulative. Before I knew what was happening, he tricked me. I couldn't get out of it then, I had to do what he wanted. You know what he's like. He's not a dumb brute, he's clever,' she dry sobbed.

'Well, yea, I know. It was so embarrassing seeing you like that in front of my friends. They said terrible things about you,' he said.

'Did they recognise me?' Alicia asked, with a look of fear spreading across her face.

'I don't know how, but you got away with it. What have you done to your face? Does it hurt? I guess it was bad for you too,' he said, at last getting around to wondering how she felt.

'Yes, you'll never know how bad,' she muttered.

'At least it's over now. If he doesn't bully me from now on, it might just be worth it,' he said, and smiled at her.

'Alright, sorry. I didn't mean to embarrass you,' she sincerely spoke.

He smiled at her, as she went to get a shower and change. When she bent to pick up a bag, he frowned. His mother wasn't wearing anything under the short dress! He'd come straight home from the club, and here she was, three hours later. What had she been doing in all that time, while dressed like a whore? She'd gone off with James, but had she stayed with him? Is that where she lost her panties?

He shook his head of the abhorrent image, and the nasty ideas, preferring not to know.

His mother knew this wasn't the end of it, and avoided admitting to what she had already been put through. At thirty-six she should have been able to control the situation, and at least avoided it getting out of hand. Feeling so wretched, she hadn't the strength to call his bluff when he first blackmailed her. Now it seemed to be too late.

After a cleansing shower, she at least felt less dirty from what she had done with that boy. It was all so very grimy and sordid. Having sex with an eighteen-year-old was wrong. Enjoying it was bad. Cupping her sex with a hand, she squeezed, as though overriding his touch with her own.

The lock was in place, reminding her he'd taken control of her vagina. The damn boy told her he couldn't trust her, and had to lock up her kitty. How wrong was that! Her vagina was now his! He'd taken control of her vagina! Oh! Fuck! What a mess this was. They both knew it was all about preventing her husband from using her.

That was what it was now, not love making anymore, just being used. Her husband had been doing that since they were married. Unaware of it for all this time, the boy had awoken her to the fact. Her needs had never been considered, Harold just used her once a month.

Damn! It was on pay day. The bastard transferred money to her account, and that evening took her in bed. No foreplay, it was just expected, something they did. A quick hump, then he rolled off her and went to sleep. Oh! Shit! Why hadn't she linked the two things before? The thought of

being paid for sex by her husband, made her feel disgusted with herself, and him.

Alicia fell into a troubled sleep. Again she had to sleep in the spare bedroom, to avoid her husband finding her kitty was locked up. He was on the late shift and was hardly likely to want sex, and it wasn't the night for it, but she wanted to be away from him. This was a way of creating some space while she sorted out her troubles in peace.

In a vivid dream her husband got home, into bed, and spooned her. He decided to take her, as that was the way it was in their marriage.

'What in hell? What's this?' he asked.

'Sorry, Harold, I've been locked up,' she tried to explain.

'What? Why did you do that?' he complained.

'I'm really sorry Harold, but I didn't, err, someone else did,' she worriedly said.

'Someone else? Someone locked up your sex bits down there!' he said, sounding incredulous.

Harold switched on the bedside light, to take a closer look. This was a first, and she was grateful he decided to at last take an interest in her down there.

'Open your legs, I want to see what it is. You've got rings. You've had your lips pierced, and this lock. It really has effectively locked you up,' he said, sounding mystified.

'Yes, Harold, I'm sorry,' she quietly spoke.

'I know I'm not much in bed, and I should think of you more, but locking yourself away, that's going too far,' he complained.

'It wasn't my idea. I'm sorry, someone else locked me up,' she lamely spoke.

'Really, someone did this to you? Obviously you didn't pierce yourself, but you made the decision,' he told her.

'No, I'm sorry, Harold. I was bullied into it. James had me pierced, then locked the rings together. He didn't want anyone having me down there, except him,' she explained.

'You what? Why in hell! Who's this James?' he angrily demanded.

'He's in Brendan's class at school. He was bullying Brendan, so I went to see him, to stop it. Somehow he ensnared me into being his victim, instead of our son. He's bullying me now. I have to do as I'm told, or suffer the consequences,' she said.

'You're letting a boy from school bully you? How could you, a mature woman, let a boy do this to you! Your weak, and foolish, girl. I'm your husband, and have a right to have sex with you. You belong to me, not him, yet you let a boy lock your sex away from me. How could you let him do that to me, preventing me from screwing you when I want to?' he complained.

'Sorry, Harold. I was tricked into it. He said he wanted to keep me for himself, and didn't trust me not to sleep with anyone else. He meant you, sorry, Harold,' she defensively muttered.

'He's just a boy, you can't blame him. He can't do this to me. I have a right to screw my wife any time I want,' he told her.

'Yes, Harold. Though, you only do it to me once a month, so maybe he'll release me before then. I'm sorry, Harold,' she said.

Alicia woke up with a hand squeezing her crotch. The feeling of being happy over denying her husband was curious. A strong feeling that he didn't deserve to use her sat firmly in her mind. He was her husband and had conjugal rights to her body. He hadn't ever considered her needs during their marriage, so did he deserve to just use her?

Falling back to sleep, she rested peacefully, hardly moving in the bed, and no longer muttering.

Next morning Alicia threw the covers back, with a determination to assert herself. She was a mature woman and knew right from wrong. This was a new day, and she felt something had been resolved. In the shower she carefully washed her locked pussy.

Something had to be done, not for her husband, or anyone else, it was for her sake.

Walking into the kitchen she sighed on seeing a sink full of dirty dishes. They hadn't even bothered to put them into the dishwasher. The utility room door was open, and saw they had at least dumped their dirty washing in there. She could smell the body odour from her son's sports kit. It combined with her husband's gym shorts, one overpowering the other.

'Fuck!' she whispered.

The boy had taught her to use that word, and right then she was proud to use it. Storming out the door, she got in and drove. The police station, a lawyer, or a counsellor? Which was it to be. Neither. She was feeling confident enough for a confrontation.

His father answered the door, towering over her. He was a bigger version of the boy. Six foot plus, tall, and built like a boxer, with a strong muscular frame. He would be able to deal with anyone and anything. Could that be the answer? Tell his father, admitting to what his son did to her, and persuade him to do the right thing.

Alicia saw a ray of hope and clung to it.

'I'm sorry to bother you. I'm Mrs Lucas, and it's about your son,' she began.

'Come on in then. Sit down, so what now!' he huffed.

'James, he's been a bully,' she started to say.

'Don't bother, Mrs Lucas. I've heard it all before. He's a bully, and what am I going to do about it. He's eighteen, no longer a kid. He's grieving for his mother and sister. He's a mess. If he doesn't grow out of it, what then? Well, I don't know. That's what everyone says, I don't know. Well, neither do I,' he firmly told her.

She looked up at him from the sofa, and in a small voice said, 'He's bullying me.'

The truth was out, but it didn't make her feel any better.

'You? How's that possible? I recognise you now. The school committee. You've complained before. More recently, though, where have I seen you,' he said, thinking about it.

She sat tight, letting him catch up.

'No! Here, the other night. Shit! That was you! You were here, in the kitchen dressed like a slut. You stayed the night. I heard him banging you all night! Fuck!' he exclaimed, and laughed.

She hung her head in shame. The amused laugh was too much to bear, and her eyes watered, while she felt sorry for herself. The confidence had almost evaporated.

'No more complains from the committee! Well, Mrs Lucas?' he laughed.

'No. Please, you've got to help me. You've got to stop your son bullying me. He's trying to take over my life,' she whimpered openly now.

Telling him about the pictures and video's used as blackmail did no good. He said he would enjoy watching them.

In desperation, she underestimated him when making a wild offer, 'Please! Stop him. Destroy the video's and pictures. He won't be able to blackmail me then. In return, I'll let you do it to me,' she said, and seeing the look on his face, quickly changed the offer, 'I'll give you money,' she anxiously tried.

'You're just a dirty tramp, Mrs Lucas. You like being his sex toy,' he said.

'No, please, you don't understand,' she whined.

He took one step toward her, grabbed the hem of the dress in both hands, lifted her up off the sofa, turned around, and sat down. The dress had pulled up around her neck. He lay her across his lap, pulled her panties down, and slapped her ass.

It was all too quick for her to react. When he slapped her ass, her lips flapped uselessly. The objection to such rough treatment escaped her, and would go unheeded anyway. This is something she had become used to. Damn and shit! Her bullies father was spanking her! He had spanked her that first time here, and his son had spanked her whenever she disobeyed him.

With every slap she yelped, and kicked her legs. He had bigger, tougher hands, and they hurt her soft cheeks. He wasn't even trying and it felt painful. His son stung her bottom when he spanked her. This hard spanking hurt, it was meant to, and would bruise her bottom.

He suddenly stopped, and asked, 'What's this? Did you lock up your cunt, from my son?'

'No! He locked it!' she cried.

He grabbed her sex and pulled. It was obviously effective.

'How in hell did he do this? Obviously a friend of his did it. Why did you let him?' he scornfully asked.

He picked her off his lap and stood her in front of him. The dress had been pulled off so she stood before him in her underwear.

'Tell me what happened that evening you were here,' he demanded.

When telling him she'd put her clothes in the washer, the scorn on his face was obvious. Others wouldn't understand either. There was no way she could go to the police and recount such a stupid tale. She really had been a dumb blond that night.

'So why did you suck his cock?' he asked, sounding suspicious.

'I had a glass of wine, and with the pills, I was out of it. Somehow I just managed to keep going. I didn't think anything like that would happen, not in a million years. You came into the kitchen and told me not to be a tease, then spanked me. You sent me to his room,' she moaned.

'You blaming me?' he fiercely asked.

'No! No! I shouldn't have been there, and especially not dressed like a slut. It was all my fault. I can't blame a boy for my bad behaviour,' she whined.

'Stop whining and listen. Stand up straight, shoulders back, arms at your sides. It was stupid to let him do all this to you. You are a stupid slut, what are you?' he heavily spoke.

'I, I'm, a stupid slut,' she admitted.

'You wouldn't be with him if you didn't enjoy it in some perverse way. You enjoy him playing with you. Say it!' he demanded.

'I, oh, dear, I enjoy it. I enjoy him playing with me,' she tearfully said.

'Good. Now, I want you to keep him happy. You think that spanking was hard, just wait till I really punish you. So do as you are told, and keep my son happy. Right, well? What have you to say?' he harshly said.

'Please don't hurt me, I'll do it,' she cried. 'I promise to keep James happy, I will, no need to hurt me,' she pathetically spoke.

When he got up, he towered over her. His body was all muscle. He could engulf her in those muscles, and squeeze the life out of her.

He just laid his hands on her shoulders, and that was enough to have her wilting.

'You're no longer the prim and proper lady you used to be. You're just a dirty little slut, aren't you,' he said.

'Yes, Sir, I'm a dirty little slut,' Alicia moaned.

'You need controlling,' he demanded confirmation.

'I need to be kept under control,' she sobbed.

'You'll do as my son says, won't you!'

'Yes, sir, I'll do whatever James wants,' she confirmed.

'Good girl. He wants you to be his girlfriend, so that is what you will be. You're no longer to think of yourself as a high society lady, too good for the likes of my boy. You're his plaything, just a

boy's sex toy, and don't forget it, or I'll deal with you,' he sharply told her.

'Yes, sir, I'm just his little plaything, his sex toy,' she repeated, and sniffed.

'You'll have to make some excuse for leaving home at all hours. Fix that, or I'll come around and make sure your husband doesn't ask where you are going,' he heavily said.

'Yes, sir, I will,' she humbly spoke.

Once home she didn't feel as safe as she should have. Harold was there to greet her with his complaints. If only he could have seen the pain in her eyes, and offered comfort. Though why should he, when she was cheating on him.

The pain was from having her bullies father push her further into the boy's grip. The man wasn't her last hope, he was just another failure on her part to escape.

'Where have you been? Look at the mess in here. You've a full time job here, so no more talk of getting one,' Harold crossly told her.

His anger was nothing compared to the threatening voice her bully and his father used. She wanted to laugh, though the situation wasn't laughable, it was dire.

'I'll clear up in here, sir,' she said.

Noticing her calling him, sir, he watched with a curious look on his face. She had been acting weird recently. It must be that time of month, combined with her going through a change of life. Women were difficult to fathom, so he didn't bother trying.

Completing the chores, she still felt subdued, and entered the lounge to see to her husband's wishes.

'Sir, would you like a drink, or anything?' she asked, still not noticing the use of that little word, sir.

'You didn't say where you had been. You've neglected me and your son. That's the second time I've had to order pizza for both of us,' he said, accusing her of neglect.

Wanting to ask why he used the best dishes and cutlery, she bit her lip instead.

'I met Francis, she's the woman who teaches assertiveness,' she lied.

'What have you done to your face?' he asked, cutting off her explanation.

'I walked into a glass door at the supermarket. I thought it was automatic,' she quietly said.

'You look stupid enough to do such a thing,' he said, purposely demeaning her.

Already feeling downtrodden, her self-confidence of that morning was finally squashed under her husband's big feet.

Next day Alicia asked her husband if she could take on some voluntary work.

'Please, sir. I'll make sure my chores here aren't neglected. It would only be for a few hours a week. I can still take care of the housework,' she promised.

'Well, alright, just so long as you don't neglect us in future,' he warned.

Taking a good look at his wife, Harold considered she deserved a reward. Calling him, sir, was new and it showed an improvement in her attitude. She seemed to be far more placid and willing to please. Getting on quietly with household chores seemed to keep her busy and happy.

The next time James summoned her, she told Harold an interview had been arranged. He gave her a hard time for not warning him, but let her go. James didn't take her out, or find some situation to embarrass her with.

He simply unlocked her vagina, and entered her. It was enjoyable, but this time she didn't get so carried away that she declared her love for him. It had been a stupid thought, and luckily she hadn't said it at the time.

The boy was using her like a husband. Taking her for granted, and not considering her needs at all. What in hell was she thinking? He was just a boy, and she shouldn't be doing this at all!

She watched his hands playing with her breasts, occasionally, gently pinching a nipple.

'You are very sexy when naked. Nothing like when you first knocked on the door. You were all prim and proper, like a social worker or something, ready with a list of rules. Your breasts stand up well. Your hips are smooth and rounded. I don't know why but they are sexy. How do you keep such a slim waist?' he asked, and was waiting for an answer.

'Oh! Well, my diet I guess. Nothing special,' she said.

'Look at me. Your eyes are hazel. Is that rare in a blond? You have big beautiful eyes when you're scared. You don't have to be scared of me, just so long as you do as you're told. Don't be a naughty girl, or I'll spank you,' he laughed.

His fingers were tracing her body, then her face, and back to her body. What was he up to? Was he going to send her home, worked up, un-completed. Was that his trick? Get her going then kick her out, wanting more. Well she didn't want more, she didn't want him at all.

'You shouldn't do that,' she said.

'This?' he said, with a finger stroking her clitoris.

'Yes! I mean, no! It's mine, and I don't want you to touch me down there. Oh!' she heavily sighed.

'Do you want me to lock it away again?' he asked, and pressed her button just the way she liked it.

'Oh! No! Not yet! Please!' she allowed.

A protest should have been made, not a weak, not yet. Her breathing was loud in her ears. Of course she was worked up. She was in bed with a stud, and he knew what he was doing to her. Much more of this and she would melt into a pathetic heap of sensitised flesh, groaning for more.

'Please, you mustn't,' she hissed.

'Shouldn't I do this?' he asked, while inserting a finger.

'No! Not that!' she said, playing up to his game.

'I guess not this either,' he stated, while rimming her ass with his other hand.

He was gripping her or holding her down. Both his hands were busy exciting her, and that served to hold her down, to trap her into stillness. She began to whimper. He knew her signs, and what to do next.

He separated her legs, and got comfortable between them. His lips kissed hers. He sucked her bits into his mouth and nibbled on them. She let out a wandering whine of pain which wasn't pain at all. He licked, sucked, and pinched, her thighs and everything between.

An orgasm raced upon her from deep in her belly, up through fiery nerves, out to her fingers, toes, and brain. Her body shivered for a moment or two, then collapsed into the bed covers. They were laying on top, completely naked.

Alicia's breathing slowly came down for a pant, to heavy breathing. Her heart was still thumping.

'No! Please, no!' she shrieked.

Knowing what he was going to do, she had to stop him. Not this, not now. She would have to return home this evening, and it would be so difficult if he continued with his devious plan. He'd done this once before, when she was ignorant of his sexual skills. If they had time it might be nice, but not now!

'Please, James, don't do it to me!' she begged. 'Have mercy, please!'

How did he take her by surprise so often? he had her begging for mercy, and promising to obey him so often, it felt as though she were beholden to him for the rest of her life.

An orgasm shuffled through her body. A ragged underdone orgasm this time. Nothing special, except it was the fourth of many to be wrung out of her poor body.

'Please, James, please, no more, please,' she tried yet again.

'I'll show you mercy if you promise me something,' he said.

'Anything, James, anything you want, I'll do it,' she humbly whispered.

'When I next call you, you come running. Don't dawdle, and come wearing something I like you dressed in. Something slutty, got it,' he demanded.

Without thought she quickly replied, 'Yes, I will, I will, something slutty,' she eagerly promised.

Being let off easy, it was best to agree and think about any possible drawbacks later. A hesitation could earn a slap. If she kept him waiting he would become harsher still.

'Good. I've something for you,' he calmly spoke. 'Here, try this on.'

Alicia held it up to her naked body before a mirror. It was an elegant little black dress. The label said Dior, and the feel of the material confirmed it.

'It's lovely! Thank you James, it's really lovely,' she lamely said.

Since the first time meeting him, she gave him a genuine kiss, on the cheek. He looked embarrassed.

'No! Don't put it on here. Look, you might not want it. I don't mind if you don't, I'll understand. It belonged to my mother. She never wore it. I'd like you to have it,' he gently smiled.

'Oh! I don't know what to say. It's a wonderful dress. I'll wear it you let me, it's too good not be worn,' she carefully said.

He smiled, a pleasant smile, not a devious one from getting his own way.

A couple of days went by without anything happening. It gave her time to get the house into tip-top condition. Harold was pleased with her, thinking she had capitulated to his nagging, and was again subservient to his wishes.

Alicia began to wonder where she was less free, at home, or with James. Even her son was beginning to be demanding of her time, and efforts.

'I'm going on an introductory course. It will be for only one week, so you can survive that long without me,' she declared.

Both of them joined in complaining about needing washing, ironing, and food cooked. Telling them there were several sets of clothes all ready for them, all they had to do is look in the closet, and there was a week's worth of food in the fridge, still didn't keep them from complaining.

'I'm going anyway, whatever you say,' she crossly said, and left the house.

Where was she going? Losing contact with friends after a move, meant knowing no one in town. The coffee shop would be empty this time of day. What if he asked what organisation was doing the training?

'I'm sorry to bother you, James,' she started off saying.

'No problem, come in, can I help you with something,' he said. 'I've been thinking of you. Well, I do all the time, so that's no surprise,' he grinned.

Alicia was taken aback. He seemed so nice. Was this some kind of trick? Was he just buttering her up before slamming her with something awful?

'I need to look up some courses on the internet,' she said.

'Sure, no problem, do you need my help?' he pleasantly asked.

'If you like, thanks, James,' she smiled.

Taking a note of a believable course scheduled for next week, she sat back satisfied. A plausible excuse for her husband was found, for why she would be away next week.

'I need to look for a hotel in that area,' she said.

'So what are you up to?' he suspiciously asked.

'I need a rest from you and my family. They are getting me down. I feel more enslaved by them than with you,' she said, then nervously laughed.

'That's weird. Pretty bad really. What about my dad's cabin. It's nowhere near where that course is being held. It doesn't matter, who's going to check?' he suggested.

'Why are you being so nice, James?' she asked.

'I'm not. I want you with me for a whole week. Just the two of us, no one else,' he said, with a hand on his heart.

'I'm not sure I could stand a whole week of you,' she honestly said.

'You don't have a choice, Mrs Lucas,' he strongly said.

For some reason she felt more relaxed with this heavy attitude. It seemed more real than when he was being nice.

With a suitcase packed she set off. The family weren't even up yet. With her car safely in a long-stay parking lot, she slid into the passenger seat next to James. Of course she was afraid, but what option did she have. A whole week away from home was needed, but not this. How stupid was she to betray that secret to her bully?

He'd lulled her into a false sense of comfort with his kindness. He did that to her when she first visited him. It was one of his bullying tactics.

They pulled into a gas station, and he said, 'I'll fill up, while you change.'

Opening her mouth to object, she saw the determination on his face, and relented. He would just play the record, telling her why she had no choice. As though she needed reminding he was blackmailing her. If she didn't quickly change he was capable of ripping her clothes off, and driving the rest of the way with her naked. The light bag meant it contained very little clothing. As suspected he'd selected a skimpy outfit for her to wear. No wonder the bag was so light.

The skirt was nothing, and the top was a boob tube. No underwear was included, meaning she couldn't wear what she had on. The rules were clear by now. Stripping completely, she reluctantly pulled on the skirt and top. If she wasn't quick he would collect her, and march her back to his car, dressed or not. At least this was an out of the way place, where no one would recognise her.

The old guy in the store stared at her wiggling bottom, every step of the way back to the car.

On their way again, Alicia automatically kept pulling at the skirt. Eventually she got used to the idea of showing off her thighs. Not just most of them as usual, but everything. At a junction a truck pulled up beside them and the guy whistled at her. He was looking down at her pussy, but they were soon away before he could make a big scene.

'There's one rule while we are away,' he opened with a heavy statement.

'Yes, sure,' she said, knowing what was to come.

'You are to be obedient, and do whatever you are told,' he told her.

'You can get my cock out and suck,' he said. 'Don't let me cum, or I'll tan your ass.'

The boy was starting as he meant to go on. The week couldn't be all bad could it? Used to sucking him by now, she quickly got to it. There wasn't much room under the steering, but she managed, by sucking him all in. Her head banged against the wheel occasionally.

Practicing with a banana at home had been awkward. When discovered with a banana, she had explained it was a diet, to her husband, a later to her son. They didn't bother to ask anything about it, they just derided her for dieting.

Her breasts were on the large side, with a slim waist complimenting them. Nevertheless she did start a diet. At least she could deep throat now. Learning new skills had always been an ambition of hers. Though this, learned for an adolescent, had never been dreamed of. In a nightmare, maybe so.

Thirty miles were covered while sucking on his cock, and gripping its base tight. She knew how far it was because her eyes were close to the controls.

'Stop now,' he ordered.

They walked down a sidewalk, into a cafe. It wasn't far from the car, yet nevertheless, an intense walk. By habit she gripped his arm, clinging on for protection. Her bottom was swayed from side to side, throwing the little skirt up as she walked. Not walking like that would receive a punishment of some kind, so she had it down perfectly. Seductively swaying her hips had become a natural way of walking.

'You know how to talk in here. Remember what I taught you,' he smiled at her.

'I'll have a coffee and a ham sandwich on white,' he said.

'What about you missy,' the girl said.

Seeing how Alicia was dressed the girl gave her a scathing look, when neither of the customers were looking. The woman was a tramp. What he was doing with her, Elaine couldn't work out.

'Like, oh, coke, diet, yea? Like, mmm, have you got diet food?' Alicia asked, in a high pitched voice.

She wanted to cringe from sounding like dumb blond. The act was convincing but embarrassing. As instructed by James, she twiddled with her hair, wrapping it around a finger. Pushing a finger into her mouth, and frowning in concentration, added to the effect, James wanted. She stared vacantly at the menu, as though trying hard to understand it.

The girl's name tag said, Elaine. With her head to one side, improvising, Alicia smiled at Elaine, then winked and pouted her lips.

When Elaine poured her coffee, Alicia said, 'Like, your real cute, girl, I like you're hair.'

The dark haired girl actually smiled and touched her hair. When the girl left, they both grinned at each other. Alicia no longer found it embarrassing, it was just a bit of fun. Being blond, Alicia had avoided any resemblance to being dumb. The very idea was hated. Now she was giggling with James, like a naughty schoolgirl, or at least as much as a mature woman could be.

Finishing her salad, Alicia went to find the restroom. Only just remembering his orders, she put on the girly voice to ask the way.

'Here, I'll show you,' Elaine brightly said.

Not just showing the way, the girl walked in behind her.

'Oh! Err, like you want something, yea?' Alicia asked, putting on the dumb blond voice.

It was almost necessary now, to explain away how she was dressed, and not embarrass herself.

'I like blonds, and I like you,' Elaine said.

Alicia's eyes were wide in surprise. She stammered nonsense, trying to work out what to do. The girl wrapped both arms around her in a tight embrace, and kissed her. The full on tongue probing kiss was unexpected, and floored Alicia. She'd never been kissed by a girl before.

It wasn't unpleasant, but she didn't do that sort of thing. The girl put a hand up the skirt and gasped. Alicia did too, but she wasn't freed of the kissing. The fingers slid up her slit, and found her nub. It was hard as hell! Was she turned on by this girl taking advantage?

Her fingering was firm and knowledgeable. She knew her own kitty, and many others, so applied that knowledge to Alicia for predictable results. The dumb woman was breathing heavily and her clit was hard as a nail. Elaine and Marge had a competition, to see who could make the most women orgasm. She was winning and this one would let her draw ahead.

The woman squirted. There was a look of surprise on the woman's face, which made her look pathetic. It missed her uniform, so she didn't smack her face.

'Here. It's a tissue, wipe your cunt, stupid. When you're finished go back to your big lug. I won't tell him if you don't,' Elaine smirked.

The dumb ones never did. They were too shocked to say anything after being brought off so quickly, by a girl. Elaine had learned a lot while working with Marge. She'd spotted this one walking from the car. It was her turn so she bided her time, then unexpectedly pounced. The woman wasn't the boy's son, so she must be a stupid tramp, getting off with a big dumb footballer.

Marge went over to refill their coffee.

'Hi, did you have fun?' she asked, looking directly at Alicia.

Alicia looked down from embarrassment. She felt like a stupid idiot for letting that happen. It was all so quick and unexpected. She was letting a boy control her, and now a girl had taken advantage. What in hell was happening to her? Nothing happened for boring year after year, now she was being sexually abused by eighteen-year-olds.

Damn! She wasn't sure if she enjoyed it, or not. The boy's father said she did. How could she?

'Come on we're going,' he announced.

That meant she had to as he was in charge. Her life was his now. In his car she would have to change the rules. Assert herself. Before anything else happened. The girl must have sensed she

was a pushover. Under the control of this boy, she was just that. She'd simply given in.

'James, we can't go on like this,' she firmly announced.

'No need, Mrs Lucas. We're here,' he said, and pulled up outside a log cabin.

'Inside you go, I'll get the luggage,' he told her.

Putting off her rebellion until they were safely inside, she explored the accommodation. Everything was there. It was a home away from home. A rugged man's home. He opened his case on the bed, and told her to put the things away. Either he had a fetish she hadn't known about, or these clothes were for her.

'Where's my case?' she asked.

'In the trunk. You won't need them, this is all you'll need this week,' he told her.

Hanging up a mini skirt, and a skimpy top, she could see what her week was going to be like.

'I need my case, there's no underwear here,' she said.

'Exactly. No need,' he told her.

Pulling a transparent baby-doll from the case, she couldn't find the bottom half. So no panties at all, not even little see-through ones. She looked at him and sighed. Oh! Hell! She'd wanted to get away from the confines of home, only to end up tightly bound by this boy.

He didn't have the moral sense of a man, learnt over years of marriage. He wanted sex and that was it. She was available as far as he was concerned, and she would have to do as she was told. She just hoped he didn't have any kinky ideas. He didn't need them to keep it up. He was very athletic, and knew how to pleasure a woman.

Was that why she was here? Because this boy had a big dick and knew what to do with it? How crude was that! Well, it just might be more honest than she had ever been in her whole life. Damn! She was so confused over what was happening, she'd lost all common sense. Something had to change or she might go mad.

Bully Ch. 07

In charge of Mrs Lucas

'James this is a nice cabin, with everything I want, it's perfect. I can chill out here without all the pressures of home. Can you get my bag, I have a book in there I'd like to finish,' Alicia said.

'No need for that, Alicia, I'll keep you busy,' he smiled, and wrapped an arm around her.

'I didn't realise you were staying!' she said, in alarm.

It was a stupid mistake, thinking he was doing this for her. She assumed a remote cabin would be too boring for him, being away from his friends and gadgets all week. Of course, he wasn't going to be bored, he'd brought his latest toy with him. All eighteen-year-olds had sex on their minds, and James had his sex toy to fulfil his fantasies.

'We can't. It's got to stop, James! I know you've got that stuff to blackmail me with, but we can put it behind us, and move on. Can't we! You've had your fun. Don't torment me, James, you're

better than that. You should have a girlfriend your own age, not me, an old woman,' she gently spoke.

'Nice try, Mrs Lucas. I admit, I've thought about letting you go, but this is too good an opportunity to miss,' he said, and gave her shoulders a squeeze.

'How many girls have you brought here?' she asked, and was surprised to feel a pang of jealousy.

'None, only you,' he said.

'Did you really want to let me go?' she asked, quickly changing the subject.

'Sometimes. Sometimes I want to keep you forever, and treat you real nice. Other times I think you're a stupid slut, and deserve all you get,' he said, sounding very serious.

'Why? Why me? What did I do to deserve this, James? I never hurt you, or anyone else! What would your mother say?' she asked.

James slapped her face, and shouted at her, 'Don't you dare mention my mother. You're nothing compared to her!'

He brought his breathing under control, yet he still tightly gripped her shoulders. Looking into her eyes, holding them, she watched the anger subside. It was frightening to see that look. He shook her again, as though she were a rag doll.

'You cheated on your husband, and let your son down. Think about the nasty things you did to protect yourself. No, not them! No, don't say that, it wasn't for them. You did whatever I told you to do, however nasty. You let me fuck you, and you enjoyed it. Don't deny it, you enjoyed it! You dressed like a whore and humiliated your son in front of his friends. That makes you a dirty slut,' he angrily said.

Alicia burst into tears. He pulled her close and let her bury her face in his shoulder. He held onto her, rubbing her back, and making soothing noises. She whined something unintelligible between sobs. He held her tight for some-time, letting her get it all out of her system. His t-shirt was wet from tears and snot.

He was aware of the pressure he'd put her under, as that was what a bully did. He was fully aware of being a bully, and that she was his victim. If a victim had the guts to try and get out from under him, it didn't matter, as he always thought better of them. There were plenty of victims to find and play with. Though, if this woman got away from him he would miss her. He wondered why she was special.

Of course he enjoyed the sex, but there were plenty of stupid bitches at school, lining up to be his girlfriend. Mrs Lucas was attractive, but there were younger more attractive girls he could have. He thought about it for awhile, then figured the sex was better. Why? Because she was forbidden fruit, an older woman, married, and she had more experience. No. Surprisingly, she wasn't very experienced, so it must be the novelty of having an older woman. The blackmail and coercion was nothing new to him.

'Sit down, and I'll make dinner,' he said, guessing she wouldn't want to go out.

She looked a mess, and needed cajoling out of herself, or it would be a gloomy week.

'Come on, get yourself together, or I'll phone a girl from school,' he said, and slapped her bottom.

'Do that! I'm too old for you, you should have a girl your own age,' she moodily spoke.

'If I don't need you any more, then I'll use the video and photos. I won't let them go to waste, I'll put them on the internet,' he warned.

'Go ahead. You don't need me anyway,' she said, sounding miserable.

'You're a beautiful woman, with smooth Mediterranean olive skin. I find you enormously sexy. You have a great figure, and look stunning, whatever you wear. Though the usual boring clothes you wear make you look old. I should dress you in a little black number, not those slutty clothes. Though, you still look gorgeous like that,' he stated, and grabbed her.

Holding her tight while deeply kissing, he felt her beginning to thaw. She stopped slapping his back, but still hadn't responded. He figured if all depression could be cured like this, he could get a well paid job. He gripped her struggling body, not letting her go. She complained, but he just laughed at her.

'You don't mean it,' she said, and beat his chest with small fists. 'You can't get what you want with brute strength,' she protested.

'I do mean it, every word. Don't you know how attractive you are? Didn't anyone tell you? When last did someone tell you how sexy you are?' he asked, sounding incredulous.

'Stop hitting me! It's not doing any good, it's just annoying!' he said, and slapped her bottom. 'I'll spank you like a naughty girl!' he warned.

'No! I'm a married woman, you can't do that. You're just a naughty boy,' she firmly spoke.

Holding onto both of her hands with one of his, he slapped her bottom with the other.

'Oww! Stop it right now,' she complained, sounding indignant.

'Oww! No! you can't!'

'Oww! This is silly, it hurts, please don't!'

'Oww! Alright, I'll be a good girl, please stop,' she insincerely said.

'You'll do as your told like a good little missy?' he teased.

'Oww! Alright! I'll behave myself, I will, please, no more!' she promised.

'You're hot, sweaty, and snotty. You're beautiful, even like this. You have a special magnetism, it's no wonder I can't let you go!' he told her.

'Of course you can! It's not true, don't be silly,' she said, sounding as though she half believed him.

She dare not struggle or hit him now. In any case, it did no good for he was far too strong to fight him off. It felt as though she was nothing but a rag doll in his big powerful hands.

'You're so very sexy, and I should know. I love your body, and especially these luscious lips,' he said, and kissed them.

At first she struggled, then stilled on feeling his hand on her bottom. The little skirt was too short to protect her. Letting him take her, with his mouth and tongue was all she could do. He was making love to her, and she was no longer sure it should stop.

'Oh! James! We mustn't,' she moaned, when he stopped kissing her lips, to caress her neck.

It was meant as a rebuke, though the tone was soft. Her feelings were all over the place from his honeyed words, and soft caresses. What he was doing to her now, and what he had done to her before, was exhilarating.

He wasn't the only one to take advantage of her good nature. Friends and family had, but nothing like this. It was about time she admitted to being a natural submissive.

Her husband had been taking advantage, but not in bed, he'd made sure she gave up a career to keep house for him. Realising what he had done to her over the years, left her feeling angry, and vulnerable. In a way, her husband had been bullying her throughout their marriage.

Damn! Where did she read that all bullies were cowards? James wasn't.

Damn! Being spanked enforced the feeling of being his submissive girl. She'd promised to be a good girl for him, and the sincerity was effecting her thoughts. She was thinking of herself as his girlfriend. It was important to escape from his arms, and distance herself from his overpowering physical presence.

It was too late!

'Oh! James! What are you doing to me!' she groaned.

He was playing with her sex, that's what he was doing, and she was struggling to stop him. A big hand had pushed up the skirt, for a finger to find its way into her. It knew its way too easily. Leaning back with her weight, she meant to push away from him. Of course, she was too light to break his hold on her. Taking advantage, he dropped his lips to her breasts.

With her fingers linked behind his neck, she leaned back, letting him suck on her nipples. He didn't need to undress her, he just pulled the skimpy clothes awry, for access to anything he wanted. Alicia began to squirm with arousal.

'Oh! James!' she cried out, with an exclamation of need.

Knowing how emotionally dependant she became after an orgasm, was frightening. Being close to an orgasm, she would soon be awash with feelings for him. Reading about it in a magazine, she recognised this was one of her weaknesses. Biting her tongue, she was determined not to make a fool of herself. Declaring her love to a boy in the afterglow of an orgasm, was a feeble thing to do. It would happen if she weren't careful.

He picked her up in his powerful arms, to carry her to his bed. She linked her arms around his neck, and buried her face in his shoulder, enjoying his manly aroma. He aroused her beyond need, for she wanted him so much it hurt.

Without warning he sat her down in the kitchen portion of the room. She'd been in his arms when he carried her across the room, hopefully to bed. It was a bad thought, but he hadn't taken her to bed after all. She was cross that he hadn't. That was all wrong! She shouldn't want to have sex with him!

Trying to calm down, she watched the mesmerising efficiency of him pulling ingredients from cupboards, one after another. He knew where everything was, and she figured he'd been lying over not bringing anyone here. A tinge of jealousy struck her, and it was difficult to shake off. About to ask him who he'd cooked for, she bit back the silly question.

'Smells nice, what is it?' she asked.

'You'll see. It's a surprise. Not long now, be patient,' he admonished.

Be patient he told her. Did that mean be patient over being edged? She was a cat on a hot tin roof. She was on tiptoe, jumpy, jittery, needy, sexed up, edgy. Damn! The boy had worked her up and suddenly stopped. Right on the edge! He knew exactly what he was doing to her.

The intensity of her stare had nothing to do with his cooking. When would he become interested in her again? She knew he would make her orgasm eventually, but she needed it right now. He was being cruel! He was lovely, wonderful, and magnificently cruel.

He would let her cum when he was ready. It didn't matter how much she begged, or how much she tried to tempt him, he would keep her on edge, until he was ready. Then he would give her a magnificent orgasm, even more than one if he thought she deserved them.

He opened a bottle of wine, and brought over two plates. The glasses were on the table, ready to be filled. She too was at the table ready to be filled.

'Try it! No, the wine, the food is too hot,' he laughed. 'Italian food, needs Italian wine,' he added.

'I'll take your word for it. Nice, a quiet moment went by, with glances and sideways looks. 'Mmm, the lasagne is nice. Who did you cook for? I mean, why did you learn to cook?' she asked.

'Dad was too miserable to cook, so he ordered delivery stuff. I learned to cook from needing to eat properly. This lasagne stuff is easy. I can cook all kinds of food. It's simple really. All you have to learn is how to, boil, fry, roast, bake, and a couple of other techniques,' he said.

'It's not that simple!' Alicia scolded him.

'Alright, timing is important when cooking for a group, which I don't do. Buying good ingredients, well that's easy. Supermarkets, heard of them?' he laughed.

'What else?' she asked.

'Preparation, helps. Cutting, chopping, slicing, measuring ingredients. Knowing how much to use, and if something needs to have a marinade, little things like that,' he added.

'Mmmm, this is nice. The wine is good and not over shadowed by the heavy sauce,' she complimented.

They talked, avoiding mention of his mother and sister. A passing reference to his father was made, and even her husband and son. They talked like old friends, rather than bully and victim. Revealing her feelings didn't get him to open up much.

They began to spar verbally. It was obvious he was softening her up, practising another bullying technique he'd mastered. In turn she was trying to find a weakness to use against him. He looked at her through the wine glass, appreciating she was learning from him.

'Did you bring the black dress?' he asked, out of the blue.

Wondering where this came from, she nodded, in case the wrong thing was said, or intimated. It was important not to ruin the pleasant atmosphere. She didn't want to be spanked again, and not because it hurt. It had an unexpected effect upon her, where she felt belittled, and submissive to him.

'There's a nice restaurant in town. You could wear it tomorrow,' he suggested, then changed the subject.

'It's full bodied, like you,' he said.

'Fat?'

'No. Refined, aged, yet youthful. Nice taste, slips over the tongue, no nasty after taste. Juicy, with a hint of blackberries. Interesting combination of tastes. Needs to breath for awhile to bring out the flavour. A lot of work is needed to get it just right. The temperature, the mood, the ambience, everything has to be just right,' he seriously said, looking at her over the glass.

He ran his finger around the rim of the glass, stuck it in, then sucked it of wine. He took her hand this time, rather than pulling her up from the chair. Alicia floated weightless out of the chair. He led her to a rug in front of the fire. He lay down, and she leaned against him.

They were staring at the flames. Alicia was snuggling up to him, comfortable in herself, no longer worrying over being set free of the blackmail. The mood was mellow, and her mind was drifting. What if's were contemplated. An old boyfriend's name came to mind, from back in college. She hadn't thought about him in years. She wondered how her life would have played out, if she had married him.

His name was James! Did that have significance?

An overwhelming feeling of being this James' girlfriend. For a moment she was just an eighteen-year-old again, with a big crush on a boy named, James. Alicia turned to this James, and their lips met. It was a sensitive touch that tingled. How long had he held that position, waiting for her to turn toward him? Or were they so closely entwined to be in tune, they acted as one.

He pulled her close, more tenderly than before. They kissed deeply while he stroked her body. His hands made contact at unexpected times, and in unexpected places. He kept her guessing, and she sighed at every sensitive touch. Her body was reignited, and becoming very receptive from his sensual caresses.

He laid her back on the rug, to kiss her body. The little skirt was up, and he pulled the panties to one side. It was all so easy for him, so was that why he dressed her this way? It stuck in her mind that she was easy. She was a slut, his slut, ready to do whatever he wanted. For a couple of weeks he'd grown more intimate with her body, until they both took it for granted, that he could simply help himself to her charms. It was easy to just lay back and let him do it to her, whatever it might be.

For a moment, she felt it was galling for this boy to have free access to her body. It shouldn't be so, but it was, and inevitably after his attention, she simply accepted it. He was so good at giving her wonderful orgasms, and that was a big part of her acceptance.

She was soon back on edge again. Breathing heavily, she cried out a little whimper of sound. Then another, this time from pain.

'Oww! Not so hard!' she complained, when he roughly pulled on her pony tail.

He slapped her ass, and said, 'You like it rough, you dirty slut.'

'Alright, slap me! Make me cum, please, let me cum! Please, fuck me hard!' she begged.

It was all too much. Giving in to him was the only way of getting what she needed. If she didn't beg, he might continue all night, teasing her to destruction.

He turned her over, and sucked on her breasts, then nibbled his way up her neck, to her lips. Feeling his hardness stroke her thighs, she raised her hips for a better position. Pushing upward, she felt his cock touch her sex. The head of his penis pushed at her, or was it her pushing against him?

All of a sudden he thrust in, hard and deep. The message was that she was his, and he was her dominant male. He was in charge, and would decide when she was to orgasm. Alicia wasn't thinking that now, she was moaning like a wanton hussy.

'Fuck me hard, James. Hurt me, you bastard! Oh! James, fuck me, please, make me orgasm,' she cried out.

Nothing was held back, she swore and cried out bad words. She bucked and buckled under him, using all her energy to ride him as much as he rode her. Thrust for thrust they matched each other. Like a well oiled engine, their bodies moved on a piston stroke, steady and inevitable.

Alicia was frantic to orgasm. James felt in control. He was thrusting hard into the woman, yet she wanted more. Her furious exaltations spurred him on to greater effort. It seemed he might break the little thing under him.

He stopped pounding her pussy, and she began to spasm. He kept perfectly still while she had a fitful orgasm. He'd teased her all evening, knowing she would be easy to lay. There had been no resistance, or even the slightest reluctance. She had laid back with legs spread, letting him lick and suck on her body.

A final thrust up at him, and she subsided. His cock was still hard and wanting. It seemed her orgasm was over, and it would be his turn. He wrapped his arms and legs around her, to hold on tight. A little protest emanated from her, but he ignored it.

He rolled over, bringing her on top, without his cock slipping out. He lifted her up, to sit on top of him. He pulled her feet forward, so they were either side of his head.

'Oh! God!' she cried out. 'Yes!'

He could feel how deep inside he was. His cock was stretching her inside, and she was holding tight. He pushed her up with his knees, then lifted her with his hips.

'Oh! God!' she again cried out.

Holding her under the arms, he lifted her up. She was nearly lifted off the end of his cock, then he flattened himself on the floor. Using her weight, he let her slide down the length of his shaft.

'James! I'm fucking climaxing! Oh! Fucking hell, James! What are you doing to me!' she shouted.

He got into a rhythm, pushing her up the length of his cock, then dropping her down again. As she slid down the length of his cock, she threw back her head and howled.

'Oh! Fuck! James!' she moaned, with a tremulous voice.

A couple more thrusts, and he began to spurt his load into her. Holding her down on his cock, needing to be as deep inside her as possible, he spurted cum deep inside her.

'Oh! James, I'm there again, don't move, please! Keep still!' she implored him.

Feeling his cock twitching, she imagined his semen shooting into her. Strings of virile young man's sperm, swimming in her vagina, into her womb. The head of his cock was pressed tight up to the entrance of her womb. He was fertilising her egg with his potent young sperm!

She was stuck on his cock. Leaning sideways, a wall was in the way, or she would fall off the bed, leaning the other way. She couldn't push herself up and off his cock, it was too big. He pulled her down onto his chest, and the angle of his cock changed. A little hushed appreciation hissed from her lips. Every time they moved his cock made her tremble.

With her head on his chest, and his arms wrapped tight around her, she felt so very good. It felt she was in a perfect world, where all was wonderful, and he would keep her safe.

'I love you, James! I want you to make love to me forever!' she cooed. 'I feel so safe in your arms. You've made me yours, now keep me, James! Oh! Don't take it away!' she cried, when his cock seemed to be disserting her.

She wasn't ready for that empty feeling just yet. He was receding within her, but she wanted it right to the last. It was nice how big he remained inside her, even after an orgasm. Her pussy was closing around him, trying to put off the inevitable. When he popped out of her, she was holding on tight, almost trying to suck him back in. She giggled at the naughty thought.

'I need you, James! You own me, I'm all yours. Keep me safe, keep me as your sex doll,' she eagerly offered.

As the words left her lips, she cringed. It couldn't be helped. She was ecstatic, high as a kite, unable to stop herself. She was telling him what she thought he wanted to hear. Anything would be promised while in the afterglow of these tremendous orgasms. He'd given her three deep orgasms, one after another, leaving her so very vulnerable.

James had heard this before. A girlfriend had been gushing with words after an orgasm. He hadn't expected a mature woman to act like a silly girl. They lay in front of the cackling wood fire, smiling, and gazing into each other's eyes. Another bottle of wine was finished, and James took her to bed.

Next morning James helped Alicia clean and tidy the cabin. It was soon done, as there were only three rooms, including the bathroom. Two men hadn't been so fastidious, and James had complained she was doing too much. Nevertheless he did as he was told.

'All finished. You can do whatever you like now,' Alicia told him.

'I know I can, and it's you I want to do,' he stated.

'No! James! We were doing so well together. I thought maybe, you know, you'd let me go,' she

said.

'I thought you loved me and wanted to be my sex doll?' he teased.

'James, that's naughty, don't say that. Alright, I did say it, but it was in the heat of the moment. Please don't make something of it,' she moaned.

'You were the naughty one last night. Right here in front of the fire, and in bed,' he said.

'Yes, well, I was naughty. It was very bad of me. I shouldn't have. You are very persuasive. . . ' she said, unable to continue, as the memory of everything they did crashed into her mind.

'You're blaming me now. You're such a naughty girl,' he said.

'I'm not! Blaming you, I mean. I was a naughty girl, very bad, I admit it,' she forlornly spoke.

'A naughty girl is spanked. What do I do with a bad girl?' he asked.

'I don't know. Spanking me won't help. Send me home. I should go. You overwhelm me. I don't have a chance against you,' she moaned.

'I'll make you some lunch. We'll have something light, and go out tonight. I'll drink too much and I'll come home incapable. Alright?' he cajoled her.

He stood in front of her, wrapped his arms around her, and kissed her head.

'You think too much. Don't! I thought blonds were supposed to have fun?' he asked.

'Maybe they do, but I never have,' she complained.

'Hey! Stop that. You're feeling sorry for yourself. We're not doing any harm. I'm not wearing it out am I? There's plenty left for someone else,' he told her.

Obviously he was referring to her husband. That wasn't right, calling him someone else. This boy was her secret lover, not him. Damn! Her secret lover? How could she think like that.

'Don't say that, you're the someone else, you're just my boyfriend,' she said.

Oh! God! No! That was so very bad. The words just spilled from her mouth.

'You're not my girlfriend, you're my sex doll,' he gleefully informed her.

'I know! That's how you treat me, just an object, something to fuck!' she bitched.

'Hey! Calm down! I like you, I like you a lot, more than you think. . . ' he emphatically said, then they both went quiet.

He almost said he loved her. Was this at last a weakness to be used against him? Her heart beat a different tune. He'd bedded her, and given her an exciting couple of weeks. He'd shown her so much attention, more than she had received from anyone. He'd turned her mundane life upside down.

How could a boy do this to her? Why had she let him? He was something special, but it was wrong to let him become something special to her. She was a married woman, with a son. A

family had to be thought of, as well as all the responsibilities that meant. Did they need her? They had grown apart over the years of marriage, and her son was old enough to look after himself. Or so he thought.

Did they need her? Not like James needed her. They couldn't drive her wild with passion. They didn't seem to have a passion for anything, including her. She'd settled into being ordinary and accepting of a boring life.

Something would have to change. That's why she was being so stupid with this boy. It was at least something out of the ordinary, something for her, a little excitement. A big excitement when on the end of his cock.

'No! Don't start that! Everything can't be solved with sex! Alright, to some extent it could be. Has, yes, very much it has solved a lot. Not now, let's have lunch, then talk about it,' she said, with arms up to ward him off.

'Alright, we'll talk about it over lunch,' he compromised.

Hardly noticing that he'd pushed her into something again, she agreed. Rather than talk about it after lunch, they would talk about it during lunch. It was only a small change to what she said, but it was another defeat. It all added up to her deferring to him, again. What they would talk about would be taken over by him, adding yet another small defeat to the list.

'I wanted to tell you. . .' she began, unsure where to start.

'Sex. You wanted to talk about sex, and so do I,' he stated.

'Did I? Well sort of,' she hesitated.

'Yes! Maybe it is too wild for you?' he sincerely asked, and making a good show of it.

'No! I mean,' she tried to say.

'Our sex isn't too wild for you. You like it wild, of course you do. You ask me to fuck you harder, and other lewd things too,' he grinned.

Her face went red from embarrassment, as she remembered some of the things she said while in the throes of pleasure. She had even shouted rude words at him.

'I was just going to say, err, we shouldn't, you know, do it. You're, I'm, you know what I mean,' she dithered.

'You enjoy it but feel guilty afterwards. Not directly afterwards, because you tell me you love me, and want to be my sex doll,' he grinned, and filled his mouth with leftover lasagne.

'I didn't! Not exactly,' she murmured.

This was her chance, as he couldn't say anything, and interrupt. The words couldn't be found. Speaking against him was no good, as it was her fault. She was a married woman and shouldn't, she mustn't. Was it just that? Was that all the moral difficulty there was between them?

A useless lump of a husband wouldn't protect her, or make her his, by bedding her like this boy. He wouldn't be wildly taking her, subduing her, making her his. Damn! What did she expect from a bored husband of twenty years?

'Just go with it. No harm is being done. You're enjoying yourself, I'm enjoying myself, so just let it happen. Don't over think things,' he advised.

'I can't take advice from an irresponsible teen. I just can't that's why!' she crossly spoke.

'What do you think of the leftover lasagne?' he interrupted.

'Eh? Oh! It's nice. The salad is good, nice dressing,' she quietly said.

That was it. There wasn't much more to say. Of course he wasn't going to let her go. It was startling to hear him call her a sex doll, but she wondered how much of that was true. He nearly said he loved her! Her heart beat faster. Had he put something in the food?

'Here's the underwear,' James said, handing her a package.

'James, I said we couldn't do this. I can't let you dress me up, and take me places,' she said.

'We're going to a nice restaurant, serving good food. I'm hungry and so are you,' he pointed out.

'Well, yes, we can go there. I meant when you took me to that boys club. It was embarrassing.

Remembering that he locked up her kitty, made her shiver. It showed how neglected at home she was, that her husband didn't find out.

'You can't tell me what to wear. You keep dressing me up in slutty clothes. I know I've behaved like one, but, well. It's got to stop,' Alicia carefully spoke.

'You don't want to wear the little black dress then,' he said.

'Oh! I didn't say that. It's nice, very nice. I'd never be able to afford a designer label like this. It's a perfect fit. Yes, I'll wear it of course,' she conceded.

Refusing it might insult his mother, and that had to be avoided at all costs. When he wasn't angry he could give her a hard spanking. When angry there was no telling what he might do. Besides, it was true, the dress fit her perfectly and had never been worn.

'You'll need this underwear then. Yours is terrible. It's old fashioned and worn out. The bra's have lost their support. You've got a nice figure and will show it off to the best,' he commented.

He removed the new set of black expensive underwear from the bag. He dangled it in front of her. He watched he read the store name, and the designer labels. Her eyes lit up, and that made him happy.

Alicia took the garments from his hand, and placed them on the bed, one at a time. He was right. The bastard always seemed to be right. Backing down every time they had a confrontation was wearing her down. Capitulating to his common sense approach was humbling.

'Are you going to just sit there, watching?' she asked.

'Yes!' he smartly replied.

'Please, James. Give me some privacy, and let me prepare myself. A woman's secrets and all that,' she pleaded.

'Mmm! Okay,' he smiled, and left her in peace.

He got on with preparations for tomorrow's meal. She shook off the towel, and started on an artistic adventure.

The best underwear was needed, so he was right again. Sitting on the edge of the bed, she peered into a mirror to fix her makeup. The travelling box received at Christmas was at last proving useful. It was the only thing of hers he fetched from the car. She wasn't even allowed to read her book.

A last look in the mirror confirmed all that could be done was done. The suspender belt was clipped around her hips, and turned to the back. A stocking was rolled up a leg, and she wondered why men liked these so much. Friends when drunk at parties would comment on her long legs, being best shown off in nylons.

Unused to clipping them to the suspender belt, she found it difficult. Eventually all four belts were pulling tight on the stocking tops. She pulled the panties up into place and smoothed them, the garter belt, and the stockings. Her little hands were as smooth as the silk stockings.

The bra was next. The boy had guessed the right size for everything, including the bra. She thought about how many times he'd held them, weighting them measuring them, or mauled them more like. That was unfair, he was always gentle with her breasts.

Just one touch from him had her nipples erect, growing larger than usual. What did her nipples know that she didn't?

Studying her image in the mirror, she was careful to note any imperfections. A slight adjustment on a strap, a pull of a stocking top, a straightening of a stocking, and a smoothing of panties between her cheeks. Alicia marvelled at how the whole looked so wonderful. All she needed was a pair of high heels, and the picture would be perfect.

'Oh! Yes! Perfect!' she quietly laughed.

A pair of shiny black high heels awaited her. He must of put them there just before leaving the room. Slipping them on her feet she felt heady from the extra height. They were steeply canted, but comfortable.

They must have been very expensive. Not as much as the dress. She picked it up, and marvelled over how light it was. The fine silk was understated. She stared at the Dior label again. How could she ever leave this at home.

It would be a tight fit. She pulled it up her body, wondering if it had be designed to have a petticoat underneath it. She twirled the skirt mesmerised by the shape it produced. In the arms of an older man, on a dance floor, it would be shown off to its best.

There was nothing to do now, but show herself off to her boyfriend. Oops! She had to present herself to him. The boy bought her these wonderful clothes. It would be bad form not to thank him. Looking so nice to go out was a benefit to him too.

'Okay?' she asked.

There was no need to fish for compliments. His eyes told the story. His tongue wasn't hanging out but he looked seriously captivated.

'Will you zip me up?' she asked, and turned around.

'Sure. You look gorgeous, really splendid, like a work of art,' he grinned.

He pushed his hands into the dress, and pinched her nipples.

Alicia giggled like a silly schoolgirl, and said, 'Stop it! We've got to go out. I'm hungry!'

'I'm hungry too. For you!' he said, while nibbling and blowing on her neck.

Eventually he let go, and zipped her up, then pushed his arms around her. He didn't grab her tits, or maul her ass this time. He whispered in her ear some lovely words, complimenting how she looked.

'Does my bottom look alright in this. It's not too tight is it?' she worried.

'You look gorgeous. Ten years younger, and so very beautiful. Hold that pose, I want a photo. You look young and innocent, and I want you to see it,' he told her.

Forgetting all about blackmail, she waited for him to grab a camera. His phone wasn't good enough for this vision of loveliness, or so he said. She forgot about everything except being his girlfriend. It was wrong, and silly, but for the moment she was exclusively his.

Bully Ch. 08

Chapter 08

A week with her bully

Alicia felt wonderful in the little black dress, especially as it had a designer label. The underwear that James bought her was typically for a male. The black silk was soft, comfortable, and left her feeling sexy for him. The expensive clothing could never be afforded, at least, not out of her family budget.

There was no way her husband would buy her clothes, and if he did, they would be cheap, and wouldn't fit. He'd tried once, and she had to take the blouse back. That had been a few years ago. He didn't even notice she hadn't worn it, and she neglected to say anything. He somehow got the message not to buy her clothing, probably from it being a bad experience shopping in a women's store.

Holding onto James' arm, she smiled up at him, as he guided her into the restaurant. It was a surprise to see all eyes were on her. The men lingered, until nudged by wives or girlfriends. A comment about staring was heard as a stage whisper, from one jealous woman.

Alicia turned her head and found every movement was monitored. The high heels and short hem, showed off her legs to perfection. Any shorter and the dress would reveal stocking tops. Not used to the rig, she revealed bare thighs when sitting down. The waiter was professional enough to whip a serviette across her lap, without a comment, or even a glance.

It was a private restaurant and promised good food, without pretensions. It wasn't a large place, so just the one waiter served drinks and took their order. It was a smart out of the way restaurant, known by a select few clientele. Enough to keep them busy, and maintain high standards of

cuisine.

'There's no prices on the menu,' Alicia commented.

'If you have to ask, you probably can't afford it,' he said.

'I could cook something, and it won't cost so much,' she offered.

'It's the dining experience that makes it so good. The food is excellent,' he smiled across to her, and played footsy under the table.

His foot traced up a leg to her thigh, then pushed at her crotch.

Opening her legs to him was a stark reminder, he was her bully, and she had to do whatever he wanted. Reacting automatically to his touch showed how well trained she had become. He was blackmailing her, which kept her afraid of what he might do. More effective were his bullying techniques. He dominated her physically and mentally, and that connected directly to the submissive side of her personality.

Furtively looking around at the clientele, she wondered what they would think if they realised he was her lover. A thrill ran through her from a naughty thought. She had a toy boy! What would the people here think of her if they knew. Damn! It was the other way around. She was a boy's toy, and the boy was playing with her even here.

What would her status be if they found out she was a sex object? Just a sex toy, kept ready for sex by being played with all the time. Alicia gulped from thinking such bad thoughts. It wasn't a fantasy it was true! She'd been bullied into submitting to this boy, until now she was his plaything!

Her will to resist had been worn down, until she'd lost her freedom to act, no longer allowed to adhere to high moral standards. In defence she was forced to think it was wanted. That being controlled by a mere boy, freed her from outmoded moral decisions. Sometimes she even though she was in love with him. It was all a justification for her bad behaviour.

Her breathing became ragged and he thought it was from him playing with her. It was from her imagination working overtime. The hunger for diner, and a hunger for sex, had her sipping the wine too often.

'Another?' he said.

Before anything could be said, the waiter topped up her glass. It was a decent French red, with plenty of flavours to entice the pallet, and a complex, pleasing aftertaste. Unlike a single grape variety wine, it was bursting with flavours. After the first glass it just tasted like any dreary cheap wine. Her taste buds had been zapped by alcohol, and with little resistance her mind began to wander.

The food was tasty, and interesting. She sobered up a little. Enough to chance tottering on high heels to the bathroom. The stilettos clipped the floor, as she sashayed across the restaurant. She'd not to worry about her bottom being too large in the dress, as it wiggled among the tables. Any of the men could have told her she had a beautiful behind, as they keenly watched it wriggle away between the tables.

On the way back, she tripped on something, and the nearest man grabbed her, prevented her from falling by pulling her onto his lap.

'Oh! I'm so sorry,' she chirped.

'Any time, lady. You can join me if you like, I'm sure your son can look after himself. Have a drink with me,' he insisted.

Alicia tried to get up, but he kept her pinned in his lap. His slick style was too obvious, but she'd had enough to drink not to notice, and laughed at his repartee. Not used to drinking, or having much experience with men, she was way out of her depth.

He made her sip from his glass of port. It was sweet and deceptively nice. The port added to the wine to befuddle her good sense. He helped her up with both arms wrapped around her. He held her for a moment too long, then kissed her lips.

James watched with fierce amusement. The guy wasn't going to get away with this. He and his father were both known here, so he wasn't in a position to make trouble. He would bide his time, and strike at the right moment. It was frustrating not being able to tear the guys head off, right there and then.

Alicia was flustered, not knowing what to do. She just wasn't used to so much attention, in the restaurant, and now this handsome man had kissed her. The kiss had been nice. Already sexed up from her imagination, she was now fully stoked, unable to think straight.

The guy sat her down at his table, and winked at James. Walking to the restroom, James followed. Alicia was sitting there looking distant and aroused. In the rest room, the guy was buying a pack of condoms from a dispensing machine. It was a long time since he'd seen one of those.

The guy turned to James, and said, 'I'm taking her home, so I'll call you a cab. Want a chewing gum?' he said, with a leering grin on his face.

James turned his stretched out hand into a fist, and caught the guy in the solar plexus. Watching him crease up was amusing enough to assuage his anger.

'Here, take a deep breath,' James tried to help the guy straighten up.

James had to deflect a punch, which he effectively did. He gripped the man's fist, and held it tight.

'Don't, otherwise I'll hurt you,' the guy got the message, when he painfully twisted the wrist.

James pulled Alicia from the seat, and guided her back to their table.

'Yes! I washed my hands,' he joked.

The guy walked out, flicked notes onto the table, and left. Alicia looked suitably embarrassed.

'I'm so sorry, James, I really am,' Alicia said.

'You let yourself down, not me,' he commented. 'Again you were a stupid slut. He was planning on taking you home. He was buying condoms in the restroom. I'll have to teach you to be responsible. Don't worry, I'll not hurt you,' he promised.

'Thank you James. I'll, err, do as I'm told, honest,' she sincerely said, with a tone of fear in her voice.

Once home, in the doorway she began to sway, so he picked her up and took her to the bathroom. She had both her arms looped around his neck, holding on tight. He hoped she didn't 'up-chuck' before they got there.

On the way she slurred in his ear, 'I love you, my big strong bully. You've opened my eyes to life . . . and my cunt,' she giggled. 'You've open up my cunt, and made it yours!'

'Shut up you dirty slut,' he said, still angry at her.

Alicia heaved over the toilet. He patted her face with wet tissue, and made her blow her nose. He held a glass of water to her lips, and made her drink.

'Drink as much water as you can. You'll feel better in the morning. More! Come on Alicia, drink up,' he ordered.

So used to obeying his orders, she did her best.

'Sip it, don't gulp,' he said, when she started to heave again.

It took an hour before he felt safe enough to put her to bed. He lay behind her, massaging her back, or front, as she turned over this way and that, trying to get comfortable. Every time she moved he became alert, in case she choked. He nursed her most of the night, until they both fell into a deep sleep.

Now he knew how susceptible to alcohol she was, that first time they met made more sense. A glass of wine before she left home, then another at his home, left her vulnerable to making drastically wrong decisions. It was no excuse, and he had no sympathy for her.

'Sorry, I'm not up to much this morning,' she confessed, while trying to sit up in bed.

'Eat this cereal, and get some orange juice down you,' he ordered.

Although wearing the underwear from last night, she no longer felt sexy. There were flecks of vomit on the stockings.

'Did I ruin the dress?' she plaintively asked.

'No. I stripped you off in the bathroom,' he told her.

'I remember, vaguely. You carried me, and looked after me,' she said.

'I made sure you didn't choke on your own vomit. I didn't want a dead woman in my bed,' he angrily spoke.

Obviously there was more to it than that. He cared, and was still looking after her, almost spoon feeding her. Then she remembered that awful man. Did he take advantage of her, or did she throw herself at him?

'I was a stupid bitch last night,' Alicia admitted.

Never before had she been so badly behaved. This boy was having a bad effect on her. To some degree she was able at last to have some fun. Her head span for a moment, and she cursed having fun.

'You behaved like a stupid slut, yet again,' he told her. 'Come on, a shower,' he commanded.

Reluctantly she let him pull her from the bed, and guide her to the bathroom. He unhooked the stockings and pulled them down her legs. Panties were next, followed by the suspender belt and bra.

He set up the scolding hot water, and moved her under the spray. Just standing there under the harsh jet of water was refreshing. James soaped her body, not missing a curve or a crevice, with his strong hands. He unhooked the nozzle to rinse her naked body.

He pulled her from the shower, and dried her off. The big fluffy warm towel was welcome, as much as his big hands patting and stroking her body. He took hold of a hand taking her back to the bedroom. It was then she realised the bed was made, and the room was tidied up. The bathroom had been cleaned, and no longer smelled of sick. When did he do all of that, and have a chance to sleep?

'Get dressed,' he said, and pointed to the clothes on the bed.

Seeing him brush his hair, and knowing his routine, she realised they were going out.

'Err, James, these clothes, err, they're a bit young for me,' she hesitantly mentioned.

'You acted like a slut, so I'm dressing you like one. Get dressed, or I'll take you out naked,' he threatened.

Half believing him was enough for her to quickly pull on the lewd clothing. The stretchy shorts fit too closely, like a second skin. The bottom of her cheeks were uncovered. As she walked they would bulge out, making a lewd display for men to ogle.

The thin blouse was tied under her breasts, holding them up in a deep cleavage. As she approached, men would stare at her breasts bouncing around, then ogle her ass when she passed.

Turning one way then another in the mirror, the saucy image was bad, and inspiring. It was humiliating yet arousing. Damn! Surely he wasn't going to show her off like this. Alicia was a respectable woman, not a slut. His words from last night came back to her. He was going to teach her a lesson for behaving like a slut.

As far as he was concerned, this was a repeat performance, letting herself down with slutty behaviour. Hadn't he forced her into it? His attitude was that she should not let her morals slide, yet he expected her to obey him.

'How do you know that man intended to take me home?' she asked.

'When I walked into the restroom, he was buying condoms, and there was only one reason for that. He thought you were an easy, dirty bitch, and he needed protection. He said he was taking you home, and getting me a cab,' James heavily stated.

'Why didn't he then?' she pouted, trying not to believe him.

'You were drunk enough to go with him. I hit him, and made it plain you weren't available,' James meanly told her.

'Oh! Do you really think I would have gone with him?' Alicia quietly asked.

'Yes, I do. You might have vomited over him, enough to put him off,' he laughed.

Alicia couldn't bring herself to laugh along with him. She merely bared her teeth, trying to smile. Damn! Her morals were in a bad way.

'I told you last night, I'm going to teach you what it is like to be a slut. Come on, don't just stand there admiring your ass. It's a nice shape, not too big. Get over here and do your hair. Pony tails, or whatever they are. One over each ear, so you look cute. Then the makeup,' he said.

'I can't look cute, I'm too old,' she complained.

'I'm going to teach you a lesson. You behaved like a slut, so I'm making you look like a slut. You'll see what it's like to be a real slut, where others treat you like one,' he told her.

'But I'm too old to be a young slut!' she pointed out.

'Look in the mirror. Now, talk like Betty. Your neighbour, Betty,' he firmly ordered.

'Why do you want me to . . .' she stopped, from a fit of giggles overtaking her.

'That's it, you're nearly there. Try harder, think how Betty sounds,' he encouraged.

'I don't know what you mean. You're so cruel, poor Betty,' she said, and burst out giggling again.

'You've got it, perfect,' he said.

'Can I, oww! That hurt,' she said, when he slapped her ass.

Getting the point, she continued to talk like the neighbour. The silly little girly voice, sounded stupid. He grabbed her shoulders to turn her toward the mirror. A slap to her ass, had her talking about nothing particular, in the stupid, vapid voice.

'Oh! Like, you want me to sound stupid, like Betty. Oh! God! I look like a stupid bimbo! Oh! No! Is this my punishment?' she groaned, with a high pitched, rasping voice, like a stupid blond.

'You've got it now. It's a punishment, and a training regime, so keep to it, until I say otherwise,' he heavily lectured her.

'Please, don't make me do this!' she said, yet continued to use the stupid girly voice.

Too frightened to defy him, she tried to reason with him. The stupid voice didn't help gain any authority or respect.

'I promise not to be a slut, honest, sir,' she tried saying it with sincerity.

It sounded all wrong in the high pitched, whiny voice.

'You're being upgraded from a slut, to a blond bimbo. So do as you are told, or else,' he warned,

and slapped her ass again.

Feeling her bare cheeks being slapped, made the prospect of going out even worse. There was no doubting he would spank her in public if she misbehaved. Misbehaving meant not doing as she was told. On the drive to the local mall, he prepped her. What could be said, and how to say it, had to be learned.

It seemed a dumb blond didn't need much of a vocabulary, just a few set phrases to get by on. If something needed to be said out of her range, she would stick a finger between her lips, and lisp. The bright pink glossy lipstick must have been bought for this purpose, as well as the clothes, shoes, and a matching purse.

'Hold that expression. Good, you look like a vacuous airhead. No, fix it on, keep it, that's it. Now the giggle. Excellent. After this you'll behave yourself, and do as you are told, won't you?' James asked.

'Like, yea, duh! Like you know, yea. Like, I'm your dumb blond, sir. So, like, I do as I'm told, sir,' Alicia giggled.

'Try to go with it, and have fun. Sink into the role, and remember, it will annoy others more than you!' he laughed.

Alicia looked at him with daggers in her eyes. Quickly changing back to being a vacuous blond, she giggled, hoping he hadn't noticed the expression.

As expected men stared at her in the mall, and it was disconcerting.

Was he right? Would others be more annoyed at her performance than she was? How could that possibly be so. Gratefully, she passed men and boys, without opening her mouth.

Feeling the shorts riding up her cheeks wasn't a good sign. As a consequence they were pulling at the front, slicing her in half. Damn! She was puffy down there, and her lips were lewdly prominent in the tight shorts. What did James call it? A camel toe. How was a dumb blond a cut above a slut?

If she didn't want to be punished in some devious way, she had to do exactly as ordered by her bully, and act like a dumb bimbo. Having an eighteen-year-old boy put her into such a dire situation, was humbling. It was damn well humiliating!

That feeling was heating her up, so she had better block it, and quickly, or her wetness would show in the thin shorts. Already her nipples were pushing at the blouse. Glancing down was a shock, from how distended they were. It looked as though she had two circus tents in the blouse, and her nipples were the tops of the poles. Had her breasts joined in the fun too? Were they also puffed up? Was this the result of being a dumb blond? Of course not, she was being dumb to think that!

'What are you thinking, Candy?' James asked.

'What? Oh, like yea, I'm Candy,' she giggled. 'Like, err, I'm eye candy, and my name is Candy, yea?'

It was safer to giggle when unsure of what to say. It gave her a moment to think, rather than blurt out something intelligent, which meant receiving a smack.

'What are you thinking, Candy,' James patiently asked again.

'Oh! Err, like, Candy is trying to think, but I don't, err, know how. Like, I'm just too dumb, I guess, yea?' Alicia said, then giggled.

He'd taught her to giggle, and jiggle her big breasts at the same time. She hoped it looked natural, so as to please him. Holding onto his arm she tottered alongside him on the high heels, clip clopping along, like little hammers on the hard flooring. They stopped, and he pumped her cheek. It was almost all hanging out of the tight little shorts.

'You know what to do, go do it,' James ordered.

Concentrating on the store entrance, she teetered toward the door. Damn! The person serving was a guy! At least she wasn't wearing a short skirt.

'Hi! I'm Candy. Like, err, I want to buy a nice red lipstick, okay,' Alicia said.

'This is a shoe shop,' the guy said, looking more confused than she did.

He was concentrating on what she was showing off, and only half listening.

'Of course, like, yea, I know that. I'm dumb but not silly,' she giggled.

'So you came in for a lipstick,' he said, sounding as though he was willing to do anything she wanted. 'Take a seat, do you want a coffee? Can I get you anything, anything at all?' he purred.

He was young, looked impressionable, and Alicia felt sorry for him.

'Like, I need some red shoes, yea! So as to look for a rave red lipstick, yea. Like it's got to match, really, really, super sexy,' she said, and was relieved, knowing she'd got this part right.

'I see, that makes sense. What kind of shoes are you looking for?' he asked.

'Really, like, high heels, yea! Shiny bright red, okay,' she giggled, and put a finger to her mouth.

'Sure, I understand,' he said, but didn't smile, or relax at all.

'Oh! Good, like, really, I'm glad you understand. Like I try, but I often don't really. I'm too stupid to know things. Like, do you know things?' she lisped around a finger, then giggled.

'I don't think your dumb, err, stupid,' he proffered.

'Oh! Your, like, so cute. Candy likes you. Bring candy some lovely red shoes, and, like, I'll let you kiss me,' she brazenly offered. 'Like, guys always want to kiss me. I only kiss the guys I like, and I like you, cause you're going to get me some lovely red shoes!' she giggled.

He gave her a smile, then sped off to the back storeroom. He was rummaging around, letting boxes drop to the floor, in a hurry to get back to the beautiful blond. A kiss was all the incentive he needed to do his best. The sullen adolescent was working in his uncle's store during a school break. It had been so very boring for an eighteen-year-old, up until now. He was no longer sullen, he was excited.

He came back in with a box, pulling at the tissue paper. They were the most expensive shoes in the store and hardly likely to be sold in this area. Farmers boots, and visitors hiking boots were the popular footwear, not delicate heels.

'Will these do?' he asked.

'Oh! Like wow, they are perfect! Like, how clever you are! I must try them on, please!' Alicia begged.

She was getting into the role, and starting to enjoy it. The poor guy was attentive, and polite, more than willing to help her, which made a change. The shoes would be paid for by James, so that was a bonus. They looked gorgeous, but insubstantial, so therefore very expensive.

Alicia sat down, and played at being startled.

'Oh! Dear, like, what's happened?' she said, looking worried.

'Help me up,' she told the guy.

He held her hands, and pulled, as it was obvious she would have trouble in such high heels. Maybe she wasn't going to try on the new ones after all.

'Like, can you see what's happened to my shorts, yea. I felt my bottom when I sat down,' she complained.

He made a show of looking at her ass, as requested. He'd already taken a good look at her ass when she walked in.

'Err, the shorts have ridden up, I think,' he said, trying not to sound nervous.

'Oh! No! Like, I'm showing off my botty? That is so rude. Like, oh, dear, can you help me, please! Like, really, I don't want to be rude,' Alicia explained.

'What do you want me to do?' he asked, with a hint of fear vying with excitement.

'Like, pull my shorts down, please! Like, cover my tush, or I'll be in trouble, yea. Please, you can do it for me, please,' she said, while demurely looking through her long eyelashes at him.

'Okay, I guess. Err, I'll have to touch you,' he said, sounding troubled.

'Like, please, go ahead, please! Touch anything you like, just cover me up, please! Oh, like, just do what you have to, really. I don't mind, honest, just pull my shorts down, yea,' she pleaded.

'Okay. I'll try,' he promised.

Trying hard not to grab her ass, he pulled at the bottom of the shorts. It was difficult as he was pulling her over.

'Err, like, this isn't working. I'm desperate for it, Philip. Please try harder,' she pleaded.

'Take off your shoes, and hold onto the back of that chair. Okay, I can see you can't reach the shorts. I'll do it, don't worry,' he said.

With both her feet firmly planted on the floor, he began again. He tried to pull the shorts down to

cover one cheek at a time.

'Okay, here goes,' he said.

Pulling one side then the other, then pulling on the front, followed by the back, he managed to get the material to cover her bottom. If he pulled them from the front any more, he would be perilously close to her pussy. While she prattled on about shoes, and make-up, he decided to go for it. With a hand to the front, and the other to the back, he gave the shorts a tug.

'Err, like, sir, that's enough,' Alicia said, continuing in the girly voice.

Standing in a store with a stranger pulling at a pair of brief shorts, should have been excruciatingly humiliating. It was, and it wasn't. The guy was nervous, trying to be decent, and helpful. He couldn't help himself, so, with hands drawn to her naughty bits, he became too intimate with them.

This isn't what James had meant her to do, but it was exciting. As though she really were a stupid bimbo, she couldn't help it. The idea of presenting herself as an airhead, was humiliating, and that turned her on. It seemed that since her bully had taken over, she couldn't control her basic desires.

The knot under her breasts felt loose, so he might have a pair of breasts spilling out into his hands. If that happened what would she do then?

Damn! She was already responding to him like a stupid slut. Acting innocent wasn't a waste of time, as it seemed to be working. He couldn't think straight with a tent pole in his jeans, so he didn't question her request to pull her shorts into place.

'Thank you, sir, I'm so grateful,' she cooed.

She swung her hips, as though offering her sex, which she was. The shorts were almost down enough to show off her pussy. He wasn't getting the hint, as the nerdy boy wasn't used to getting it on with an attractive woman. Why would a sexy bitch want him? She was a mature woman, only very stupid, with less sense than the girls in his class.

It had to be admitted, she wanted any cock at that moment. It had something to do with how she was acting. Being a stupid bimbo, released the last of her moral scruples. All responsibility for her actions seemed to have floated away.

Damn! James was right, she acted like a stupid slut, and he was helping her to see it.

The boy pulled at the stretchy shorts, and patted them into place, front and back. He even ran a finger down her crack, pulling them into her ass. Miffed from not getting what she wanted, Alicia didn't say thank you, or indicate her gratitude for his help. Not that he deserved it.

'You said something about a kiss,' he reminded her.

'Oh! Poor thing, of course. Come here, sweetie. You're such a lovely boy, let me hug you for your help,' she said.

About to fold her arms around him, she wasn't quick enough. Instead he wrapped his arms around her, helplessly pinning hers to her sides. He cupped her bottom in both hands, and pulled her against his hardness. He was squashing his cock against her belly. All he had to do was roll down the shorts, and lift her up with his strong arms, and let her weight push her down the length

of his cock.

Her bully had done this to her a few times. This boy wasn't going to do anything daring to her. She kissed him full on, to get him going and get it done. He pushed his tongue into her mouth, with little expertise.

The kiss didn't last long, as she pulled away to look at him. He was still grinding his cock against her belly. Tempted to rise up on tiptoe to capture it between her legs, she only just resisted.

Clearing her mind, to concentrate, she said, 'Shoes, red ones!' she reminded him.

'Oh! Yes, of course, sorry,' he stuttered, looking red and highly pressured enough for a stroke.

Sitting down she let him buckle the shoes on her feet, then he helped her up. Walking around the store, she jabbered away about inconsequential's, such as details of a makeover, lippy, hair dye, and innumerable other things he wasn't interested in.

The door buzzed indicating someone had entered the store. Trotting over on high heels, she giggled, jiggled her breasts, and made it to James without falling over. He hugged her, and she hugged him back. She couldn't help telling him about the new shoes, and how she needed lippy to go with them. She hugged him, and giggled when he agreed.

He stared at her, and was surprised to see she really had continued the role, and was even deeper into it since he left her. He paid for the shoes, and promised her another surprise. Alicia continued using the silly voice, asking him about the special surprise, for being a good girl.

As they got to the store, he opened the door, and announced the surprise, 'A makeover,' he laughed.

He was taken aback when she gleefully jumped up and down, without even a look of protest. Her breasts swung around in the loose top, which made him smile.

'Like, my nails seriously need doing, and I really, really, need to be pure blond,' she told him.

'I've arranged for laser treatment, to save you shaving every day,' he announced.

'Oh! Like, that is so sweet! My boyfriend looks after me, so thoughtfully,' she cried, to one of the girls.

'Be a god girl, and do as you're told while I'm gone. These nice ladies know what's best for you,' James said, and patted her head.

Alicia opened her mouth to tell him off, for being so patronising. Instead she giggled, which was acting like a safety valve, and saved a lot of grief from her bully. He pulled her chin up and kissed her deeply. It was embarrassing in front of the beauty consultants, or highly made-up young girls.

They could see she was an older woman, but said nothing. They treated her like one of them, one of the girls, just another dumb blond bimbo. After introductions they began to start work on her. Seated in a large chair one of them washed her hair, while the others prepared for their turn.

Gloria worked on her nails, while Bendy prepared the makeup she was going to use.

'Your boyfriend looks absolutely fab!' Gloria said. 'I bet he knows how to look after you,' she said, and grinned.

'Yea, like, he's big enough to satisfy,' Alicia said, then giggled at such a naughty thing to say.

The girls giggled along with her.

Bendy said, 'He's good to you, paying for a complete makeover.'

'Why do they call you Bendy?' Alicia asked.

It was easy talking to them with the silly voice, as they all had a version of it. Either a high squeak, a light laughter filled voice with lots of giggles, or both. Alicia had gone for the full hit, of giggly bimbo sounds. After awhile she didn't notice that she was talking any different to normal.

'Go on, show her,' Maggie encouraged.

'Oh! Like, wow, this gum is so pink! It's adorable,' Alicia said.

'Watch this, its impressive,' Maggie said.

'Oh! No! I bet your boyfriend likes that!' Alicia squealed.

Bendy was on a table, with her feet pulled behind her head, and her hands interlocked with her ankles.

'He does, especially when I'm wearing a leotard. Trouble is they've all got holes in embarrassing places,' she laughed, and the girls joined in with peals of laughter.

'OK! Enough is enough, will someone get me free, please!' Bendy protested.

'You'll have to wait, I've got to finish her nails,' Gloria said.

'Don't look at me, I'm preparing for the hair colour,' Maggie said.

'Oh! No! Rotten lot, please, let me go, please!' Bendy whined.

'Shush! Mr Ferguson is coming for his rent! He won't notice you if you keep quiet!' Maggie said.

The girls were dumb if they thought a guy wasn't going to notice an attractive woman's parted legs. The white leotard was too thin to wear panties under it, and so she didn't. Besides, her boyfriend wanted her to go sans panties, and she liked to satisfy him.

'Hi girls, you all busy? Good, then you'll have the rent. If not, we can work something out. Either way is good for me,' he meanly said.

Maggie kept between Mr Ferguson and Bendy, so as not to tempt him. If he saw her, he would be sure to investigate. The girls knew Bendy was completely helpless in that position, and he was the type of man to take advantage. Even if he just played with her crotch it would be humiliating. Everything between her legs was stretched out before the girl. For her boyfriend it was a pleasure, and gave her enjoyment too. Letting Mr Ferguson play with her down there, would be so very nasty. She certainly wouldn't open up to him!

Having received his payment, he quickly left, to everyone's relief. Bendy was soon freed, but she couldn't move. Alicia and Maggie helped her to a seat, where Gloria massaged her legs, to get her moving again.

Taken to a back room Alicia stripped off, then lay back on a table covered with fluffy towels. An anaesthetic was given, and the girl started the process.

'Don't watch, just lay back and daydream. Do you want some girly magazines. No silly, magazines for girls,' Maggie laughed.

After the treatment, Alicia was sore, but was reassured it would ease off soon.

'One more thing, a new dress,' the three girls gleefully said. 'We really like it, and well, we just know you'll love it,' they excitedly said.

Alicia turned one way then another, examining the dress in a full length mirror. It was a short summer dress, and it hugged her figure. The white underwear was unobtrusive. The white garters showed when she moved too quickly, and she suspected that is exactly how James wanted it.

The white high heels look great, and the whole ensemble looked fabulous.

'You look lovely,' Maggie seriously said.

'Virginal, yet sexy,' Bendy told her.

'Fabulous, so very exciting,' Gloria beamed brightly at her.

She had gained knowledge of how a bimbo should behave from the three girls. Her speech was littered with the expressions and words they used. There wasn't a shred of nastiness between them, which was refreshing. Without a sense of competition, they were nice to each other, and nice to her.

James had been right, she was enjoying it, as though it were a complete break from the real world.

James walked in and retrieved his credit card from Maggie. He didn't want to look at the bill, and told Alicia not to nag him about it.

'Thank you girls, next time you can look after me,' he said, and gave them a hug each.

They giggled, fiddled with their hair, and pouted at him. They were shamelessly flirting with him, and more than that, they were indicating they were available. Alicia could see they poor things couldn't help it. James was a masterful man, with a strong presence. She felt it, and so did they. He was her master, and something in them wanted to be mastered too. Or was it they wanted something inside them, that he could provide?

Alicia was relieved to get out of the salon without the three blonds fighting over him. It had been a mistake telling them Paul had mastered her, to the point where she did whatever he said. She hadn't mentioned the blackmail, though it was true to say, that didn't matter anymore. She was truly his, belonging to him like a dumb blond pet.

That she was jealous of those three girls, showed how smitten she was. Willingly playing at being a dumb blond wasn't just because she had to do as she was told, or suffer the consequences. They had gone way beyond the threat of blackmail, into the moral pit of obedience and subservience.

Alicia looked up at her bully with a different attitude to earlier, when they walked into the mall.

Jealousy affected her, and it changed her feelings toward him. The three girls genuinely wanted him, and all the money he was spending on her, brought her around to thinking that he was a great catch.

He was only eighteen, so she had thought it silly to be bullied by him. At that moment she felt proud to be on his arm, trotting alongside him. After all, she was just a dumb bimbo, and didn't deserve such a wonderful master. The crazy thought had her giggling, away for ages.

Her hair had been teased up into a big blond halo of spun gold. Extensions were added to its length, making it a mane of curly blond locks, surrounding her upper body.

After looking her over, he suddenly noticed her face under all the make-up. Why had she agreed to that? Her lips had been plumped into cock-kiss pillows. Probably with Botox injections, which she must have agreed to. That was daring for her, so this game must have taken a firm hold for her to take such a bold step.

They stopped at a coffee shop, where she dare not look around the place.

'Men are looking at me,' she said, trying to make it sound like a complaint.

A hand went to her mouth, almost stifling a giggle. That she was still using the girly voice amused him. He hadn't said she shouldn't, but there again, he didn't say she had to keep it up.

'See that photo on the wall, the Marilyn Monroe one, in the corner. You look like her, that's why the men in the mall, and in here, are looking at you,' he said.

'But she's dead, like, they can't think I'm her,' Alicia said.

James frowned, wondering if she was being funny. Realising she meant it, he wondered why. Looking like a dumb slut had been easy to arrange, but she was acting like one. Being with the girls all day had rubbed off upon her, to the extent that she was behaving like them.

He expected her to be irritated by them, and relieved to be rescued when he arrived. That had been the punishment, as well as this new look. The girls had genuinely kissed and hugged, not wanting to part, and Alicia had enjoyed the day of pampering with them.

It was strange seeing Mrs Lucas behaving like a dumb blond. He'd turned a school friend's mother into a dumb blond bimbo. It would be interesting to see her arrive home dressed like this, and behave so strangely. Of course it wouldn't last, as she was only playing around.

'You're enjoying the attention, and playing up to it,' he accused.

'Sorry, sir, like, I can't help it,' she cooed.

'That's okay. We can play the game tomorrow, if you like,' he said.

'Yea, Alicia likes! Am I really like that lovely woman, the film star?' she asked.

'Yea, except she had bigger boobs than you. Shall I arrange for your boobs to be made bigger?' he asked, closely looking for a reaction.

'Err, well, maybe. Yea, I might like bigger breasts,' she mused.

James was surprised she was even thinking about it. The demure housewife had certainly

changed her attitudes recently. He expected the opposite reaction, with her usual high moral standards more entrenched than ever. Instead, she seemed very relaxed over what would have normally been considered an obscene idea.

Today hadn't been a punishment at all. He wondered how long this silliness would last. It was starting to get on his nerves, and he wondered if that was her plan.

Back at the cabin James, wondered if she was punishing him, in a more subtle way. A woman's attack upon him would be through innuendo and subtle reminders. At least that is how his aunt worked when she visited.

'What are you giggling about now, girl?' he asked.

'Like, I was thinking about big breasts. Those girls had them, and they, like, said, their boobies gave them confidence, yea. Well, really, how can that be true, master?' she asked.

At least the little girly voice had been toned down, as opposed to being a tone higher.

'Maybe because men take more interest in them, and are more polite toward them,' he suggested.

'Like, I guess you would know, master. Maybe, like, yea, I can believe that. Men like boobies, don't they. So, yea, they will like the girls more,' she surmised logically.

The logic was faulty, based on James' attitude, when of course, he was encouraging her to have implants. It seemed she was convincing herself, though he doubted she would reach the conclusion, to actually have it done.

Why was she calling him master all of a sudden? It had been done before, but not so consistently. Maybe the girls told her how much he'd spent on her. Had she confided in how well he looked after her. They might have encouraged her to look at him as her lord and master. Or maybe it was something entirely different going through her mind.

Alicia was completely naked, as usual. The cooking had been done, cleaning, finished, and some clothes were in the washer. She stood before her master, wondering why she was doing this. Being naked was usual, so that didn't bother her. It was the bimbo routine that bothered her.

The game seemed too comfortable to shake off. It was naughty and exciting being a bimbo, and it gave her a tremendous sense of freedom. As though she were a different person, able to relax and behave outrageously.

'I've finished my chores, master,' Alicia reported, and swung her hips from side to side, like a naughty girl wanting attention.

James was bemused by this unusual behaviour. The woman needed testing to see how deeply the new attitude ran.

'On your knees slave. You know what to do!' he ordered.

With a happy grin on her face, she sucked his cock into her mouth. Mrs Lucas was no slut, yet she was happy sucking on his cock! He'd told her to practice deep throat, for whenever he wanted it, but she hadn't made much progress so far. Maybe she might start applying herself to the task while playing at being a bimbo.

'Not too much, or I won't be able to pleasure you,' he warned.

The large lips were doing their job, as her mouth felt tight around his cock. To be playing around with her, making her do things, meant he was getting bored. How a guy could become bored with a beautiful blond, trapped into do anything for him, was difficult to comprehend.

At first she tried to fight him off, and find a way out of the mess she was in. First, she gave in to the blackmail to be his unwilling plaything. Eventually she gave in completely, to become his willing plaything. He worked on her submissive side, which enjoyed being controlled.

This dumb blond game had backfired, as she accepted it, and was enjoying it. He would have to find something for her to rebel against, so she resumed the fight. That was so much more entertaining, than this compliant sex doll.

Bully Ch. 09

Alicia is trapped

The end of the week had arrived, and Alicia was due back home. She was a thirty-six-year-old married woman, not an irresponsible youth. The madness had to stop! Reality had kicked in for her, but not for him, so she had to do something. He was too big to handle, so she would have to talk him around to her way of thinking.

All week Alicia had been acting like a dumb Bimbo, as ordered by her eighteen-year-old bully. It was difficult to get out of the role, especially as it had been surprisingly fun to act out. Thinking it would be demeaning and anti-feminist it wasn't something to embrace. Though, she soon found it turned out to be so easy, it was relaxing.

Men didn't treat her with respect, but with kindness. Some of them treated her well, because they wanted to get into her panties. Her bully protected her with a discreet threat, or more, to straighten them out. Most were happy in her company, wanting to just receive a smile, or a kind word.

Not seen as a threat or competitive, she was a decorative blond who laughed at their jokes. For once Alicia wasn't on edge, she was relaxed with men, and able to have a nice time. Their reactions to her were nice which was totally unexpected, and it affected her reactions in return.

For the past few days, no one had expected anything from her, except to look sexy. She could also get away with so much more without even trying, as they just laughed, and called her a dumb bimbo if she did or said the wrong thing. Men would jump to help her, and not expect anything more than a smile, and a kiss blown in their direction. They often acted like overgrown schoolboys. It was sweet!

However, she was going home, so needed to drop the blond bimbo act. For that, she needed James to debrief her. He'd started the game, and she needed his help to discard the mannerisms and silly voice. Although it had only been a week, she had picked up figures of speech, and a different way of thinking. Making friends with other blonds, reinforced the role, as they talked together and shared confidences. That's how she picked up the dumb way of thinking.

In a girly voice, she whined at James, 'Please, sir, like, I need you to help me totally, yea. Well, see, for a start, like, I need my clothes back, yea. Like, you know, my proper clothes, for going home, please, sir!'

James stared at her, wondering why she was keeping the bimbo act going. He'd said she could dump the act, but this morning she carried on talking with that terrible voice. She'd learned more

than he demanded of her, from other bimbo's. They seemed to have flocked around her, like silly girls together, sharing hair, and makeup tips.

She had enjoyed being with other girls, so he was going to think up another punishment for her. He was a bully, so of course he had to keep his victim in line. To prove he was in charge he needed to show her who was boss.

Alicia knew that as far as he was concerned, he was her alpha male, and she was his submissive female, kept ready to be mated. He figured she was fertile and needed to be rutted, and to feel his red-hot seed enter her womb. The thought aroused her, so it had to be shunted out of her mind, or she would never get back home.

He'd allowed her to change from being a bimbo, but it wasn't that easy. After a week, it couldn't just be switched off. She needed him to talk her down, as the game had been played twenty-four-seven, so she had really got into being a silly bimbo.

Being stupid was so much easier than being clever. So much was expected of her at home it tired her out. Both her husband and son expected her to run the house, and do everything for them.

James came up behind her, and grabbed her around the waist.

'Hey! Like, wait, stop nibbling my ears, you know I totally love it, yea,' she giggled.

Alicia squealed for him to stop, for there were things to do, as well as pack their clothes. Not wanting him to do it to her, she tried to wriggle free. Being naked in a cabin with a randy young guy, was a distinct disadvantage. That he was her bully, and demanded obedience, made it impossible to avoid anything he wanted.

Wriggling around, trying to keep him from having his wicked way, was stopped when he slapped her bottom a couple of times. While he'd taken her breath away, she felt his cock enter her. He was big and strong, so it had been inevitable. He didn't hesitate, he rode her hard, and she didn't have the strength to stop him.

He was fucking her to demonstrate his dominance, and to emphasize her submissiveness. After awhile she stopped complaining, and began to moan. It couldn't be helped, she was submitting to her young bully. She began to mewl pathetically. The sound telling him she had been subjugated, and was his.

He spurted his cum into her, and she cried out with a wild passion in her voice. Alicia pressed back upon him, wanting to be filled with his semen, while she too had an orgasm. Nothing extraordinary this time, just a completion. The fact that she had given in to him, and had become turned on by his domination, left her feeling thoroughly defeated.

Once again he'd shown her he was a strong master, and she was his pathetic slave girl.

On the drive home he sat humming a Pink Floyd tune, which she didn't recognise. At least he was in a good mood, which meant he wasn't preparing a punishment for her. Being his bimbo all week had started out as punishment, then it became a game. Not just between the two of them, it involved everyone, and anyone around them. Making new friends had been nice, and she enjoyed herself.

It had been relaxing, just giving into being a simple unthinking blond. No decisions to make, no

guilt, no anxiety. They would be home soon, and the pressure would return to dominate her life. She almost asked him to drive her back to the cabin. Maybe she was pathetic, because lots of women were successful housewives, and some had jobs.

'Get a grip,' she murmured.

'What was that?' James asked.

'Nothing, just humming, I've caught that tune,' she said.

Her thoughts meandered back to how this all started. James was bullying her son in school, so she intended to visit the boy's parents, anxious to find a solution. James was in but his parents were out, so she was going to wait for them, and take the opportunity to talk to the boy. Finding out what went wrong with him seemed like a good start.

A couple of glasses of wine to boost her courage, was so very wrong. She spilt a drink on her best dress, and didn't take the hint she'd drunk too much. Wanting to get him on her side, she let him help her, as he seemed so eager and cooperative. Before she realised what was happening, she let the boy put her clothes in the washer. Underestimating him, considering him to be just a boy like her son, had been the biggest mistake.

While she wore just a towel, he stood very close, emphasising his size and strength. By sheer force of character he manipulated her, with compliments, cajoling, and then bullying her into doing what he wanted. Before she knew what was happening, she was on her knees, sucking his penis.

Alicia looked at the boy humming tunelessly, and was happy to be driven home at last.

He had a video of what she did, and threatened to post it on social media. Like a fool she ended up in bed with him. Again he used clever techniques, to bend her will. More than that, he completely broke her will to resist. It just got worse all the time she was with him. With evermore damning video's as evidence, there was no possibility of defying him, and so she became his sexual plaything. His demands were often, and disturbing. Whether she wanted to or not, she had to submit to him.

It was difficult to admit, but the sex was so good and she felt guilty over enjoying it.

'Wake up, sleepy head. Your car. Wait! A kiss before you leave,' he demanded.

They smooched deeply. It didn't even occur to her to stop him playing with her sex. She automatically opened her legs for him to finger fuck her. Her head fell upon his chest as he expertly manipulated her naughty bits down there. He knew exactly what she liked, and what turned her into a pliable sex doll.

Alicia knew he was going to edge her on purpose, but couldn't stop him. It was so nice, she just wanted it to last.

'Oh! James, don't stop, please!' she moaned.

'Naughty girl! You've got to go home. Don't forget to open your text books, and pretend you were on a course,' he reminded her.

About to climb into her car for the short drive home, he said something. The noise of the traffic and people shopping, drowned out what he said.

'Your clothes,' he repeated.

'What about them?' she asked.

'Okay, then,' he said, and gave her an offhand shrug.

Looking into a side mirror she realised what he meant. With people walking by she suddenly felt self-conscious. The stretchy skirt was tight under her cheeks, and was rising up in the front. The cut off t-shirt showed off more than it covered. The push up bra presented plenty of cleavage.

Rummaging around in the bag on the backseat, she pulled out a business suit, more suitable to wear when coming home from a course. Damn! So used to wearing such clothes, she would have walked in at home looking like a slut. That would have given the game away.

Standing up from bending over the back seat, she held the business suit. A guy stood there with a grin on his face. Damn! He would have seen her panties while bent over!

'How much do you charge?' he asked.

'Twenty an hour,' she returned, while thinking of the course.

'That's cheap, I'll take a couple of hours,' he leered at her.

'What?' she rapidly blinked, as though coming around from a dream.

'I saw you being dropped off by that guy. The way you're dressed, it's obvious what you do,' he commented. 'My car's over there. I'm booked into a hotel, not far from here. I'm in town working.'

Alicia giggled nervously, and put a finger in her mouth. Lipping around it some nonsense about being a social worker, her voice fizzled out. The total state of disbelief froze her, rather than bringing out understandable rage and a rant. After being a blond bimbo all week, and obeying her bully, all the man had to do was be forceful with her. It would be easy to lead her astray, and she knew it. Not wanting to go with him didn't count for anything.

The man grabbed her elbow, wondering why she acted so remote, and figured she must be on drugs. He was still prepared to take her to his car, as the drugs idea didn't put him off. Taking the opportunity to screw a beautiful blond couldn't be let go, and he was a salesman away from home, needing female company. A quick screw, then another long slow screw would be perfect. If she was on drugs, she would be less likely to object to anything he wanted.

Alicia suddenly realised how vulnerable she was. Once in this man's hotel room, she would be under his control, as though he were her bully. What then? What would he do to her? She was already on edge, needing a good seeing to.

Her arm hurt, as it was torn away from his grip. The man fell to the ground, but she only saw that in her peripheral vision, for she had been pushed aside. James! He'd hit the guy, and was pushing her toward the car.

'Is he alright?' Alicia asked, with a voice sounding thin and reedy.

'Yes! Get in before anyone notices. Drive somewhere and change, then go home. Forget about this. Now go!' he told her.

Not looking back she drove slowly through the car lot, onto a major road, not knowing where she was going. She could see the road and traffic, but not where she was, or where she was supposed to be. Eventually she recognised something, and turned onto a road she knew well.

The garage doors were open, so she drove in, almost hitting the back of the garage. Standing by the car, with a ticking hot engine, she changed into the plain smart business suit. Still shaking, she entered her home. Nothing was different, which was reassuring.

A couple of days went by, and the police hadn't called, so she calmed down. All the usual routines of housework had been needed, to keep her busy and mind off things.

'You're acting different, Alicia. Has it got something to do with that course. How to be a good housewife, or something?' her husband sarcastically asked.

'The course was about reflective supervision, and coaching,' she began, but sensing she was losing him, a switch was necessary. 'It's funny you should say that. There was a session for trainees like me. They said to look after your husband and family, to help with your job. A happy home life makes the job easier,' she lied.

'Okay, then,' he absently spoke.

As usual he wasn't listening. He'd been fed, and the weeks washing started. There was no ironing, and the house was clean. What else did he want? She was treated like a housemaid, not a wife. Is that why she gave in to James, because he treated her like an attractive woman?

It was certainly easier when her husband ignored her, rather than ordered her to do things his way. To be fair, he'd noticed her hair and clothing was different, though of course he was unsure how that was. He'd noticed a difference in her behaviour, commenting on her readiness to please. He thought she was behaving like a good housewife should.

What would he have said if she came back looking like a blond bimbo? It might have perked up his interest in her as a woman. They hadn't had sex for six months, five months before James took her over.

James was a bully but he was exciting to be with, and made her experience life more fully. Sometimes too fully. He did things to her, and with her. He dressed her in expensive clothes, took her out and introduced her to new people. Though mostly he dressed her in cheap slutty clothes, yet that too was exciting. If anyone got too close, he could certainly deal with them, emphasising to her that she belonged to him.

Her son was ready to fly the nest, on his way to college. He was either out with friends, or out with his girlfriend, mostly with his girlfriend. Maybe she should warn the girl, all that attention would disappear once married. In a few years she would become a drudge.

The expensive dress, and underwear, she washed by hand, not trusting the washing machine. The dryer was too harsh. She hesitated hanging them in the utility room, then it dawned on her, no one would see her naughty underwear in there. Only she used the room, as her husband and son didn't know where it was.

The phone rang and a summons was made.

No conversation, he simply stated, 'Just get here, and make it quick. I need to fuck you.'

Alicia giggled, and put a finger to her lips. The nervous movement was difficult to stop, especially as she wasn't always aware of it. Using a little girl lost voice, though less obvious than the voice used last week, she approached her husband.

'Sir, I've been called to see a client,' she hesitantly spoke. 'Do you mind?'

'As you've asked so nicely, of course you can. I'm pleased you've improved your attitude while away,' he said, and turned back to his newspaper.

Arriving at James' home, she opened the back door, closed it behind her and stopped.

'Hello, sir,' she said, looking away from him so as not to be recognised.

James's father, Ralph, almost answered using her name. He'd recognised her the evening he spanked her. He'd mistaken the woman for a nasty tease of a girl, always winding up the boys, and setting them on each other. He spanked her hard, told her to do as she was told, sent her to his son's bedroom, and told her to please him.

Later he realised it was Mrs Lucas, moaning and groaning in James' bedroom. He'd been heavy with her, threatening to spank her again, and take her home to see her parents. Of course, she didn't want to be taken home to confront her husband, after screwing around with his boy, and looking like a slut.

He knew her from meeting her on the school board, when he had trouble with James. He'd been caught bullying in school. They'd been lenient due to the motoring accident, and the loss of his mother, and sister.

'Well, how are you?' he asked.

It was embarrassing talking to the woman, considering what his son was doing to her. It was dangerous bullying a member of the school board, and so he decided to pretend not to know anything about it. That also meant not warning his son off playing such a dangerous game. Eventually he would have to do something, or it would all blow up in his son's face.

Excusing herself, and marching into James' bedroom, she stood with hands on her hips, trying to strike a defiant pose. Looking like Mussolini instead of an attractive blond, might of helped.

'You summoned me!' Alicia said.

'You sound pissed,' James countered.

'Well, like, what do you expect?' she hissed at him.

'What do you mean? Did you want a long conversation on the phone, in front of your husband?' he sarcastically asked.

'No! You said I should hurry over to, err, well, like, you know, to fuck you,' she shyly spoke.

'So next time I should lie?' he countered.

'Well, like, yea, no, I guess not,' she shrugged.

How had she lost that argument?

'You don't look like a stupid slut. You didn't get changed as ordered. You know what that means,' he said.

'Err, like, but, you know, your dad is here,' Alicia quietly spoke.

'I know. He won't bother us. Get undressed, you know the rules,' he plainly stated.

'But, I, like, was summoned, you know, told to be quick! Yea!' she tried excusing herself.

James thought she sounded like one of the teens in school. Not one of them would be caught dead in that summer dress. It was nice, for an older woman. It was his influence, of stamping on her morals, and self worth, that she was acting this way. He watched her nervously pulling off her clothes.

This is why he'd ordered her to change before arriving. Either in a restroom, or the car, just so long as there was a change of clothes. It meant there was a break, and a clear line between the two places. Her home and his.

Mrs Lucas was naked now, looking distinctly nervous, and worried.

'You know what to do, Mrs Lucas,' he commented.

The look on her face told him how much it hurt to be called Mrs Lucas. It was a reminder of what she was, a married woman. Being stripped of her clothes on the order of a mere boy was humiliating for her. This was a simple punishment that worked upon her effectively, whereas the complicated bimbo game had been a failure.

The woman bent over his bed, with her legs slightly parted. Knowing she was to be punished was a terrible thought. This shouldn't be happening! She was a married woman, an adult, and at thirty-six too old to be spanked by an eighteen-year-old boy.

He might decide to paddle her, or just take her. If he wanted to he could slap her bottom then fuck her unexpectedly. He'd done it before. It was up to him, and she had to bear it. After a spanking he'd probably fuck her anyway. That's what she was here for. Obeying a mere boy was demeaning, and the humiliation of it all was heating her up. This arousal from humiliation, had it always been inside her, or had this nasty side of her character developed since having a bully dominate her?

He may be young but he knew how to pull her strings, and keep her in place. One moment he was complimenting her, and meaning it. Another moment he was punishing her in a subtle or blatant way. He told her where to go, and how to dress, and how to behave.

When he was pleased with her it felt so good. He also protected her like no one had ever done, not her father, or her husband. Sometimes he frightened her, and at other times she was in awe of him. Growing up in a sheltered family, then trapped in a marriage, she knew little of how exciting life could be. Then she met this boy, and her emotions took off.

'Oww!' she cried out.

'Keep quiet unless you want my father to spank you,' James said.

'Oww!' she quietly whimpered, knowing he liked her to react verbally.

Anything to lessen the punishment. He was her big bad boy, and she was his naughty little girl. He knew how to manipulate her, and she could feel it happening. Her body was heating up, not just her bottom.

'Oww! Please sir, please don't hurt your little girl,' she mewed.

James figured his father could hear his slaps to her bare ass, and had heard that first outcry. He'd guessed his father knew this was Mrs Lucas, yet he said nothing. If he was told to let her go, he would. It would be painful, but his father is all he had left and there is no way he would upset him.

A few more smacks to her ass, was enough as he'd become bored. He grabbed her hips and plunged in. Mrs Lucas was always wet after being punished. He'd tried standing her naked against the wall, with hands above her head. She'd loved it, despite complaining about it being demeaning.

The first time he spanked her, he noticed she was aroused from humiliation. To get her to acknowledge it, he made her stand in front of him, with legs apart. He could see she was dripping wet. Her lips were glistening, yet she stood there telling him he shouldn't be doing this to a responsible married woman.

He leant forward, and ran his fingers up her slit, then made her lick her own juices. It made her think, but more importantly, it shut her up. He had found out one of her weaknesses, and from then on he used humiliation to fire her up.

James plunged into her, stabbing her deep with his meaty sword. He held his cock deep inside her, knowing he could wait her out. Eventually she began to squirm, then push back on his cock. He pushed forward, pinning her to the bed, so she couldn't rock back and forth on his cock. Struggling against his strength was no good. He could feel her becoming more desperate.

'Please, James! Like, you brought me here, you know, so, just do it, yea!' she pleaded.

'You want to get it over with, and go home,' he teased.

'Like, yea. Oh! No! Please, err, alright, please fuck me, James, please!' she asked, sounding tortured.

'It's a dilemma, isn't it,' he said.

'What? Oh! Please James, do me, not riddles, please!' she squirmed.

'A dilemma for me and you. Should I let Mrs Lucas go, or fuck my toy. Should Mrs Lucas be a responsible wife and mother, or a boy's fuck toy? Can you answer that, Mrs Lucas?' he taunted her.

'Yea! Oh! Like, yea, I'm your fuck toy! Please use your fuck toy, play with your fuck toy, please! James!' she cried.

He pulled back, further and further, until the head of his cock was pulling at her inner lips. It was just inside her vagina, and it felt tight, as though holding on.

'Shall I pull out? Ask me nicely, use your imagination, fuck toy!' her bully leered, knowing he had her completely at his mercy.

Alicia hated it when he was like this. What was he torturing her for, what had she done wrong? Would he really leave her high and dry if she didn't please him? Think! Try to think of something he wanted to hear. She was a mature woman, and a measly boy wanted her to grovel!

'Please master, thrust into your slaves vagina. This cunt hole is yours to use, please, master, use it!' she begged, hoping it was enough.

Slowly his cock travelled back inside, filling her up. That wonderful feeling of being full! It almost felt as though he were in her belly. She shook her head in the bedding, as though trying to lessen the feelings of being filled because they were so powerful. Slowly, aching slowly, he pushed with strong leg muscles. Deep inside her she thought he had stopped. Then again a nudge deeper, another small push, and he was deeper still.

'Oh! God! James! Yes!' she crumbled under an onslaught of bliss.

She was ass up, with her head in the bed, her arms supporting her. The complete disgrace of this act pushed her over the edge. An orgasm rattled through her nervous system, hitting her head with an overpowering blow. Numb! Her brain was numb, but still she felt him smoothly, slowly, pulling back. Then a gentle push, and he was unhurriedly sliding back in.

He began to speed up, and again an orgasm hit. Less than before, it sparked off nerve endings along her limbs, to feet and hands. It arrived in her head, adding to the numbness already misting her thoughts. In a fog of dreamy unawareness, she felt him stop, and push hard. He was spurting his semen inside her, and that set her off for a third time. All three orgasms rattled around in her mind. Together fogging her thinking, leaving her gasping for air, and dry as a bone.

Eventually she would go home, but before then she would shower away the smell of sex. Getting dressed would be a good idea. Would James let her get dressed in his room, allowing her to wear sensible clothes from home. He was just as likely to make her walk to her car naked, or wearing a strippers outfit.

For the moment she would lay on his bed wrapped in his arms, enjoying the afterglow of wonderful orgasms. How could a mere boy do this to her? Was it because he cared for her? Did he work hard at finding out what she liked, then do it to her with all his strength and youthful vitality?

In a happy dreamy state, she fell asleep.

During the week James summoned his victim. A second week, and she was still at his mercy, running to his bed whenever he called. The same excuse was given to her husband each time, that she had a client, in urgent need.

Harold became suspicious and followed her to James' house. The father was out, because his car was missing from the garage. He wondered what was going on. Seeing the man's son in the kitchen, he left his wife with the boy, thinking all was well. Even so, when she arrived home, he tackled her.

'What's with this client. He looks alright to me,' Harold proffered his opinion.

'I'm not supposed to tell you. It's confidential. Alright, just so long as you promise me not to tell anyone,' she said, waiting for some sign of agreement. 'He lost his mother, and sister in a car accident. I'm trying to improve his confidence. It's a lack of confidence that made him bully

children in school. I've at least stopped him being a bully,' she said.

Ralph didn't know what to say.

'Well, I suppose it's alright. You're not in any danger are you?' he asked.

'No, of course not,' she lied.

Their conversation wound down after awhile, and he grudgingly let her continue the voluntary job. To some extent she wished he would have put his foot down, and stopped her visiting the bully. Life could return to normal, and although it would be boring, it would be less dangerous.

James phoned, and though he was less harsh and direct, it amounted to the same thing. Alicia was to hurry around to his place, to be used. He really did think of her as his sex toy after all. When he was protecting her, it was really one of his toys he was fighting over. Used as a drudge at home, and a sex toy by a bully, she thought of herself as nothing more than an object. Something to be used and abused.

No one was home so she changed into the slutty clothes she had to wear, rather than struggle in the car outside her bullies house.

Harold was driving home, when he suddenly pulled up. A woman was getting into Alicia's car. He couldn't see who it was, but dressed like that it couldn't be his wife. The short skirt and blouse showed off too much flesh.

About to phone the police, he decided to follow instead. Unsure where in town he was, he noted how luxurious the houses looked. Parked across from the driveway the woman had driven up, it seemed a mystery. The car wasn't anything special, so why would anyone from such a wealthy house want it?

A good view up the driveway was possible, from where he parked across the street. He rummaged around to find a spare pair of glasses, which he should have been wearing to drive. The woman got out, and turned in his direction. It was Alicia!

He dare not move. There was no sign of recognition, so he'd got away with it. Damn! What in hell was she up to?

As she walked around the corner of the house, a man walked out the front door, got in a car, and drove off. Harold couldn't work out what was happening. If he asked James' father, he would have told him he didn't want to bump into Alicia. Not that such an explanation would have clarified the situation.

Harold drove down the street, turned around, and drove home. When Alicia arrived home he walked into the kitchen, trying to look as though nothing was amiss.

'Did you have a good session?' he asked.

'Err, well, yes, I did, very enjoyable,' she said, and turned away, so as not to show a deep embarrassment. 'I mean, it went well. I think the client enjoyed it. Err, like, they got something out of it, err, they feel better, you know, yea,' Alicia murmured, with a finger to her lips.

'I'm not sure I understand. What is it you do?' he said, and pulled out a chair to sit at the kitchen

table.

Alicia got the message, he was there to stay, until an explanation was received.

'It's voluntary work,' she lied.

It wasn't voluntary at all, she'd been forced into it! He couldn't possibly get the joke, and she was more liable to cry than laugh. It had been too easy to get into a routine of serving the boy. Serving him, sounded nice, but it was sordid. It wasn't nice serving-up her body to a bully. Letting him do whatever he wanted with her mind and body wasn't nice. Though sometimes. . .

What would her friends say if they found out she was a boy's toy? They would wonder why she hadn't put a stop to it right at the beginning. They didn't know what he was like! He knew how to manipulate her, and how to work on her weaknesses. It was starkly clear during last week at the cabin, how much he was dominating her.

She was a thirty-six-year-old woman, yet a mere boy had dominated her, to such an extent that she obeyed his every word. It was no longer the blackmail, it was much more than that. The terrible thought couldn't be avoided anymore. She was enjoying the excitement, and had to admit, the sex was wonderful. Damn him!

'I just listen to the client, letting them get it out of their mind. Compared to an idea thought about, it seems so different when spoken to someone. It can actually modify their behaviour,' she said.

The books James gave her had been useful, yet her husband thought it was just mumbo jumbo.

'The client is a bully in school. I'm trying to get to the cause of the bad behaviour,' she said, almost meaning it.

James was her bully and was punishing her by making her do things she felt bad about. Being spanked was a simple way of having her comply with his demands. Playing with her emotions, making her feel bad about disobeying him, was more subtle.

When she complied with his demands a reward was given. With anything from a smile, up to receiving multiple orgasms. It took awhile to realise the boy was brainwashing and training her. How stupid! Last week he'd been training her to be a dumb bimbo. She'd fallen for it too. With a finger between her lips, adding to the look of a little girl lost, she tuned out what her husband was saying.

'You listening to me? I don't want you to do that work anymore,' he firmly stated.

Alicia giggled, and wondered what to say. It was an escape from her bully without it being her fault. Would James see it that way? If not, another excuse to leave the house at odd times, would have to be thought up.

Harold wasn't so much angry as uncomfortable with the idea of his wife visiting loony people. He didn't have any patience for people who couldn't keep their emotions under control. Bullies should be punished quickly and severely, not have their hands held. It was probably the fault of their victims for putting up with it.

He stepped out of his car and walked up to the house he'd seen Alicia enter. A stop to this nonsense was going to be made. He'd told her, now he was going to confront the family, to make

sure she stopped this drivel.

A man answered the door, and invited him in. At least it was the father, so he would understand what he was going to say. Women had an illogical way of thinking, especially mothers, and so she would probably be awkward.

'Hi, I'm Harold, Alicia's husband. I'm here to tell you she won't be around again. I don't agree with these social work methods,' he explained. 'Endlessly talking about something doesn't work as far as I'm concerned. If your son is a bully it's up to you to deal with it,' Harold plainly said.

'Well that's a pity,' Ralph said, relieved the man didn't know why she was really here. 'I wanted to thank your wife for all she has done for him,' Ralph said.

'Well, whatever, I just don't want her doing this kind of work. She has enough to do looking after me and her son,' Harold said.

'So it's your decision she shouldn't work?' Ralph asked.

'Yes, that's right, I'm her husband, and the man of the house,' Harold said.

'Maybe she should work on you. You sound like a bully. Why did you come around here? Don't you trust your wife to do as she is told?' Ralph said, while taking the few steps to where Harold sat.

The small man towered over the seated Harold. If Harold had bothered to look, he would have seen the muscular arms, and tough torso, seated on powerful legs.

'My wife, his mother, and sister, died in a car accident. He needs a close family around him, but half of our family have gone. Having a talk with a woman, whatever it is they talk about, helps. Anything that helps my son is okay by me,' he quietly said.

The man in front of him spluttered something, looking peeved. Ralph heard him say not his wife. He dragged the man up by his collar, and shook him.

'Leave things alone. You don't know what you are getting into. Agreed?' Ralph said, and shook him like a dog with a rabbit.

'Hey, you can't, alright! I'll let her,' he conceded.

'If she doesn't come around here, I'll be around after you. Got that!' Ralph said, and shook the man violently.

'Yes! Alright, I get the message!' he said, and meant it.

'I don't mess around, and won't hesitate to deal with the likes of you. Let her make her own decisions. You don't know what you have until you lose it,' Ralph said, strongly meaning it.

Harold didn't fully understand the man. He understood the pain, and dishonour. Worse could be avoided if he just let things carry on as before. Inaction he understood and could easily comply with. As long as Alicia kept up with the house work what did it matter what she did as a hobby.

By the time he got home, he'd calmed down. The man was upset from losing his wife and kid, and that was understandable. Alicia was filling a gap in his son's life, so let her continue. It was

no skin off his nose. He would just ignore it. Talking! What good could that do!

'Alicia are you there? Very good,' he said, when she brought him a beer.

'You're very thoughtful since returning from that course. Look, I've had a word with that boy's father, and we decided you should see the boy,' he said.

'Oh!' Alicia squeaked, and put a finger to her lips. In a little girly voice, she said, 'If you don't want me to go, I won't.'

'That's the right attitude, I'm sure. You're my wife and should do as you are told. Well, something like that. You know what I mean. We should know what each other wants by now. Anyway, I've agreed with the boy's father, you must go there, and that's that,' Harold declared.

'The dinner is on the stove,' Alicia said, and hurried back to the kitchen.

He followed her into the kitchen, 'Don't forget, you must go there when your needed,' Harold told his wife.

Tightly gripping the kitchen sink, she steadied herself, trying not to cry. What in hell was she to do now! The father and her husband were sending her to that bully. They both demanded she must go to James when he called. They obviously didn't know what that meant!

How could she tell her husband, he was sending her to be fucked by that boy. The trap had been tightened around her like a noose. Up until now she hadn't discovered a way out of this mess, and now it was impossible. What was next, a police escort to the boys bedroom?

So now when James phoned, her husband would tell her to go and see her bully. The father would invite her in, and send her to the bully's bedroom. Would he pat her head, tell her to be a god girl, and do as she was told? His son did sometimes, just to patronise her as a reminder of her position.

This was it, there would be no reprieve, she was nothing but a boy's plaything, just a boy's sex toy. He knew how to play with her, so why not lay back and enjoy it. She had her husband's approval, so this was her position in life, laying back being fucked! So, embrace it, and make the most of it.

Bully Ch. 10

Forced to obey

Alicia tried to be angry, as being resigned to her fate seemed such a weak reaction. For the last few weeks she had thought of escaping her bully, or at the very least hoped he would become bored and let her go. He might even have a stab of conscience, and free her from the blackmail threat.

Her husband was suspicious as to what she was doing at the boy's house. Telling her husband, she was a volunteer therapist, and the boy was a client, resulted in a disaster. He didn't like her spending time away from home, as though she were his domestic maid, just there to look after him. Harold went around to the boy's father to tell him she wouldn't be visiting again.

The boy's behaviour in school had improved, as well as his school work, since she started visiting. So the father demanded she continue visiting his boy. The father was a well built man, like his son, and threatened Harold.

Instead of saving her from the bully, Harold came to an agreement with the boy's father. Her

husband, and the boy's father, insisted she visit the boy who was bullying her! Surely they didn't know what they had pressured her into! Between the two men's insistence, and the boy's blackmail, she was thoroughly trapped.

Next day, Alicia received a phone call from her bully, summoning her to his home.

'Are you sure I should go? Don't you need me here?' she desperately asked her husband.

'No, you go, and do your thing. Apparently you're good at it. That week away must have been good training,' he said, not sounding impressed at all.

Her husband thought she was on a course learning basic therapeutic techniques. He didn't know her bully was teaching her sexual techniques, for his pleasure. Her husband was sending her to a teenage bully, to be sexually used by him. Both the boy's father and her husband, had decided she must keep the boy happy! What would her husband say if he found out about the sexual perversions the boy made her do!

A woman of thirty-six shouldn't be pandering to a boy's sexual needs. He was only eighteen, and was using her to satisfy his sexual urges. A teenager didn't have the experience of life to understand how to treat a woman decently. He was playing with her, as though she were a mere sex toy. He was blackmailing her into pandering to his needs, so nothing could be refused, or she would have to face the consequences.

Alicia went to the spare bedroom to change into something acceptable to her bully. He liked her to dress like a slut when summoning her to his bed. Usually she changed her clothes in a restroom half way to his house, but today she just didn't care who saw her. Changing into a lewd outfit at home was risky, but her husband couldn't face her, so he kept out of the way. He was still smarting from being threatened by the boy's father.

She walked out to the car, not caring if neighbours saw her. Being discovered would be painful, and ruin her social standing, but that would be better than giving in to these men. The boy was just playing with her, but surely her husband should have guessed what was going on, and put a stop to it.

Despite being in a hurry to get to her bully's house, she was careful not to speed. Dressed like a whore wasn't how she wanted to meet the police. On the other hand, Alicia dare not be late, or he would punish her in some humiliating way.

The back door was open, so she walked through the kitchen to her bullies bedroom.

His father wasn't around, probably because he couldn't face her either. He obviously knew who she was, before or after talking to her husband. He could no longer treat her like his son's young girlfriend. Even when she had been hiding her face from him, surely he must have known she was an older woman. Did he pretend not to see who she was, just to keep his son happy?

Damn! That first night, the man had spanked her! Then sent her to his son's bedroom, telling her to keep the boy happy, or else. Having the father and her bully grind her down, had defeated her resistance. He must have heard her moaning and groaning in an orgasm! It had been a conspiracy of silence.

Standing before her bully, with hands at her sides, she again felt like an object of pleasure. This time it was worse, because she had been sent there by her husband, with his father's connivance.

It felt awful, degrading, and disheartening.

James looked her over and smiled. She was a beautiful woman, and she belonged to him. He'd got to know her well, and was very fond of her. If pressed he might even admit to falling in love with her. As her bully he couldn't show a weakness, he had to keep her in place. A combination of pleasure and punishments worked well as usual. Though he'd never tried it on an adult before, and that made it all the more exciting.

The expression on her face showed more pain than usual, and he wondered what had caused it.

'What's the matter?' he casually asked.

'Nothing, let's get on with it, so I can get home,' she said.

'That's not the right attitude. Sit there,' he said, pointing to the bed.

A couple of strides and he stood before her, looking down at her, with a look of curiosity.

'Tell me, what's up?' he demanded.

'Does it matter? You don't care,' she started to say, quickly cutting off the statement, from not wanting to cry.

James plonked himself next to her on the bed. He wrapped his arms around her, and held on tight. He gently rocked her, hardly moving.

'You're wrong, I do care,' he told her.

'They both told me I've got to submit to you. Your father, and my husband. They agreed between them, as though I'm nothing but my husband's chattel,' she bitterly complained.

'Oh!'

Not sure what a chattel was, he nevertheless got the point. Pressure upon her from him was enough, and it was working, so he didn't need their help.

'Why? What did they say,' he asked.

'My husband came over to stop me coming here. Your father threatened him, and he gave in. He told me they agreed for me to come over here when needed. He told me I've got to,' she complained.

There were tears in her eyes, and she wiped her face on his t-shirt. He didn't say anything, and she didn't notice what she had done. She had shown a careless familiarity with him, which he found endearing. He stroked her hair, and kissed her neck.

'That's not right. I want you to be here, but that's between you and I. It's nothing to do with them,' he said.

'Yes,' she agreed.

It was a surprise to hear her agree that it was between them. It came across as though she was in agreement with what they were doing. Had he won her over? Was she so used to being his plaything, she now accepted it?

He pushed a hand up the little skirt, and squeezed her sex.

'This is mine, it belongs to me,' he firmly spoke.

'Yes, I guess so. You do such wonderful things to me, you deserve it,' she murmured.

He heard her capitulation and his heart began thumping wildly. He pressed her head to his chest, for her to hear it.

'Oh! Hell! Did I say that out loud? I didn't mean it,' she belatedly said.

'You did. You agreed, you belong to me,' he said, and squeezed tight, pulling her closer.

'I sometimes feel it's true,' she admitted. 'It's because I'm a submissive and you take advantage of me,' she said, trying to justify the feelings.

'Whatever it is, you belong to me now. Your husband and my father gave you to me. That was the last barrier, you're now mine,' he strongly said.

The strength of resolve in his voice left her feeling small and vulnerable in his arms. He scooped her up to plant her on his lap. This time she wasn't spread over his lap ass upward for a spanking. Despite him being just a boy, he'd punished her in other ways too. The rewards were delicious, and she couldn't get that out of her mind.

This afternoon, like so often, she couldn't disobey him, as all the fight had been knocked out of her. When he said she was his, it was true, as her husband had given her away to him. He'd stopped making love to her some time ago, leaving her to be pleased by this boy.

The dire feeling of being just an object, given away to another, left her feeling cheap and worthless. Her husband had given her to a boy to play with! She was a sexual plaything, having to pander to his sexual appetite. At eighteen he was hungry for sex and experimented with her, using her as a learning tool. It was damnably humiliating, and recently that was getting to her, heating her up so much, she simply gave in to whatever he wanted.

His reassuring dominance was crucial. Obeying a firm master was needed right now, for she could no longer work out what was right or wrong. Alicia had done whatever she was told, often with a feeble complaint, while his mastery relieved all responsibility for her actions. Being told what to do was badly needed, for it brought stability to her life while everything at home disintegrated.

She needed someone to decide for her, someone to obey, someone commanding her. He may be just a boy, but with him as her master, he was taking all the responsibility for her actions. She wanted him to do naughty things to her, and make her perform lewdly. The more lewd and nasty her performance, the better her orgasm would be.

'Fuck me, master,' she said, and kissed him full on. 'I need to forget everything, and you do that to me! Master me!'

She'd called him master before, when he had been forcing her to act as his sex slave. Volunteering to be his sex slave was unusual. Had she been driven into it by her husband? James understood her enough to realise something. She wanted sex, and for him to take away the guilt by forcing her into his bed. It was obvious, but did she see it that way?

He stood up, and rolled her onto the floor. He wasn't gentle with her, he pushed and pulled her around the floor, while tearing her clothes off. Her head was spinning when he lay her on the bed, completely naked. She looked up at him, while he undressed, as though he was in no hurry. She had to wait, had to wait upon his needs.

His Muscular chest and stomach were stretched when he pulled the t-shirt over his head. She'd been in those strong arms, cuddled, almost crushed, finding it difficult to breath. He dropped the t-shirt into a wash basket, showing how calm and disciplined he was. She admired his back, tapered from wide shoulders, down to a slim waist.

He removed his underwear, revealing a cute bottom. She'd seen it before, yet it all seemed new and real, as she had become truly his. He was only eighteen so it was a silly fantasy that he could ever be hers. He would go away to college and forget all about her, while she had to live with the consequences.

He turned around catching her staring at his body. She didn't flinch, as he had corrupted her, making her into his slut. That is what it felt like, that she was now his slut, prepared to do anything to satisfy him.

She'd acted like a dumb blond bimbo only a couple of weeks ago. What was so awful, is that she enjoyed it. Keeping him happy, and being his obedient girl kept him from punishing her. That is how it was, but they were now passed that stage. Now she was pleasuring him so as to be pleased in return.

It was clear that he had brainwashed her into this state of compliance, with punishments and rewards. He'd trained her to be his obedient sex slave! It didn't suddenly happen, it had been a slow progression. That was the reason she'd enjoyed being his dumb bimbo. It wasn't what she wanted, it was what he wanted!

He crawled to the bottom of the bed, and clambered between her legs, pushing them apart as he progressed. He kissed his way up her thighs. Licking and kissing them until reaching her naughty bits. He sucked her lips into his mouth and nibbled upon them.

'Oh! God! Yes! Master me!' Alicia shouted.

Alicia forgot all about her misgivings over him taking advantage of her. She lifted her hips and parted her legs almost out sideways. Her sex was an offering to her master. On the bed she was his sex slave, and knew her place. No longer a mature responsible woman, she was merely his humble slave girl. She was there for his enjoyment, so how could she complain when she too received such wonderful pleasure.

He would have to move on as she was so close. She needed to feel full and he was built for that. Having nothing much to compare him with, she nevertheless knew he was exceptional. When he first entered her it hurt. He'd mastered her down there too! She was an exact fit for his large penis!

An orgasm began to overtake her. Without him inside her body, it felt as though something was missing. It was alright for him to have a hand-job, or a blowjob, it was all the same to him. But she needed more. Feeling his tongue between her lips was enough to push her over the edge. Her hips heaved off the bed, pushing up onto his tongue, as though she were thrusting onto his cock. She rubbed her slit and her clit, against his nose and lips.

When she calmed down he moved up her body, and forced her to taste her own sex juices. He'd practised so many new sexual acts upon her, she was ready for anything. Had she been liberated,

or corrupted?

Feeling his hardness rub her thigh she manoeuvred for where she needed it. He kept sliding his cock away. Along her slit, pressing against her bud, or against a thigh. He relented when he thought the moment was right. He was in charge of her pleasure, not her.

He shoved in unexpectedly, cramming it in all the way, in one long thrust. A whoosh of air escaped her throat, as though she were a blow-up-doll with a leak. She began to pant with every thrust of his powerful leg muscles. With the full power of strong leg muscles, his cock deeply plunged, and out she breathed with a surge of air. Panting heavily, she almost lost consciousness.

Her mind was taken over by the pleasure centres in her brain. A gasp followed by a loud moan, heralded another orgasm. This time it charged up in her belly. An electrical storm, discharging throughout her body, overwhelming thought, leaving her breathing heavily, emitting a thunderous groaning sound.

He stopped pumping her, and his knees started jerking, then went still. His feet drummed the bed, as he spurted his load into her. It felt deep and penetrating. She was sure he was shooting straight into her womb, impregnating her with his rich young sperm. He continued to cum, filling her up with his fertile semen.

With head back, hips pushed up, she yelled out another orgasm. This time it was an animal announcement that she was in season, and had been thoroughly rutted. Spent, she collapsed onto the bed, and his weight crushed her into it.

'Oh! Fuck! Master!' she moaned.

They lay panting and sweaty, stuck together, becoming one.

Alicia awoke to find him staring at her. She had only been asleep for a short while, and she was suddenly wide awake, feeling energetic, as though fully charged while sleeping. It was him, and his large penis that had energised her.

She felt so very happy it was bubbling over into a broad smile. A little tinkling laugh escaped her lips. Her lips revealed sparkling white teeth. Her eyes shone bright, with tears of happiness making everything seem blurred.

'You tore the clothes off me,' she giggled, and pushed a finger into her mouth. 'Like, I need some clothes, yea,' she lisped, giggled, then covered her mouth.

James continued to stare at her. His eyebrows creased, wondering why she had reverted to the little girly voice, with the lisp. She'd put a hand over her mouth, as though wanting to suppress the silly voice.

He pulled the sheet away from her, wanting to examine his sex toy. The woman was beautiful. Even her feet were small, cute, and perfectly formed. Her turned up lip looked as though it had been designed to be wrapped around his cock. He'd told her this once, meaning it as a compliment, and she hit him. He never mentioned it again, but it was true.

Her legs in high heels looked long and sensuous. When he asked her why she didn't wear high heels, she just shrugged, not knowing why. He made her wear them when she was with him.

Stockings and suspenders too. He hadn't thought they could be so sexy, until he saw her wearing them.

The first time she bent over, before putting on a dress, he found it difficult not to grab her and fuck her. They were going out and he was her bully, so he had to show restraint. It had been so damn difficult. It kept him interested all evening, just thinking about her bare thighs. Especially her cute bottom framed by stockings and a suspender belt.

Although she was a lot older than him, her breasts stood up well. They were full, needing the support of a bra, and they were perfect for kissing and mauling. He liked to come up behind her and surprise her, by wrapping his hands around them. In the cabin he couldn't keep his hands off her. Making her leave off panties, meant he could just bend her over and take her, whenever he wanted. It had been a great week, and despite her protests, she enjoyed it too.

'Penny for your thoughts,' she laughed. 'Like, I need to get dressed. I must go home, yea, and like, really, I can't go home like this. I'd be arrested, yea!' she giggled.

'There's clothes in the wardrobe, but you're not going home yet. I've not finished with you. You'll stay the night with me,' he casually announced.

Alicia was torn between doing what was right, and what she wanted. Years of doing the right thing should have won, but he was too powerful to resist. After having three orgasms, she felt weak and ineffectual, unable to resist him. It defeated her, knowing how open to his demands she was. It was obvious that whatever he decided, she would obey.

Over the last couple of weeks, she sometimes played at being his sex slave. Right now she was his, ready to do whatever he wanted. Having completely capitulated, she was prepared to serve his every whim. Not answering, not saying no, meant she was consenting to his demands.

'Like, really? I should go home, yea! It's crucial, you know?' she attempted to resist.

'I know, it's crucial you stay,' he forcefully stated.

His fingers continued to stroke her thighs, until she moaned. A finger ran up her slit to find her bud, but it hadn't come out to play yet. A little probing and she became wet, with her lips blossoming, revealing her clit. He pressed her button just as she needed it. A light stroke, a press, then a rub, and a heavy stroke. The attentive arousal was repeated, and she responded with little whimpers.

'Tell me you want to stay,' he ordered.

'Like yea! I really want to stay, like, let me stay, don't stop, yea!' she moaned.

'Tell me you want to be my sex toy,' he said, emphasising the words with a lick and a bite of a nipple.

'Oh! Yes! Like, I really want to be your sex toy! Really!' she whimpered. 'Please, master, let me cum, like its crucial yea, let me cum, please, master! Like, I really want to be your sex toy, master!' she choked out the words.

Alicia felt completely smitten with him. She had gone beyond being his slave girl, ending up being in love with him. It wasn't just the sex, it was the way he humiliated her and controlled her. He didn't make her feel small and pathetic like her husband did, he made her feel wonderful, and deliriously happy.

Without him demanding anything, she spread herself over the bed, offering her naked body to him. Her head shook from side to side, from experiencing such powerful emotions.

'Fuck me, master! Please, master, fuck your slave girl, let me cum, please, master,' she begged.

'Do you promise to be a good bimbo for me,' he whispered in her ear.

'Like, yea, honest, sincerely, like, you now, I'll be your little dumb bitch, an obedient bimbo, like, yea, just for you, master,' Alicia promised.

She used a weak girly voice, laden with sincerity. Ready to promise anything, whatever he wanted, just so long as he would let her orgasm. Her body wriggled around with sexual tension, from receiving so much stimulation, she just couldn't keep still. He was biting, scratching, kissing, sucking, licking, pinching, and stroking her body.

She kept pulling at him, needing him to be on top, doing it to her, filling her up with cock. Becoming more desperate, she grabbed his cock with a tight grip. Freeing himself he pinned her down upon the bed with his weight.

Too late, she realised he was pulling a cord around a wrist, then the other. He moved his weight over her legs, holding them still while doing the same to her ankles. She was spread out on the bed, in a very un-lady like position. Alicia was a mother, a married woman, with a good reputation. If anyone could see her now, all the adult status she had built over the years, would be blown away.

'Please master, like, there's no need to shackle me, I'll be a good girl, honest and sincerely. You know, I'm your dumb bimbo, and will obey you, like, yea, honest, master,' Alicia promised, in an even more pathetic sounding voice.

Despite the protests he was determined to tie her to the bed. He had an idea for torture through pleasure.

'I'm going to pleasure you all weekend,' he declared.

For a moment the clouds parted in her mind for a dose of reality to shine through. If he kept her bound like this, teasing her through the weekend, her mind would turn to mush. How many orgasms would he force upon her? How many could she stand before her brain melted?

'I've got to go home. We agreed on just two hours at a time, I can't stay!' she protested.

When he licked between her lips down there, the light went out again. Her thoughts were in a state of chaos, dominated by the pleasure centres in her brain. Bombarded by wonderful sensations, it was all she could do to remain sane.

'Please, master, please!' she whimpered.

He shoved a pillow under her hips, and it gave her hope. Instead he slapped her face a couple of times, and pinched her thighs. A skewed reasoning came to her. If she did as she was told, she could have a wonderful orgasm. Everything centred around reaching an orgasm, and so she tried to concentrate on what he was saying.

He put the phone to her ear, and she heard the phone ringing.

'Tell him you are staying with a friend for the weekend. Make sure you say the right thing, or you

won't have an orgasm, not one during the weekend,' he told her.

'What friend? Margaret will do. Oh! Harold, hello, I had a phone call from Margaret. You know, Margaret, she went to that party. Last month, we don't go to many, you must remember her. Can I stay with her, she needs a shoulder to cry on. Because her husband left her. Oh! Well I really need an org, oh, err, she needs someone, and she called me first. I know it's inconvenient, I'm sorry. Oh! Mmm. Yes, I'm alright, oooo, just cramp, urrghhh!' Alicia yelled, as a finger entered her vagina, and another skewered her asshole.

Damn! He was working her hard, making it more difficult to concentrate on what her husband was saying. Harold was berating her for not letting him know beforehand, so now he would have to order pizza. He was saying it was too sudden to leave him for the weekend. Who was going to look after him?

'Sorry, I've got to cum, err, go. Oh! Oh!' Alicia yelled, and breathed heavily when a thumb pressed her clit.

About to cum, she had to stop talking to her husband, as the boy always made her yell through an orgasm. Harold didn't take much notice of her, but surely he would guess what was happening if that certain yell broke free.

At least after the phone call she was reasonably with it, and able to think more clearly. His fingers had withdrawn and were idly teasing her. Damn! She had nearly cum while on the phone to her husband! James had snatched her back from the edge of an orgasm just in time. After all that build up, it would have been a deep and long drawn out climax. Something memorable to take home with her, and fantasise in the bath.

His hands again closed in to torture her. 'Oh! Yes! Don't stop!' she mewed.

'Have you ever been edged, girl?' James casually asked.

'I, err, like, I, I'm not sure, master,' she honestly answered.

Whatever it was, she figured it would be dirty and nasty. Of course, for her, not for him.

'That's what we will do tonight,' he quietly said, with that certain devious smile.

Again Alicia nearly had an orgasm, only he held back with his fingers, and pinched her thighs. When he fucked her it was the wrong rhythm, too slow. As she neared an orgasm, he pulled out! He laid beside her making her suck on his cock for ages. When he spurted over her face she was humiliated, and it heated up once more. It was terrible knowing she was going to be left in this state. She was on edge! He was edging her, and it hurt.

For the whole night the bastard kept her on the edge of an orgasm. It didn't sound too bad, until experiencing it for such a long time. At first it had been exhilarating, being kept close to the edge of an orgasm. Experiencing the anticipation, was wonderful. When this went on hour after hour, she felt drained, worn out, and exhausted.

Now she knew what it meant for real, it had become a torture. The sun was up, and she had been dozing, having hardly slept at all. As soon as she began to drop off to sleep he would wake her and start over again.

Her bully had tied her to the bed again, so she was ready to be teased. There was no one she could complain to, or blame. Once again it was her own stupidity that got her into this.

'No! Please, master, please let me cum, please fuck me! Fuck me hard, master,' Alicia trembled with weariness.

'I have a present for you. Lay still, while I fit it,' he told her.

'No! Please! Don't do that. I need to be filled, only you can fill me up. You have such a big cock, and you know what I need!' Alicia cried out, complimenting him, hoping it would work.

It was no good, he couldn't be dissuaded. He lifted her hips and pulled a strap around her waist, and another around her crotch. The chastity belt was fitted, and tightened, then locked in place. The rubber fitted snug around her crotch, and the metal clamped it in place. The locks made sure it couldn't be removed.

'Oh! Please! No! You can't leave me like this! Please, master! I'll do anything you want, anything!' she begged.

He undid her wrists and ankles and helped her sit on the edge of the bed.

'You can go home now. Best have a shower when you get home, you stink of sex,' he said.

'Please, master. Let me cum,' she whispered. 'I can't go home like this, please!'

Alicia scabbled at the chastity belt, trying to remove it, then gave that up to push a finger under it. It was no good she couldn't reach her sex. Sent home like this would be dreadful! After having so many orgasms induced by him over the past weeks, she was now being denied. Unable to reach her sex to scratch the itch of arousal, meant she would have to wait for him to summon her.

No relief until he called her, would be so very frustrating. Her husband wouldn't be able to have her. This boy had taken charge of her vagina, locking it up, to keep for himself!

He'd done this before, but then she hadn't been used to having so much sex. Whenever he summoned her, she received multiple orgasms from magnificent sessions of hard sex. Time and time again she would be sent home sated, exhausted from being so powerfully used.

An eighteen-year-old boy had the stamina, also, he had the equipment, and he knew how to use it! His imagination was extensive from searching the internet, and he used her to experiment upon. This was one experiment she didn't like.

At home she would become irrational, thinking of him, obsessing over him, fantasising over his cock, needing release. She imagined herself hovering by the telephone, waiting desperately for his summons. If he ordered her to drive to his home naked, she would. Already dressing like a whore for him, being naked would be just another step toward her total corruption.

What could she say to make him keep her here. She already obeyed his every command, so what more could she promise him.

'Please, master. I promise to be an obedient sex slave. Whatever you want I'll do. I'll be your dumb bimbo if you like. You can train me to be anything you want,' she said, with a pathetic girly voice.

A mature married woman begging a mere boy was horrendous. It was wrong, yet vital. Promising him to perform lewd and crude acts was immoral. This was just another step down in the spiral to her downfall. He'd pushed her down, step by step, until now she was totally submissive to

whatever he wanted.

'I want you to stay here, permanently. I want you to move in with me,' he quietly said.

'Yes, master, whatever you say, master. Thank you master,' she said, with the words tumbling from her mouth.

The word permanent started to sink in. Moving in with him, that couldn't be meant, surely not! Had she agreed to that? She'd promised anything he wanted, but how could she move in here? She was a married woman, with a son. She had responsibilities. They had been bulldozed aside recently by this bully, but sometime everything must return to normal. Surely it must!

He was her bully nothing more. Well, maybe more than that, as they had shared a lot, and not just sex. She had told him personal intimate things in pillow talk, when vulnerable after sex. They had been out together to clubs, and a noisy rave. That time in the restaurant came to mind. He had rescued her from strange men more than once.

That he was her bully and blackmailer was pushed aside. He'd put her into bad situations by dressing her as a whore, but that wasn't considered. She needed him so badly right then and there, she would agree to anything.

He'd been talking to her while edging her. He'd put ideas into her head while she was so very vulnerable and receptive. He'd told her how much she needed him, and needed to be close to him. Over and over he'd told her while she was beseeching him for release. Not freedom from her bonds, but release from the sexual tension. The tension built all night, tightening her nerves and the need, until this morning it broke her.

'Yes, master! Oh! Yes! Keep me here as your sex slave. Enslave me, master. I am a slave to your cock, master. I'm a cock slut, master, so use me! Keep me here to worship your cock, master,' Alicia gushed.

James pushed her back on the bed, and she opened her legs wide. The click of the lock, and feeling the wicked torture instrument released was heavenly. Her master slipped it from her, and threw it on the floor.

'You're all mine now, you promised,' he said, from on top of her.

'Yes, master, whatever you say,' she whispered, while pushing up with her hips.

'You'll stay here. You'll move in, right?' he demanded.

'Yes, master, I'll move in with you, master. Please, do it, fuck me!' she begged.

'Promise me you are here to stay, and won't leave me. No going back,' he said.

'I promise not to leave, I'm here to stay. Enter me! Let me cum, please!' she cried out.

James plunged into her, and pounded her pussy hard, just as she needed it. After being so frustrated for so long, she cum immediately. He continued thrusting in with strong muscular legs, deep and hard, and the orgasm didn't stop, it continued to shake her. One orgasm rolled into another, and she could no longer match his thrusts with her own.

Alicia lay almost inert, letting him pound her body. She pant in time with his deep thrusts, and gasped on the outward pull. One last deep penetration was a shove, as he needed to be in all the

way. Knowing what was to happen, her vagina clamped down upon him, holding on tight.

His whole body jerked, as he spurted a load of semen deep into her body. He too had been stimulated the entire night, and so he had a gallon of semen to fill her up. The feel of his cum filling her up triggered another orgasm. Again she felt a wave of love splash through her mind. He continued to spurt load after load of his white gold into her, and she yelled out her orgasm.

Alicia felt awash with sperm, as though he were impregnating her womb again and again. Wave upon wave of pure emotion washed away doubts. He was her master, and would look after her. He owned her, and would give her all she needed. She would be a dutiful slave girl, to earn her place at his feet.

He rolled off her body, pulling her with him. His cock was receding from her, but it was still inside, enough to retain all the love she had felt while having a wonderful orgasm. He held her tight in his arms, pinning her arms to her sides. She was helpless unable to move, as though bound. Bound to her master.

Their heavy breathing took awhile to subside.

Not wanting to, she couldn't help whispering, 'I love you, James. I love you so much it hurts.'

It was foolish declaring her love to a boy. All he wanted her for was sex. She was too old to be loved by a bully. What would happen when she lost her looks, or became ill? Age did terrible things to people. Of course he wouldn't be thinking of that, he had no idea what it meant, he was too young, too young for her.

'I love you, Alicia. I want you here all the time. There's no going back now, you are all mine,' he declared.

Not sure why, she began to sob. He kissed away her tears, and they became tears of joy. She had never ever been so happy. Compared to this ecstatic feeling, it had been flat and disappointing when her husband proposed to her all those years ago.

Could they make it work? If it lasted for just a couple of years, just a year, it would be worth it. Such intense living would wear her out, but it would be fun and exciting. She looked into his eyes to ensure he was sincere. He was!

He pulled her up his body, to face him. He looked into her eyes with such intensity she couldn't look away. He gently kissed her lips, and the rest of her face. A big smile broke out across her features and couldn't be wiped away. She was in heaven, receiving the love she craved. The love making was wonderful, even when it was just hard sex.

Alicia lay there in his arms thinking of nothing but his kisses. It was an impossible dream, but for the weekend, she could pretend.

Bully Ch. 11

Taken away from her husband

They overslept, catching up on the sleep missed last night. James had dominated her with all his strength and willpower, which overpowered her reticence. Alicia let go her inhibitions and experience several delicious orgasms. For a change they made love to each other, instead of her laying back and letting him use her body.

Alicia wondered if the boy would still say he loved her this morning. He had what he wanted, so

she could probably go home now. Her own declaration of love had been a foolish promise inspired by sexual need, and exhaustion. Of course it was silly, all of it, everything here was wrong.

He was only eighteen, a mere boy, so she didn't expect he really loved her, rather, he was just infatuated with an older woman. Of course he liked the idea of controlling an adult, and having sex with her whenever he wanted. Being twice his age meant it couldn't go on like this. He'd trapped, bullied, and blackmailed her into being here, and somehow she had to stop it before disaster struck.

His eyes flickered open, and he reached out for her. The attention was nice, even though it was inappropriate. She was a married woman, with a son his age, yet he expected her to be there for him, pandering to his whims.

'Do you still want me to stay, err, to move in?' she asked, and it took a lot of courage to tempt fate.

'I do, and you promised, so there's no getting around it, or backing out,' he firmly told her.

Damn! She was hoping he'd forgotten all about that stupid idea.

'I'm not sure it's a good idea. I was tired and, you know. We played all night, and I was willing to agree to anything,' she slowly spoke.

'I'm not letting you go. If I have to tie you down, and spoon feed you, I'll do it. I need you, and want to keep you close. The photos and films I had, they're gone, destroyed,' he stated, emphasising the words with a hand pointing at his film and game collection.

'But you're a boy, yes, man enough for me. Leave me alone for a minute, I need to tell you something. I mean, I'm old, and you'll outgrow me, you know what I mean. I'll grow old and wrinkly,' she stated, trying to override his fantasy with some reality. 'You won't want me, you'll abandon me, and where will I go then?'

'I know all that. I've thought it through, and I'll take a chance if you will,' he said, with such a sincere expression, she had to believe it.

'I'd love to stay here with you, but I have a family, and responsibilities. This is, well, just a madness, exiting exhilarating madness, but it must stop. You'll get tired of me being here, and I'll have nowhere to go. You'll just get rid of me, put me in an old people's home,' she nervously laughed.

'Maybe I will. Right now I'm prepared to change your nappies, or whatever they're called. I'll bathe you and pamper you, I promise to look after you. I'll push your wheel chair, how's that?' he challenged.

Alicia laughed, and it wasn't from the tickling and teasing. It was nice of him to say these things, but how could a young guy promise his future away.

'What about my husband and son?' she asked.

'I'll not change their diapers! Your son has gone away to college, and your husband just uses you,' he pointed out.

'Not like you he doesn't! Alright, stop! We need to talk this through,' she complained.

'So you haven't ditched the idea entirely. Try it for a few days, and see what happens,' he said. Seeing her waver he added, 'My father's away for three months. We'll have a trial togetherness, then see how it goes,' he firmly stated.

'Alright,' she quietly agreed, regretting the word as it left her lips.

'Yes!' he shouted, and grabbed her, pulling her over the bed, to kiss, and squeeze her tight.

The boy was so damn persuasive she caved in to his demands. Even when he spoke quietly and reasonably, she found herself complying with what he wanted. It was partly his strong physical presence, as well as having been subject to his bullying for several weeks.

He'd practically trained her to obey! Knowing the boy had brainwashed her didn't help assuage the guilt. As a responsible adult, she shouldn't have allowed herself to be subject to a boy's whims. It was like a drug, he had her addicted to him. When not with him she needed a fix, and was anxiously waiting for his next summons.

Her breath was knocked out of her as the big strong boy manhandled her. He was holding her so tight, she could hardly breathe. The conditions and rules couldn't be explained while he smooched her, then began to deeply pet her.

His hands were everywhere! He didn't have to tie her down to have her helpless on his bed. He could pin her down like a delicate butterfly, with just one hand, while molesting her with the other. Yes, he could molest her, as long as he liked! She tried to cross her legs as protection, but he wedged them apart with a muscular leg.

He took advantage of her nakedness in such a delightful way!

As usual she responded to his wonderful enthusiasm and energy. He was also skilled at finding her most sensitive places. It felt different every time they had sex. No! They were making love now!

Oh! Hell! What had she got herself into? An orgasm soon hit, and hit hard. She gave into it, letting it overwhelm her. The emotional upheaval of last night and this morning was mind mending. Was that what he had done to her? Had he brainwashed her into believing she needed to stay with him, to move in, and be his sex slave? All through the weekend he'd kept her awake to soften her up, and told her what to do, making her obey orders.

'Am I to be your permanent, live-in, err, well. You know, kind of a sex slave?' she asked him.

'You are, and you must call me master. You know that, so a punishment is due,' he solemnly spoke.

He playfully spanked her, not reddening her bottom much. Her cheeks merely tingled but she had to play her part, so tried to escape.

'Oww! Stop it, please, don't hurt me, master,' she squealed.

'Ouch! No more, I give in, I'm, your, err, sex slave, master, promise!'

'Ouch! Sorry, master, your sex slave submits and won't forget again, master,' she playfully relented.

He kissed and cuddled her, not prepared to let her go yet.

'I need to get dressed and fetch my things,' she said, sounding as though she was asking for permission.

She did the same at home with her husband, just to keep him happy. Though, she didn't have the fun of playing at being a sex slave at home. It had shocked her at first, to learn that humiliation turned her on. The feelings had become so overwhelming, she gave into him completely when he humiliated her. Knowing this, she still agreed to stay.

'I'll buy you everything you need. We'll go and arrange for a credit card for you. Is there anything personal from home you need?' he asked.

Of course it couldn't really happen, it was just a fantasy. When it came down to it, he would relent and let her go home. Still, she did think about what she needed to bring here, if she moved in. There weren't many personal possessions, which was especially sad after eighteen years of marriage.

On the drive to her house, James followed in his car. Alicia was nervous as hell. Her husband was home, and that meant a showdown. At last he would find out what she had been up to. Could she tell him everything, or just hint at what had happened. The boy told her he'd destroyed the evidence, but she figured he was lying, and was just being kind at that moment when they felt so close.

James was shown into the lounge where he waited, looking agitated. Alicia went to her bedroom, looking for something to take with her. Anything personal would do, just to make it look as though she was abiding by his orders. She had agreed to move in with the boy, but how could he expect her to do such a thing.

It was under pressure and from intimidation that she made the promise, so it didn't count. From his den her husband followed her into the bedroom. She couldn't look at him, and continued to pack an overnight bag. She put something useless in the bag and took it out again.

'What's he doing here?' Harold quietly asked.

The expression on his face was a picture of annoyance.

'He's driving me back to his house. I'm going to stay with him for a couple of days, maybe longer,' she said, wanting to provoke her husband into doing something.

Knowing he'd given into the boy's father, agreeing to make sure she visited the boy, made her angry. These men hadn't consulted her, they had agreed between them that she would visit a damn bully! The father knew what she was doing there, and that his son was bullying her into having sex. Her husband thought she was giving the boy therapy. Or did he?

Knowing him well, she realised he would have to be provoked into making a scene. That was the only way he would face up to a confrontation, and she needed him to confront her bully. Here in her home, she was almost free of the boy's influence. It was disconcerting to find he had some influence over her, even in her home.

In the past, the boy came around to the house with her son, behaving himself like a normal schoolboy. Now he was dominating her, treating her like his personal sex slave. It was madness,

and the bullying mustn't continue, so she needed her husband to put a stop to it.

'You've been away at a friend's the whole weekend. Now this!' Harold angrily spoke.

'I should have seen the boy at the weekend, so I'm going to make it up to him,' she lied.

'I'm not so sure you should go. I know, I know, I agreed with his father. We agreed you should see to the boy as he is making good progress in school. What are you doing over there? Talking seems so lame. How can that help? He should just get on with it. Life is full of problems, and we all have to cope,' Harold said.

'You tell him, I can't. I promised him I'd be there for him,' she said, and shrugged.

He watched her pack some clothes, and only noticed what she was wearing, when she bent over the bag. His wife wore a pair of red high heels, a short red skirt, with a crop top. He looked her up and down again, with an expression of distaste turning to lust. He cut off the lust, to return to scorn.

'What's this? Where did you get those clothes? They're ridiculous. You're too old to wear that,' he told her.

'My friend gave them to me. My clothes are in the washer,' she lied, though it was somewhat true. 'This was the only thing that fit,' she quickly added.

An overnight bag was packed, so she couldn't prevaricate any longer. Something had to be done, or he would let her leave. Surely the clothes were enough for him to stop her leaving!

'Wait a minute, you can't go to that boy's house wearing those clothes!' he angrily said.

'Oh! I guess not. Well, like, he's already seen me in them, so I guess it's okay. I'll change when I get there,' she sighed, sounding resigned to the inevitable.

They stood in the bedroom, waiting for the other to say something. The tension was a barrier between them, and seemed to have rooted them to the spot. The longer the silence lasted, his anger would subside, and they would both lose the battle, even before it started.

'It's you who want me to go,' she said.

'No I don't! I guess it seems that way. I agreed with his father you should visit the boy. You're doing something for him, apparently,' Harold said.

Was he going to stop her? A confrontation would be hard to take, but it would be worth it to put a stop to this madness. She had to provoke him into it, otherwise he wouldn't do anything. He was quick to anger with her, demanding she do as she was told, but he wouldn't confront others.

'Say hello to him, and you'll see what I mean,' she said, not really explaining anything.

Alicia was torn between wanting her husband to stop the madness, and seeing him defeated by a boy. It would be humiliating for him, and she was angry enough to want to see it in his face.

'Harold this is, James. James, Harold,' Alicia introduced them.

'I'm going with him,' Alicia said. 'Just for a little while. You can cope here while I'm away,' she added.

Her husband didn't like that idea, even if it was for just a couple of days, or so. When James grinned at her, and murmured something, it got to Harold.

'No! She can't go. She's been away the whole weekend, and the house needs cleaning. There's plenty to do around here, washing and cooking, that sort of thing. She can't go, she has chores to take care of,' Harold firmly said.

They were standing in the lounge, with Alicia forming a triangle, equal distance from husband and young lover. She looked from one to the other. The boy didn't look as though he would confront her husband, as even he could understand a long time relationship between adults was meaningful. More meaningful than their crazy tryst.

James took a step toward her, and said, 'She promised!'

Even Harold could see something was going on, something he didn't understand.

They were both looking for her to say something, but how could she. This was her last chance for freedom. Opening her mouth might condemn her to servitude, or freedom, and she didn't know which would be chosen. She didn't know which one of them was a choice for freedom.

Looking at her husband, it struck her that it would be a boring life at home, or a short exciting one with the boy.

'That's life! We make promises that can't be kept. We mean well, but circumstances change,' Harold said, and shrugged his shoulders.

Alicia couldn't help comparing the boy, and her husband's build. James was muscular, and strong, yet he was confronting a man, an adult. It looked as though she was being released from the blackmail, without the pain of revelation. She had got away with it, especially if he really had destroyed the evidence.

Just as she was about to take a stand next to her husband, James said something.

'This promise can't be broken,' James asserted, sounding unsure of himself.

'What's the point? All you do is talk, and what's the good of that?' Harold asked, in a patronising tone of voice, not expecting an answer. 'Men don't talk about problems, they find a solution, or just get on with it.'

'We don't just talk. She's coming with me,' James hesitantly stated.

'What can you do about your, well, what happened, it happened. I'm sorry, but that is it. You need to man up and move on,' Harold firmly and insensitively spoke.

'Alicia helps me, in lots of ways. She's learnt from me too. I've taught her to be adaptable, and accept what I say. I've trained her to be a sexy woman,' he asserted.

Alicia had been looking at her husband when James took a stride to stand close. His strong tone of voice, and his hand gripping her arm, shook her. This was her home, and this boy was declaring he'd trained her for sex! It couldn't be happening in her own home! What did the boy think he was doing?

Harold must do something to save her after that revelation!

'What do you mean? You can't use that sort of language in my home!' Harold said, trying hard to ignore the meaning of the words.

'I'm taking her with me. Tell him what you are, Alicia. Tell him what I've trained you to be,' James ordered.

Harold looked astounded. The words trained and sex, didn't make sense. The word sex had been rejected. The boy was being childish and profane. When they didn't get their own way, his type reverted to bad language.

'She's my wife and isn't going anywhere,' Harold said, sounding outraged.

'Tell him,' James demanded.

The boy's hand gripped her shoulder. If she closed her eyes, they could be in his bedroom, playing a game. Instead they were here in her lounge, in what should have been a safe place.

'He's my, err, my, like, err, master,' Alicia quietly said.

The words came out of her mouth as though said by someone else. After being heavily influenced for all those weeks, she'd been programmed to respond. It just had to be said, she couldn't help it. It wasn't just to provoke Harold into doing something. When the boy was gone, they wouldn't talk for some time, maybe weeks, and never about what went on over there.

'What?' Harold asked, though it was more of a comment. 'What do you mean? Is this some therapy technique?' he said, in an overly loud voice.

'She's my sex slave. Alicia, tell him,' James demanded.

'I'm his sex slave. He uses me in bed, like a sex slave. I'm his obedient sex slave, doing whatever he wants. It might be therapy, only coincidentally. It's just sex. I go there whenever he summons me, to be used like a dirty slut,' Alicia flatly spoke.

It had been said. She didn't want to say all that, any of it, but something forced the words from her. It was a confession, an attempt to expunge her sins. Harold just stood there, shocked into silence. He was a man of habit, and order, with something new taking time to sink in.

His homely domesticated wife was a slut? This was totally new, and impossible to take in. The boy was lying, of course he was. This must be some kind of therapy technique she was using to reach him. It wasn't very nice, not one bit. What was he supposed to do? Was the boy dangerous?

'You're too old, and he's too young,' Harold said.

James picked up her bag, and pulled on her arm, guiding her out of the lounge. He was strong, and she was weak. Her knees threatened to give in. They felt like bendy rubber, threatening to go either way, like her mind. Surely her husband wouldn't let her go, not now, not after what she had revealed!

'Come back here!' Harold said, at last moving, if not fully thinking yet.

He followed them to the door. James put a hand to the man's chest, stopping him in the doorway.

'She's mine. My obedient sex slave, just like she said,' James told him.

'She's my wife! You can't just come in here and take her away, to, err, to, do. . .' Harold couldn't continue, his mind kept closing down.

'I'm taking her, get used to it. As you said, that's life, it sucks,' James said, holding Alicia and Harold in place. 'Life sucks, and so does your wife. I've taught her to suck like a vacuum, and lots of other things too,' he said.

'You're just being rude, boy! Alicia come back here!' Harold protested.

Alicia knew her husband had been defeated, and she didn't have the strength to fight her bully. Obviously not physically, but mentally she was drained by the confession. So drained, she had nothing left to fight the bully. It looked as though her promise was being enforced.

'She's my wife, she belongs to me,' Harold said, sounding plaintive.

'I told you, she's my sex slave, that means she belongs to me. Isn't that right slave?' James asked the man's wife, and squeezed her arm.

'Yes, master, I belong to you now,' she quietly spoke, in a matter of fact voice.

It was all the more effective for being said quietly and in an ordinary way. She sounded as though it were normal, and an everyday activity. Taken away from her husband, by a boy, to be his sex slave, was happening!

Harold gaped, with mouth flapping like a landed fish. In these circumstances he was a fish out of water. Unable to fathom what to do, how to react. He was caught between needing to make a scene, and keep it quiet. He was losing his wife to a mere boy. That brute was taking his wife away from him. Something should be done, but what?

He couldn't get past the boy to grab a hold of his wife, otherwise he would physically stop her. She seemed mesmerised, in a dream state, and wasn't taking any notice of him.

He grabbed the boy's shoulder, and shouted, 'She's not a slave, she's my wife!'

James shrugged him off, and pushed Alicia out the door. Harold stood in the doorway watching them leave. He was unable to understand that this could happen, and was happening. Nothing in his life had prepared him for this outrage. A tornado he could prepare for and go through a well documented procedure.

He couldn't shout and yell, not outside where the neighbours would see and hear them. What would people think of him, losing his wife to a boy. The thought of going over to that house with his father baring the way, was infuriating.

'Damn well go! I'll not take you back, bitch!' he quietly spoke.

They turned the corner at the end of the street, and he wondered if he would ever see her again.

Alicia didn't feel sorry for her husband. He'd treated her like a servant in her own home. It had started in a small way from the moment they moved in. Over the years it progressively got worse, but she hadn't noticed. She was just a housewife, getting on with domestic chores. After awhile excitement hadn't been expected in any aspect of her life.

Walking into James' bedroom, she stopped just inside the doorway.

'This is it then. You're mine,' James stated.

He patted the bed beside him, and she tamely walked over and sat down. He wrapped an arm around her, and kissed her neck. He was allowed to do that, and anything else he wanted, as she was nothing but his slave girl.

'What do you want to do?' he asked.

'I'm your obedient slave girl, and will do whatever you want, master,' Alicia said.

'Then get on your knees, slave!' he harshly spoke.

Alicia was in a daze. Going home with him was meant to introduce a badly needed shot of reality into both of them. Meeting her husband had been meant to put the boy off his plans. Instead, she found herself back here. It was all too sudden to take in.

She wasn't quick enough, so he pushed her down onto the carpet, then began to pull her clothes off. Sometimes they ripped, as he didn't give her time to help. He jostled her around, using brute strength to strip her naked.

She was prostrate at his feet, breathing heavily. He knew it wasn't just from being tossed around. The woman was excited, and ready.

'On the bed, slave!' he demanded.

It was pleasing seeing her hastily clamber onto his bed.

'Assume the position,' he heavily spoke.

Less eagerly, she spread her legs. Since being with him, she'd been able to push them out almost sideways. As ordered, her pussy was cleanly shaved, so it was doubly embarrassing showing everything off to him. He leant over her sex, and kissed it. He gently probed with his tongue, and the thought came to mind that her husband would never do this.

Not having to do anything, left her time to contemplate her fate.

He got up from the bed, leaving her aroused. She watched him undress, and trembled with anticipation. From now on she would have to pleasure her master, and keep him pleased. If not, he might abandon her, and where would she go then? She couldn't go crawling back to her husband!

'Master!' she whispered.

'You love playing these games!' he laughed. 'Come on, girl, arms and legs stretched out! Remember your position, slave girl,' he heavily spoke.

He was right, she loved it! It no longer mattered if she wanted him or not. He was her master, and it was inevitable for a slave to fall in love with her master. She was here for good, or bad. It looked like being all good!

Oh! God! How in hell did this happen? The first visit here was meant to make the boy stop bullying her son. He did leave her son alone, only after cleverly bullying her into his bed. Over the

weeks he'd tamed her, trained her, and made her his sex slave. Did she need the humiliation before meeting him, but not know it, or had he programmed her to become excited?

Alicia wasn't allowed to move. She had to be stretched out across the bed while he teased her. His tongue and finger tips were gently caressing her body. His tongue licked an armpit, while finger tips tickled the other.

'Please, master!' she whimpered.

He stopped tormenting her with delicious sensations stunning her, and lay next to her.

He spread out as she had, and said, 'It's my turn now.'

Alicia giggled while enthusiastically caressing his body.

'My master's body is wonderful. Hard muscles and strength, the strength to fuck his slave hard,' she cooed.

'Shut up, slave girl, and get on with it,' he demanded.

Alicia was a mature married woman, a responsible adult, but she obeyed the boy. He was a demanding bully and she was now nothing more than his slave girl. He'd trained her to be his sex slave, and she loved the idea of it. Giving her master pleasure was all she was here for, and she would do her best to please.

Alicia woke up wondering where she was. Then it hit her like one of her bullies slaps to the face. It wasn't where she was that mattered. As usual she was here to be used by an eighteen-year-old boy. This was now accepted and could be coped with. What shook her was that she had moved in. That meant a permanent arrangement!

It began to close in on her. What she had done, or allowed to happen, was stupid. She was a stupid bitch! She was a real airhead, a blond bimbo, to have submitted to this. There was no going back now!

The intention had been to quietly slip away from home, and stay here for a couple of days to keep her bully happy. Shoving her sordid behaviour in her husband's face meant he couldn't look the other way, and ignore what she had done. Even he had to stand up and protect his ego. He couldn't take her back now, not after they had flaunted their sexy games in front of him.

The look on his face came to mind and she felt a rush of sweet vengeance. James was right, Harold had treated her badly for all those years but she hadn't seen it. James was treating her badly, but she was enjoying it. Damn! She was enjoying being humiliated in that certain way he had. Fuck! He was so good at playing with her body, and her mind.

The consequences were still frightening! Leaving her husband was only a part of it. It was an important part, but was it the worst decision of her life? It meant cutting off her friends, the social network, all that she had worked for over the years.

Did she really have friends? Acquaintances, people to dine with, play golf with, but were they friends?

Her whole life had changed. Before moving in with her bully she had kept up the pretence of a

happy marriage, like any other neighbour did. In fact, she thought she was happy, until meeting James.

Meeting James? It wasn't a meeting of equals, he'd seduced her, taken her, and made her his plaything. That's what she was here, and having broken with her previous life, this was it. This is all she had. This is all she was, a boy's plaything.

It was this, or remain a husband's drudge. She had golf, an unused tennis court and pool. All the ephemera of the sophisticated gated community, but it wasn't enough.

It wasn't just the sex that trapped her into this. It was being cared for, receiving more attention than she had ever experienced in her whole life. Being controlled in exactly the way she wanted, not how a husband wanted.

His arms tightened around her, even though he was asleep. He sighed over her neck, sending a thrill of sensations down her backbone. Had she given in to him? Maybe she had wanted to be taken away to a different, more exciting life. Her heart raced, her breathing rate increased, as she became aroused. He was big and strong, and would look after her.

Slipping out of bed so as not to wake him, she showered and dressed. A pair of flat shoes was found, as the high heels couldn't be worn around the house.

While listening for him to wake up, she prepared for breakfast. The house was clean, but men couldn't do a thorough job. When they brought in someone it wasn't there home, so they didn't have the same enthusiasm.

The kitchen had been given a thorough going over, by the time she heard James making man noises in the bathroom. How he could make so much noise, even when brushing his teeth, she had no idea. It made her smile, to be cooking breakfast for her lover.

'I wondered where you were. The smell of bacon was a clue,' he laughed.

'You need a good breakfast to keep up your strength,' she teased.

'Did you sleep well? What time did you get up then?' he asked, then looked around the kitchen. 'I can see the difference, everything is shining. Not a good thing with a hangover!' he laughed.

'Do you like your eggs like that?' she asked.

'Yes, I like everything when you cook it. It tastes almost as inviting as you,' he declared.

Alicia turned away, from blatantly blushing. He grabbed her around the waist, she pretended to resist, and wailed. He pulled her onto his lap, and kissed her. A gentle soft kiss to her lips. He kissed her eyes, her nose, her ears, and finally her neck. Soft gentle caresses, meant to arouse, and to say thank you.

'I'm glad you are here,' he whispered in an ear.

His breath tickled, and the caresses aroused.

Through heavy breaths, she told him, 'I'm glad to be here.'

'I want you to be with me forever,' he said, and kissed her lips, deeply taking her mouth.

'Stop it, I'll not get anything done at this rate,' she protested.

'You sure you want to do housework?' he asked.

'Yes. You and your father have done a good job, but it needs a woman's touch,' she said.

'I need a woman's touch, and you're the woman! Okay! Alright!' he said, when her little fits beat upon his chest.

'You need appropriate clothes for it. Come on,' he said, pushing her up off his lap.

He had a hand on her rump all the way to the spare bedroom. It had been his sister's room before the accident. Now it was her changing room. It felt as though he was changing her into what he wanted, every time she put on an outfit. Being wanted, being controlled in such a caring way was nice.

Alicia twirled the dress while looking in a mirror. The hem was too short, and the top too low cut, as usual. The outfit was especially dangerous when wearing split crotch panties. They were comfortable, expensive silk panties, but that didn't make her any less available.

He would bend her over when she least expected it, and help himself to her sex. Her pulse raced from the humiliation of him making use of her whenever he liked, and even the thought of it was exciting. Housework at home had never been so exciting.

Alicia straightened the frilly little apron, adjusted the maid's cap, and was ready to get on with the housework. She was now the picture of a man's fantasy French maid. She looked sexy from the white cap, down to the shiny high heels. He'd made her pin up her hair, and tuck it under the cap, with a strand falling down over an ear.

Since being with him, she hadn't had her hair cut, just trimmed. It was down over her neck, and would be grown down her back to please him. Having him pay so much attention to her was wonderful. At first she hadn't been used to every detail of her life being supervised, and decided upon. Now she was, and liked it. It was comforting and meeting some deep need.

It seemed usual that he'd dressed her to excite, and would take her while bending over in the lounge. Trying to reach behind the sofa with a duster, he quietly moved up to her, and entered her. She'd been wet since changing into the outfit, yet she still exclaimed in surprise.

It felt as though she was being taken by a stranger! Then he filled her deeply, and settled into the rhythm she craved. Damn! He was so good! It felt so wonderful, being taken by him. Right then she didn't need to be subjugated, she would freely do whatever he wanted. His hands were squeezing her breasts, in rhythm with his thrusts.

'Oh! James, I'm going to cum! Hold still, please!' she shouted.

He grunted, and thrust in as deep as he could reach. He held still for her, as well as him, while spurting semen into her. It seemed he was filling her up, pumping her body full of cum. It was a wonderful sensation, even though she couldn't feel much. His cock was twitching, and she imagined his cock spurting young potent cum into her vagina.

Alicia shrieked as though a second orgasm had overcome her. It was the realisation that she hadn't taken the pill over the weekend, and this was the fourth day of vulnerability.

'Oh! Shit!' she exclaimed through clenched teeth.

Not wanting to tell him, she kept quiet, except for a few groans when he pulled out. As soon as he let her, she would shower, and take that damn pill. Maybe a morning after pill was needed, just to be safe. If pregnant, there would be no way back to her husband, not that there was much chance now.

'May I change, in case someone calls?' Alicia humbly asked.

'So what? You are the maid this morning. It was your choice. This afternoon you can change, when we go out shopping,' he told her.

Wearing stockings held by suspenders meant her thighs were bare. She had to keep finding him to play a dirty game. In front of him she lifted the hem, and stroked her pussy with her fingers. Then she licked his cum from her fingers.

'Thank you for your cum, master,' she said, not sounding pleased at all.

'You sound petulant like a little girl. Will I have to put you over my knee and spank you?' he asked.

'No, master! Please, master, please don't spank me. I'll be a good slave girl, honest, master,' she quickly responded.

Again she was reminded that she had to keep him happy. If he threw her out where would she go? Suddenly she was pulled onto his lap, and squeezed.

'No more of that game, my love,' he warmly said, and kissed her.

'If you want to we can,' she said.

'No, you don't like it, and it is gross,' he admitted.

'We'll play only nice games in future. Games you like,' he said, while cuddling her and teasing her.

'Thank you, master,' she said, while snuggling up to him.

They went shopping, and as usual James was generous. She'd cautioned him over spending money, but it seemed he was wealthy from inheriting his mother's estate. He rightfully dictated what she was to wear, as after all, he was paying. It was nice to have him take an interest in her, as her husband never did. It was also a relief to find he bought her decent clothes, even if they were more flamboyant than she would usually wear.

The crop tops and micro-mini skirts were his sisters, so there were plenty of those to wear. It was a challenge at first, but it soon became easy to wear clothes that showed off her body. It was made possible by him saying how beautiful she was, and her body should be on display. The compliments gave her confidence, and anyway, his words were orders.

He was very patient while she chose a nice evening dress. The girl serving kept staring at them with a look of curiosity, wondering what the relationship was. James didn't notice until she pointed it out. He opened the curtain on her, to help with a zip, and kissed her intimately when she emerged.

'I'm not sure, master,' Alicia demurely said. 'May I try something else on, please,' she added.

'I like it, you always look wonderful in pale blue,' he clearly stated, and it was true. 'You look elegant, and the silk finish suits your complexion,' he added.

'Very well, master, as you wish,' Alicia shyly spoke, and almost curtsied.

'Turn around,' he said, and unzipped the dress.

Alicia went into the changing room, trying hard not to laugh at the girls reaction. She pushed the door open to find the girl standing there, looking furtive.

'I can get you another dress, if you would like,' she said, trying to be helpful.

'My master has spoken. He likes the dress so I must accept this one,' Alicia quietly spoke, and looked around to find James.

She'd already told him that was the dress she wanted, leaving them free to tease the girl.

'Can't you decide for yourself?' she asked.

'No, he is my master, and I must obey him,' Alicia said, and felt a great warmth for James overcome her.

It was time to move on, as she was becoming too emotional. The unexpected feeling of love and affection for James was real, and deep. It was true, what he decided for her, she would have to obey, there was no choice. He was looking after her, treating her with respect, and paying her lots of loving attention. She hung her head, not in shame, but not wanting to share the feelings that were sure to show on her face.

The girl looked at the woman with sympathy. What could she do for her? How could she help? The man came striding back to her, and put a hand under the woman's chin lifting her face to him. What was that expression? Could it be intense love? The young man kissed her lips tenderly. He put his arm around her and guided her out of the store.

Mabel no longer felt a sympathy for the woman. Admiration, and a longing to be in that man's arms, brought a warm smile to her face. Her feet moved from a pact with her emotions, following the sweet couple all the way to the door. A little wave of her hand couldn't be held back. No one saw it. Her heart was racing and she couldn't wipe the smile from her face.

Mable didn't understand what they were doing. The woman was older, yet letting a young man control her. He wasn't a toy boy, as he was in charge. Very much so, from what she had seen. Going on a break for a coffee, was badly needed. If a colleague offered her a cigarette she would have accepted it, but fortunately they didn't.

As promised a bank account was opened in Alicia's name, with a large amount of money transferred to it. Again she was examined by a clerk, who was trying to figure out who she was, and what she was to James. This time she thought it better not to play around.

Finally he took her to a hair salon, where she could relax, and not be judged. It seemed extravagant to have her nails and everything seen to, but the pampering was welcome. James even dictated how her hair was to look. It was blond with long extensions. She had to keep flicking it over a shoulder, in a way she'd seen other's do. By the way things were going, he was

forming her into the doll he wanted to play with.

Seeing herself in a mirror, she realised he'd changed her almost out of recognition since they had first met. The short skirt and crop top couldn't have been worn back then. Despite being a conservative housewife, the new image felt right, as she had become comfortable with it. With a make-over, from high heels to hair extensions, made up as a blond bombshell, her transformation was complete.

Long blond hair, flashy make-up, false eyelashes, nails, and other changes to her appearance, left her feeling different about herself. Showing off her tummy wouldn't have been possible, and especially not while wearing a jewel in her bellybutton.

She'd learned to walk in very high heels, which showed off long legs, under a short skirt. Care had to be taken, or her panties would be flashed, though the inevitability of it made it less embarrassing whenever it happened.

Alicia had been shaped into being a boy's toy, and because it was her master's desire, she willingly obeyed.

Now that she accepted the new image, it showed how she had changed inside. She didn't think of herself as a slut, she liked what she saw. The new Alicia was fashionable, light hearted, and fun. She giggled at the mirror image, enjoying the feeling of being ogled by men. She deserved it!

'Like, thank you so much, James. I love it!' Alicia cooed.

The mature woman sounded like a teenage bimbo, yet she didn't need to. Thinking of pleasing her boyfriend dominated her thoughts, and that meant being the girl he wanted.

James proudly guided his woman through the mall. They were hand in hand, happily making their way home. Alicia would reward her man with her body, giving her all to him, however he liked it. At last she realised he would do the same, as he had all along. He would tease and pleasure her, just as she liked it.

Bully Ch. 12

Ownership Tattoo

'You need a tattoo,' he told her.

The idea of a tattoo frightened Alicia. She didn't like pain, except the stinging of her bottom after a spanking.

'That's a bit permanent, and I'll regret it later,' she pointed out. 'Oh! Sorry, James,' she quickly added.

'You'll do as you are told, you know that. There is no consultation, no debate. I won't ask you what you want, I expect you to do it, understood?' he heavily warned her.

'Yes, master, sorry, master, it won't happen again, master,' she nervously spoke.

They were still shopping and she didn't want to make a scene. He was likely to pull her over his knee and spank her, right there in the mall. They would have to run for it, before someone intervened, or security turned up. He was still capable of humiliating her with a public spanking, or embarrass her in some other way, to keep her in line.

Recently she'd learnt to gladly carry out whatever he wanted, and in return he made her feel like a special, highly prized possession. At thirty-six she felt it was a privilege to have a young man's complete attention. The attention was overwhelming as he was very demanding in all things, as well as the bedroom.

'Are you going to behave, like a good girl?' he heavily asked.

'Yes, master, whatever you say, master,' Alicia said, feeling like a little girl before a father being chastised.

Since meeting him, Alicia looked different, and felt different. He shaped her, and she wondered what he wanted her to be next. Would he want her to be a dumb blond, or a sex slave? Maybe he just wanted a sex doll, to be taken out in slutty clothes, and used for sex at home.

Her life was now dominated by an eighteen-year-old boy, and she was getting used to it. Before she had become completely dependent upon him, the sensible thing would have been to get a job, and save for an apartment. It was a daunting prospect starting a new life on her own, and at least with James, she was looked after.

Her husband had neglected her, by treating her like a household drudge, rather than his partner in life. Whereas James made her the centre of attention. It was too late wondering if that other life could have been repaired, as she had burned that bridge, and could never go back home.

It had to be faced, she was dependent upon James, and he expected her to be a dutiful and obedient woman. Sometimes she was his sex slave, while at other times she was his dumb blond, to be shown off to other men.

'You need some t-shirts, and I was thinking of a t-shirt dress, what do you think?' he asked.

'That would be nice, thank you, James,' she smiled up at him.

A feeling of serenity and warm pleasure lit her face. He was big and tough, and had shown himself more than capable of protecting her from other men. There were times when she felt so very vulnerable, and he had been there to save her. Their arms were linked as they walked into another store.

Leaving the family home without anything at all, meant buying clothes and the small personal items a woman needs. James had paid for everything, and more. He paid personal attention to even the most intimate items, which she wasn't used to. Her husband had never given her enough money, and never paid her enough attention.

James not only paid her compliments, he was interested in everything about her. He paid for everything and protected her, so of course he was entitled to demand she must obey him. Alicia had come to love being his prized possession, and would do her best to please him.

Alicia flicked her long blond hair over a shoulder while looking in a mirror. This was the last store for the day, and after this they were going for a coffee. They had bought clothes, make-up, and seen to personal feminine needs. All the time her master had generously paid for everything. Though, while out shopping, she called him James instead of master.

Looking in a mirror outside the changing room, she had to say something.

'Sorry, James, I can't wear this, it's too short,' Alicia nervously spoke.

'Why? It's no shorter than the other clothes you wear. My sister's dresses are just as short, and you wear them,' he pointed out.

'It's not a dress, it's a long t-shirt, and I'm wearing a bra,' she tried explaining.

Taking a deep breath and sticking her breasts out, she pointed at the hem.

'Oh! I get it. Your tits are so big, they hold up the hem,' he laughed.

'Yes, that's it,' she reluctantly agreed, feeling embarrassed.

'I can't wear this, James. The panties don't cover my bottom. At the front they show off my pussy, sorry, I mean my cunt. I might as well not wear any,' Alicia complained.

As the words left her lips she realised the mistake. He glared at her, and she knew what was to come.

'Get them off! You don't need them, the t-shirt is enough,' he heavily told her.

Trembling from dread, she peeled the panties down her legs. The leggings she had selected weren't going to be worn either. The packet lay unopened on a chair in the changing room.

'Please, James, I need to wear something under this t-shirt. It will ride up and show everything. Pretty please, master!' she whined, with a little girly voice.

Alicia pouted, and wiggled her hips, and was pleased to see him considering her request.

'I'll be good little girl for my master, when we get home. I'll try so very hard to pleasure, my master. I'll do all the things he likes, and use all the sexual skills you taught me, master,' she said, with a giggly girly voice.

A broad grin lit his face, and she reached up to kiss his lips.

'For the rest of the day, you'll be my little blond bimbo,' he whispered.

She couldn't complain about that as she'd talked her way into it. Besides, she'd grown to like men staring at her with lust in their eyes. He ran a finger up her spine, and kissed her lips. Their tongues met for a short duel.

Alicia waited by the changing room while he looked around for underwear. This was something new to her, as her husband wouldn't even enter a ladies dress shop. Pulling at the hem was no good, as it wouldn't stretch to cover her upper thighs.

'Here, put these on,' he said, handing over a new underwear set.

The price was extortionate! The same thing could be purchased from a cheap store, though the set would be scratchy nylon instead of silk. He leaned into the changing room to watch her pull the stockings up her legs, and attach the straps. She took her time, making it a sexy show.

Searching for the panties, she was bent over looking under a chair, when he goosed her. There was no choice, she had to wait until he finished playing with her private parts. He was just a boy and enjoyed playing with his toys. He was running a finger up her slit, and pressing her clitoris. If anyone glanced in they would see a young guy interfering with a mature woman. What would they think? The thought excited her, wetting her, or was it his touch? Both!

A finger hooked inside her, while his thumb played with her clit. He often did this, so she couldn't pull away from him. To be captured and held by a boy's finger was degrading. The humiliation was sexually arousing. Being held like this often, she no longer tried escaping from his touch. Alicia had become conditioned into obeying him, and giving in to anything he wished.

'My panties, master, I can't find them?' she said, when he let her go.

'These you mean?' he asked her.

'Yes, master, thank you, master. Can I have my panties please, master,' she politely asked.

He liked it when she spoke like a decent woman, while talking about something very private and personal. It was demeaning for a grown woman to ask a mere boy for her panties, and they both found the game exciting.

'No. I told you before, when you complained about wearing panties,' he calmly stated.

'But, master, you said I could wear something under the t-shirt. Oh! I see, master, the stockings,' she realised he'd tricked her. 'My cunt is to be bare, for anyone to see,' she teased, hoping to push him into covering her up.

'Yes, just as it should be for a dirty slut, like you. Remember, you are a dumb bimbo for the rest of the day,' he countered.

She watched him drop the panties into one of the shopping bags and inwardly groaned. Alicia stopped fiddling with the hem, when he pulled her from the changing room. The white stockings and suspenders were nice, but not with a t-shirt. As she walked through the mall it would bounce up showing off her bare ass. The t-shirt slogan, I'm his blond bimbo, might distract some from looking. Though her long legs in high heels would attract most attention.

Carrying the shopping bags meant she was unable to keep the hem under control, and he was fully aware of that. Damn! Him! There were times when he infuriated her, but there was nothing she could do about it, especially not now. He could punish her, or worse, he could send her back to her husband. Not that the unfeeling man would take her back.

Alicia bit her lip, and trotted along beside him on high heels clacking away, while trying to keep up.

Once more she was wearing what he wanted, and as usual it was inappropriate for a mature decent woman. She'd come to terms with the idea of no longer being a decent woman. He used persuasion and intimidation, the tools of a bully, to train her into being obedient to his whims. So now it seemed perfectly reasonable to do as she was told.

After him spending so much money on her today, she couldn't complain. Showing disapproval, or even slumping her shoulders, wasn't allowed, so she would have to be careful.

She ignored the hem riding up, and the men keenly watching her every step. A glance in a store front window reflected a confident slut, striding through the mall. James was impressive in his suit, and she was proud to have him at her side.

As promised, they stopped for coffee before returning home. James was in the men's room, leaving her alone and feeling vulnerable. Men were staring at her, as though she were gold coins abandoned on the pavement.

Their eyes scanned her, starting at the red shiny heels, working their way up her long legs, a slim waist, overhung by a large pair of breasts, almost covered by long blond hair. She'd recently heard more than one man say she had it all. Meaning they liked her body, or rather, they lusted after it. At one time such a lewd remark would have angered her, or left her feeling small, though now it gave her ego a boost.

Sitting down was awkward, as the short t-shirt couldn't hide the stocking tops, and suspender straps. She routinely pulled at the hem, but all that did was expose more of her cleavage. She kept her legs tight together, and nervously sat on the edge of the seat. One of the guys got up and was walking toward her.

She lowered her gaze to her lap, then checked her breasts were decently covered. Or at least as much as the t-shirt would allow, after tugging at the hem. There was always one bolder guy than the others, and willing to be shot down. Only, Alicia had been ordered to play the dumb blond game, and would have to be in character. If the guy was clever he would easily outwit the dumb blond persona, and she would have to play along.

'Hi, my name is Brad, what's yours?' he asked.

'Everyone calls me, Candy,' she chirruped like a chipmunk.

'Well, you are sweet, I can see that,' he said, and sat next to her on the bench.

Alicia giggled inanely at the comment.

'You're just saying that to get in my panties,' she pouted, looking all the more seductive, rather than off putting.

'Well, I could taste if you really were sweet as candy, then,' he said, with a wicked grin.

'I don't understand. Like, what do you mean?' she asked, with the well honed girly voice.

'If I got inside your panties I could taste your honey,' he blatantly said, half expecting her to hit him.

Instead she giggled.

'Ooo! Like, I love that. Like, it's my favourite, most gorgeous thing in the world,' she heavily breathed. 'Except maybe pink, like, I love stuff that is pink, yea?'

The guy hesitated for a moment, not believing what he heard.

'You'd like me to lick your pussy?' he quietly asked.

'Mmm! Yes! No! Naughty boy! Like, that's my most bestest thing ever. If you were my boyfriend you could kiss and pay my pussy loads of attention,' she beamed at him. 'My boyfriend hardly ever does it. Do you do it to your girlfriend?' she asked.

'I used to do it all the time, but she left me. Look!' he said, and touched the tip of his nose with his tongue.

'Wow! Like, I can just imagine what you could do with that, really!' she squealed. 'Like, I'd absolutely love for you to tongue me, it would be so fab, yea!'

'I can imagine what I could do with you,' he said, and looked sincere this time.

'Are you being naughty?' she asked, and giggled.

'I'd like to be. Only with you,' he said.

'Why did your girlfriend leave you?' she asked, only just remembering to stay in character.

'A long story. She got a transfer out of state with her job, and I didn't want to go. We argued about it, and in the end, it was realised we didn't need each other as much as we thought. I like the look of you, Candy,' he said, and gave her a big warm smile.

'My boyfriend looks after me real good, so I owe him lots,' she said, sounding sad for the guy.

'Well, I guess I had better go. If he doesn't turn up, I'll take you home. I'll lick your pussy all night, if you like,' he promised, and leaned in to kiss her cheek.

'Mmm! That would be nice, especially with your long tongue,' she smiled at him.

Alicia couldn't possibly have spoken to anyone like that before her master trained her. He'd brainwashed her, damaging her moral fibre, and stripped away her social politeness. It was always a shock when she spoke about personal things so freely, while acting as the dumb bimbo.

It was liberating and fun, talking to men who treated her like a dumb blond. It was nice the way they warmed to her, and opened up with their feelings. They appreciated her honesty, though, was she really being honest? It was all just a game. Being controlled by a boy was also a game, only it had badly got out of hand.

It was a relief seeing James return to the table. The guy had the decency to return to his table, and therefore an unpleasant scene had been averted. Perhaps James enjoyed bullying a man caught talking to her.

'Did anyone bother you?' he asked.

'No, but a nice guy spoke to me,' she said. 'They are usually assholes, but this one was nice.'

James looked at her, unsure what to say. Perhaps a nice guy was more of a threat than an asshole.

'Here, for you. A token of my love,' he sincerely spoke, and pulled a flower from behind his back.

'Oh! That's lovely, a red rose, my favourite,' she gushed, and giggled.

A single long stemmed rose, a whispered endearment in her ear, a compliment about her clothes, and all was forgiven. He praised the look of her hair, telling her that she looked a perfectly wonderful bimbo. A tear formed in the corner of an eye, from the wonderful way he treated her. Being called a bimbo by him was only a joke they shared.

He wanted her to act like a dumb bimbo, and she would gladly perform anything for him. It was a fun game. James had wiped away her morals and self-worth, so she could be whatever he wanted. It was liberating, with a wonderful sense of freedom to do or say whatever came to mind.

They talked together about the clothes they bought, with lots of giggles from her, and smiles and kisses from him. When he deeply kissed her in a public place, she no longer cringed, as she now enjoyed the kisses, and the display of affection.

Maybe he'd forgotten about the tattoo, she hoped so. They arrived at the club where he had her pierced some time ago. It brought back memories of when her pussy had been sealed, with tiny locks through rings piercing her pussy lips. The rings were still there as a reminder.

It was terrible to find her sex had been locked away from her husband. It was outrageous for it to be her son's bully taking charge of her vagina. How dare he do that to her. It meant moving into the spare bedroom, so her husband didn't discover her shameful secret. Her husband hadn't bothered with her, and let her sleep alone. It had been the final act to the end of their marriage, though it lingered on for a short while.

It was also the first step in her training. He was showing her how effectively he could control her, even when she was at home, in bed. Laying there at night feeling so needy, trying to masturbate and failing to orgasm, had been dreadful. The boy had worked her up so much, she was losing her will to fight him.

The boy had started controlling her back then. Ever since he trained her relentlessly, until he had absolute control over her. He now had her all to himself, keeping her close, moulding her into the plaything he wanted her to be. Like a pet, she was obedient and house trained, ready to come to heel whenever he jerked her leash.

Two weeks ago James had kept her awake the whole weekend, torturing her by edging her, and not letting her sleep, softening her up. It was no wonder she said those awful things in front of her husband. She'd told him she was a sex slave, and that James owned her. So there was no going back, and he hadn't come to claim her back.

Damn! The guy who pierced her lips was there, and he also did tattoos.

'Here, drink this,' James told her.

It was a club for adolescents, but James added vodka to the orange juice. He was considerate, as the alcohol would numb the pain, a little.

'What happens when your father returns home, will he make me leave?' she asked.

'Where did that suddenly come from? He's working in South America, Argentina. They're building a railway to a mine, so he'll be away for a year at least. We won't be home when he returns. I'm taking you to college with me. I'm buying an apartment near the college. No one will know who you are, so you can relax once there,' he informed her.

Damn! The boy had it all planned out. She was figuring on a few naughty weeks, playing at being his sex slave, and then moving out when he went to college. Though, where the money would come from, hadn't been worked through. Hopefully he would give her the deposit on an apartment.

Alicia knew he had been training her for all these weeks, shaping her to what he wanted her to be. It made no difference being aware of what he was doing to her. It was both subtle and blatant. He got what he wanted with a slap, a spanking, together with lots of delicious rewards. The problem was that had begun to enjoy the punishments as well.

Unlike her husband, James never put her down, he always praised her. When he called her a slut, it was because she had become a slut. He'd stripped her of all her decency, and inhibitions, so she could be whatever he wanted. The tattoo would be another grinding away of her old self. Soon there would be nothing left, except the pliable bimbo slut he wanted her to be.

All the time she was with him the role progressed more deeply into her mind. It had become natural to behave like a slut, and when he snapped his fingers, she would be his stupid bimbo. What worried her was that after being with him so long, it would become impossible to shrug off the indecent behaviour. After all, what was left except Alicia the dim slut.

Being his slut for a few weeks was exciting, but living like that for the rest of her life was a daunting thought. She imagined being in a bar dressed in slutty clothes, waiting to be picked up by a man. Anyone who talked to her would have her giggling and talking intimately. They wouldn't get the wrong impression, she would be available to anyone wanting her.

'Oh! God! Is Rainbow man going to tattoo me?' she breathlessly asked.

'Yes. Don't wriggle around, keep a hold of my hand,' he ordered.

'Yes, master,' she gasped.

Another cup of orange and vodka calmed her down. It left her contemplative. She rubbed her thighs together, feeling the little rings piercing her lips. It wasn't a discreet movement, as she was no longer bothered by a public display of her body.

It was surprising to be so heated up by the thought of a tattoo. Her pussy was kept closely shaved, and that was difficult with her lips pierced with small rings. Only once had he used them to keep her in check. Some time ago he clipped a leash to the rings, and led her around the house, while his father was out.

She had no option but follow attentively wherever he went. When he went outside she kept quiet, not wanting to be noticed by neighbours. The micro-mini hardly covered her sex, and it was pulled up at the front by the leash. The feeling of being exposed outside was dramatic. She felt as though she were a dirty exhibitionist slut, displaying her pussy in the most obscene way.

When her naughty bits were safely tucked away in her panties, no one knew her dirty secret. Exposing her piercings outside, to anyone who cared to stare at her pussy, was humiliating and exciting. Fortunately hardly anyone was around, but it still heated her up, to the point of being dripping wet. Anyone could see she was sexed up and ready for it. At least back then she had some self-control.

Standing close to the fence so a neighbour couldn't see her shame, the man talked to James, all the while eyeing her up and down. Had the neighbour seen her walk through the garden, pulled on a leash by her pussy lips? If he had, what kind of rumours were circulating around the neighbourhood?

Her boiler had been stoked to exploding point, so when they returned to his bedroom, she was ready to jump him.

Instead, he clipped the leash to a bed leg, and locked it in place. All she could do was stand there, staring at the incredible trap. It was so simple, yet so very effective. Unable to walk away, or even move around, she had to stand and wait upon a boy to free her. He could make her wait, and free her when he deigned to. She was completely at his mercy.

From that moment on, he became her master, in absolute charge, controlling her passion like everything else.

While standing in his bedroom, trapped by her pussy lips, it was realised how far she had fallen. All her moral reticence had been stripped away by this young boy. It was then she realised he was way ahead of her all the time, and she would never be free.

The memory of those early times had her gasping. He'd harshly trained her to need sex, to the point where she was now a wanton slut. Alicia had been so innocent before meeting James. The concept of having a master had been unknown.

Again she sat on the dreadful leather dentist chair, though this time he didn't have to remove her panties, as she wasn't wearing any. She spread her legs as commanded. It came to her that she was far more subservient and obedient, than when first here.

Anyone of the boys could saunter over to examine her sex, and watch her being tattooed. It no longer seemed so terrifying, showing off her sex to strangers. Letting these teenagers gawp at her pierced sex wasn't so important anymore, because there was little left of her self-worth.

Not that she could admit it, but she enjoyed the impudent attention. Their crude comments heated her up and continued to threaten her with a public orgasm. When the young guy swabbed between her legs, she was stoked up even more, until she was dripping wet.

As happened so often, James put her into a humiliating position, which sexed her up in public, which in turn humiliated her, and that aroused her further.

He'd done this to her so often, she knew what was going to happen, and dreaded it. At the same time it was exciting and too powerful to resist. Before meeting him she hadn't realised being humiliated could arouse her. He found out and used it to get what he wanted, her obedience. She became so sexed up he could do whatever he liked with her in bed, or out of it. Not only that, after experiencing such wildly satisfying sex, she was vulnerable to his whims, and willingly did as she was told.

The boy had caught her in a circle of punishments and rewards, and it was impossible to escape the ever tightening leash. He'd captured her like a wild animal, trained her to be his pet, and wasn't letting her go. Why should he? He had an obedient sex pet, willing to satisfy his every whim.

She tried to talk him out of it, to let her go, and not misuse her like a sex object. The problem was, she enjoyed it. She enjoyed being a boy's sex toy. The feeling of humiliation, of letting go all her inhibitions, throwing away all moral restrictions, having raw natural sex, was exciting and liberating. It was like driving a hundred miles an hour in an open topped sports car. She revelled in it. Willingly putting up with the fact of an inevitable crash, and the dire consequences.

The tingle became a pain. Not unbearable, but an unpleasant sensation. What they were doing down there she had no idea, and didn't really want to know. Both boys discussed the tattoo in low voices, which the loud music obliterated. It might be a flower, a dragon, or anything. What was her favourite flower, had he ever asked? Maybe it was a single red rose?

It was more likely to be something he wanted to mark her with, something to remind her of him. It didn't matter, for her hair would be grown back, covering it, when he left her. Oh! Shit! It was

difficult holding back from an orgasm. The pain and exposure was setting her off.

The last thing she wanted was for him to discover pain excited her. This was something new! Maybe it was just the humiliating, for this was certainly a humiliating position to be in. If her son hadn't been in college, he could have wander over to say hello. Her pussy, rather her cunt as she now had to call it, and even her asshole, were exposed. With ankles caught in stirrups, holding open her legs, she was so very vulnerable.

She imagined one of her son's friends walking by, and doing a double take.

'Oh! Hi, Mrs Lucas. Nice pussy! Why are you so ready for it, Mrs Lucas? Your pussy is gaping and so wet, I could fuck you easily,' the boy said.

As though testing the idea, he pushed a finger into her, then two more. He began rubbing her clit with a thumb. Her son's friend was finger fucking her! This was humiliation beyond reason!

'Wow! Mrs Lucas, you're really sexed up. I'll come around to your place tomorrow, and see if I can do the same, if that's okay?' he said.

'Err, no, err, oh! Mmmm!' she mumbled, while he played with her..

'I'll promise not to tell anyone, Mrs Lucas, if you let me do this in your bedroom, whenever I like,' he said, and gave her a devilish smile.

'Oh! Yes, like, mmm, alright, you know, ooo, like, whatever,' she murmured, while so very close to an orgasm.

'Oh! God! I'm, oh, yes!' she hissed, as an orgasm washed through her entire body..

'All finished. Wow! The bitch is really enjoying this,' Rainbow stated the obvious.

'She gets off on humiliation,' James told him.

'Nice body! When you get fed up with it, pass it on to me,' Rainbow grinned.

'There's a waiting list, so don't hold your breath,' James teased.

James took her home, after a long day shopping, and having shamed her in the club.

'What's wrong, slave?' James asked.

'I'm not a girl, I'm a woman. Showing me off to your friends, was so bad. It was humiliating. My body is no longer like those girls,' Alicia complained

'I suppose I did ask,' he chuckled.

He grabbed hold of her, and held her tight, fiercely looking into her eyes.

'Your body is better than all of those girls back there. Your mind is sharper, and you know more about life. You're a diamond among boring ugly rocks. Don't you see that? You have a nice personality, with intelligence, all wrapped up in a beautiful package,' he firmly told her.

'I don't believe you. What bad things have you got planned for me?' she pushed him, while he was in a good mood.

'You don't believe me because for years you've been neglected and put down. I'll show you when we get home. You'll carry out an IQ test and a personality test, on the computer. You'll see,' he told her.

'So why am I your dumb blond?' she asked.

'Because you're talented enough to act the part. Come on, surely you know you're a smart person. After all, you chose me!' he grinned.

'Oh! Yea, like, you know, I sure am, master,' she said, in a silly girly voice.

Looking at him driving, the serious expression on his face had her believing him. He could be chivalrous at times, and he often said he hated the way her husband treated her. Though he could be harsh, and was controlling, she thought it was for the best. Or was that because he'd brainwashed her into thinking that way?

Arriving home, he forced her to try several tests. It was scary as she hadn't carried out anything like this since school.

'There you are, you have a high IQ. Not enough to join MENSA, but still impressive. The personality test isn't so clear, except it shows you as being a nice person. Nowhere near being a psychopath,' he joked.

Alicia looked at the results. As expected she was a follower, and a submissive. A group facilitator rather than a leader. Still, she felt happy with the analysis, and what it said about her. The high score for intelligence was a surprise. She felt a lot happier about herself, and being with James.

Arranging the new clothes and shoes in the closet, and placing the feminine things in the bathroom, kept her busy. The expensive make-up was thoughtful of him, and wasn't slutty in the slightest. There were bright colours to go with the slutty clothes, and expensive subtle colours for the others.

A couple of times she was tempted to peek at her sex, to see what the tattoo was. The t-shirt dress was so short it wouldn't have to be lifted much, and she still wasn't allowed to wear a pair of panties. Ordered not to peek, she only just obeyed him.

'Come here, slave. Get undressed,' he told her, and patiently waited.

All she had to do was pull the t-shirt over her head, undo the bra, and there she was, an obedient naked pet.

'Just what every boy should have. A beautiful woman to play with,' he said.

Taking hold of her shoulders he turned her around to face a mirror.

'Look at your slender waist. How many of the girls in that club are so fit looking? Do any of them have large breasts? Alright, Pauls' girl, Janice does, but she's the only one. Look at your long legs!

They are wonderful, even without everything else between them,' he whispered in an ear.

'Please, master, the tattoo, master, what does it say?' she politely asked.

It was difficult to see in the mirror. Something was written across her mons, which she couldn't make out, especially with a tear in her eye blurring everything.

'It says, "This slave belongs to James";' he told her.

'Thank you master. The tattoo is permanent, does that mean I'm permanently your slave?' Alicia asked.

'Yes! You'll always be mine to do with as I please,' he seriously said. 'I'll keep you always, and cherish you always.'

'Thank you, master!' Alicia gushed, with the put on girly voice.

The idea behind having a tattoo had sunk in, and she really was thanking him. He intended to keep her, and that was what she wanted. It might not last, probably wouldn't, but she would try to please him, to make their relationship last as long as possible.

'Come on get changed for bed, we are having a night of movies,' he declared.

Excited by his enthusiasm, she ran to the bedroom, where night clothes were laid out. On the bed was a baby-doll nightgown. The floating top was see-through, and hardly covered the panties, which were also transparent.

As elegantly as possible she glided into the lounge, and stood in front of a lamp. Knowing it lit up the nightie made the move a naughty tease. It had the effect she was looking for. He grinned at her, and forbade her to move. She had his full attention, and knew he wanted to play with his toy.

'Your pussy looks very big, slave,' he commented.

'Your cock looks very big, master,' she returned.

They both laughed but she didn't move without permission.

The movie played in the background, while she plied him with grapes. She sucked one off the vine, and kissed him, pushing it into his mouth. He sucked a strawberry into his mouth, and pushed it into hers. They cut up pieces of fruit, feeding each other. She brought him an unpeeled banana, for him to slide it into her vagina.

He worked her vagina for awhile, then pushed it into her mouth. She demonstrated deep throat, until he told her to stop.

'Lie back and play with yourself. Use the banana at your own pace. Is that nice?' he asked.

'It is, but I'd rather have you,' she goaded him.

He rolled on top of her, and began to slowly fuck her.

Next morning she carefully slid out of bed to start her chores. She was a boy's toy but still had

housework to do. Some tasks had to be left until he awoke, but she got on with most things before he got up. His usual man noises in the bathroom alerted her to start the breakfast.

He spent some time in the study while she completed her household duties. This time she wasn't dressed as a French Maid, posing and bending for him to grope. When she was dressed sexily, it certainly made dusting an interesting chore.

Alicia brought her master a cup of coffee and put it on the desk. He took hold of her wrist and placed something in her hand.

'You'll wear this all the time. If I find out you've defied me, I'll spank you, and have you tattooed again. Got it?' he heavily spoke, and twisted her arm.

'Yes, sir, I promise to do as I'm told, honest, sir,' Alicia whined.

The idea of wearing a butt plug was unpleasant. Wearing it under orders from her son's bully was diabolical. He was only doing this to debase her more than he had already. Alicia hadn't yet guessed why she was to wear a butt plug. She had always been innocent when it came to sex, until he started teaching her sexual techniques and fetishes.

'Get under the desk,' he curtly told her.

Her face creased up as she gave in to a pathetic sob. It was humiliating to realise she had been looking forward to receiving his cum. Not on her face, but in her cunt. She crawled across the floor, and squeezed under the desk.

James no longer found it amusing to make a grown woman cry. In fact he wanted to make her happy all the time. Worried that she might get out of hand, or want to leave him, he made sure she was under his control. It might have been something to do with losing his mother and sister in a motoring accident, which had been the ultimate loss and a dramatic leaving.

'I've decided to train you. You are to be trained as a bimbo airhead. Do you know what that means?' he asked.

'Sorry, master, I don't know. I thought you had trained me already, master,' she carefully spoke.

It sounded ridiculous. Did this mean she would have to act out the part of a dumb blond permanently? He sometimes treated her that way in front of his friends, but this sounded more serious, something more formal.

'You are already obedient, and a blond, so not much of a change for you. I want you to be a genuine cute bimbo,' he smiled.

A day of talking like a cute teenage blond wasn't so bad. He gave her guidance as to the words and phrases to use, and praised her attention to detail. A week went by where she had to be a dumb bimbo from the moment she opened her eyes, to the moment she closed them at night.

Selective makeup was easily plastered on, and a makeover in a salon made it official. With false eyelashes, fingernails, a push up bra, short skirt, crop top, a diamond in her belly button, ridiculously high heels, and with everything possible being pink, Alicia was a dumb blond bimbo.

Alicia was enjoying the freedom of expression. A niggle at the back of her mind suggested that

she shouldn't be enjoying this, and that it was degrading, but the qualms were easily forgotten. It was a release from being responsible for her actions, even with her master.

'We're going out to celebrate your second week of training, Candy,' James informed her.

Alicia jumped up and down, bouncing her breasts around, rejoicing over the news.

'Oh! Goody, like, can we drink pink Champaign, you know Candy loves pink, anything pink. Like, really, my lipstick, shoes, skirt, everything is pink. Can I buy a big hat to go with my outfit? Please!' she drew out the last word, elongating it for emphasis.

She knew how to behave, talk, dress, and be a dumb blond. Sitting, standing, walking in very high heels, showing off, and everything she had been taught, was deeply absorbed into her psyche. To keep her master happy, she became a dumb creature needing his protection. Everything she had been, everything she had learned over the years, was abandoned to be his simple object of beauty.

Driving into town, Alicia giggled, on remembering she almost made a big mistake. They were in a sports bar, when she joined him from a salon, and was about to show her master the decoration around her pussy lips. Sparkly jewels were stuck on her flesh, between the legs, decorating her pussy.

She had been excited and thoughtless, but her master stopped her lifting the skirt just in time.

They had a glass of Champaign and moved on to buy a hat. Alicia explained in her new girly way, that a cute little girl could never have enough pink clothes. They stopped in the middle of the mall, where she lifted the hem of the little dress.

'See, master, my panties need to be pink too, yea? Like, you know, I need some more panties. Like, I've seen some with pink ribbons on them, please, can I, huh?' Alicia said, with her head to one side, trying for a cute girly bimbo look, and succeeding.

James gave in to her as he must. Sometimes he'd wondered if the woman was playing him for a fish on a line. The transformation was complete in only a couple of weeks, so maybe she was just play acting. Admittedly they had played it out before, but he didn't have any experience of this. Everything he read on the net had been tried, and it worked. Too well! Of course he had a willing subject, prepared to be trained and brainwashed, so that made it possible.

The woman was rubbing a breast on his arm, and she was clearly turned on. All through last week, she had been hot and ready for sex. It had to be admitted, she looked gorgeous, and he wasn't the only male who thought so. Men stared at her as they walked through the mall, and everywhere else they went.

'Hi, Alicia, it is Alicia isn't it?' Mrs Morgan asked.

The woman was a couple of years older than Alicia, but was of course dressed sensibly and befitting a nice middle class woman. James was amused by the woman's look of incredulity. At one time Alicia too had dressed conservatively like this woman. Now dressed like a cross

between a hooker, and an airhead teenage cheerleader.

'Hi, Mrs Morgan,' Alicia greeted the woman with youthful enthusiasm, and respect.

James nodded and smiled, trying not to loudly guffaw.

'I heard you had moved away, not far though,' she said, and looked meaningfully at James.

'Oh! Yea! Like, really, you know, I moved in with James. He's my master, and teaches me all kinds of new things. He calls me Candy, so now, I'm sweet Candy,' Alicia giggled.

'I see, I think. Yes, I can imagine he has taught you something. You've certainly changed,' she said, with a sniff of indignation.

'Why don't you call, for brunch. Would tomorrow suit you?' James politely asked.

'Oh! I don't think so! Well, yes, it might be interesting, would eleven be suitable?' she asked. James could see she was interested in picking up some juicy gossip for her lady friends, the ladies who dined.

'Certainly, Mrs Morgan. We shall be looking forward to seeing you. We must get on, more shoes are needed,' he said.

'Oh! Really? Oh! Fab! Like, really, I need more shoes, you know, a pair of shoes for every outfit, yea!' she exclaimed, while they carried on through the mall.

Mrs Morgan had been forgotten, until they reached home.

'You know, like, brunch, are you sure, master?' Alicia hesitantly asked.

'We've invited her now, and can't back out. You'll be fine. Do you have everything you need, for brunch? Okay, we'll shop in the morning,' James told her, and got the usual response to shopping, with hoorays, and the delightful bouncing breasts.

Bully Ch. 13

A new victim

James was contemplative throughout the evening, while planning how to entertain Mrs Morgan. He looked down at Candy, enthusiastically sucking on his cock. Of course he would keep her, as he'd grown fond of the woman. It wouldn't hurt to have a distraction for a few days, though how was he going to make it happen? Alicia would have to be prepared, and Mrs Morgan would have to be made ready for him.

'Candy!' he loudly said, to gain her attention.

Alicia looked up at him, reluctant to let go of his cock.

'Please, master! You know I love sucking cock more than anything in the world. Please let me carry on, I want lots of wonderful cum,' she said, from around his cock.

When he first met her, she hadn't ever tried oral, yet now she was an eager expert. He considered her words, and realised she hadn't said she loved sucking his cock, just any cock had been inferred. He would have to watch her closely.

'You don't have to be a dumb blond now. I want you to pay attention and if you remember what I tell you, we'll do a sixty-nine,' he told her.

It looked as though she had an instant orgasm.

'Master!' she squealed. 'Thank you master. It will take me a little while to shake off the dumb blond role. Please forgive me,' she dutifully said.

He stroked her hair, while she nestled her face in his lap, breathing in his manhood smells. He pulled her up off the floor onto his lap, and cuddled her for awhile. Each time she played at being a dumb blond for the day, it took longer to let the role go. He wondered what might happen if he commanded her to be an airhead for a whole week.

'Are you all right now?' he asked.

'Please, master, I should sit somewhere else, as sitting on your lap fires me up,' Alicia admitted.

'Sit on the sofa, and pay attention,' James told her.

'Tomorrow I want you to be really nice to Mrs Morgan when she arrives. I don't want you to tell her everything we do here, just some things. This is what I want you to tell her,' he said, then recited a list of does and don'ts.

He got her to repeat back to him the instructions, until she knew them off by heart. Alicia was a clever woman, and quickly absorbed what he wanted, and what she was to do with Mrs Morgan. Alicia said the woman had always been a stuck up bitch, so it would be a pleasure bringing her down.

'Hello, Mrs Morgan,' Alicia greeted her neighbour.

'Beatrice, or Beattie, please, Alicia. How are you Alicia?' the woman asked, while looking around the room.

Alicia smiled, and murmured the name, Beattie. She got up early to clean the lounge and kitchen, even though it didn't need it, as she kept on top of everything, but old habits die hard. A visit from the indomitable Mrs Morgan had to be treated with caution.

'You have a nice home here, Alicia. How is your husband?' Beattie asked.

'I don't know, haven't seen him in a few weeks, have you?' she asked, then added, 'Heard anything of him I mean.'

'I haven't seen him, but heard he is working hard as usual. You've moved in here I see, working away at keeping house as usual,' the woman said, and sipped a cup of tea.

'Yes, I had to leave, had no choice. My master wanted me to be with him,' Alicia said, despite being warned by James not to start out so direct.

Disappointingly the woman didn't flinch, so the shock tactic didn't work.

'I take it you're referring to, James, not his father,' the woman said, looking at her over the edge of the cup.

'Yes. He's very demanding. Controls everything I do, which I need. Try one of these cookies, I made them myself. The tea is going cold, would you like a glass of red wine, or something stronger?' Alicia asked.

'I do like a glass of wine in the evening, but I'm particular about the chateau. Could you make an old fashioned?' Beattie asked.

'Of course,' Alicia smiled, at last getting back on track.

She avoided the cookies, and watched for any signs they were effecting her guest. Using cold tea for a drink, she handed the woman a glass of a strongly made, old fashioned. Beattie savoured it, and smacked her lips after the first sip. Another sip was taken before she decided what to say.

'These cookies are a must, aren't you having any? I'll finish the last one then. A demanding man can be a nuisance, unless of course he understands what a woman needs,' she said, looking closely at Alicia.

'James does. He is patient and learns quickly,' Alicia asserted.

She was surprised the woman was doing the work for her. It would have been tricky introducing the subject of sex to this woman, yet she was readily exploring their private life. No doubt with the intent of spreading gossip with her friends. Alicia intended to give her plenty of material to spread as scandal.

'I'm pleased for you, Alicia. Though a young man, like James, will be hard to handle. A lot more demanding than a husband. Do you cope, Alicia?' the woman sympathised.

Alicia could feel the woman trying to empathise with her, trying to get more of a juicy story out of her. James had warned against it, but she decided to use the woman's curiosity against her. A few more drinks and the woman was still smiling, but pleasantly happy now.

'He pays me attention, which I'm not used to. You're right, he is very demanding, and takes me by surprise sometimes,' Alicia said, and giggled.

Beattie couldn't help herself, and asked, 'What do you mean?'

'While I'm cleaning the kitchen, or wherever, he'll come up behind me, and just take me,' Alicia grinned.

'Oh! Dear! Me! Can't you stop him? What about wearing more pairs of panties?' the woman asked, looking shocked.

Beattie giggled while looking deep in thought. She shook herself as though trying to wake up.

'He's too strong for me to stop him. I'm not allowed to wear panties in the house, so it's easy for him. I've got to wear these short skirts and dresses, for the same reason. He does work me up before hand, though that doesn't necessarily mean he's going to pounce on me. It is always a shock, as though it might be a stranger taking me,' Alicia explained.

'You seem to be having fun. Are you wearing panties now?' the woman couldn't help asking.

'No, I hardly ever get to wear panties since moving in. He decides what I wear all the time. This is nice just having a chat, I don't get much time away from him,' Alicia said.

'Don't you have any other clothes, something, err, less racy?' Beattie asked, and giggled.

The sound of her giggling didn't seem right, and she quickly cut it off, with a fake cough. Alicia was wearing a tiny skirt, and a matching small top, only just holding onto her breasts. The woman was interested in fashions and asked about the clothes a boy would purchase for a woman like Alicia. It was obvious what the woman meant, and Alicia wanted to laugh.

'I'll show you my wardrobe if you like. I didn't have anything when I left my husband, so all I have is what James bought me,' Alicia said.

She watched the woman take a misplaced step on rising, and judged the time was right. They walked to her bedroom, to try on Alicia's outfits. The woman was intrigued, and raring to get even more juicy details to share with friends. Sex always made the best gossip.

'Do you wear these clothes in the bedroom?' Beattie asked, amazed at how slutty the cloths looked.

As far as she remembered, Alicia always dressed conservatively. Her eyes were wide in disbelief, only just grasping that Alicia wore these clothes outside the bedroom.

'Yes, I wear them outside if he tells me to,' Alicia admitted.

'He's a very strong man. Did you say he's your master? Oh! Really!' Beattie said, showing surprise, yet obviously intrigued.

A shiver of arousal surprised Beattie, adding to the alcohol and cannabis, to keep her distracted while thinking of James as a master. Gor tales came to mind, and she felt a twinge of arousal. Without thinking it through she let Alicia talk her into trying on an outfit.

The woman looked at herself in a mirror and became shy.

'Do you feel sexy?' Alicia quietly asked.

'Mmm! I'm sure my husband would like this, if I dare show him. Though, I'm not sure he would do anything about it,' she said, and heavily sighed with a hand covering her mouth.

She shouldn't have said that, but it was out now.

'He's never been very interested in sex. He's a nice man, but very boring,' Beattie shared with her new friend, and confidant.

'Can I try something else on?' she suddenly asked.

'There's a new pack of underwear, try this on,' Alicia said, with gleaming eyes of success.

James would be pleased with her, and would be sure to reward her.

Beattie stood unsteadily, admiring herself in the mirror. Twirling the short flared skirt it rose up around her upper thighs, revealing stocking tops and suspender straps. The underwear was black, with see-thru panties and bra, as sheer as the stockings.

'You look sexy,' Alicia purred in her ear.

'I feel sexy,' Beattie purred back.

'James would love to see you dressed like this,' Alicia told her.

'Oh! Dear! I don't think I could cope with a handsome young man like James,' she giggled.

'We could tease him, two beautiful woman, serving him. . . dinner,' Alicia said.

The slight hesitation was enough to have Beattie blushing. She'd obviously been thinking about serving James. Even serving him dinner would be wicked indeed, while dressed to thrill.

'Would that be too wicked for you?' Alicia intimately whispered.

'I feel wicked,' Beattie smiled, continuing to float the dress up around her thighs, by twirling the hem around.

At that moment James entered the bedroom, right on queue.

'You look as though you've had some fun, ladies,' James smiled, and winked at them both.

The confident smile warmed him to Beattie. He wasn't a big lout, stealing another man's wife, or if he was, maybe he would do the same to her husband. Alicia looked ten years younger, and this boy had done that to Alicia, and so why not her? She could do with feeling ten years younger. Her husband was making her feel old before her time.

Beattie knew she was making up excuses for feeling the way she did. Nothing wrong was contemplated, but she was letting them lead her into temptation, and that was wrong.

'We'll have dinner, all of us, together,' James said, making it sound like an order.

'You set the table, while I finish off the cooking. You can help me dish up then,' Alicia said.

Beattie mumbled consent, unable to resist the strong deep voice of command. Alicia had a strong master, which brought her back to thinking about those naughty stories. They were just fantasies, weren't they?

She looked through the sideboard to find everything needed to lay the dining room table. Wine glasses were a must, for she was terribly nervous. Surely it wasn't sexual tension? Of course not, why would it be?

A sparkling table was set, with a candelabra making for an elegant setting. In the kitchen Beattie assisted with mundane chores. It didn't take long for Alicia to plate up dinner.

'Would you be a dear, and take this to master James,' Alicia said.

There was a tremble to her hands as she lowered the plate onto the white starched table cloth. Was that a hand resting on her bottom? If it was it was ever so gentle, hardly noticeable. She hoped it was, as otherwise it was in her imagination. It would be wrong wanting this boy to touch her intimately. It was much better that he was taking a liberty, rather than her wanting him to.

'Thank you Beattie. You look gorgeous, good enough to eat. When were you last kissed?' James shot out of the blue.

'Err, I can't remember,' she murmured.

His hand was definitely touching her. She was thinking what to do about him touching her bottom. The hem was too short, so he was touching her panties, cupping a cheek. It was gentle and a soft touch though too intimate to ignore, but she didn't want to make a fuss.

Why wasn't she her normal aggressive self? Alicia had called him her master, and that is how he behaved, as master of the house. She was in his house, dressed in his clothes, serving him. Did that make him her master as well? A tingling thrill ran down her backbone.

Her mind was in a whirl not letting her settle on a decision. There was a moment of anger that this boy was rudely touching her. Before her was a confident young man, a master. Thinking of him as her master was wrong, yet comforting, even thrilling.

No one knew of her onetime passion for those sort of books, naughty fantasy books. John Norman was the author, and the only man that moved her ever so deeply. This boy couldn't replace him as her master, even in fantasy.

Her eyes were glazed over as though she were listening to a far off tune. The woman said hardly anything, merely nodding her head when he asked about her. Alicia had done a good job on her, readying her as commanded. The woman had a drink or two, and those special cookies, so she was ready to be taken advantage of. He'd have to go steady though, or she would throw a tantrum and leave.

He guided her onto his lap and kissed her. Not something an aunt would expect, the kiss was what a lover would enjoy. His hand didn't take liberties with her body, but it was close. The back of his hand brushed a nipple, leaving her wanting more. A palm cupped a cheek, and his arms cuddled her.

'Did you enjoy that? You deserved it, and a good wine at dinner,' he openly smiled.

'Mmm, yes,' she murmured.

'You look very sexy, I don't think I'll let you go,' he said, and hugged her tight.

Beattie could only nod, and smile back at him. She couldn't speak, she just murmured unintelligibly. He did let her go, and she ran back to the kitchen, returning to Alicia giggling like a silly schoolgirl.

'Oh! Alicia he put me on his lap and kissed me! Oh! Sorry, I hope you don't mind,' Beattie said, looking sorry for a second before a grin overtook her face.

'That's nice. It's because you look so sexy,' Alicia laughed.

'Am I? I haven't felt like this in years. I've not dressed up like this for, well, in fact I can't remember when,' she mused.

Over dinner they talked and laughed about small inconsequential things. Beattie mentioned how good they looked together, and Alicia explained how she felt so happy letting her master decide everything for her. She felt more free now than when a housewife drudge.

'He keeps me young!' Alicia said.

'I can imagine!' Beattie added.

'I enjoy him keeping me young so very much,' Alicia glowed, and stared at her master.

'I enjoy keeping you young and carefree. I am your master and all you have to do, is what I say,' he said, with a deep resonating voice.

Beattie caught the inferences reverberating between them, and became caught up in their glowing warmth. She was reflective while clearing up with Alicia, quietly contemplating what was happening to those two, and her. They were drawing her in to something, and she wasn't sure what it was. Yet a deeper more basic reasoning wanted it to continue.

A mischievous self from long ago wanted to join in the game, and have some fun.

They tumbled onto the sofa, tickling, teasing, and laughing loudly. The short skirts weren't worried about, as the hem rode up and tops came adrift to reveal a bra. They were having fun with an elemental understanding that bodies didn't matter, it was the mind game that was important.

The game became rougher and clothes were pulled off, until all three were in their underwear. Beattie didn't notice her underwear was see through, and the other two didn't draw attention to it. She kept stretching a leg, running a hand down it, to straighten a stocking.

Settling into the large comfy sofa there didn't seem to be a separation between them. They were all one lump of humanity, overlapping bodies, pushed tightly together. Limbs were entwined, and minds came together. Hands massaged whoever was close, and lips kissed whatever could be reached.

Faces were alive, serious, and intent. The touching became serious too. Sensuousness was enlivened with nipping, pinching, and probing fingers. Conversation was reduced to grunts and hums of satisfaction. Whose hands were doing what to whom were no longer of concern to anyone. The feeling of being one with everyone, was overwhelming. Sumptuous feelings of arousal predominated all thoughts.

It only took one hand, one finger, to probe deeper, for all to be ready and wanting more.

There's a moment when a woman feels sexy, and is so aware of her sexuality, she is hardly aware of anything else. Trying to concentrate on something domestic doesn't work, as her mind keeps reverberating between real sex, and fantasy sex.

The feeling of being full of cock kept dominating Beattie's thoughts, though she had never been so crude in thought before. The feel of holding a big penis and guiding it to her lips was almost overwhelming. It felt real, natural, and normal to be in this state of need. A substitute phallic symbol, a dildo or vibrator, just wouldn't do. She had to have a man.

This was the moment for her, and what led up to it was obvious but irrelevant, because she was in a state of arousal that couldn't be suppressed. She was bouncing with excitement, wishing and fantasising that her desire was going to be fulfilled. It was wrong, and pathetic to be in such a state, but there was no way back. She had to have him, and he had to take her.

Beattie had a sudden realisation of reality. Where she was and what was happening lit her mind with stark clarity. She was in that boy's home, with him and his harlot, in a lewd position. His cock

was in her hand, and it was red hot, and frighteningly big. His harlot was sucking on her nipples, after both of them had taken turns kissing her.

She'd been kissing them back, and not just their lips. The three of them had turned and squirmed on the sofa, kissing between the legs, then faces in turn. A constant frantic caressing, sucking, biting, and tweaking, with lips and hands, everywhere at once.

Beattie rubbed his cock over her slippery slit, when the fear was overruled by desire. Could she take it? Of course she could, and proved it by pushing at the head of his cock. He thrust at her, skewering her body with his cock. An intense feeling of pleasure shot through her body as it thrust in, inch by inch.

It felt big, it was big, and it filled her up. The feeling was wonderful. She wailed out a noise reflecting the deep, overpowering feelings. Lips continued to suck on her nipples and lips, and hands massaged, with fingers teasing. Sensations bombarded her mind from all over her body.

A strong orgasm rumbled around like thunder, then a massive orgasm rocked her body. Every nerve tingled and sparked off, setting a raging uncontrollable fire in her mind. Nothing existed except a cock filling her up and the most powerful orgasm she had ever experienced.

Somehow she had spoken to her husband on the phone. At the time hands were mauling her body, massaging all the most intimate places. She hadn't wanted this challenge but it was dirty and exciting. It seemed to legitimise her presence in James's home.

Telling her husband she would be staying with a friend for the night, she found him hardly listening. He was more concerned with the golf on TV, than where she was, or what she was doing. This too gave legitimacy to her naughty game. It felt like being a daughter once more, lying to parents about staying over with a friend.

In his emperor sized bed the three of them romped, light heartedly, while keeping Beattie fully aroused. Again she gave in to them, when they concentrated on her naughty bits. Sucking and biting, she squirmed under their prolonged attack. She cum nicely though less dramatically this time.

It was only fair they concentrate on Alicia, so James and Beattie held her down to work on her. Beattie was hesitant, and Alicia needn't be held down. Beattie was kissing her, then moved down to concentrate on the slave's breasts. She sucked and mauled them just as she would want it, and as Alicia had done earlier.

James guided Beattie down between Alicia's thighs which was something she had never done before. Sucking, licking, biting, and just as it had been done to her, she carried on until Alicia cum. The slave-girl put on a show when she climaxed, by writhing around, lifting her hips, and thumping her heels into the bed.

Beattie was proud of her part in giving the slave-girl an orgasm. There was a satisfied smile on her face, and she stroked Alicia's long blond hair. They all rested for awhile, getting their breath back, yet the two still stroked and teased Beattie.

Alicia whispered to Beattie so as not to wake James, saying, 'Let's get him going, it's his turn.'

Beattie nodded, as her excitement level upped another notch.

'You take his cock while it's small, then I'll take over. You won't be able to manage it,' Alicia

pointedly said.

Beattie sucked his cock into her mouth, and thought she would show the slave-girl how she could cope. Not having sucked a cock since college, she began to realise how unprepared she was. This one was larger than she was used to, and was threatening to choke her.

Not daring to swallow it, she bulged out a cheek as much as she could, while gripping it tight with her lips, and tongue. A moment of fright brought a terrible thought. Why was she doing this? Sucking on a young guys cock was so very wrong, yet she couldn't stop herself.

He shot hot semen down her throat, she choked, pulled back, and felt him spurt his load over her face, and chest. Oh! Shit! She was naked on his bed, playing disgraceful sexual perversions.

Alicia scooped up his cum and pushed it between Beattie's lips. For some reason she couldn't say no, though the word was silently practiced. She just lay there exhausted, letting it happen. She must have swallowed all of the boy's cum because the tow pulled her close to cuddle and say soothing words of comfort.

Beattie fell asleep, too tired to care anymore.

Beattie woke late and with a small cry, pulled the sheets to cover her naked body.

'Why? How in hell?' she whispered, while looking around the room, afraid of seeing either one of them.

She had committed terrible sins last night. Why had she let them corrupt her? How had they made her let loose her strict moral code. She had always kept a strict control of herself, not allowing herself to be tempted. Last night she had given in to her baser animal instincts.

When she got home she would burn those nasty Gor books. They had allowed the worm of a devil to enter her head, and gnaw away at her self control, obliterating her fine moral standards.

Beattie showered and returned to the bedroom to get dressed, only she couldn't find her clothes. Draped in a towel she padded on bare feet to the kitchen, where sounds and smells of cooking could be heard.

'Err, morning Alicia. I can't find my clothes,' Beattie timidly spoke.

After the antics of last night, she felt bad, and that everyone would judge her, even Alicia and James.

'I'm not sure what clothes you are to wear, have you been told?' Alicia said, while dishing up eggs and bacon.

'What do you mean? I was looking for my clothes, the ones I arrived in,' Beattie said, looking lost and vulnerable.

Standing in someone's kitchen, wearing just a towel, was new to her and she didn't know the protocol. There were always rules of behaviour and she was at a loss to know what they were in these circumstances.

'Out master will decide what clothes you are to wear. I expect it will include stockings and

suspenders for you,' Alicia told the woman. 'Because you have long shapely legs,' Alicia added, when Beattie looked puzzled and concerned.

'Have some breakfast, and you'll feel much better,' Alicia said.

She wasn't too happy about having a rival for her master's attention. He'd promised this woman was just a distraction, and wouldn't be here long. Beattie was just something for them both to play with.

Before she could sit down, James walked in looking bright and breezy.

'Morning, slaves,' he happily said, and of course he was happy.

James had two mature women, beautiful MILFS, at his disposal, so of course he was feeling on top of the world. Beattie had been given cookies laced with weed, and had consequently been in a relaxed mood. The straight woman had come across too easily, but he found out she had a thing about being a slave-girl.

She'd revealed the fetish during their session on the sofa, which explained the easy submission, and deference to him. James hadn't so much conquered her, as released her natural reserve, so she could live a favourite fantasy.

This morning she looked tender, shy, and very ashamed of what she had done last night. He grabbed her before she could say anything, which was probably a complaint, or worse. Not giving her time to raise a defence, he pulled her tight against his body and deeply kissed her. His hands went down to grab her cheeks pulling her against his hardness.

Her normal response would have been outrage, followed by shouting at the naughty boy. Opening her mouth to say something, he took hold of her mouth in a big strong hand to stop her, then explained her position.

'I'm your master, you know that after last night. We'll keep it between us, so know one need know you are my slave-girl. All you need say is, yes master, and thank you master,' James heavily told her.

He pulled her close so she could whisper in his ear. He could feel her brain ticking over trying to find an alternative to what he wanted from her. He slapped her bottom to reinforce his words, and repeated them. The message sunk in, that she was being blackmailed into being his slave-girl.

Reluctantly she responded as an alternative couldn't be thought of, 'Yes, master, thank you, master,' she murmured.

The stunned weary state she was in was a good reason to give up the booze. Maybe if she had been wide awake and functioning on all four cylinders, she might have fought the boy, or even found a way out of the mess. As it was her muzzy mind was so messed up she just stood there mesmerised by him.

He pulled the towel from her body, leaving her naked. Standing in a neighbour's kitchen, naked, bemused, and thoroughly defeated, she felt like a slave-girl. All those stories of Gor flooded her mind, adding to her confusion.

'Sit down and eat breakfast. Afterwards I'll get you some clothes. I'll tell you the rules of this house, which you will abide by, slave-girl,' he firmly stated.

'Yes, master, thank you, master,' Beattie meekly replied.

Alicia looked the woman over, carefully noting her attributed her master would be interested in. The bitch's breasts were bigger, and her legs were longer, maybe more shapely too. Alicia was happy that she looked younger, and sexier, than this woman. Her master just wanted to conquer her and play with her like a cat with a mouse.

Alicia was the only permanent slave here, and would fight to keep the position. It was only after Beattie had been tamed that she thought of herself as his permanent slave-girl. Up until yesterday it had been one of two games, either playing at being an airhead, or his slave. Now she needed to be his favourite slave-girl, or lose all she had.

After breakfast she felt better, and able to cope with being naked. Mulling things over, she reasoned that as an adult, that outweighed anything that boy could do or say. The idea of being that boy's slave-girl was a non-starter. Whatever he thought he had over her, could be denied. She wasn't going to be manipulated by a mere boy.

'I want my clothes back,' Beattie asserted.

She looked determined and sounded forceful, more like her old self. Without a drink or drugs she had a clear head. Standing up to her full height, she looked down on Alicia, just an inch, but it was enough to boost her ego.

'Where is he, that bad boy,' she asked.

Calling him a bad boy seemed a totally inadequate description. He was evil and so was his accomplice. What they had done to her was so very wrong, she didn't have words to describe it.

'Are, there you are! I want my clothes, now!' she demanded.

James wrapped his arms around the woman, and deeply kissed her. Beattie tried to back away, but she was engulfed by the big guy. Before she could say a word his mouth enveloped hers. Trying to push him away was useless, so she stopped trying. It was terrible to feel his tongue invade her mouth, as though he were taking her down there.

Right here in a normal kitchen where she just had breakfast, a young guy was taking her! It was like having sex with a stranger in the street, in front of everyone. Not struggling enough was wrong! She should at least kick him. Maybe biting his tongue would stop him taking advantage of her.

Hearing her panting breath, she figured it was panic and fear. When she nestled up against him, it dawned upon her something was very wrong. Despite the thought of how bad this was, her emotions were the opposite. She was panting with desire!

He was a good kisser. He was big and strong. He was a handsome young guy. That didn't make it alright!

'I told you, Mrs Morgan, there is no need to be frightened. I'll keep your secret so long as you are a good girl and obey your master. You don't have to worry about anything at all, you just say, yes master, and, thank you master. You can do that can't you?' he asked.

'Yes, master, thank you, master,' she quietly said.

Mrs Morgan was losing her wits. All she could think of was James abusing her. The fear of her sordid actions being revealed to the world was all consuming, wiping out all other thoughts. It was eating her up with anxiety. Someone must be told, just to share the problem, and better still, suggesting a way out of this torment.

Who could she tell? The police would have to make it a big production, or do nothing at all. She might as well confront her bully and call his bluff, rather than go to the police. Mrs Morgan was in no doubt, that if she didn't cooperate with the boy, he would have a fit of temper, and put everything up on the internet.

If anyone saw those video's her reputation would be ruined. More than that, her marriage would be over. Everyone would know how weak willed she was, or think she enjoyed being a boy's mistress.

Shit! Not a mistress, she was his slave-girl. That's what he said. Oh! Hell! He demanded she call him master, and she had. Whatever it was he was doing to her, it was working. The boy was beating her into submission, and she was capitulating.

Alicia gave her a dressing gown to wear, while they tidied up the kitchen. Beattie lost herself in the usual everyday activity of completing chores, trying not to think about what was happening to her. Once home there would be time to think, without the boy's influence. It would take some effort but she would find a way to escape his stupid blackmail attempt.

The chores had been finished so Alicia and Beattie walked into his study, looking to be dismissed. Alicia wore her usual short flared skirt, and a skimpy top. Beattie wore a short house coat, and nothing else. With a forced determination, she stood before him, trying hard to maintain her integrity. Still needing some decent clothes to return home, she had to play along for the moment.

'These are the house rules, Mrs Morgan. Are you paying attention?' James patiently asked.

'Yes, alright, get on with it,' she returned.

'Not alright, Mrs Morgan. You're not paying me respect with that attitude,' he said, as though talking to a child.

'Don't patronise me, I'm a mature woman, and you are just a naughty boy, so get that clear. I'm the one who should be respected, and don't forget it,' she demanded.

'Yes, Mrs Morgan, that's right, you should be respected,' he said, in a conciliatory tone of voice. 'Should be, is right. How can I respect you after those filthy things you've done? Well? What do you say to that? Will anyone respect you when they see those video's on the internet? The evidence of your indecent acts are ready to go on the internet, any time you want to stop being my plaything. Come on, tell me, who is to be respected now? You, or me?' he heavily demanded.

'Oh, well, err, you, I guess, it's you, sorry,' she admitted.

'Sorry isn't enough. You need a reminder of your position in my house, a punishment for being disrespectful. Turn around, and bend over that chair. Go on, no excuses, do as you are told,' he said, with a mischievous grin on his face.

She turned around, but had to be forcefully pushed over the chair. Even though she was bending over, exposing her bare ass, Mrs Morgan continued to complain. This deplorable situation just couldn't be taken in. It was all too much for her.

'Please, you can't do this to me. I'm an adult, I can't be spanked! You're just a boy, you can't spank me! I'm a respectable woman, I'm married! I don't want to be hurt, please, James, please don't spank me!' she cried out.

'That's another punishment due, for complaining and squirming,' he told her.

'Ouch! Stop it!' she said, through gritted teeth.

'Ouch! You can't do this to me!'

'Ouch! That hurt!'

'Ouch! I'm sorry, I really am,' she whined.

'Ouch! Alright, I'll be good, I'll do as you want.'

'Ouch! Whatever you want, just tell me, and I'll do it.'

'Anything?' he asked.

When she hesitated he slapped her ass, harder this time.

'Owww! Owww! Yes, anything you want, I promise!'

'You'll be a good girl, obedient, and servile?' he asked, wanting to hear her squirm.

'Ouch! Please, stop! I'll be a good girl, I promise!'

'Ouch! Yes, yes, I, promise, really I will!'

'Ouch! I promise to be a good girl, obedient, and servile.'

'Good girl. Now listen to the rules,' he heavily told her.

'Yes, master, thank you, master,' Beattie dutifully said.

'You will be obedient, and try your hardest to be what I want you to be. No questioning orders, you will do as you are told. You promised to be obedient, and servile, and that is what you will be. You are my slave-girl, what are you?' he shot at her.

'I, err, I'm your slave-girl, master,' she hesitantly spoke.

Saying the words did something to her. Her stomach cramped. It felt as though she were in a different world, where masters and slaves existed. Her fantasy had come true, where she was owned, and having to obey a strict master.

'Yes, master, your slave shall obey her master, and not let her master down,' Beattie dutifully said.

The sound of her voice was very different to before, and Alicia and James looked at each other. He winked at Alicia, trying to reassure her.

'Go to your room, and prepare yourself, slave-girl. Wear something appropriate, and return,' he ordered.

When she left, James pulled Alicia onto his lap for a cuddle.

'It will be interesting to see what she wears. Shall I send her home this evening?' he asked.

'It's up to you, master,' Alicia said, slipping into calling him master.

He duly noted the term, Alicia used, knowing they were competing against each other for his attention. The woman had her own private reasons for being a slave-girl, and Alicia didn't want to be left out of the game.

Even when Beattie was complaining, her body betrayed her, with nipples hardening, and standing with feet apart. The woman had been heating up all morning, and right now she was a bitch in heat, making it easy to accept his demands.

For the rest of the day he teased her by demanding her presence, then ordering her away on errands. Each time he summoned her, she thought he might use her, only to be disappointed.

In the house he figured she was safe enough, and wouldn't shake off the feeling of being his slave-girl. He looked up Gor on the internet, to find out what she had been reading. He needed to fit in with her image of a master, and treat her like a slave. It kept her responding and playing the part.

'Come here slave-girl. Alicia, my slave can carry on with dinner. You are to practice your slave positions,' he told her.

It was funny how eagerly she assumed a position, showing off her body. He kept her at it, to tire her out. She wasn't as young as she thought she was, and had difficulty reaching some positions. She'd memorised a few from the books, and for others he guided her.

'Very good, slave-girl. I might keep you, rather than sell you on,' he told her, for her to smile with gratitude.

This was a dangerous game to play as she would snap out of it once home. She would certainly remember this game, and might come back for more. Or more probably keep away, just using the memories for naughty bath-time dreams.

Beattie and Alicia served him dinner in the lounge, then afterwards the women ate in the kitchen. In the lounge Alicia caught up with James, while Beattie cleared up in the kitchen.

'How did you do that to her? I mean, how did you enslave the woman?' Alicia asked, with a touch of wonder in her voice.

'She did it to herself. She used to read John Norman books. Gor? Never mind, I'll explain later. She was into slave-girl fantasies and I just presented myself as a master, and she did the rest. How is she with you?' James asked.

'Okay I guess. The woman does as she's told, though she seems to be in a dream world all the time. Beattie always presented herself as a pillar of the community, Mrs Housewife, though a bit of a battle axe too. She's known for gossiping acidly about other women not up to her standards,' Alicia sharply said.

'Well, she's not above anyone now, though we can't tell anyone about her fall from grace,' he chuckled. 'Not yet anyway,' he warned Alicia.

When all the chores had been completed, Beattie presented herself to her master. Cleaning the house better than Alicia wasn't something Alicia was jealous over. It wasn't something she would be bothered to compete over with the damn woman.

Standing to attention, wearing a micro-mini skirt, and a boob tube, Beattie looked ridiculous. Alicia had a baby face, with long blond hair, and a girly giggle, so she could get away with it.

James pointed to the carpet at his feet. Beattie scrambled onto the floor, and assumed her slave position. It was her favourite rather than his, as James didn't have a particular preference. She'd obviously imagined herself striking this pose when reading the slave stories.

On her haunches, with hands upturned on her knees, she held her breasts out, and at the same time managed to drop her head in supplication to her master. With knees spread her sex was on show, and as usual it was gleaming wetly. Just being there serving her master had her worked up.

'Come with me slave,' James told her.

In the spare bedroom, used as Alicia's dressing room, he found her something else to wear. Standing still, with head bowed, she awaited her masters instructions.

'Help me with this, Alicia,' he said.

After dressing her up, he stood back to admire his slave.

'There, that looks perfect,' he said.

A bright steel collar circled her neck, with chains dangling from the collar joined to cuffs at her wrists and ankles.

'These chains are called a sirik,' he told Alicia, who wasn't that interested.

He was giving the damn woman too much attention, as far as she was concerned.

'You need to get your lips pierced, down here,' he told her, and gripped her seeping sex.

'You can spend the rest of the day chained, slave,' he told her.

'Yes, master, thank you, master,' Beattie dutifully said.

It took awhile to get used to taking small steps, and not being able to reach out very far, while wearing the sirik. With determination, she got the hang of it. It felt as though this was a mark of her permanent enslavement, and that she would be a slave-girl forever. This is how it was in the novels, when a woman was captured, and enslaved.

It was important to please her master, or he would sell her on as a wayward and undisciplined slave. A trainer would break her, making her an obedient slave, or she might end up sold into a brothel. There would be no rest from sex, and she would have no time or strength to be disobedient. Taking men back to her room, one after another for them to use her, was a dire prospect.

It was a great incentive to please her master, James, and keep him happy.

Later that evening James ordered Beattie and Alicia to join him in bed. They competed with each other when sucking, licking and massaging his body. Beattie didn't want to be sold on, and Alicia didn't want to lose her status in his household..

When they began to become too aggressive he made them take turns. Alicia laid there with a scowl on her face, while Beattie kissed, and played with his penis. She was making a big show of it, to tease Alicia, as well as keep her master's interest.

James thought of brining some reality back into her head, by telling her she wasn't really a slave, they were just playing. When she sucked on his cock as though her life depended upon it, he changed his mind. He was even considering keeping her, like Alicia.

How long would it take the woman to forget her former life, and settle down to believing she really was a slave-girl?

'It's time to go,' James said, without any explanation.

Beattie was quickly changed into her own clothes, with both James and Alicia dressing her. Hassled out to her car, James drove her home, and parked on the driveway. She sat there looking bemused. Before she was aware of what was happening, James deeply kissed her, with fingers busy in her panties. He climbed out of her car, and joined Alicia in his.

Beattie sat in the passenger seat of her car, wondering what to do. She had been taken to a wonderful fantasy land, and it was so strong, so real, it was difficult to shake off. She didn't want to let go of it. In the dark she walked to her house, and let herself in. With the lights out everything looked grey and ghostly. Her own home felt strange.

A feeling of being watched, and that she must be a good slave-girl, kept surfacing in her mind. She felt as though a big strong man was about to grab her, take her away, and enslave her once more. Quietly creeping into the spare room, she got into bed.

Pulling her knees up, she played with her sex, and wandered into a fantasy. James and Alicia were there, and so was a slave trainer. She was begging her master not to send her away. Promising to try her hardest to be his obedient slave-girl, she hoped not to be trained, or sold into a brothel.