

CHAPTER 1

Heather had few occasions to get to know her Aunt Susan. She lived quite a distance away and seldom visited their house, the home of her sister and Heather's mother, Allison.

Now and then she'd heard bits and pieces of things, as her parents spoke of the woman in hushed tones. But she could learn little, other than that they disapproved of Susan's lifestyle. Why, she didn't know.

Of course, her parents disapproved of most people's lifestyle. They were both strict and conservative and drab and boring and dull, as far as she was concerned. Through bits and pieces of what she heard them say she built up an image over time of her aunt Susan as a strong willed party animal who knew how to enjoy life.

She probably even had... gasp... sex!

Her parents were so touchy about the subject that neither Heather nor her twin sister Hannah had ever spoken to them about it. They'd learned what they knew from school sex-ed courses, their friends, and the internet. The latter, in fact, was a fascinating source of information.

It was also something they could explore alone, without fear of anyone disapproving of their questions or interests. In the beginning, they had been astonished at the varied methods human beings took to enjoy themselves. They had howled with laughter at pictures and stories of particularly kinky fetishes and practices, and licked their lips silently, chests tight, at others which caught at their imaginations.

Of course, there was little opportunity to explore most of such things in real life. Neither was particularly trusting of strangers, and neither had any interest in getting a reputation among those they knew. So they had kept their experimentations as careful, discrete and acceptable as possible.

Every tryst with boys was carefully measured with appearance, reputation and pride balanced against excitement and lust. Boys could only be permitted to do so much, to go so far, no matter what their own desires. The boy allowed too free a hand - so to speak - might think poorly of them afterwards. Worse, he might, and likely would relate it all to his friends, who would then pass it through their circle of acquaintances.

As they grew older their relationships with boys grew stronger and longer, and it became acceptable, in fact, almost required, to lose their virginity and have sex. Of course, even then things were strictly measured. One had sex only with ones boyfriend, and then only after one had been going with him a set amount of time.

Both lost their virginity in their senior year of high school, two weeks apart. In Heather's case it was in the basement of her boyfriend Larry's house

one evening when his parents were out. In Hannah's case it was in the back seat of her boyfriend Paul's Ford parked by the river one night.

In both cases they had been drinking. In both cases things were dark, close, awkward, fast and confused. The hot, panting breath of their boyfriends, the hard, excited hands racing over their bodies, tangled clothes, and the pain of a young and inexperienced man thrusting himself into their bodies was, although not terribly unpleasant, nothing to write home about either.

Still, it was something which had to be done, and both were quite relieved when it was over. Their subsequent sexual experiences with the same boys were more pleasant, but still, nothing like the thrill they had hoped for. And things pretty much always seemed rushed and nervous, for there was little security and often fears of discovery.

In almost every way, then, the twins were entirely normal, save for the fact they were, of course, twins. And in itself that led to experiments of a more unusual sort, experiments which could be conducted in the privacy and relative security of their own room.

It was only natural, after all, for two healthy teenagers who lived together to turn to each other for friendship, information, and experimentation.

The sisters had seen each other nude all their lives, of course, and had exactly the same short, slim bodies, high, round breasts, the same slim waistlines and pert bottoms. Indeed, they had the same measurements, though with a tape measure they had determined that Heather's thirty-four inch breasts were a half centimetre or so larger than Hannah's.

In addition to their bodies their faces were the same, for they were identical twins. They had the same long reddish brown hair parted in the middle, the same slender, oval faces, blue eyes, and small, turned up noses.

As other sisters and friends had done they had practised their kissing on each other, and, by slow degrees. Yet times were different, and being twins, they were closer than most girls, and so, somehow, their kissing had become more than merely a means to perfect an art and become a pleasure in itself.

At first neither quite realized it. Their kisses would grow longer, however, and the questioning in between shorter. Their chests would tighten, their breasts swell, their hearts beat more quickly. Neither commented on it. Neither felt the need.

They would sit or lay together for long, long minutes enjoying the presences of each others company, enjoying the arms wrapped around them and the lips sliding across their own, the tongues dancing and testing, pushing and exploring, caressing and tasting.

And slowly, things progressed to light petting over clothing, and then under and then without. The petting grew stronger and became masturbation, and the two naked girls would lay together, breast to breast, gasping and panting softly in the dark, their hands gently exploring each other, stroking and caressing each other.

They both knew it was wrong, and both felt terribly guilty about it, but they had so few pleasure in life that they were unable to stop. It was much more enjoyable than sex with boys, without the concerns and anxieties that always

brought. Each could be herself without worrying of tales of her reactions getting bandied about in locker rooms and basement bedrooms.

And it was a way to quietly defy their parents.

Their parents were prudes and the twins hated it. Yet their parents were adamant. And without money of their own the twins could only dream of the freedom still years away.

For while they were to go to college the next year it was a local college, and they would continue to live at home under their parents' watchful eyes.

There were many screaming matches about the rules, but their parents never budged on them. And it was either live by the rules, despite being, legally speaking, adults, or go and work at a fast food restaurant somewhere for minimum wage.

And then, one day, everything changed.

Heather was home during the day. School was over. Her father was at work. Her mother was baking in the kitchen. Hannah was at piano lessons. The door rang, and the postman handed her the mail and a long, thin box addressed to her mother. It was from Aunt Susan.

She was bored out of her skull by then, so, she took the box upstairs and then slowly, carefully, trying not to leave any trace of her snooping, opened the box. She peeled it open and a thing fell out. She stared down at it in utter confusion for a moment, then gasped in shock, then burst into laughter.

It was, undeniably, though she'd never seen one except in pictures, a dildo. It was long and thick and pink and shaped exactly like the male penis - though quite a bit larger than the ones she'd seen to that point in her life.

It was really quite - attractive a penis She and Hannah had discussed dildos before, and how much fun they could be, but neither had one. The danger of having them found, particularly by their snooping mother, was too great. Besides, neither was willing to go and purchase one, and buying by mail again risked discovery if their parents got to the box first.

She held the big plastic cock in her hand and grinned at it, feeling how thick and long it was. Her chest was growing tighter and she felt a thrumming between her legs as she imagined using it, as she imagined the feel of it sliding slowly up into her tight pussy, and how deep it would penetrate.

Then she noticed the little note that had fallen out of the box with it. She bent and picked up the note, unfolding it. It was from Aunt Susan to her mother.

Dear Allison,

Guess what, I've moved back to town. I know you won't send me a housewarming present, so I'm sending you one instead. Since that insecure, wormy little husband of yours probably can't get it up, here's something to keep you warm at nights.

Sit on it and rotate.

love,

Susan

All Heather could think was; Wow!

She read it a second time, then a third time. She stared at the dildo, then read the note again.

Wow!

Her mother would blow an artery when she read it!

She'd know that her mother and Aunt didn't get along but had never dreamed it was anything as bad as this.

She wanted to play with the thing, and keep the dildo around to show her sister, but it had been a boring day, and she was curious as to what her Mother's reaction would be when she saw it. Curious? She couldn't wait!

She wrapped it up again, being very careful to leave no sign that she'd opened it, then she snuck downstairs, opened the front door and closed it again, and then carried the mail into the kitchen where her mother was baking.

"Mail," she said, as casually as she could.

Heather quickly wandered back out of the kitchen. Then she raced up the front stairs, down the hall, and then quietly snuck down the back stairs so she could peek around the corner.

Her mother was just opening the box as she got there, and she didn't look happy. Heather held her hands over her mouth to stifle a giggle, then she almost choked as the dildo slid out the end of the box and into her mother's hand.

Her mother's eyes got big and round, and then she cursed, something she never, ever did, and flung the thing away. The note fluttered to the floor and she bent and picked it up, cursing viciously under her breath.

She read the note, then her face got red and her eyes bulged and she muttered and cursed and hissed like a steam pipe. Heather almost killed herself. She had to sneak back up the stairs, run into her room, close the door and bury her face in her pillow.

For long minutes she howled with laughter at the memory of her mother's face and the outrage on it.

It was the most fun Heather could remember having in days.

She began to think about her Aunt. The woman must be incredible! How dared she do that! Heather wished she had such courage, wished she could tell her parents to go and rotate.

Four twenty-seven Melrose.

That was the return address on the box.

The idea was shocking at first, but the more she thought about it the more she liked it. Aunt Susan would probably like to see her, and would certainly not tell her parents

She and Hannah discussed it in heated whispers that night in bed. Hannah thought it too risky, and was more wary about meeting a woman she hardly knew, especially one who mailed dildos to people.

So the next morning, Heather took the bus to Cooper and then walked down to Four Twenty-Seven Melrose.

It was a nice looking house, though she had to open the gate and go through the tall hedges to see much of it. She let the gate swing to behind her and walked anxiously up to the front door.

She gazed enviously at the large, enclosed yard, then, a little nervously, turned and knocked at the door. She wondered if the woman would simply send her on her way, or if she would wonder why Heather had come at all.

A small square grille opened in the door and she saw a woman's eyes looking out.

"Uhm, uh, hi," Heather squeaked.

"Well, hello," the woman said in a soft, soprano voice.

"Uh, are you, Uhm, Susan Castner?"

"And who would like to know?"

"Uhm, well... "Heather's face was turning red as she looked up at the woman. "Well, I'm Heather Donnelly."

"Heather?" The woman's eyes moved up and down her, and then the little door behind the grille opened and the woman smiled down at her.

She was tall and blonde, and wearing very little. Heather could easily see her resemblance to her mother in the face, the high cheekbones, the soft brown eyes, and the strong chin. But there the resemblance ended. This woman had light blonde hair chopped sternly just below her chin, yet it looked quite feminine.

She wore a thin pair of thin flowered capri pants - very much like pajama bottoms, very low on her hips. Above them she wore a bra which matched, right down to the flowers across the cups. Between bra and pants was a long expanse of smooth, tanned flesh.

The effect was one of casual eroticism which Heather admired, envied, and, to her surprise, felt a little aroused by. She had never done anything with women except for Hannah, but there was interest there dampened mainly by opportunity, fear of reputation, and fear of rejection.

"Uhm, hi," she said.

"Susan's daughter?"

"Yes."

"How delightful!"

The woman leaned in and hugged her, and Heather was uncomfortably aware of the soft, naked flesh pressing against her, and the fullness of the woman's breasts against her chest.

"Come in, dear. Come in."

She backed up, an arm sliding behind Heather and pulling her forward into the house. It was sumptuously furnished, with expensive steel, chrome and leather furniture. Heather turned back to eye the tall blonde woman smiling down at her.

Aunt Susan led her into the living room, gliding like a cat. The capri pants were thin enough that Heather could easily see the outline of a dark thong underneath. Again she felt both envious and attracted. Her mother forbade her to wear thongs. She had purchased a few on her own, but they had been found and thrown out, and she had then been subjected to a long lecture on female dignity and sexual chastity.

Heather felt gawky and plain and terribly young compared to the effortlessly beautiful blonde woman. She was acutely aware of how ugly and

drab her clothes were, especially compared to the sexy little lounge wear her Aunt had on.

She sat down on the leather couch and Aunt Susan sat down opposite her.

"Can I get you a drink, or perhaps something to eat?" she asked.

"Oh, no, thank you."

"Well then, what brings you to see me, dear?" Aunt Susan asked, still smiling in a strange way.

Heather hadn't been sure herself, but under Aunt Susan's careful encouragement, she told her about the dildo, about her mother's reaction. Susan laughed uproariously, then got herself a drink, and got one for Heather too.

Heather wasn't allowed to drink alcohol, of course, but she felt so pleased at herself and was so in awe of her Aunt, that she took it, if only to sip on.

Aunt Susan got her talking, drawing her out more and more. She told her all about the rules she and her sister lived under, and how they loathed it. Susan was sympathetic and very friendly.

Then Heather told her about what was going to happen in a week. She had joined a Christian missionary program which would be sending her to Mexico to help the poor and help convert them to Jesus. It hadn't been her idea, but her parents wanted she and Heather to be separated, and wanted her to make productive use of her summer time.

Hannah, meanwhile, would stay home for two weeks to work with the homeless, then fly off to join the peace corps in Africa, helping build homes. Heather was jealous of this, though she hadn't said so to Hannah, since the Peace Corps weren't as freaky for Jesus and Africa was a lot neater than Mexico.

But neither of them was happy about it, and only threats to withhold their college tuition money had persuaded them to agree. It had been close, though, and they had seriously looked into getting jobs and moving out together into an apartment. Only the certainty of poverty had halted them..

Heather had never met anyone so sympathetic and warm and kind as her aunt. And, of course, her Aunt was also so sophisticated, so beautiful, and so strong and able to look out for herself..

Within little more than an hour Heather was in awe of her Aunt, admiration plain on her face as Aunt Susan told her how she had made a fortune in real estate, and how she lived her life as she wanted to because it was HER life after all. The woman was beautiful, confident, capable, strong willed, and successful. She was everything Heather wasn't, but everything she dreamed about becoming.

She and her aunt talked for hours, then a pretty Korean girl that cleaned house for her aunt cooked them lunch. Heather got to eat all kinds of things her mother would have disapproved of, and had a great time.

Her Aunt even offered a daring solution to the upcoming separation with her twin. She would contact the Peace Corps and missionaries and cancel, then the twins could come and stay with her for the rest of the summer and their parents would never know! Heather was in seventh heaven.

She and Hannah talked it over that night, and though Hannah wasn't happy about being by herself for two weeks, the thought of getting out of their parents' clutches for a summer of fun was irresistible.

Her Aunt even had Kimmy, the Korean girl who was her maid, come and pick Heather and her luggage up the next week in a van. Her parents never suspected a thing.

That night she slept alone for the first time in years, clad in a pair of boxer shorts and a too-old, too-small pink tank top.

Perhaps it was the strange bed, or maybe because it was so strange sleeping alone, or maybe the excitement. For whatever reason, she couldn't sleep. She got out of bed and opened her door, then padded quietly down the hall, then downstairs to the kitchen to get some milk.

Before she could go in she heard noises and halted quickly. She loved the sexy pink silk outfit but was too shy to be seen in them. She peeked around the corner and her eyes bulged as she saw her Aunt and Kimmy, the oriental maid, kissing.

They were doing more than kissing. Kimmy was in Aunt Susan's arms, her behind perched on the edge of the kitchen table. Her legs were spread, her skirt hiked up, and she had no panties. She also had no pussy hair. Heather watched her Aunt's fingers sliding in and out of Kimmy's bare, bald little slit and stifled a cry of shock.

The two women were kissing passionately, and didn't notice the intruder staring at them. Aunt Susan undid the back of Kimmy's black maid's uniform and then lifted the whole thing up over her shoulders and off. Kimmy was now completely naked, and the two women kissed again.

Aunt Susan bent and licked on one of Kimmy's breasts, then began to suck on her nipple. Her hands stroked the young Korean girl's body, gliding across the brown flesh. Suddenly Kimmy turned and in a smooth movement brought her hands up and back together behind her back. Heather's jaw dropped as she saw her aunt take a pair of glistening handcuffs from the pocket of her robe and close them around the girl's slim wrists, locking them in place.

The girl turned and at a soft word from her aunt spread her straight legs apart on the floor. Her aunt circled the girl slowly, pausing while behind her, leaning in to whisper something in the girl's ear. She opened the refrigerator and then turned, holding an enormous green cucumber.

Heather was afraid, for a moment, that her gasp of shock was audible, but neither woman appeared to hear her. Her aunt moved back behind the shorter, Asian woman and continued to whisper into her ear, words Heather couldn't hear. Meanwhile she rolled the thick cucumber slowly up and down the girl's body, over her breasts, and down her belly.

Heart pounding, Heather held both her hands over her mouth as she watched her Aunt slowly work the cucumber down between Kimmy's legs and rub it back and forth against her bald little pussy mound. It was so thick, so long, that she could not possibly intend - and yet, clearly, she did.

Kimmy let her head go back as Heather's aunt turned the cucumber to angle upwards and pressed it up into the girl's soft body. She ground and twisted it from side to side, chewing on the girl's ear. Her other hand stroking the girl's belly, but rose to stroke and caress one of her breasts as she continued to turn and twist the cucumber against her sex.

By now Heather was sure the cucumber was merely meant for effect, that it was not intended to actually enter the slim Asian girl's body. Her aunt was only using it to tease her. And then, in the dim light, she thought she saw the cucumber shorten. She blinked and squinted breathlessly. She was wrong. Or was she? And then as her aunt's hand shifted on the cucumber she knew she was not.

She had succeeded in penetrating the Asian girl with the thick vegetable, and at least several inches were now - Heather's mind swam at the realization of where those inches were, and she stared, appalled, and yet strangely fascinated, as she watched her aunt forcing more and more into the girl's body.

She could see the strain in the girl's face now, her lips parted, her breathing short and sharp, her eyes fluttering, head back. She moaned low in her throat, and Heather heard her aunt chuckle throatily. She watched her aunt place both hands on the cucumber now, hiding it from her eyes.

Kimmy gasped and then whimpered, her upper body twisting, her head jerking violently. Yet she appeared to make no complaint, no effort to resist, as her aunt's joined hands pushed closer and closer to her body. It seemed impossible to Heather that so large an object could be forced into the girl without horrible agony, yet as her aunt's hands came free she saw no sign of the cucumber.

And then, as the girl turned slightly, she did. It was protruding from her body, but only the end, the last few inches.

Her Aunt, still wearing a robe, continued to squeeze and caress Kimmy's small round breasts. Every now and then one of her hands would descend to the dark shadowy vegetable, and press it upwards. Then Kimmy would rise on her toes and shudder, and let out a soft groan.

She knew she should leave. It was unspeakably perverted of her to stare like some peeping tom, and yet she couldn't tear her eyes away from the lewd, carnal scene. It was the most erotic thing she'd ever seen, and she was transfixed.

Her Aunt suddenly stood back. She undid the belt holding her robe closed and shrugged it off. Then she too was naked. She had, thought Heather, the body of a Goddess, of an Amazon. She had broad shoulders, yet a trim waist. Her buttocks were round and firm, and her legs incredibly long and tapered and sleek. Yet there was the play of strong muscles along her back and legs.

Her Aunt turned to the side and bent, and Heather saw how big her breasts were, how big and round and firm they were. Again she tried to pull away, but didn't move. Her own breasts were swollen and throbbing, her nipples hard and tingling, her groin hot and thrumming.

Her Aunt turned her back to her again, then stepped away from the girl.

"Kneel," she commanded, her voice low but harsh.

The Asian girl knelt, and turned, and her breasts were shadowed by the moon streaming through the window as she shifted her knees widely apart and looked up at the tall, blonde woman. Her aunt stepped forward and the Asian girl appeared to bow her head for a moment, then rose off her heels and began to lick at her aunt's thighs, slowly working her way upwards to the woman's pussy.

Impatient, her aunt reached down and filled her hand with the girl's long black hair, then jerked up and in. The girl gasped in pain, but her face was now directly between her aunt's legs, and her small tongue glistened wetly as she began to lap at the older woman's pussy.

Heather was transfixed. She and Hannah had discussed doing that, but it was something both had avoided. Their play together had been light, and they could deny its seriousness. But performing oral sex made it more than just touching. That made it sex. Now, watching her aunt, she thought of how silly that had been, and imagined her own lips on the Asian girl's pussy as she slid a finger down into her loose pants and stifled a gasp of pleasure.

Kimmy slid her tongue up and down Aunt Susan's sex, then pushed her face in harder and began to lick inside the pussy, slurping and sucking at the bright pink flesh within.

The wide-eyed teenager was mesmerized. She was trembling with sexual energy, her pussy hotter than she'd ever felt it. In fact, she was so aroused that she was on the edge of a climax as she crouched there watching.

Her finger sank in between her pussy lips and she felt the heat and moisture within her body, felt the muscles of her pussy squeezing in against her finger as she thrust it deeper.

Her nipples were as hard as pebbles, and just the touch of the soft cotton tank against them was making them buzz with delight. Did she dare? Could she dare? The shock rippled through her body at the mere thought. And then, hardly daring to breath, she reached down and peeled the tank top up and off. In another instant she pushed the boxer shorts down and, naked, knelt on all fours, peering around the corner, watching the Asian girl licking at her aunt's sex.

She kept her lips pressed tightly together, fearing she would let out an involuntary moan, and reached a trembling hand back down between her legs, rubbing at her pussy.

Her aunt was twisting the girl's hair, pulling and turning it cruelly. Yet the girl continued to lick at the woman's pussy.

Heather pushed a finger between the lips of her sex, working it slowly inside. Then added a second, feeling the tightness of her youthful body around the thin digits as she stroked them in and out. She let the bottom of her index finger stroke back and forth across her clitoris as she pumped, head throbbing with the power of the shocking sexual pressure within her.

At any moment her aunt might turn and walk to the corner of the wall, and then - and then she would see Heather there naked, fingers up inside her pussy. What would she do? Would she be angry and scream or would she include Heather in her lewd little lesbian game playing?

She was so wet her fingers were slipping easily through her tight pussy lips, slippery with her juices now, juices that were trickling into her hand as she continued to pump.

"Harder, you little slut," her aunt ordered.

She twisted on the girl's hair and Kimmy moaned, and pushed her head in deeper. Aunt Susan sighed in pleasure and let her head roll up and back, arching her back, hands still filled with raven hair as she ground her hips into the girl's face.

It was too much. She had three fingers deep inside herself now, and trembled, actually shaking with excitement and lust as she pumped them in and out. She pressed her thumb up along the line of her sex, stroking it across her clit, and drew back away from the corner, trying desperately to keep quiet as the orgasm built up within her.

She snatched frantically at her boxer shorts and tank top, crawled further up the hall, then rose and sprinted up the stairs as lightly as she could. She did not go into her room, but halted at the top, knelt as she had seen Kimmy kneel, spread her legs wide, and began to rub desperately at herself. It took only seconds, and the climax was explosive, mind blowing.

She barely restrained herself from screaming as she threw back her head in shocked delight, gurgling helplessly, head rolling from side to side as she rubbed frantically at her burning sex.

"My God what crap," Susan said, looking through her things.

"My parents won't let us work while we're at school and won't let us buy anything they think is too... provocative," Heather said, embarrassed.

It felt deeply strange to have her aunt looking through her underthings. She would not have thought so the other day before - but now, it was hard to even look at the woman without her eyes going wide, and her mind filling with the lewd, erotic image which had filled them the previous night.

Her aunt was a lesbian. No wonder her mother and father disapproved! And yet, it was impossible for Heather to condemn her as she and Hannah had engaged in lesbian game playing, which, while tame compared to what she had witnessed the other night, was much worse because they were sisters.

"Your mother probably thinks a nun's habit is provocative. Fuck her. Let's go shopping."

Heather let out an amazed laugh. She wasn't at all sure how to react to the woman now, after what she had witnessed, but it was hard not to be deeply impressed by this reaction to her mother's prudishness.

The first place they went in the mall, however, was a lingerie shop. It was just after opening and the place was empty except for the sales woman her aunt greeted by name.

"You know her?"

"We're friends," her aunt said, leading her to the rear of the store.

There was a large board there, and pinned to it were rows of colourful panties, all of them of the sort to outrage her mother. Most were thongs, and she

and Susan fingered the material and discussed the look. It felt a little embarrassing, and also oddly exciting.

Susan showed her a tiny green thong.

"You would look adorable in this," she said.

Heather felt flattered, and a little quiver rippled through her lower body. It wasn't that the comment was really sexual in any way, but she felt a little hot regardless. She kept replaying what she had seen the previous night. Of course, she was Susan's niece, so anything between them was unthinkable - though she recalled the hot petting sessions with Hannah doubtfully. In any case, whatever relationship she had with Kimmy was very special and she would certainly have no interest in a naive young girl like Heather, niece or not.

They picked up a number of lacy thongs and silky bras, as well as a pair of blue silk pajamas, and a pair of capri pants and matching bra like the ones she'd seen her aunt wear that first meeting. All the while Heather felt aroused and tingly, and often uncomfortable and awkward as her aunt and she flipped through the lacy, sexy lingerie.

"Hmm, how about some of this?" Susan asked, as they moved over to wear leather things were displayed.

"Oh my God, I don't think I want to wear a leather bra all day," Heather said, giggling.

"Not all day, dear," her aunt said, raising her eyebrows and grinning.

Heather blushed a little.

"And a matching thong, how sweet."

"Oh I couldn't..."

"Sure you can."

"I think you'd look sexy in them."

The words came from the saleswoman, and Aunt Susan smiled at her.

"Heather, this is Jane. Jane, this is my niece, Heather."

"Go on and try them out," Jane said.

"Do," Aunt Susan insisted.

Blushing a little, but a little excited, Heather took the leather bra and thong into the changing room and stripped. The leather felt warm and sensuous against her flesh and she gazed at herself in delight as she stared at the mirror.

Then the door was pushed open and she gasped, momentarily trying to hide herself as her aunt came in.

"I want to see," she insisted.

Blushing, Heather pulled her arms away, proud and hot as her aunt looked her over.

"Turn around."

Blushing even more, she turned, feeling her aunt's eyes on her bare bottom. She turned again quickly, and was delighted at the woman's evident approval.

Heather felt her heartbeat growing faster and stronger, and was excruciatingly aware of her virtual nudity as Aunt Susan examined her under the cold fluorescent lights.

"Very nice," the woman said, the approval in her voice sending a warm thrill through Heather's belly.

"But for the best effect you want to wear something a little tighter, a cup smaller, say."

Heather let out a soft gasp, startled as her aunt reached out and cupped her breasts from beneath, lifting them and squeezing them together.

"Now this is the look you want," Aunt Susan said

She released her breasts and stepped back as if to contemplate her, and Heather began to breath again. Her mind was spinning with uncertainty, for she could not decide how to interpret her aunt's touch. Surely it wasn't sexual, merely casual and familiar. Surely it was only her own racing pulse and lewd imagination which leant it more than that.

And then her aunt reached out again, and gripped the top of the leather cups. To do so her long index fingers slid down inside, and the back of her fingernails brushed against her nipples which were sparkling with excitement.

She tugged at the cups and again withdrew her hands, leaving Heather fighting to control her breathing and wondering wildly what to do if the woman was indeed coming on to her. And yet she dared not protest for fear of humiliating herself, of revealing herself a silly, overly imaginative girl. And why would she protest in any case? For while she felt startled, and somewhat indignant that her aunt would touch her like that casually without her consent she could not deny the stomach churning thrill the touch brought.

I'm sick. I'm perverted, she thought wildly, trying to calm herself down.

"I'll get you a smaller cup and you can try it on," Aunt Susan said, turning and leaving the little room.

Heather shuddered openly as the door closed. She raised her hands weakly and cupped her breasts as her aunt had done, feeling her heart pounding beneath her ribs.

CHAPTER 2

Just as quickly, the woman was back, holding what looked like a leather halter.

"Try this," she insisted.

She stood back, making no move to leave, and Heather, embarrassed, but now very aroused, undid the leather bra and removed it. She tried to turn away, but the mirror in front of her revealed her stiff pink nipples.

"Have you ever thought of getting those pierced?"

Heather turned in surprise. "Wha..."

"Those nipples are so dainty and pink. A small ring in each would really set them off."

She stared down at her bare nipples, and then gasped as her Aunt reached out and gripped them, fingering them. She froze, her heart pounding as her aunt rolled her nipples between her fingers.

"It'll hurt a little, but it would be worth it in the long run, the woman said, her voice entirely casual. "The piercing really increases the sensations when someone licks or sucks on your nipples."

She took her hands back, and then smiled as if surprised. "Oops," she said, grinning. "Have I got you all turned on?"

"N-No!" Heather gulped.

"You look turned on," Susan said coyly.

"I-I'm not!"

"You sure?"

She drew out the word playfully and moved forward, backing Heather against the mirror. The glass was cold on her bare shoulder blades and bottom.

"You sure you wouldn't like me to touch those stiff little nipples again?" her aunt teased.

She held her thumb up and licked slowly across the tip, then reached out and took one of Heather's nipples between her thumb and forefinger, rolling and stroking and squeezing it as the trembling girl stared stupidly.

"I've got just the thing to display those proud young breasts of yours, dear," her aunt said.

She held up the halter, or - a halter of sorts and something hard and thick and black.

"I-I don't think - "

"Good. Don't think. Just feel. Experience," her aunt ordered.

She lifted up the halter and pressed it against Heather's chest. Heather automatically reached down for it, trying to pull it higher.

"No, hold it right there.

The halter was pressed in against her lower ribs, curving up beneath her breasts to lift them up. Her aunt pulled a strap behind her back and buckled it, then pulled the two leather straps up. They pulled the sides of the halter up, sides which curved in around the outside of her breasts, squeezing them in from both sides, pressing them together. The straps then curved up around the top, crossed her chest, and went behind her neck to buckle again. A final strap crossed her chest, pressing down lightly on the very top of her breasts.

The effect was startling, and shocking. Her breasts were pressed together, lifted and displayed perfectly. They were completely bare, completely naked, and looked amazingly erotic.

"Who would wear this?" she gasped, staring at herself in the mirror.

"You look incredible," Aunt Susan said.

"But - it's so..."

"Hot. Just imagine how a man would react seeing you like that."

"He'd think I was a slut!" she protested.

"No, he'd get a giant hard-on."

Heather blushed.

"You look hot," the woman repeated. "You want them drooling. This will do it."

She reached out and Heather gasped as she caught her nipples between her thumbs and forefingers, plucking at them, twisting them.

"You want these to be nice and stiff so you get the full effect," Aunt Susan said.

They had already been stiff. Now they were tingling and sparkling as the woman pinched and rolled them between the pads of her fingertips.

"A-Aunt Susan," she gasped in protest.

"You don't like this?" her aunt asked with a teasing grin.

"I - you shouldn't..."

"But it's just us girls," she said with a gentle smile.

She let go of her nipples, which were now hard as pebbles, hot and exquisitely sensitive to even the slightest touch. Then she took her shoulders and turned her towards the closest mirror.

"Look at that," she said. "Doesn't this look like someone ready to go wild in bed?"

Heather wanted to protest that she was dull and boring and staid and not at all up to such an image, but then, standing behind her, the woman reached around her and cupped her breasts from beneath once again. This time her breasts were already lifted up and squeezed together, so instead she merely stroked her hands over the soft, warm skin.

"Tell me you don't like the feel and look," she said softly, her breath warm against Heather's ear.

Her fingers took the girl's nipples again, pinching them lightly, pulling them out from her body to the point of stinging. Heather gasped and her chest heaved in the woman's embrace, her mind twisting and turning in confusion and arousal and anxiety.

"I saw you last night," her aunt whispered. "Watching Kimmy and I." A shock rippled through the already anxious girl and her eyes widened.

"Don't worry. I'm not angry that you peeped at us. Did you like what you saw?"

Her hands were gently stroking back and forth across the taut underside of Heather's breasts as she spoke, and Heather's mind was frozen with shock, embarrassment, fear, and a wild, uncontrollable excitement.

"Of course Kimmy will be mad. She'll want to punish you."

She leaned in closer, and nibbled lightly at the underside of Heather's ear. "Have you been spanked lately?" she whispered.

And then, somehow, one of her hands was inside the leather thong, and a single finger stroking across her swollen button. She gasped with the intensity of the pleasure which burned through her, grinding her backside into Susan's thighs.

"Aunt Susan!" she gasped, feeling suddenly panicky.

"Did you do this while you were watching Kimmy and I?"

The question shocked her anew, filling her with embarrassment and confusion.

"Such a nasty little girl," her aunt purred. "You really must be punished severely."

Heather felt the woman's long index finger slide between the moist, hot, taut lips of her sex and wriggle upwards through the slick flesh of her opening, driving deep inside her.

"Oh! Oh! D-Don't!" she gasped.

"Don't you like this? It feels like you like it."

The finger slid in and out while her thumb rubbed from side to side across her clit.

It pulled free, and then her aunt was tugging the leather thong down. Once below her groin it slid to the floor around her ankles.

"I have something much better for you to wear," Aunt Susan growled softly into her ear.

Still standing behind the trembling young woman, she drew an arm back, then pushed it forward once more, and it was holding something long and thick and black. Its purpose was obvious in the long tubular shape, a shape which swelled at its tip to form a bulbous head. It was attached to two thin leather straps.

She opened her mouth to gasp a protest, again staring at the door, and suddenly the rounded head was between her lips and then pushing in over her tongue.

"Oh my God!"

It was more of a series of straps than any kind of thong or panty. The straps were of black leather, about two inches wide. Attached as if sewn or glued to the inside of one of the straps was the - dildo. It was long and black, the leather glistening. It was a tube far longer than any cock Heather had ever touched or seen, thick, and vaguely menacing as her aunt held it before her face.

"No way!"

"Oh yes," her aunt said with a wicked grin.

It was too much like what she had witnessed the previous night, and Heather's heart pounded so loudly she was sure the woman outside the changing room would be able to hear it. She stared at the thick leather thing as Aunt Susan rubbed it across her breasts.

"I-I can't... we can't..."

It slid downwards, down over her belly, down between her legs, and she watched, trembling, as her aunt turned it and pushed it back through her legs, letting the long length of it press up against her sex.

"We'll have to shave you later," her aunt whispered.

She was stroking the thick tube back and forth. It was soft, for the leather covered something spongy and malleable. As her aunt rubbed the resistance slowly eased, and Heather blushed as she realized her pussy juices were now coating the thing so that it slid more easily against her moist flesh.

"You want it inside you, don't you?" her aunt whispered.

Heather shook her head frantically.

"Of course you do, little slut."

She turned the thing upwards, and Heather felt the round, spongy nose pressing against her opening. She gasped, reaching down to grip the thing and push it away.

"Take your hands off," her aunt ordered, her words low but imperious.

Heather stopped, her mind filled with uncertainty.

"Do as you're told," her aunt growled.

And Heather's hands fell away, for it was not in her to defy the woman. Defiance of any sort was a foreign concept to her, and defying her strong, beautiful aunt was -

"Oh!" she gasped.

"I want you to put your hands up behind your neck," her aunt ordered. "Now."

Her befuddled mind took several seconds to understand the command, and then, slowly, her trembling hands rose and slid together behind her head. She gasped again as her aunt gripped her hair and forced her head up, and she stared at herself in the mirror, filled with disbelief, anxiety, and a terrible, roaring heat.

Oh but Jesus, she looked amazing! She looked so hot, so sexual, she thought she was looking at another woman.

This was wrong! She couldn't do this! This was sick! She wanted to turn and push her aunt back, to grab her clothes, don them, and run from the room.

She felt the pressure mount against her sex, and recalled what she had seen the other night, recalled the sight of the cucumber being forced inside Kimmy. She felt her pussy grow hot and taut, straining, aching a little as the lips were split apart and forced wider.

And then the head of the thing was inside her. She felt a thrill of excitement, a shock of horror, and a deep embarrassment at having a woman, a virtual stranger, doing such a thing to her in the bright light, pushing something into her body. This was sick! Her lips pursed desperately. Again and again she was on the edge of protesting, of pulling away. Yet she didn't.

She felt the thing being pushed deeper, felt the ache inside her grow. Her aunt began to pump the thing in and out, and the quivering sexual excitement grew stronger. At the same time she felt a growing sense of shame and guilt and embarrassment as her aunt pushed the thing deeper. Her mind was reeling with all the contrary emotions and impulses flowing through her.

"Ungh! Oh!"

Most of it was now inside her body. Her aunt put her hand over her mouth now, and forced the thing all the way into her body, pushing it up into her pussy until the flat of her hand was pressing the leather the base of the thing seemed attached to, pressing it in against her pussy mound.

Her aunt's finger curled in and pushed between her lips, into her mouth, stroking across her tongue, then pulled back. As the trembling girl stared, her aunt brought her hand down between her legs and began to rub the moistened finger across her clitoris. At the same time, she began to pump the leather dildo in and out of the girl's tight body.

"Don't!" Heather whispered dazedly.

It hurt. Yet the pleasure and sexual heat were intense.

She stared at herself in the mirror, watching the leather dildo going in and out of her body, feeling overwhelmed by the heat and pressure, by the whole, shocking encounter. Her mind was frantic with the need to run, to flee, but her body was melting against her aunt, her legs trembling and shacking, her hips now beginning to jerk instinctively in response to the growing speed of the pumping.

"Slut," her aunt whispered. "Filthy little whore."

I'm not, Heather screamed in her mind. Yet a corner of her mind preened with excitement at the words. Slut? Her!?

She came, jerking and thrashing in her aunt's arms. Her legs gave way and she collapsed, her aunt lowering her to her knees, still pumping the dildo. As her groans and gasps grew louder her aunt's other hand rose to clamp across her lips, and her eyes rolled back in their sockets as she jerked spastically in the woman's arms.

She collapsed slowly back against her, moaning, feeling weak and sated. Her aunt cooed into her ear, and released her mouth, then reached down to the straps which dangled from the device, drawing them up. She buckled the inch wide strap around Heather's waist, then drew the rear strap up between her buttocks. Heather let out a startled cry of pain as her aunt gave a sharp yank and forced the leather pad flat against her pussy.

"Oww! Aunt Susan!" she moaned in protest.

"Quiet, little slut. We have to do this up properly."

Heather fell forward onto her hands, then gasped again as her aunt gave a final pull and buckled the rear strap behind her back.

"Come on. Stand up, sweetie."

Her aunt gripped her arm and helped lift her to her feet. Heather staggered, and her aunt held her, smiling fondly.

Heather looked at herself in the mirror. It looked like she wore a two inch wide belt in place of a thong, a belt which descended from the one around her waist, down between her legs, over her pussy and up behind. It was thinner than anything she had ever worn, and because of that her pussy hair was visible on either side.

"I-I need to take this off now," she panted.

"Nonsense. You'll wear it while we shop."

"B-but I can't," she gulped. "And it hurts."

"Don't you think you deserve to be punished for being a little peeping tom?"

Heather blushed guiltily.

"Put on your clothes. We're going to see about getting you some more things."

Her pussy squeezed down hard against the dildo and she moaned. Yet she took her jeans thankfully, and stepped into them, drawing them up her legs. Her bra was clearly unwearable as long as she continued to have the strange,

lewd halter on. Her aunt gave her her shirt instead, and she buttoned it up and tucked it into her jeans.

Then, taking her hand, she led her back out into the store. The woman there turned to stare at them as her aunt led her over.

"What a cutey," she said with a small smirk. "I take it..."

"She's wearing one of your leather dildo panties from the fun and games section," her aunt said.

Heather's face burned.

"Add that and the halter to my bill."

Heather stared at the floor, humiliated.

"Tell you what, I'll let you have the halter for free if I can see how it fits."

Heather's face burned even more brightly and she stared at the rug.

"Sure."

A shock took her breath away, and she turned to stare at her aunt.

"Open your blouse, Heather."

"No!" she gasped.

Her aunt glared at her icily and her voice hardened. "Now," she snapped.

"I'm not going to show her my breasts!" she protested, but her voice, even to her own ears, sounded weak and whiny.

"Why should I pay for this when we can get it free?" her aunt demanded. "Do you think I'm made of money?"

"But I - ."

"You didn't mind Kimmy and I showing you our bodies yesterday, and without our permission either."

Again guilt and shame flooded her.

"Now!" her aunt snapped. "Or I swear I'll bend you over my knee right here and spank you!"

Heather blanched. Surely she wouldn't! But looking at the lewdly grinning saleswoman she wondered. Her aunt had spoken of having Kimmy spank her - in a playful way, and she had seen and read enough on the internet to know that a lot of people thought spankings were quite sexually arousing. If these two were friends - clearly this woman was another lesbian!

"But - ."

Her aunt's eyes hardened and Heather, completely unused to rebelling against authority, broke. She dropped her eyes, then her hands went to her blouse, and she slowly began to unbutton the front.

"All the way," her aunt snapped.

Her back was to the door of the shop, yet she was terrified someone would see, someone would walk in. She turned her head behind her, face burning now as she opened the shirt and let the strange woman see her breasts.

"Very nice. I love how that lifts them up and show them off," the woman said.

"She's got pretty little breasts too," her aunt said.

And to Heather's added humiliation she stroked her hand across one breast.

"The skin is so soft, and the complexion is perfect."

"Young girls," the woman sighed.

And she too reached out and ran a hand over Heather's body. Heather stiffened, and wanted to draw back, but felt like a poodle caught between two mastiffs, too cowed to disobey.

"These are nice nipples," the woman said.

"I'm going to get them pierced," her aunt replied.

Feeling panicky, Heather's head twisted from side to side, staring at one, then the other, then at the door.

"All right, dear. Close the shirt."

"Maybe we can do more later," the woman said.

Her aunt smiled coyly and took Heather's arm, tugging her towards the door while she continued to fumble at her shirt. She barely got it closed as they pushed through the door into the mall, and her aunt thrust the bag of lingerie into her hands.

"Why did you make me show that woman my breasts!?" Heather moaned.

"Why shouldn't I? You have lovely breasts, dear. Why are you ashamed of them?"

"I'm not ashamed of them but - ."

"Then stop whining, dear.."

The dildo felt very odd inside her. Whatever was behind the leather was soft and spongy, but it still pushed against her insides as her body moved and turned. And the leather was pulling up hard against her soft pussy mound so that she ached a little. Her breasts felt squeezed in as well, and she was anxious about what she looked like, anxious that people would stare, or notice something odd.

Her aunt held her arm, however, and led her down the mall, and she could only hope no one would guess what she had on beneath her jeans and shirt.

"So, dear. Tell me. How many men have you fucked?"

Her aunt's voice was so plain, so innocuous, that at first Heather didn't realize what she had said. Then she gaped at her.

"Well?"

"I - you - ."

"Do you like fucking? Do you like cock? Or do you prefer pussy?"

"That's - none of your business!" Heather whispered desperately, looking around at the people nearby.

"I smell a girl who has had some experience with other girls," her aunt said teasingly. How many pussies have you licked?"

"None!"

"None? Well, I'll have to show you then."

She was completely flustered, however, and when her aunt led her into a small, chic boutique she went meekly, standing next to her as the woman went through the racks.

"Ah, this is lovely," she said, taking out a small green dress.

It was lovely, and short, and tight, and exactly the kind of dress Heather dreamed of wearing. But in her dream she had courage, and no embarrassment about people staring. This wasn't a dream, and the thought of actually wearing a dress like that had her blushing.

"Try it on," her aunt insisted.

She shook her head desperately, but her aunt took her arm, gave her the dress, and pushed her into the dressing room.

She stared at herself breathlessly, heart pounding.

Then she slowly undid her blouse and opened it. She flushed at the sight of her breasts, the nipples still painfully hard. She pushed down her jeans and flushed again, running her hand up and down the smooth leather where it pressed against her body.

"My God!" she whispered.

She drew the green dress over her shoulders and down. It fell to the tops of her thighs.

Her aunt came into the room and she gasped anew.

"Let me do that up," the woman ordered, turning Heather, gripping the zipper, and pulling it up in back.

The effect tightened the dress across her breasts, and her erect nipples were quite visible in the harsh lighting of the dressing room.

"Adorable. It really sets off your hair," she said.

And then she gathered up Heather's clothes and left the room. Heather stared at herself, still feeling shocky and flustered. She looked hot. There was no denying that. The skirt flattered her. It would have had every boy at the dance lusting over her.

"Come on," her aunt said, holding a shopping bag.

"M-My clothes - ."

"In the bag."

She took her wrist and yanked her out of the dressing room, and there was nothing she could do then without putting on a scene but follow her out of the store.

She felt exquisitely visible wearing the tight little dress, especially with what she had underneath.

"Those shoes don't go with that dress, though," her aunt said.

And so it was off to the shoe store, where she was forced to don a pair of eight inch black stiletto heels while a sales girl looked on. They certainly made her look taller, but heels that high lent a certain aura to the girl who wore them, and that aura was hardly chaste.

Heather continued to feel flustered and off-balance. She was a woman, but had never really felt like one, never had the freedom to make choices and decisions an adult had. Obeying authority figures was deeply ingrained in her. And her Aunt Susan was certainly an authority figure. She felt awkward and

uneasy, embarrassed and shamed, and desperately anxious about what the woman would do next. The short skirt was making her slightly paranoid, for she'd never worn a skirt with a hem higher than her knees, and never without underwear!

The strap was just that, a strap or belt, far too narrow to really offer up the kind of modesty a girl wearing a very short skirt ought to have, and her hands kept fluttering at the hem of her skirt, as if they could tug it lower.

And yet there was more than anxiety and uncertainty swirling through her mind, for her heart was pounding with a strange, wicked sense of excitement, and each minute which passed made her more confident in her appearance and less fearful that someone would see or somehow sense what was beneath the tiny dress.

She felt extremely daring, walking about in public in such an outfit, yet what was underneath was so lewd and perverse she was tingling with excitement, heart beating wildly with the thrill of such (nearly) public exhibitionism. And with the knowledge that none of the people they passed knew, could possibly guess.

The feel of the thick tube of soft leather was also quite - novel. It gave her a full sensation down there, continuing to shift and quiver within her as she moved, a constant reminder of her own lewdness.

She caught the eyes of people they passed, squirming a little whenever a male eye glanced at her chest, knowing her erect nipples were protruding against the thin fabric, yet thrilling to her deception, to their not knowing what secret thing she really had beneath the too short dress.

Still, she was relieved when they left, when she was in the relative privacy of Susan's car.

"It's squeezing me," she said weakly, reaching down to the tight belt pressed up against her mons.

"When it's done I'll squeeze you," her aunt said with a smirk.

Heather blushed uncertainly and looked away. She was still not comfortable with what Aunt Susan had done, or was doing. A little petting and experimenting with H was one thing, but this - this was far too much, with a woman she really hardly knew, a much older woman, and she didn't think she was ready for it, or even if she really liked women that way. Yet how to tell Susan she wanted to back away, to slow down, how to let her know of her reluctance.

The car pulled over to the curb, and Heather looked around in surprise.

"Where are we? What are we doing here?" she asked uneasily.

"Another shop," her aunt Susan said happily.

"I'm not sure I should shop any more," Heather said worriedly.

"Of course you must. This is a lovely little specialty shop. You'll love it."

And it wasn't as if Heather could refuse, could stay in the car, and so, reluctantly, she carefully stepped out of the car, feeling another wave of uneasiness as Susan took her arm and led her, not towards the boutique they had parked in front of, but around the corner.

"We can't go in there!" she squealed, trying to draw back.

"Of course we can. Stop acting like a child and try to remember you're supposed to be a grown woman now," her aunt said scornfully.

Which was true, and which embarrassed and chastened her nonetheless as, face already beginning to turn red, she was pulled into what was clearly a sex shop. Once inside she no longer tried to pull away, but huddled close to Susan, as if for protection.

God only knew what kind of perverts there would be inside!

It was a small shop, but brightly lit. Rows of shelves ran up and down its length and glass cases lined the walls. There was one couple inside, young but older than her, perhaps in their mid-twenties. The woman was a cheap looking platinum blonde, exactly the sort of woman Heather would have expected to find in a shop like that. The man was chunky but broad shouldered, wearing a dirty looking moustache. They appeared to be looking over a selection of sex toys, and she turned her face away in embarrassment.

Her aunt Susan led her down another aisle, on the opposite side of the store, to where the shelves and walls were filled with leather goods. Leather goods similar to what she had on beneath her dress.

"Now these look sweet," Aunt Susan said.

Heather stared. Her aunt Susan was looking at black leather boots, bizarrely tall black leather boots with heels even higher than the shoes she was wearing. The boots were almost longer than her legs!

"Try these on," Aunt Susan ordered, pulling a pair from the pile.

"But those are too - too long," she protested.

"Do as you're told."

Her aunt's voice snapped at her, low but frigid, and in a tone which sent Heather jerking forward.

She started to bend to undo her shoes, but then recalled her short skirt and halted. She took a seat on a nearby stool, keeping her legs as close together as possible, and carefully undid the straps of her right shoe. She then thrust her foot into the right boot, drawing it up past her knee. She was forced to stand up to get the boot fully on, and then bend awkwardly, with her behind to the shelf, in order to close the zipper. The boot went all the way up her leg to her thigh, no more than two inches below her crotch.

"It's way too high," she protested.

"Now the other one," Susan demanded.

She had difficulty sitting with the boot on, for it was thin and soft, but still did not bend easily. She was beginning to feel sulky and hard done by, as well, the way Susan was bullying her. The boots were idiotic, and yet she was forced to don the second, force her small foot deep down its throat, yank it up, and then stand awkwardly and zip it up.

She felt like a slutty fisherman and glared at her aunt as the older woman examined her.

"Lovely."

Heather blinked. "Are you kidding?" she demanded scornfully.

"Oh they don't go with that dress, certainly, but.. you won't be wearing it long," Aunt Susan said with a smirk.

Heather flushed, her mind twisting away from what the woman meant. She was growing more certain now that her aunt had plans she wanted no part of. It would just take her time to build up her courage and find a way to let the woman down politely.

"Can I help you, ladies?"

The storekeeper was thin, stooped and balding, with wire rimmed glasses.

"Have you got a nice pair of leather sleeves to match these boots?" her aunt asked.

"Of course, just down here," the man replied, brightening and turning away.

Sleeves? Heather had no idea what they were talking about, although it did not sound worrying. She followed her aunt and the man to another rack, where he took down what she took to be a halter or vest of some sorts. But the shape seemed odd.

He moved behind her, holding it as a gentleman would hold a lady's jacket, and at Susan's urging she put her arms back, feeling the slick leather against her wrists, and pushing her arms down into it. The man tugged the thing on, or rather up, and she frowned in confusion as she realized her arms were both in one sleeve.

"Wait," she said.

Instead the man pulled it higher, and she felt her arms forced back against each other.

"Wait a second," she said. "My arms are both in the same sleeve."

"There's only one sleeve, m'dear," the man said.

And he pulled it higher. And then her aunt was helping him and Heather gasped as the leather was pulled higher, and worked her arms back harder, so that her shoulders strained.

"What are you... doing?" she cried in confusion, twisting weakly from side to side in an effort to pull free.

She felt the sleeve slid up higher still, and her hands slipped into the bottom, which, to her confusion, was a kind of leather mitten.

"Now we tighten the straps," she heard the man say.

She felt the thing tighten, felt the pressure on her arms grow, pulling them even farther back.

"Oww! That hurts!" she protested.

"Ignore her," her aunt said. "She's a whiner. In fact, do you have something... ah, just what we need."

She moved aside a bit and returned with what looked like a black ball, then pushed it against Heather's mouth.

"What are you - ow!"

Heather opened her mouth wider as her aunt tugged her hair back, and as she did the woman shoved the ball into her mouth, pushing in hard enough to cause her teeth to ache. She opened her mouth wider still and felt a thick, spongy black ball filling her mouth, squeezing her tongue down against the bottom of her mouth. Like the long tube thrust up into her from below the ball was attached to a leather strap, this one slightly wider, and her aunt pulled the

strap back behind her head and buckled it in place even as the man tugged tighter on the straps behind her to force her arms more painfully back.

Heather twisted between them with growing shock and embarrassment, her eyes rolling as she stared around the small shop to see who was watching. Fortunately, the couple had left, and so only the odd little shop keeper was there to witness her embarrassment at this bizarre bondage.

Her aunt whispered something to the man, who giggled a little and scurried to the door, then locked it. Heather's heart began to beat faster, anxiety and embarrassment mounting as her aunt moved behind her and bent low. She twisted and looked down at the feel of the woman's hand on her ankle, and saw her buckle a slim strap and first one ankle, then the other. It did not bind them together, but would prevent her from moving her legs very far apart, something like a hobble.

And then she undid the straps of her dress and tugged it down.

CHAPTER 3

Heather squealed into the gag, twisting wildly as the tight fabric slipped over her bare breasts. Her eyes were wide and wild as the little man returned and gazed at her naked breasts lustfully. Her face flamed and she felt her stomach twist with shocked embarrassment and humiliation. And it only grew worse as Susan pushed the fabric lower, sliding it over her hips and down her legs.

"Very nice indeed," the man said, dry washing his hands as he examined her nearly nude body. "But she needs to be shaved."

"Yes, I know," her aunt said.

"We have some new cream for that, you know. It's from India. It's supposed to be marvellous."

"Really? Get some. We'll try it."

The little man turned away while her aunt moved to another section of the shop in search of something else. Heather was left standing in the wide aisle, eyes wide, head twisting from side to side, unable to pull her arms free or make more than a soft, muffled warble. Her mind felt like a small bird trapped in a cage, fluttering from side to side in bewilderment, trying to understand what was happening and why it could not get free.

The little man returned and they were alone, Aunt Susan across the shop. Heather stared at him in appalled embarrassment, and the man smiled and looked down at her bare breasts, then the strap which descended between her legs.

"Don't you worry, m'dear. This cream will pretty you up nicely. Won't be a hair in sight, and it won't hurt the dainty parts none neither."

He winked lewdly and Heather turned her burning face away from him.

She gasped and turned back when she felt his hand on her bottom, and instinctively tried to kick him, only to be halted and almost felled by the hobble. He steadied her, chuckling, and kneaded her bottom freely with his dirty hand. She tried to twist away and he chuckled even more, reaching out with his other hand to squeeze and fondle her breasts.

She could not scream at him, could not demand he halt, could not kick or strike him or run away. She suddenly became terribly aware of just how helpless and vulnerable she was - to anyone. She could only stand there, astonished, as strange, dirty little man ran his hands hungrily over her body, squeezing, groping, pinching, and caressing to his heart's content.

"Shall we try the cream?" he asked eagerly.

Her aunt had returned, and she tossed something down onto the nearby counter and reached for the strap behind Heather's back, undoing the buckle and letting the strap fall.

"Let's sit her down," Susan said.

The two took her arms and shuffled her back to the stool, then sat her down. Each then took one of her ankles and lifted them up and well apart, and Heather groaned into the gag as she slumped back, her painfully bound arms pinned beneath her against the pillar behind the stool.

"Here," her aunt said, handing the man a thin strap.

Heather tried to yell, but the sound was barely audible as they lifted her feet high, and strapped her ankles to the shelf supports to either side of the stool. Her aunt then gently tugged on the strap which was attached to the dildo and eased it up and out of her body.

Heather wanted to weep with shame as the little man watched, staring, face a mask of lewd excitement. Yet him seeing the device pulled free was not the worst. For once it was out he knelt between her spread legs and opened the jar he held, smearing it on his hand and then applying it directly to her body, rubbing it freely over her sex, up and down alongside the narrow slit, and up above, where her pubic hair was thicker.

"We leave it there for about five minutes and then remove it," he said.

"Good. Let's tally what I owe, hmm?"

They went back to the front of the store, and Heather heard the murmur of their voices. After several minutes the little man returned and smiled at her. She stared at him fearfully. She was slumped low on the stool, her back resting against the pillar, her legs high and back above her.

"Pretty, pretty," he said.

And he reached for her. Her eyes grew wider, bulging as he took her breasts into his hands and squeezed happily, digging his dirty fingernails into the soft flesh and kneading them roughly. He giggled at her squirming attempt at resistance and drew back slowly. Then he produced a wet towel and placed it over her groin. She could feel that the towel was soaking and hot, and moaned as the water trickled down between her buttocks.

He wiped at her, cleaning off the cream he had rubbed over her body, turning the towel again, and then again, cleaning off not only the cream, she saw

to her horror, but all over her pubic hair as well. All of it! She was as smooth and bare as a young girl, and her sex was laid utterly, utterly bare to his eyes.

He smiled and his dirty hands moved slowly up and down her trembling inner thighs, luxuriating in the softness of her flesh. Then they moved in closer, gently caressing her puffy mound, exulting in the smoothness of the downy soft skin. The strap had squeezed in hard against her, and her pubic lips were red and swollen. He stroked them, then plucked at them with his fingers, pulling them open and gazing at her pink inner sex.

Heather's head twisted back painfully, as her eyes frantically sought her aunt, yet she was nowhere in sight. Surely the woman wouldn't let this disgusting man rape her!?

The man leaned in above her, and the girl's eyes went wide once again as he looked down at her. Then he bent and fastened his lips around one of her nipples, his teeth digging into the soft, malleable flesh around it as he began to lick and then suck on her nipple.

His fingers were in constant motion, kneading her breasts, pinching and stroking her nipples, his tongue lapping without stop, his mouth kissing and sucking, his lips rubbing back and forth across every inch of flesh. Heather bore it somehow, filled with horror, anxiety, disbelief. She heard a sound, and turned quickly, only to see a blackness as something was pressed over her eyes, something soft and dark which shut out the light.

And then she was alone with the man, alone within her body, hearing only the soft wet sound of his mouth sucking at her flesh.

He was a patient man, and after long minutes on her breasts and nipples, began to kiss and lick her upper chest, then her throat, and then up beneath her ears. He licked and kissed and chewed lightly on her flesh as he moved back down over her shoulders, then in against her breasts again.

Her nipples were hot and tingling with the intense stimulation, and she moaned and twisted as he began to work on them again. He sucked and licked and chewed for long minutes, his fingers continuing to knead and massage her breasts. Then slowly worked his way lower, spending long minutes lapping and kissing at her lower chest and belly, then at her abdomen and the smooth flesh of her inner thighs.

It was impossible to maintain the edge of panic which had gripped her, not for this long. She began to relax, to accept. She felt anger and frustration, but the fear began to recede, and despite herself she felt a little thrum of heat between her legs. For she knew how lewdly exposed she was - before a man - and though she could not see her mind could picture herself laying back, legs up and spread, the man licking at her body.

And then he began to attack her sex, to lick and lap and suckle at each inch of flesh as he'd done to her breasts. And a breathless excitement began to slowly build within her. Her frustration did not ease, nor her anger, but she could not resist the heat and sexual pressure the man was forcing upon her body. Nor did she really want to. She was gasping weakly into the gag, all her senses focussed on the sensation the man was imparting to her body.

No one had ever paid this much attention to her body before, not even boyfriends. The man's fingers were pinching her pussy lips as he held them open, and the girl shuddered as his long, wet tongue lapped slowly and teasingly up the centre of her sex.

He hadn't even touched her clitoris yet, and her mind was throbbing with sexual heat and need, her body trembling with lust, her insides squirming with the excitement. The pleasure flooded her as his tongue touched her there, and then there, and then there! And she wailed softly within her mind, knowing it was wrong, that she should feel no pleasure, but unable to resist.

She felt his finger penetrate her at last, and felt a sense of revulsion, remembering how dirty and skinny they were. Yet the sense of penetration was delicious, and as he added, she thought, a second finger, and began pumping them in and out, the muscles in her thighs jerked as her body instinctively pushed itself up against them.

She was bathed in sweat. The continuous heat and pressure draining her as the man finally worked his lips and tongue in closer to her clitoris. The intensity of the sensations they brought had her crying out in helpless, wanton pleasure, the sounds mercifully muffled by the gag.

She was going to come, going to come powerfully, and her mind and body eagerly threw itself into the heat and bliss, urging it on.

Susan looked down at the girl and sighed happily. When she'd found out who the pretty young thing was on her doorstep she'd had a mad fantasy, a fantasy certain to be nothing more than a masturbatory interlude. Yet she'd made the opening moves, shown the girl sympathy, and befriended her. It had been more than she'd dared to hope that she could get her, and ultimately, her sister, to come and stay for the summer.

An entire summer! So many opportunities! So many chances to get back at her snippy, snotty sister for abandoning her, for treating her with such contempt. And still, she had known her chances were slim. Yet she had hoped, and set the stage, and the girl had reacted far better than her greatest hopes would have predicted. She hadn't even waited for Kimmy to make loud noises of pleasure, but had come upon them all on her own!

The mirror Susan had placed by the hall had shown the girl to her, shown her excitement, shown her stripping and masturbating as she watched she and Kimmy. And that too had been more than she'd dared hope. She had known when she had contemplated staging the little exhibition that the odds were the little thing would be horrified and disgusted and race away, insisting on leaving the next morning.

Her best hopes would be that, while shocked, she would be intrigued, and that, over the following days and weeks, she could interest the girl, arouse her. Yet it had all happened so fast! She had been astonished at her fortune when she'd seen the child naked and kneeling, fingering herself in obvious excitement. Had she not been so astonished she would have captured her then and there, used her peeping as an excuse.

But she had her regardless, and she would break her, and then her sister, and use them both to get back at her sister.

She was hot just watching the girl. The man was far more skilled than she'd anticipated. And Heather was reacting far better. And she was beautiful in her excitement. Her body firm with youth, glowing with excitement, the sweat of her heat making her ivory flesh glisten in the light.

She had, Susan saw, a lovely, tight little cunt. She had tiny, tight little lips which formed a neat little closed slice into her body. There were no fat, brown lips protruding, no signs of age or use or wear. She was like a child. Indeed, she was almost as innocent as a child. And Susan felt a wash of exultation at the thought of what she was going to do to her, of how she was going to turn the wide eyed young thing into a crawling fuck toy.

And then do the same to her sister.

"Enough," she said, tossing the butt plug she'd taken into his lap. "Put that into the slut."

The man sighed with regret, but nodded. He smiled at Heather's bare sex, gleaming with his saliva, grinned at the rapid rising and falling of her chest, then picked up the butt plug and rubbed it along her furrow before placing it at the wrinkled opening to her rectum.

Susan grinned at the girl's reaction, noting that, even deep into her heat, the girl was wriggling, trying to avoid being anally penetrated. To no avail, of course. The man twisted and pushed at the thick butt plug, slowly forcing her anus to admit it. The ring of flesh gave way and the thick head pushed into her, allowing the ring to ease back around the thinner shaft behind it. The rounded plug pressed flat against her opening, and the man looked up at her hopefully.

She made a motion and he sighed, raising the black leather dildo and rubbing it along the girl's sex, then sinking it between the now moist, puffy lips. He pumped it in and out several times, rubbing at her clitoris with his fingers, then buried it and stood up.

She moved forward, untying one of her niece's ankles while he took the other, and they set the legs gently down, letting her feet thump on the floor. As one, they leaned in, gripping her bound arms, pulling her up onto her feet. She sank to her knees at once, but that was all right with Susan. She bent, gripped the strap and yanked it up between her buttocks to fasten it tightly at the back of her waist.

Then she and the little man lifted her to her feet.

"Hobble her," she ordered.

The man nodded and fastened the strap around her ankles again, giving her a one foot movement, and then Susan picked up a nipple clamp and stroked the girl's left nipple.

"Please?!"

The man looked so pathetically eager she shrugged and handed it to him. He bent and began sucking on Heather's left nipple, chewing and licking at it as the girl stood there swaying and moaning into her gag. Then he opened the jaws of the clamp pinched the areola to make the nipple stand out, and let it snap closed.

Heather let out a soft yowl, and twisted a little, but did not otherwise react. Susan wondered what the little slut was thinking.

The man worked on her other nipple for a minute while she looked on impatiently, then clamped that as well. With the two clamps fastened tightly to the girl's nipples she picked up a thin, Y-shaped chain and clipped the ends to the clamps.

"What are you going to do with her?" he asked in a whispery voice, staring at the beautiful, bound girl with awe.

Susan smiled and gripped the girl's soft, reddish brown hair, forcing her head up and back.

"I'm going to take her home and rape her," she said. "Then I'm going to turn her into a whipped sex slave."

The words were for effect. She was quite certain they would have an interesting effect on her young niece's mind just about then.

Of course, they were also true.

"All right, slut. Come on," she said.

She tugged on the chain, and the girl let out a muffled cry, jerking forward. She pulled again, watching the pink nipples stretch out before she once again shuffled forward.

"You're not going to take her out front like that are you?"

"I presume you have another exit?"

The man nodded, and Susan followed him, tugging on the chain, forcing the hobbled girl to shuffle forward to ease the strain on her nipples. They went into a tiny, dirty back hall, where a door led out into the alley.

"You watch her for a minute while I bring the car around," she ordered.

The man would obey, of course, and would grope and fondle her niece to his heart's content while she was gone. That too was fine. Heather would require a lot of stimulation, a lot of shocking to break her of whatever manners, inhibitions and thoughts on sex and sexuality her sister had instilled in her. And Susan would make sure she got that conditioning.

She giggled a little to herself as she jumped into the car, amazed at her own daring. "You have balls, lady," she said, grinning at herself in the rear view mirror.

To turn her own niece into a fuck toy! That was one for the books.

When she'd bought Kimmy the girl had been well-trained, but now she had the chance to break a girl in, to be her first mistress. Her own niece. She thought of the friends she had who would be shocked and delighted and jealous at the thought. Oh they were a jaded bunch of bitches, but a pair of identical twins would widen even their eyes. They would not be bothered that they were her nieces. On the contrary. They would be impressed.

She drove into the alley alongside the shop and got out. The man raised his head from Heather's breast as she opened the door, and she waved him away, took the leash, and tugged on it to force the teenager forward.

The girl would have paw prints all over her. She'd have to wash the slut before she played with her. But that was all right. It would be the start of Heather's experience of being a thing, rather than a person.

Thing. She liked that. It would be her new name. Not a name, even, just a description.

She tugged harder on the chain, raising it upwards to stretch the girl's pink nipples. She grinned as her little feet shuffled frantically forward, almost tripping on the hobble. She pulled harder, raised the chain higher. The girl tripped and she caught her, steadied her, then pulled on the chain again.

She led her to the trunk of her car, already opened, then bent her forward over the lip, paused to examine her lovely round young bottom, gave it a sharp slap, then pushed her in deeper and lifted her legs up to throw them inside.

She was going to do this right, going to make of dear little Heather an absolute ground into the dirt slave girl who wouldn't even think of doing anything but pleasing her mistress.

She would need help, though. Expert help. It irritated her to think about bringing him in, for he would demand access to her little toy in exchange for his services. But his would be that final touch to rob Heather of personhood.

"Kimmy."

The Asian girl stepped into the garage, quietly as was her habit, and Susan opened the trunk of the car and turned to grin at the girl. As usual, Kimmy showed no emotion as she looked in and saw the naked girl slowly begin to rise and look blindly about.

"A new playmate for you," Susan said.

She motioned, and Kimmy leaned in and took Heather's arm. Susan leaned in to help and they pulled the girl forward on her knees, then up out of the trunk, standing her up and holding her while she steadied. Heather could see nothing, of course, but she continued to turn her head from side to side as if searching.

Susan loved how firm her niece's body was and how perfect her complexion. She ran her hands lightly over the girl's breasts, then up over her shoulders, very much, she realized, as if she were trying out a new toy. And that was how she now thought of her, not as a person, but as a toy, as a possession, a thing.

She picked up the chain dangling along the front of her body and raised it, watching as the Heather was forced onto her toes, her nipples stretching upward.

"Isn't it a pretty little thing, Kimmy?" she said, reaching in to cup and fondle one of the girl's straining breasts. "We're going to have a lot of fun with it."

She let Heather down onto her heels, and, pulling on the leash, led her behind as they walked into the house and immediately headed for the basement.

The house had a large basement, and Susan had had it specially equipped with her personal pleasures in mind. She and her circle of special friends often held parties down there which would have curled the eyebrows of most of her clients, had they had known.

At the stairs she turned and bent, then hefted the slight young woman up across one shoulder, then turned and walked smoothly and easily down into the basement.

There were many devices there, some of them specially built for her, to cause delight to the visual senses when they were used on dainty young things like Heather. But she would start slowly.

She set the girl on her feet, then, steadying her, led her beneath a wooden framework. It was of polished mahogany. One long rounded post led from floor to ceiling. A narrow arm jutted out near the top curving out and down. There was a heavy ring set on its tip, and a chain fastened to the ring. She lifted Heather's arms upwards, forcing her to bend. The higher she lifted her wrists the farther she had to bend. When she had her wrists pointed straight up the girl was bent over at a ninety degree angle, her bottom raised high. Susan fixed the chain in place to the leather sleeve and stepped back to admire the view.

The girl was moaning into the gag, already in discomfort, but she presented a lovely picture, a picture which could only improve.

Susan removed the Y-chain where it dangled and instead hung a pair of weights from the girl's nipples. Her firm young breasts were hanging beautifully beneath her chest, and now the nipples stretched out a full two inches, pulled by the weights. They would be very sore, those nipples, and when the clamps were finally released, very, very sensitive.

She reached behind the girl's head and unbuckled the strap of the gag, then gently eased it from her mouth. The girl cried out with the sudden movement of jaws forced unnaturally wide for almost an hour, and Susan ran her hands through her soft hair.

"A-Aunt Susan," she gasped.

"Don't talk, Thing," Susan ordered.

"P-Please I - Ahhhh!"

"I said don't talk," Susan said, pulling roughly on the girl's hair.

"L-Let me g - Owwww!"

"I did say not to talk," Susan chided, watching the girl's left breast continue to jiggle as the flesh turned pink where she had slapped it.

"Stop it!" Heather wailed.

Feeling a little thrill in the pit of her belly, Susan leaned in and gave her niece's hanging breast another hard slap that drew another cry of pain.

"Do not talk unless I tell you to."

The girl choked back a sob, and Susan delicately wrapped her hair around one fist, then lifted her head up so she was staring - blinded - straight ahead. Then she motioned Kimmy over.

The Asian girl, naked as usual, pressed her sex into the girl's face.

"Lick Kimmy's pussy," Susan ordered. "We're going to teach you how it should be done so you're worth the effort we're spending on you."

"I don't want t - Owwww!"

Susan had slapped the other breast that time - hard.

"Lick, Thing. Lick. Push that pink tongue out and start to work."

She passed her hair to Kimmy, who held it up stolidly, her legs spread, waiting for Heather to start licking. But the girl was only panting and gasping and moaning, showing no sign of cooperating. Susan took a thin crop from a nearby shelf and moved to one side, just behind her, then swung it around and down. It struck the girl's upraised bottom with a loud crack of sound, echoed immediately by a squeal of pain.

"Lick, Thing," Susan ordered.

She brought the crop down a second time, and again Heather cried out in pain.. Then her tongue pushed out desperately, and Kimmy eased her pussy forward so it made contact.

"Much better, Thing. Now we shall instruct you."

She moved forward for a better view.

"Slower," she ordered. "Don't lick like a dog. I want you to trace the line of her sex with the tip of your tongue, top to bottom. Good Thing. Now let your tongue push out a little more, but ease the pressure, lick lightly just to either side. Gently, you cow. No, more tongue. Now return to the slit, push your tongue through the lips, push it up inside her. Press your lips flat against her and pump it in and out, wriggle it around inside her like you're searching for something, but slowly. Caress her insides, stroke the flesh, massage it."

She squatted to be more comfortable, watching the movements of the girl's tongue. Whenever Heather was slow to carry out her instructions she tugged on one of the weighted nipple chains, producing an immediate squeak of pain. She spent long minutes guiding the girl's tongue and lips before focussing on the clitoris.

Then she pulled Heather's hair into a pony tail, fastened it to a cord, and lifted it up to attach to the chain overhead, so that Kimmy no longer had to hold her head up.

She removed the dildo and straps from Heather's sex, then turned Kimmy loose on her niece, placing her in between Heather's legs to lick at her pussy while she undressed.

Since Heather would be unable to appreciate it, she did not don a costume of any kind. Instead she merely stepped into a strap-on, fastened it tightly, and then moved behind the girl. Kimmy stood and moved around in front of her, and Heather resumed her licking while Susan looked on, fingering, stroking, and massaging the girl's own bare sex.

Kimmy was clearly starting to enjoy things, her breathing growing more ragged as she pulled Heather's face in closer.

Susan stepped behind her lovely young niece and ran her hands over the smooth soft skin of her bottom, fingering her tight opening and plucking at the base of the butt plug still embedded in her rectum. Then she guided the head of her strap on dildo to the girl's sex and pressed forward, watching as it sank slowly through the elastic flesh, feeling the resistance of the girl's tight body.

The dildo was black, chosen for the contrast, for the erotic visual appeal as it was slowly pushed through the soft pale flesh to disappear within the quivering girl's body. Inch after inch did so, and her belly grew closer to the girl's upraised bottom. With half of it inside she began to pump softly in and

out, her hands moving over Heather's flanks, up and down her sides, then in underneath to squeeze her breasts together.

She worked it deeper and deeper, feeling the resistance mount with her excitement. And then her hips were flat against Heather's buttocks and she began to grind and roll, pumping slowly in and out.

She slapped at her bottom for no reason other than she could.

"Lick, Thing," she commanded.

Her hips were working faster now, the long, gleaming length of black slicing back and forth between the bound girl's pussy lips, pulling them in and out. Susan reached down and began to finger the girl's clit, rubbing expertly as she pumped, then seized a breast in her free hand to knead and squeeze it, and finger the aching nipple.

Her hips were now slapping against Heather with force, the dildo driven deep and hard and fast as she rode her. She was enjoying herself, enjoying ownership and possession of the girl, enjoying the knowledge of how outraged Heather was, and how furious her mother would be when she found out.

"Yes, bitch," she would tell her. "I rode your whore daughter until her cunt bled."

And with the thought she thrust harder, deeper, feeling the impact of the hard plastic head against the back wall of the girl's sex, hearing her cry of pain each time it struck. She thrust faster, her hips working strongly, slapping at the girl's bottom.

"Lick, whore! Lick!"

"Oww! Owww! Please!" Heather gasped. "Oww!"

"Lick, slut1"

She pounded the thing into her, her hips slapping hard against Heather's bottom, the girl's buttocks rippling with the impact as her body was jerked forward again and again.

She eased, then, getting control of herself. The girl would be bruised as is, her belly feeling as if it had been punched from the inside. She drew the thing out, staring at the girl's opening as it gaped behind the head for a moment and only slowly closed. She moved around in front of her and yanked the reluctant Kimmy away. The Asian girl had appeared on the edge of climax, but her pleasure was not of great importance to Susan.

"Get a vibrator and work on her," she ordered. "And a dildo. Use them both."

Kimmy moved to the cupboard and found the toys while Susan pushed the edge of her dildo into the girl's mouth. Heather's mouth jerked closed in surprise.

"Now you're going to practice sucking cock," Susan told her. "Show me how good you are, Thing."

Kimmy knelt behind the girl and worked a large dildo into her, then snapped on the vibrator and began to work it in slow circles around the girl's clit.

"Suck, Thing."

Heather's lips drew in as she sucked.

"Work that tongue, Thing."

She pumped the dildo slowly in and out, remembering with satisfaction, that the slender girl had turned down breakfast that morning, back when it had the option, back when it was a person. She pushed the dildo deeper and the girl gagged wetly as the thing pushed too deep into the back of her throat.

"A true whore needs to be able to service the entire length of a man's unit," Susan said. "That means she needs to swallow it, to take it down her throat, to deep throat it. I'm sure you've heard the expression."

And with that she lunged forward, and the long length of plastic was forced into the back of her mouth, forced into the back of her throat, and then, muffling the sound of her wet gagging, slid smoothly down the tight tube of her throat until her niece's face was crushed up against her abdomen. She held her there, feeling her choking, feeling her body convulse, knowing she was unable to breath, watching her with great satisfaction and a feeling of power.

Then she withdrew the dildo, slowly, drawing it up the length of her throat until the head popped out into her mouth, and then pulled back, followed by a long stream of saliva.

"Now see, that wasn't so hard, Thing."

The girl was too busy coughing and gagging to respond. Susan let her for a bit, then thrust the dildo back into her mouth. Her teeth clamped down as if to try and hold it out of her throat, but a hard pull on her hair caused her to instinctively open her mouth to scream, and the dildo pushed forward into her throat and down to the bottom.

"That's it, whore. Lick at the base. Pretend it's a cock buried in your slutty throat. Work on it."

She pumped the dildo slowly up and down in the girl's throat, leaving it in place for long seconds before once again withdrawing it and letting her cough and gasp and gag.

A broken sob escaped Heather as the dildo thrust back in again, but it was broken off by a choke, and then the dildo was sliding down her throat for a third time.

"Learn to love it, whore. This is your life from now on," Susan said.

She motioned to Kimmy, and the girl rose, donned an identical strap-on and began to thrust it into Heather's pussy, still playing the vibrator against her clit.

Susan penetrated the girl's throat repeatedly, then eased up, taking off the strap-on and placing her shaved sex before the gasping, choking, coughing mouth.

"Lick," she ordered.

The girl continued to hack and cough and gurgle but some savage twists and pulls on her hair drew cries of pain, and her tongue shot out, lapping desperately at Susan's slit.

"Remember what I showed you, thing," the woman warned.

She slapped at the girl's face and breasts and twisted her hair as she licked, correcting her movements.

'Please,' the girl half sobbed.

Susan reached forward and savagely twisted Heather's breast and the girl's words faded into a choked cry of pain.

"No talking, Thing!"

She resumed her licking and Susan spread her legs, sighing happily, reaching down to ease her pussy lips apart and let the girl's flitting tongue push deeper. She was excited with her new toy, aroused by her control and obedience over it, and moaned happily as the tongue licked harder against her clit and slowly drew her higher and higher onto a plateau of sexual bliss.

All the while Kimmy continued to thrust into the girl's pussy, rocking her body to and fro as her slim belly slapped at Heather's upraised bottom.

Climax rushed over her, and she pulled at the girl's hair, gasping in delight, thrusting her pussy hard against the her mouth as the pleasure swept around her and caught her in its embrace.

CHAPTER 4

Heather could feel the weight of her breasts below her, and the weights attached to her nipples, making them hot, throbbing pinpoints of pain. They were minor, however, compared to her back. Her back was screaming at her, the pain intense. She had been bent over for what felt like hours, her legs shaky and trembling, her eyes filled with tears behind the blindfold.

They had released her hair so that it no longer held her head up, and her head now dangled as her breasts did. That made her head ache and throb dizzily. Yet she could not seem to find the strength to lift her head, or at least, to hold it up for long given her unnatural position.

Her shoulders ached. Her arms and hands felt numbed. Her legs were cramped. But it was her back which was causing her such terrible frustration and pain. She straightened just a little, enduring the deeper pain in her shoulders for just that slight sense of relief from her back.

She didn't like this game. She hated it. She hated her aunt. She was going home! No matter what her parents said, no matter what punishment they devised. She would not stay with this horrible woman any longer. Her aunt was sick and perverted and cruel. She had slapped Heather's bare breast! Heather could hardly believe a woman would slap her breast!

Being forced to lick Kimmy, if that was who it had been, and her aunt, had been degrading, but not terrible. After all, she had wanted to try it, wondered what it was like with Hannah for some time. And being ridden as she had been, while painful had still been lewdly exciting. No boy had ever thrust into her so strongly before, and never from behind like that. She had felt quite wanton, and combined with what the girl's tongue had don't to her - .

But it had been terribly embarrassing, humiliating. She had been awash in shame even as the pleasure from the girl's flicking tongue had set her nerve endings snapping and sizzling with intense pleasure.

She had not known what was happening at first when her aunt had thrust that thing into her from behind. But she had seen enough pornography to understand what had happened, to know that her aunt had been wearing the thing and using her as a man would. That had given her a wicked rush, despite herself, and she had almost climaxed as her aunt had pounded the thing into her pussy.

No, nothing they had done to her had been unforgivable. Exactly. It had been terribly mean and perverted, of course, but she knew her aunt was a pervert, and Kimmy too.

But she had been left alone now for hours. Hours! And during that time, bent over, her body had begun to ache all over, the pain draining her of energy. And her back was by far the worst. Whatever was holding her arms up behind her took some of the weight, but for the most part she was forced to stand bent over, and her back was not up to the task.

Just then she would have given simply anything to be able to straighten up.

"Aunt Susan!" she cried.

She knew she wasn't supposed to talk, but her pain and frustration outweighed her fear of punishment.

"Aunt Susan!"

But she had been calling out for some time and there had been no response. Was she alone in the house? How long was her aunt going to leave her like this? She moaned weakly, miserably..

Her legs trembled. How long had she been standing like this anyway? Her throat, her aching, bruised throat, was dry, her empty stomach growling.

"Aunt Susan!" she wailed.

She heard a sound and her head raised, her mouth opening to call again. A sudden blow to the side of her face set her ears ringing, and she staggered in place.

"No talking, Thing."

"Aunt - ."

Another harsh blow to the side of her head, her ear burning where the woman's open hand clouted her.

She felt movement above her, and prayed she would be allowed to straighten. Then her arms came down, and her hair was pulled up to straighten her. She groaned loudly, her back cracking as the kinks straightened. It was heaven on Earth. She sank slowly down onto her knees, moaning in relief, rolling her shoulders, arching her back. And now the pleasure of relief came from her legs, as well, finally able to bend after so long, her weight finally off them.

She felt herself pulled back and laid on the floor, her legs spread wide. Then sudden sharp pain, agony at her nipples. She screamed and arched her back, twisting weakly. Then the second clamp was removed and again she

screamed and twisted at the sharp pain of returning sensation. She sobbed into the gag, her knees high, heeled feet pawing at the cold stone floor.

But the pain faded quickly, and then the relief of her nipples was even more intense. They felt swollen and sparkling like live electric wires. Someone touched them, rubbed them, and she groaned and twisted weakly.

She didn't care what they did to her. Her back was straight. She rolled and twisted and arched again and again, the relief flowing through her. And now someone was licking at her pussy, and someone was sucking and licking lightly at her oh-so-sensitive nipples.

Bitches. They were bitches. Her aunt was a bitch, she thought weakly.

But it felt soooo good.

Soft lips massaged her clitoris, a small tongue circling and caressing. She moaned, her lower body thrumming with heat and pressure. Her arms were still bound together behind her, underneath her now. Her body rolled atop them, and they hurt, but it was such a small pain compared to what she had been through, and the relief was so wonderful, that she hardly noticed it.

She felt the lips sucking lightly on her clitoris now, and moaned helplessly, driving her pussy up towards whoever was there. Hands stroked her breasts, squeezing them lightly, and someone sucked and licked at her burning nipples, causing her to hiss and groan in pleasure and pain.

The pleasure burned hotter and fiercer, spreading through her nerves and veins and sinews until with a sudden explosive release it washed over her. She cried out, arching her back, driving her sex up into the mouth of the person licking her with sharp, violent grinding motions.

"Unggh! Unnggh! Unngggghh!" she groaned, her head rolling from side to side as she twisted and ground.

"Thing likes it. Do you think Thing likes it, Kimmy?" she heard.

"Yes, Mistress," the Asian girl replied, her voice soft.

Heather slumped, gasping.

They rolled her onto her stomach and she felt their fingers on the straps binding her arms. At last, she thought weakly, her aunt was through playing for today. She could take a bathe and get to sleep. She was exhausted. In the morning - .

Her arms were released and she groaned again with delight as the pressure on her shoulders was eased. Her arms ached as she moved them for the first time in hours, but relief flowed quickly as they were lifted up above her, out in front of her. She rolled her shoulders gratefully, feeling her hands brought together in front of her belly. Straps were slid around her wrists, but she hardly noticed, at first.

When she did she groaned again, in resignation, wondering what her aunt and Kimmy would do to her now, and how long before she could rest her weary body.

They rolled her onto her belly again, and she felt her wrists lifted up and back behind her head. The pressure on them grew and she groaned as her body was bent back, as her back was arched, her head forced back. It felt delicious after so long bent forward.

She felt their hands release her wrists, yet they stayed where they were behind her head, and she could feel, now, the pull against the collar around her throat, realizing the straps around her wrists had somehow been fastened to the back of her collar.

Hands took her arms and lifted her into a sitting position, then urged her upwards. She drew her legs back and got the high heeled boots beneath her, then grunted with effort as she lifted herself up. A hand was between her legs, a finger stroking up and down across her slit and over her clit.

It made her uncomfortable, made her mind squirm. But her body responded to the stroking against her soft, sensitive flesh. She gasped as a hand slapped her bottom.

"Spread your legs, Thing."

Why was her aunt calling her that? Thing? What did it mean? It seemed silly. But Heather shifted her legs apart on the floor. Now she felt a tongue against her there, and a swirling mixture of both discomfort and excitement.

She gasped at another sharp slap to her bottom.

"Nasty little Thing," her aunt hissed next to her ear. "Such a dirty, dirty thing."

The tongue was incredibly soft and warm and wet as it squirmed up and down between her swollen pubic lips and dipped into her pussy hole.

Another sharp spank to her bottom which stung and she gasped in startled pain.

"Thing," her aunt whispered. "Just a thing. Not a person. Just a thing."

What did she mean, the girl wondered.

She felt the tongue pull away, and then her body was being shifted sideways, and then back, and she was bent over something, her bottom high. Her legs were spread wide and locked in place, and she moaned in both shame and a dark kind of exhibitionistic heat knowing they were behind her and seeing her so nakedly exposed.

She felt something hard penetrate her, something which thrust through the soft folds of her pussy and deep into her body. It pushed too deep, and she ached.

"Ohww! Please!" she cried.

A hand gripped her hair and yanked her head back, the pain greater, and she cried out again.

"Silence, thing."

"It hurts!"

She was gagged, the same leather ball forced deep into her aching jaw and strapped around her head, then the thing inside her thrust in hard once again and she cried out, the sound now muffled.

There was a stainless steel post set at the other end of the basement. It was waist high, about twice the thickness of the average male organ, and had a rounded helmet head to emphasise its purpose. Susan had Kimmy hold on to the dazed girl while she squatted and began to turn the ring at the base of the post. As the ring turned the post began to lower, centimetre by centimetre. She rose

again and took the girl from Kimmy, bending her over a nearby table and spreading her legs. She fastened her collar to a ring set into the table, then had Kimmy strap the girl's legs apart while she undid the belt holding the dildo in place.

She pulled it free smoothly and went to a nearby cabinet. The device she retrieved there resembled a long vibrator, but it had another purpose. She unscrewed a jar of lubrication, smeared it over the metal tube, and then slowly worked it into the trembling girl's nether hole.

"Oww!" the girl cried.

"Silence," Susan snapped, yanking at her hair.

"Owww!"

She thrust the device deep and the girl cried out again.

"It hurts!"

Growling, Susan motioned for Kimmy to fetch the gag, then thrust it into the girl's mouth again, strapping it behind her back. Then she resumed her work.

As she pushed the thing deeper her niece's body began to twist and shake. Susan paid these physical responses no heed. The top of the device was on a spring, and the pressure reading showed on a dial at its base. She twisted the device from side to side, pushing it ever deeper, watching the meter creep closely. She met more resistance, and pushed harder.

The girl made protesting sounds through her gag, but Susan continued to ignore it. Heather was a thing now, not a person, and her wishes, desires, and pains did not matter. The meter moved up into the red, but she was an old hand at this. She pushed down on the shaft, angling the head up and pushed again, working the head up past the girl's cervix. That would hurt, of course, but cause no damage. She finally reached the absolute pit of the girl's tunnel, and the meter remained in the red no matter how she worked it.

She held it in place for a long minute, taking a sadistic pleasure in the way the girl's round little bottom twisted and jerked, the way her body pulled against its bonds, the movement of muscles beneath the skin of her shapely legs as they strained against the straps, the sound of her muffled cries of pain. Then she eased it back a bit and examined the depth reading on the side.

She didn't want to damage her new toy, after all.

A foot. That wasn't all that deep, but then Allison's daughter was a short and slender girl.

Susan hesitated, then motioned to Kimmy. The pretty Korean girl dropped to her knees behind the girl, ran her hands up and down her thighs, and then began to gently caress her soft, bare little mound..

Susan turned away and began to lower the post further. She went to a corner cabinet and drew out a pair of thin chains, and a longer, thicker one. The thicker, she hung from a ring which hung from the ceiling over the post. The two thinner ones were attached to a long, narrow T-shaped bar which rose from the floor a couple of feet away from the post.

Kimmy was treating Hannah's narrow slit to long, soft licks, mouthing it gently and letting her lips massage the surrounding flesh. She was just warming

up, and Susan decided to give her some time to draw the girl out of her pain and into the pleasure. Alternating pleasure and pain, comfort and discomfort, would help to disorient the thing, and make its mind more vulnerable to change.

Susan stood back and admired the girl's lovely bottom, watching as Kimmy peeled her sex open and thrust her tongue deep within, then whipped it upwards across the swollen clit.

"Enough," she said.

She unclipped the collar from the table ring and yanked the girl upright, then led her over to the post, forcing her to stand over it and nodding to Kimmy, who knelt, turning the wheel, slowly forcing the post higher and higher. The rounded helmet head was already nudging the girl's wet, puffy opening, and soon it was pushing up into it, forcing the tight lips in and back and pushing past them. Centimetre by centimetre, inch by inch, the post rose higher, pushing its way up through the soft, elastic folds of pink flesh, chilling the girl's body with its cold hard surface.

Susan bent and watched the marks on the steel tube, watched as the six inch mark passed through the girl's pussy lips and the seven inch mark followed.

She forced Heather's legs apart, then chained them in place. That lowered her another two inches. Nine inches inside her, and then ten. The girl started moaning and twisting, and Susan pushed on her belly and tugged on her hair, forcing her back to arch, forcing her insides backwards against the tube as the eleven inch mark pushed up. The girl's head was twisting and shaking violently, but Susan kept the post rising until the twelfth inch mark was flush with her pussy lips.

Kimmy rose, and together they gripped the chain binding the girl's wrists back, unsnapped it, and pulled harder on the wrists. This raised her elbows higher, pulling them back behind her, forcing her head back, and then her back to arch. They locked the wrist restraints directly to the back of the collar now.

Then, for safety's sake, they bound a leather cord around her wrists, pinning them tightly together, and fastened the cord to the chain over her head. That would prevent the girl from twisting too sharply on her impaling post, from falling, no matter how bad her balance.

Susan stepped back to admire the look of her niece's body, arched and well presented.

It was time to let the girl see how pretty she was.

Kimmy wheeled over the full length mirror and set it ahead and to one side of where Heather was bound, then Susan removed the blindfold and let the girl's wide eyes take in her situation.

"Aren't you beautiful?" she whispered, standing behind the girl and directing her gaze to the mirror.

She watched the girl's eyes widen as she stared at herself, and Susan chuckled, reaching down between the girl's legs, running her hand up and down the post, and tracing the line of the girl's bare sex where it was closed around the hard steel.

"It's thick, isn't it?" she whispered into her ear. "So thick, so high inside you, impaling you, filling you, a hard, steel cock."

She raised her voice on the last word, her fingers sliding up across Heather's clitoris.

"The biggest cock you've ever had inside you," she said, still in a whisper, "But you'll take bigger still, Thing. A fuck toy is built to take big cocks."

Heather moaned into the gag, and Susan moved around in front of her.

Kimmy brought her the cat, a long handled whip with nine short, thin strips of leather. They would sting fiercely, but do little damage. Even the reddened flesh would return to normal within hours.

But they WOULD sting fiercely.

Heather's eyes bulged as she stared at her, as Susan ran the whip through her fingers and paced back and forth in front of her. She smiled at the girl, seeing the fear and shock in her eyes. The look made her pussy throb hungrily.

She gazed at her niece's firm young body, the flat belly and rounded breasts now drawn back across her ribs. She ran her fingers around the tight flesh of her sex where it gripped the post, fingering the girl's clit and leaned forward to kiss her lightly on the cheek.

"Slut," she whispered.

Susan stepped back and swung her arm around, letting the whip fly through the air. The leather laces cut through the air with a hissing sound. Heather stared in shock, and Susan smiled and swung her arm back, and then forward. The leather strips snapped across the girl's flat belly like a flurry of bee stings.

Despite her discomfort Heather was starting to feel very hot, very erotic. She had ached, at first, when the thing had pushed up into her pussy, and there had been moments of real pain when it felt as if the thing was going to tear right through into her belly. But now there was only that delicious sense of fullness and a weak, throbbing ache.

Her legs were apart, her pussy, impaled now, fully exposed, her arms forced back so that her breasts were thrust out. She felt as though she were flaunting herself to anyone watching.

A finger rubbed at her clitoris and she moaned softly into the gag.

They were sick, these two, sick. And she was becoming as sick as they were.

Then the blindfold was at long last removed. She stared around her in shock, stared at her aunt, and at Kimmy, and then at a mirror which showed herself.

In an instant she took in the fact that her aunt was fully dressed, wearing a tight, sleek leather halter, tight black leather pants, and short boots with stiletto heels. Kimmy, by contrast wore a bikini which seemed made of thin golden chains. Each cup consisted of a golden chain cup with four linked chains dangling loosely across her breasts. The bottom was the same, and neither really hid very much.

Still, they were something, and compared to herself they made the girl seem fully dressed. For Heather was entirely nude save for the high leather boots, and her sex and breasts were very conspicuously nude in the position her aunt had bound her into. She gaped at the sight of her pussy lips straining around the thick steel pole. She had known the thing was thick but was shocked at how thick it looked.

She flushed red under the gaze of the other two women, moaning weakly into the gag. Her aunt was behind her, chuckling softly, looking over her shoulder.

"Aren't you beautiful," she whispered.

And she was beautiful, sexy and lewdly erotic a strange fashion. Her body no longer struck her, as it had such a short time earlier, as that of a girl. It was a woman's body she stared at in the mirror, bound and presented in an exquisitely sexual way which had her pussy throbbing around the thick pole.

Her aunt stroked her clitoris and she moaned.

This was sick! Sick!

But she stared at herself in fascination, transfixed, disbelieving.

Her aunt moved out from behind her, and the Chinese girl handed something to her. Her aunt swung it, and distracted the girl from her own image at last. She saw what her aunt held and stared in disbelief. It wasn't possible! She wouldn't! She couldn't! It was just for show! Yet her heart pounded and her pulse raised and she squirmed fearfully on the thick pipe as her aunt paced slowly back and forth in front of her like an angry leopard, swinging the ugly, dangerous looking whip against the side of her leather clad thigh.

Heather's mind was frantic with fear and alarm as she stared at that whip. For there was the look in her aunt's eyes which said it was not for show at all, that she intended using it on Heather. That she intended to whip Heather.

Heather shouted at her, shouted in denial, shouted in demand to be released, that she stop, that she not hit her with the thing.

And then she stopped, and a cruel smile came to her face as she drew the thing back. Heather's eyes went even wider, and then the woman's arm swung forward sharply and she had only a moment to brace her stomach as the strips of leather swung in and down and cracked against her taut belly with stinging impact.

She tried to shake her head desperately, but her aunt ignored her, swinging the whip again, and again it slashed across her belly, the separate little strips snapping and biting at her painfully.

She moaned and trembled, her head turning, eyes rolling as her aunt circled her and she lost sight of her. The skin on her back crawled and her breath became even more ragged as she waited for the blow to fall. And then it did, and she screamed into the gag as a half dozen stinging bees sank their needles into her lower back. Another blow fell across her shoulder blades, and another across her bottom, each one making her squeal and shake with pain.

She was being whipped!!

Aunt Susan was whipping her!

There was a world of darkly erotic excitement in that realization, and her pussy squeezed spasmodically against the thick pipe within it. But Heather was awash in shocked disbelief and pain, and paying little attention to anything else.

Her aunt appeared before her again, pacing slowly from her left. Heather screamed at her, demanding she stop, then shook her head frantically. Her aunt only smiled, and then swung the whip again.

Heather screamed as the snapping leather strips landed across her straining breasts. One landed quite close to one nipple, just on the edge of the areola, and the pain was especially stinging.

Another shock, that her aunt would whip her breasts. Her breasts!

No! Her aunt wouldn't do that to her!

She screamed at another blow, a shattering rain of snapping stings across her soft breasts and chest. Her breasts warmed and throbbed, and then another blow, and another, and she twisted her upper torso from side to side, screaming into the gag as her aunt swung harder, the whip sliced in faster.

Her aunt paced slowly around to her right and disappeared from her sight. Heather gasped in relief, her breasts hot with pain. She moaned as the whip cracked down across her back. The pain stung, but was muted now, much less severe back there. She moaned again at another blow, and another. It was far easier to tolerate compared to her breasts.

Her aunt was whipping her.

She was still stunned. She stared at herself in the mirror. She could not see her aunt because of the angle of the mirror, but could see Kimmy watching quietly, face unemotional. Then the whip struck again and she saw her body jerk at the blow.

"Have you never been whipped before, slut?" she heard her aunt ask.

What an insane question. Who would whip a girl in this day and age? She stared at herself and saw her body jerk to another blow and moaned softly.

Her aunt paced back into view, and her stomach tightened. Her breasts throbbing. She shook her head, whimpering, but the woman ignored her, and the whip slashed across her breasts again. Once, twice, five times, each blow a flurry of stinging jolts to her soft breasts

Another blow, and another, and more, cracking across her back and bottom, against her abdomen and belly and breasts, a slow, leisurely whipping which drove her frantic with the pain and anxiety.

How could she!? How could her aunt whip her! Her own niece!

And yet there was more dark heat in the thought now. She was her aunt's prisoner, her sex slave, and her pussy warmed and moistened at the thought, dazed as it was. Her breasts and belly were pink now, and each new blow drew fine white lines across the hot pink flesh, lines which slowly faded.

And there was nothing she could do. She could not even stop arching her back, knowing how vulnerably it thrust her breasts out. As blow after blow sliced across them, setting her nipples on fire.

Again and again and again the whip sliced across her soft flesh, and each time she screamed and twisted and jerked on the thick post, her skin becoming sensitive, raw, as if sunburned. The laces sliced in beneath her buttocks to sting

her inner thighs, curled around her chest, and even slashed across her lower abdomen dangerously near where her puffy pubic lips clutched the thick something she was impaled upon.

And yet the stinging was bearable, and despite her sense of outrage at the unfairness and indignity, at the pain she suffered unnecessarily, there was that strange, dark, heady excitement at the thought that she was being whipped, actually being whipped by someone, whipped across her breasts!

Were she suddenly to find herself released her anger would cause her to commit violence. For at that moment she was angry enough to actually strike her aunt, to punch the woman. But the dark, nasty sense of heat was there, too.

And then at a gesture she had not seen the Chinese girl moved forward and knelt between her legs. She stared down at her, gasping raggedly as she chewed on the gag, watching as the girl's hands caressed her inner thighs and her lips moved closer to her sex. She whimpered as her tongue slipped across her pussy, as it traced the line of flesh which squeezed down around the steel pipe.

The girl's tongue was like soft, wet silk, gently stroking her aching flesh, sliding higher, lapping softly around her clitoris. Her lips closed against it in a kiss, and her tongue pushed out to caress it. Then she sucked lightly, sucked rhythmically, the tongue lapping and twisting in a way which had Heather's pussy squeezing hard around the steel pipe.

What were they doing to her, these sick women!?

Susan put down the Cat and moved to the Y-shaped bar in front of the girl. Each arm held a ring as wide as a bottle cap. And behind each ring was a metal bar to which thin chains were attached. The chains went through the rings and dangled in front of the gasping, moaning young woman before her. Susan took one, and rolled the bar to get some slack, then placed the end of the chain against one of her niece's fat, swollen pink nipples. There was a small clamp on the end of the chain and she fastened it to just the tip of the nipple, and let it snap closed.

The girl reacted, of course. Her nipples were exquisitely sensitive after having been clamped for hours, and this was a much toucher clamp, an alligator clip, with sharp little teeth digging into the tender flesh. She watched the girl's body jerk violently, but was pleased at how little it moved. The girl knew now just how confined her movements was, and her legs and lower body shifted only a little.

She took the second chain and watched her niece's wide eyes following her, imploring her, but she only smiled at her and clamped it to her other nipple.

Heather's eyes closed and she made a muffled cry of pain as her head twisted from side to side. Susan smiled in satisfaction, then began to turn the bars on their hinges, winding them, pulling in the slack until both chains were taut.

"What do you think, Heather?" she asked, as the girl stared, watching her nipples being pulled out and forward.

"Isn't it sexy?" she taunted.

She continued to turn, and the chains pulled harder on Heather's nipples, stretching them out, pulling them into the rings. She turned the bar until the girl's nipples were directly centered in each ring, then turned to the top of the right ring.

There was a screw there, two inches long, a very thing and sharp screw at its tip. She began to turn it and watched it slide down into the ring, moving closer and closer to the soft, straining pink flesh of Heather's stretched out nipple. It pressed against the surface and she slowed her turning, letting it dig in slowly, watching the girl's reaction as it began to sting more and more, as she tried to pull away, only to find the alligator clips had a tight hold on her pink buttons.

Heather's eyes were bulging, her head shaking furiously. Muffled cries came from behind her gag as Susan turned the screw faster. She could see the sharp end pushing hard into the soft, pink flesh now. She bent and looked beneath, watching as the indentation of flesh grew sharper. And then the steel showed through, a tiny pin prick at first, but quickly pushing down through the pierced skin. She continued to turn the screw, driving it downwards, and the screw widened, tearing the tiny hole wider as it slid through.

The girl's muffled howls continued as her body quivered and trembled. Susan only smiled, turning the screw until the bottom sank into the base of the ring.

Then she turned to the second screw. It was identical to the first save that it was offset about two centimetres from the closest edge of the ring. While the first screw went down through the ring vertically, the second would push out horizontally from the right side. Again the girl reacted as her nipple was pricked and the screw dug in harder and sharper to make the pain grow. Then it too was through and out the other side, piercing the nipple from side to side.

She continued to turn the screw until it sank into the base of the ring on the right side And then turned to the other ring. As before, she pierced Heather's nipples top and bottom, and then side to side, watching her squirm and hearing her muffled howls as the screw slowly penetrated her sensitive flesh.

She released the clamps now. They were unneeded. The girl's nipples were held even more firmly by the screws.

Kimmy was still licking at the girl's sex, her tongue and lips working gently on the moaning, trembling girl who was too distracted to appreciate her efforts.

Susan would distract her further.

The strap-on she pulled up her legs was the same as before, but the dildo attached was different, curving upward, just the right shape for sodomising young girls on stiletto heels with their bottoms pushed out.

She reached down and slowly worked the butt plug free of her young niece's nether hole, then placed the thick dildo into the hole which remained open. It sank in several inches before encountering resistance. She eased back

slightly, then thrust forward again, firmly sliding the thick rubber cock upwards into the girl's bottom.

The dildo had a soft pad at its base which pressed firmly against Susan's clitoris. Each time she thrust it up the pad ground against her clitoris in a distinctly pleasant way.

Her hands stroked up and down across Heather's belly, then up to the undersides of her breasts, stroking and caressing the soft skin as she pushed the dildo higher into the girl's belly. She sighed in pleasure as the pad rubbed across her dildo, and felt a wave of excitement as her hips finally pressed in against the girl's round little bottom.

She relished the feel of the girl's muscles squeezing down on "her cock", and the sense of overpowering those muscles as she threw her hips forward, forcing the thing deeper. She leaned in and began to lick and kiss and nip at the nape of Heather's throat as she thrust harder. The girl's body was jerking with the force of her thrust now, with the heavy slap of her hips against her buttocks. This was jerking her body against the steel pipe driven deep into her sex.

Susan had no doubt that was painful. But that hardly mattered to her. She was in heaven, playing with her new toy, indulging her lusts and desires as she thrust still harder, ramming the dildo up hard into the young girl's rectum, feeling a rush of dark satisfaction as she imagined her sister's horror had she only known.

Of course, she would know, eventually. Susan turned her face and smiled at the video camera recording her niece's ravishment, then leaned in and bit hard on the side of Heather's throat where the camera could see.

Heather stared dazedly at her nipples, pierced and double pierced, incredulous that her aunt would do something like that. Yes, she had mentioned piercing her nipples, but Heather hadn't thought she was serious. She stared at her nipples, stared at the screws penetrating the pink flesh, and marvelled at them. The pain had been intense, savage, and her body was still covered in sweat from the intensity of it. Her nipples still ached dully, but the terrible pain had now withdrawn, and she could breath again, feeling a desperate relief that it was over.

She stared at the mirror, stared at her image, at the image of her straining nipples locked into the rings, at the girl kneeling between her legs, still patiently licking and caressing her. She felt her aunt behind her and moaned weakly, wondering what new terrible thing she had planned.

She felt something nudging her bottom, felt her aunt tugging at the plug she had so shockingly pushed into her there, pulling it free. It was yet another source of humiliation, but one which hardly mattered compared to the terrible pain she had just undergone, and the wonder of having had her nipples pierced.

And then she felt something else pushing into her as her aunt's arms encircled her and her hands began to caress her belly. She grunted as something was pushed up deep into her bottom, pulled back, and then pushed up once again. She felt her aunt's bare breasts against her back and realized the woman

must now be naked, and then realized as well that she must once more be wearing one of those lesbian things, the dildos, between her legs.

And was pushing it into her, fucking her with it, like a man, fucking her in the ass.

She closed her eyes. There was no limit to what her aunt would do to her, no depths to which the woman would not sink. She whimpered, tears filling her eyes as she felt the thing pushing higher and deeper, her insides aching now as it was forced uncomfortably deep.

The thing pushed in and out, pumping, fucking her, and she sagged weakly, beyond resistance, mental or physical, feeling broken. She grunted at each deep penetration, her body shuddering as her aunt's hips began to slap against her bottom, faster and faster, harder and harder, until she ached inside, ached deeply, punched hard in the pit of her belly again and again.

And then they were gone, and she was alone.

CHAPTER 5

The lights were out, but before she had left her aunt had positioned two large candles next to her. They were standing on tall holders so they were chest high to her. Their flickering candles shadowed her body in the tall mirror.

She had done one more thing before leaving. She had taken a small ring and attached it to the pipe just below her sex. A small metal arm was attached to the ring, and a rubber pad sat on the arm, and her aunt had pressed it in until it squeezed her clitty uncomfortably back against the hard flesh behind it - flesh made hard by itself being pressed back against the hard steel pipe.

And then she had left, wishing Heather a good night. Except, of course, she had not used her name. She had called her Thing, as she had all day. Thing.

At first Heather was sure it had been an idle threat, that her aunt would not leave her there all night. But as the time passed she began to resign herself, though she never gave up hope.

She was exhausted, drained in both body and spirit. It had been the most shocking day of her life, and it seemed it would not end.

She tried, hour by hour, to adjust herself even a little bit, to shift herself this way or that, to straighten or bend to relieve the tension or pain or discomfort on this or that part of her body. But it helped only a little, and only momentarily.

There was nothing to see in the darkened room but shadows, and herself, lit by the thick candles.

She was a sex slave. She was her own aunt's sex slave. This, she thought, must be the punishment for her incestuous games with Hannah.

The night passed slowly, and the only movement which seemed to give her any real pleasure happened when she shifted her legs a little and caused her body to rise or lower minutely on the silver pole. The rubber pad thing against her clitoris rasped across it roughly, yet after the first few times the rough pressure began to raise a heat between her legs. Bored, miserable, she began to shift herself more. There was no one there but her, after all, and the night was long.

She did not consciously decide to masturbate on the thing, not at first. It was nearly dawn, the sky lightening through the barred basement windows, when she realized the depth of the heat there, and its source and began to apply herself to the task of increasing her enjoyment. It hurt - a little - shifting against the thing. But the pleasure was delicious, even with the pain. Riding up and down on the pipe, even a little, made her ache deep inside, but as the pleasure spread and the sexual heat rose the ache fell away.

She rode the pipe very slowly, grunting with effort, her legs tired and aching, her entire body straining as she pulled against her shoulders - pinned overhead, and her nipples - pinned in front of her.

But after long minutes of small grinding she came, shuddering and moaning and twisting in orgiastic bliss as she rode the pipe faster and harder, bruising herself deep inside.

She was ashamed of herself afterwards, but there was nothing else to do. It passed time, distracted her, and after what she had done that day it seemed a small crime.

And so she did it again, gasping and panting with effort, climaxing a second time, and then a third, as the room slowly brightened.

She heard footsteps overhead, and froze. She was working on her fourth climax now. Her clitty felt sore, raw, but that only seemed to make the pleasure grow faster and hotter.

Was that her aunt, or Kimmy?

She heard the footsteps move overhead, into the kitchen, and heard the water go on, then a small radio. It must be Kimmy, making breakfast.

Heather's stomach grumbled and twisted. She had eaten nothing since - since dinner the day before yesterday. Nor had she drank anything since being bound by her aunt yesterday morning. She was ravenous, and her throat, still aching from being raped by her aunt's dildo, parched

But Kimmy did not appear to release her, and to distract herself from her discomfort she resumed her soft grinding motions, though her exhausted legs protested.

She was approaching another orgasm when she heard feet on the top stairs and froze again. These feet were firmer, heavier. Her aunt, she thought. They moved into the living room, then, after a bit, into the kitchen.

She threw her head back, grunting as she rubbed, the orgasm roaring forward, about to envelope her. She heard footsteps then, not on the upper stairs, but the lower. But her befuddled mind ignored them at first. She sensed movement, recalled the sounds, saw her aunt approaching, but couldn't stop. Whimpering, shamed, she continued to rub as the orgasm exploded within her.

She shuddered and rocked, her head jerking, her body shaking as she came, as the climax rippled through her nervous system and her aunt watched.

"Been enjoying yourself, slut?" she heard.

But the words were from afar, as she continued to jerk and shake and grind herself through a powerful orgasm.

Her aunt let her finished, then released her nipples, drawing the sharp screwed back up and out of her aching flesh..

She unfastened the strap from her elbows, and then pulled back the little rubber arm and began to lower the pipe. It slid slowly down from inside her, and she shuddered weakly as she felt her straining pussy flesh slowly pull back in.

The pipe slid out of her, but her pussy remained partly open, the muscles beaten down, numbed.

Her aunt unbound her ankles, and let her sink to her knees. Heather groaned in desperate relief, almost collapsing onto her belly. Her wrists were unfastened from the rear of her collar one at a time, then twisted down and back behind her, and then up again, high, to be bound to the back of the collar again. She hardly cared. She was twisting and stretching in bliss, bending her back, her shoulders, her arms, her legs.

And then the other arm was pulled up behind her back and fastened to the back of her neck, and her aunt.

Her aunt removed the gag slowly, and now the bliss turned to agony and Heather cried out in pain, tears filling her eyes. Her jaw had been forced open too long. The pain was intense, and she cried out again and again, sobbing now as her frozen muscles and jaw were finally released.

Her aunt put her down on her belly on the floor. She was wearing a short leather skirt and short leather boots with stiletto heels.

"All right, slut, stop your moaning," she snapped. "It's time for you to learn a few things."

She produced a long, thin riding crop, and got Heather's attention by snapping it down on her bottom.

"I want to see you crawl," she said, pointing with the whip across the room. "Crawl over there to the base of that chair. On your belly. Now."

And so Heather crawled, weakly and awkwardly, on her belly, shifting her weight from side to side, pushing with her knees and feet, gasping as she crawled across the floor to the chair and then, once there, crawled back. When she slowed her aunt snapped the crop down on her bottom, the sharp sting adding her energy.

She was ordered to roll onto her back, which she did, to raise her knees, to spread them, to draw them back. She obeyed, and her aunt rubbed the riding crop up and down her slit in a way which was both menacing and lewdly pleasant.

Heather did not try to talk after the first word brought a vicious blow of the crop across her hip, but her stomach growled loudly enough that surely her aunt had to hear it. And her need for water was even worse.

She knelt, she sat on her heels, she bent forward, raising her bottom and placing her shoulders on the floor, and, after barely any hesitation, she licked at her aunt's boots, only a little ashamed.

Her aunt sat back on the chair and had her crawl over to it on her belly again, grinding her sore nipples into the hard stone. Then her aunt spread her legs and slumped lower, guiding her to her sex. Heather obeyed at once. Her tongue was quite dry, but her aunt's pussy was wet, and her tongue lapped thirstily at the moisture as the blonde woman stroked and twisted her hair.

When she was done her aunt strapped her ankles to her thighs, then fastened her hair into two thick pigtails at either side of her head. She lifted her up onto her knees and tied cords to the pigtails, lifting them up and apart so she was balanced precariously.

Heather spent the remainder of the morning like that.

Six hours later she was dazed with pain and dehydration. Her aunt unbound her and she screamed at the pain in her knees.

"Nice little piece of ass," George said.

Susan felt her natural antipathy to him rising, yet the statement was undeniable. Heather was a nice little piece of ass. It was only because a man was saying it, a sexist, chauvinist man like George, that it sounded offensive.

George Foster was a big man, broad shouldered, an ex football player. He was middle aged now, and had a gut, but there were still signs of the strength his body had once owned. Now he was a doctor, a good one, if a perverted one, and one she and her friends used occasionally to do things they could ask of no one else.

They placed Heather on the table and strapped her tightly down with her head hanging over the edge. They pulled her pigtails hard, tying them with cords, then George pushed a ring between her jaws and turned a screw, expanding it, forcing the girl's jaw into a wide O.

He knelt at the foot of the table and slid a long steel needle into her mouth and throat, using a small flashlight to show him the inside of her throat.

"This isn't permanent," he said casually. "The nerves will be damaged, but it will regenerate. I could cut it entirely if you like."

"This will do for now."

He nodded, working the needle in carefully, and thrusting it into the soft flesh as Susan watched.

It took surprisingly little time.

"Now the eyes," he said.

Hard fingers pressed the girl's eyelids back and held them in place, pressing painfully against the sockets, then dropped several drops from a small plastic container into each eye.

"This will freeze the eye."

"I don't care if it hurts her," Susan said in irritation.

"That isn't the point, my dear. I don't want her moving her eyeball while I'm working."

When the drugs had taken effect he picked up an even smaller needle, slowly and with exquisite care sliding it deep into her left eyeball. He depressed a small plunger and forced a tiny stream of dark liquid out into the eye. The liquid contained an anti-biotic, and was entirely natural. In time, the body's natural cleansing features would remove it, absorbing it. But until then, the liquid would effectively blind her.

He moved the needle, depressing the plunger again, and then again, watching as her blue eyes slowly darkened, as even the white ball around the cornea began to darken. When he withdrew the girl looked as if she had nothing but an enormous black marble between her eyelids.

He turned to the second eyeball and carefully repeated his actions, darkening that, as well. Then he turned to the whimpering girl's ears. He used a wider needle here, and simply squirted a kind of natural caulking material deep into each ear, effectively blocking them and deafening her.

Heather was now deaf, dumb and blind, isolated within her own body. The only sensations she would now experience were those her body could feel.

"She feels dehydrated," he noted. "She could use some liquid."

Susan made a face. "You've done as you promised," she conceded.

She turned and left, and Doctor Foster smiled in pleasure and anticipation as he ran his eyes and hands over the naked teenager's body.

First things first, he thought. And the first thing was to take care of the erection which had been pressed against the inside of his pant leg since he'd seen the naked little slut.

He climbed atop the table and thrust himself into the girl, moaning softly with pleasure as he laid his body atop the slender young girl and pumped with wild abandon.

When he finished he rolled off her, sighing happily. He gazed around the basement with interest, considering his options, then, feeling his bladder full, grinned and stepped back to the head of the table. The ring was still in the girl's mouth and he simply pressed his cock through it and began to urinate. He gripped her nose to close it and filled her mouth with urine, then waited until gasping and choking, she was forced to swallow it. He let her breath, then filled her mouth again. He was prepared to pause again but there was no need. The girl was swallowing as he urinated, probably do to her bleary state of dehydration.

He unstrapped her, and half carried, half marched the dazed girl across the floor, chaining her arms above her head and then raising the chains to lift her off her feet. There was an extensive selection of whips and flogs on a shelf on the wall, and he went through a number of them, enjoying himself immensely on the lovely, previously unmarked body of the young girl.

He started with a light flog, worked his way up to a heavy flog, and then began to use increasingly harsh single tail whips. Before long, thin red lines criss-crossed the girl's body from shoulder to knee. Then thicker, deeper red welts covered them. The skin began to break where whip marks crossed each other, and small trickles of blood began to roll down her body front and back.

The girl made no sounds during the whipping other than soft whispery gurgles. It was all she was now capable of, and George Foster took a deep satisfaction in that.

He lifted the girl's ankles up and back, pinning them in place above and behind her head, exposing her sex most vulnerably. He was hard, and raped her again, hard and deep, then used a thin crop on her slit and mons until the flesh was red and swollen angrily. He let her ankles drop then, and tightened straps around her legs just behind the knees. He lifted her ankles up behind her and strapped them to the sides of her thighs, then pulled the straps behind her knees down and apart, fixing them tightly in place.

He didn't have bamboo shoots, but did have small, thin needles which, one by one, he forced up beneath her toenails as the girl thrashed wildly. He would have preferred to hear her scream during this, but the gurgles she did make, along with her anguished face, and wide open mouth were enough to communicate her agony.

With the needles in place under all ten toes he used a thin cane on the soles of her feet, whipping them until they were bright red and swollen. He unstrapped them, then lowered the dazed, slack jawed girl to the ground. But moments later he was re-attaching the chains to her ankle restraints, then turning the crank which raised them higher.

With the girl hanging upside down, her legs spread widely, he resumed whipping her sex, driving a thin strap overhand and cracking it down loudly against the girl's already swollen sex until he was out of breath. Then, aroused once again, he rammed himself down into her pussy, pounded furiously down into her, and emptied himself a final time.

Gasping, but satisfied, he glanced at his watch. He had been alone with the girl almost three hours. Well worth it. He dressed and wearily climbed the stairs, leaving her behind in the silent room.

A few minutes later her aunt came down the stairs to find her as she was, covered in whip marks, her body red, swollen, bruised, battered and beaten. She smiled gently, then turned and walked quietly back up the stairs. And Heather hung in place as afternoon turned to evening, evening to night, and on through the dark night, moaning her soft, whispery moans and whimpers barely heard over the sound of the air flowering through the ventilating shafts overhead.

Morning came, and Kimmy and Susan lowered the dazed thing to the floor. It could not see or hear, so must be prodded by touch. That touch was not gentle. It retched repeatedly when they tried to lift it, and tumbled to the floor, its head too dazed from being upside down so long to have any balance even if its feet weren't swollen and red.

But now was no time for gentleness, no time for sympathy. Its head was held tightly and its nose pierced between its nostrils. Its tongue was then pried out by pincers, and pierced slowly and painfully. Then its legs were spread and strapped down, the hood over its clitoris pulled back, and its clitoris pulled out by pincers, squeezed until its body flopped like a fish brought suddenly to land, and then pierced.

It was bent back across a low frame and whipped once again, on breasts, belly and groin, and then urine, collected over the previous two days by the two women, was poured over its face and body. A funnel was forced into its mouth and its nose blocked. Its mouth was filled repeatedly with urine until it swallowed the a full quart.

It was then violently raped orally, anally and vaginally with Susan's largest dildo before being set into a corner on knees. Its pierced tongue was attached to a chain which pulled it down and forward, forcing its mouth over a thick pipe which threatened to, but did not quite enter its throat. Its nose ring was attached by thin line to the wall just above the pipe. Its wrists were strapped to its upper arms so that it must support much of its weight on its tender elbows. Its hair, still in pigtails, was pulled out sharply and painfully to either side, and bound in place.

A thick steel piped was forced into its anus and driven deep, and another into its pussy, twelve full inches long. Its ankles were then strapped up and back against its thighs. Its nipples were attached to wires which pulled them down hard. The wires in turn went through rings on the floor and then up to a small generator. And the thing was left in place.

After ten minutes the pipe in its anus began to spew water, very cold water which gushed into its anus and bowels. It shuddered and trembled and shook violently. Water gushed out around the pipe, spraying out behind it. After a minute the water halted. Twenty minutes later water, very hot water, began gushing out of the pipe thrust into its sex, and again it twisted and jerked and trembled violently as the water gushed back out around the pipe.

More time passed, and the wires began to sparkle with electricity, and the thing's body shook with convulsions.

An hour passed, then three. The water continued to gush into its body at random intervals. The electricity continued to burn through its nipples, sometimes for long periods of time, sometimes for very short, intense shocks. Suddenly its mouth filled with liquid and it swallowed automatically. The liquid was foul tasting and it gagged weakly. Then its mouth filled with something else, a pasty, tasteless something which it again swallowed, swallowed hungrily, for it was famished. The pasty substance continued to pump slowly into its mouth and it swallowed rapidly, mewling happily - insofar as it was capable of feeling happiness, as its belly was filled.

The electrical shock which hit it shortly afterwards quickly jolted its out of its temporary happiness, for it was a powerful and extended one which had it quivering like a tuning fork.

And so the day passed into evening and the evening into night and on into the next morning, afternoon, evening and night.

Morning again, though it was no longer capable of understanding the flow of time. If it were it would have realized it was now beginning its fifth day with its aunt. It had not slept since its first. Leather clad hands unbound and released it, and it was hung by its ankles and beaten from knee to neck, then left to hang upside down for most of the morning.

In case it should become too comfortable in that position and fall asleep, its hair had been forced up back, lifting its head from its upside down position until it was almost right side up, staring behind it. Its tail of hair was bound with a cord attached to its two big toes far overhead. The cord dug into the soft flesh of its toes painfully. Two thick alter candles were thrust into its pussy and anus and set alight so that the hot wax dripped down onto its groin and trickled down its belly and between its buttocks.

Shortly after noon the dazed creature was let down and dragged by its hair up the stairs and through the house to a large bathroom, and then into a large shower enclosure. The enclosure contained three powerful jets of water and it was stood in the centre of them and its wrists raised and chained to hold it there. Icy cold water then blasted its front and rear, with one jet aimed into its face. The water sprayed over it for a full minute, halted, then came again as hot water. A minute later it was cold and a minute later hot.

An hour later the water was turned off and electrical shocks were given to its body, then it was sodomised and the water turned on again for another hour.

It was released from the shower enclosure and brought back into the basement and there stood on the balls of its feet, its hair bound to a cord overhead to prevent it from lowering itself. More urine was poured over its head and body, and then another quart into its mouth, which it dully swallowed.

The next day dawned as darkly as the others had, for it could not, of course, see. It was introduced to the day by a whip striking its back and flinging it forward against the hold on its hair. It screamed, but no sound emerged. It was whipped again, and again, and again, the pain tearing into its frazzled nervous system and what remained of its mind.

It was hung upside down again, but this time its wrists were pulled strongly up and back, raising its torso. Its hair was pulled back as well, lifting its head. It remained in that position for some hours.

Then a touch, something removed the weighted chain which had been dangling from its tongue for - as long as it could remember. Something which smelled of a familiar scent was placed in front of it, and its cheek slapped lightly. Its face and nose were rubbed into something, and then fingers plucked at its tongue. Some small spark of recognition caused it to push its tongue out against the thing before it.

It licked, weakly, but continuously. Hands touched it in response, but for once they were not harsh hands, but soft and gentle, caressing its body. It continued to lick until the thing was pulled away. It was immediately lowered to the ground, and then something was placed before its nose, food, food which smelled so delicious it immediately began to salivate. It reached for it with its tongue and found a bit of meat held in someone's fingers. It licked it out and wolfed it down, then another, then another.

Hands patted its head and cheeks and then a soft body hugged it and stroked its back.

It lay back, and after only a minute, it fell asleep. It was allowed to sleep for less than five minutes, then was slapped and kicked awake. Its ankles were strapped to its thighs and it was half lifted onto a thick pipe like object, impaled upon it

until it was sitting on its heels, groaning at the fullness. Its hair was pulled back and its breasts whipped, and then the thing it was impaled upon began to move, to slide up and down inside its belly, faster and harder, so that it groaned - silently, each time it punched up into the pit of its belly.

Its body jerked and twisted to the inner blows, shook and trembled to the painful slashes of the whip. And then it smelled that familiar scent before its face and sensed something there. It licked out, and tasted the familiar taste of a woman. The whip halted, and it licked frantically. The thing inside it slowed and eased, though it did not halt. It continued to lick, and hands petted its head gently and stroked its hair and caressed its face.

The thing inside it withdrew and it was laid gently down and permitted to sleep.

Five minutes later, though of course, it had no grasp of time, it was wakened, lifted, bent across a narrow bar, its ankles and wrists strapped together. Thick dildos were rammed into its anus and pussy and then it was caned cruelly and brutally, sobbing and screaming - silently - the pain of the blows.

Its hair pulled up, lifting its face, and its nose was pushed against something soft. It licked desperately, and the blows halted. It continued to lick, pushing its face into the thing before it, licking and sucking and lapping for all its was worth as its head was gently caressed and its skin massaged and stroked.

This continued, and one time instead of the familiar thing before it there was something else, something long and hard and thick. Yet in the midst of its pain it licked at it anyway, and then it remembered, and opened its mouth, engulfing the thing, sucking it deep. The pain was being given began to ease. It pumped its mouth up and down the thing and the pain eased even further. It pushed itself forward, taking the thing into its throat, and the pain faded.

After a few days its conditioning changed. Now it was given pleasure when it licked and sucked, and pleasure was something it had forgotten existed. Soft tongues played over its aching nipples, and lips sucked gently on its clitoris. A buzzing vibrator set its body quivering, and it exploded into orgasm.

In the midst of pain and darkness the orgasm shone like a beacon. It learned it could get more of them by licking and sucking on the things given it, and gloried in the pleasure.

Then, one day, it could hear again, and soft, gentle music filled its world. Barely heard beneath the music was a gentle voice whispering to it of pleasure and obedience, of the purpose of its existence and the love it held for its mistress. It did not entirely understand the words, hardly heard as they were, nor cared. It continued to lick and suckle and continued to be given pleasure.

It was not able to sleep much, however, and was in a constant state of exhaustion, its mind buzzing dazedly. It was given orders, and obeyed them at once. It quickly learned that the slightest hesitation brought angry words and sharp pain, while obedience brought pleasure and praise.

It did not know its name. It was called Thing.

CHAPTER 6

"Hi Hannah, I'm your aunt Susan," Susan said, smiling cheerfully.

"Oh, hi!" The girl smiled brightly. "Where's Heather?"

Susan rolled her eyes. "She was out shopping. She was supposed to be back by now but she called to say she'd met some boy."

Hannah laughed uncertainly. She missed her twin and had been looking forward to meeting her as soon as possible. She was uncomfortable around strangers, and Heather knew that. She should have been there to break the ice.

"I hope my parents don't find out about this," she said pensively. "They wouldn't like it."

"Get in, dear, and I'll drive you home," Susan said.

The girl hopped in, and Susan examined her briefly, amazed at the resemblance to Thing. Yet this girl dressed like a nun in training, and dared to raise her eyes to meet Susan's and speak without being spoken to.

She had originally contemplated something much softer for the girls, a gradual seduction of Heather, who would then aid in the seduction of her twin. Her own impatience had brought that plan to ruin, yet she was not disappointed, for Heather was turning into everything she would have wished, and it had been such fun breaking her the hard way. Now she would get to do it all over again! And then she'd have a set that would make the other girls jealous!

"I suppose your suitcase is filled with the same sort of nun wear Heather had," she said.

The girl looked at her in surprise. "Nun wear?"

"You know, those conservative things your parents make you wear."

"Oh." The girl shrugged uncomfortably.

"I'm not insulting you, dear. Heather and I have had rather a fun time shopping for new clothes for her to wear this summer. She looks much nicer now, and I'm sure you will too."

"Oh no, I couldn't let you buy me clothes," the girl said, blushing a little.

"Oh it's nothing," Susan said, waving her hand dismissively. "I have a lot of money, and if I can't treat my pretty nieces to a few of life's luxuries what's it for?"

The girl was wearing a knee-length denim dress over a white blouse, and Susan had no doubt that underneath were large, ugly white bra and panties of the same sort her mother, and probably her grandmother wore.

Heather, of course, had worn nothing since her first day at Susan's. The previous night she had been given to a dozen men to use, and the men had been instructed to use her roughly and thoroughly. They hadn't had to be asked twice, and after hours of use the dazed girl had lain in a puddle of semen and urine, groaning weakly.

She was not fully trained yet. It had only been a couple of weeks, after all. But she was coming along nicely. She no longer resisted any order, and climaxed frequently, even under strong use. Her eyesight had come back, but her voice was still out, and would be for some time. That was as well. She had nothing Susan needed to hear.

But that made her useless in seducing her sister. Hannah would immediately wonder why her twin wasn't talking to her and get suspicious. So Susan would have to use more direct methods with her than she had with Heather.

The girl spoke little, apparently shy, and Susan drove directly into the garage and had the electrical door sliding down before they climbed out of the car. She led the girl into the living room and got her a coke, then sat down and began to chat, trying to draw her out. She asked her about school, about what she was going to take in college, about boyfriends, and her parents.

The girl spoke little, looking down at her feet a lot and blushing often. She also sipped frequently from the coke, using it as something to do other than speak to Susan. Susan found herself annoyed and irritated, but the fact the girl was drinking the cola down so quickly assuaged her somewhat. The drink was laced with a drug which would daze her a little and melt her inhibitions.

Sure enough, the girl soon began swaying on the sofa, her eyes blinking open and closed. Susan smiled across the table at her, then lifted a small bell and rang it. The kitchen door opened and Kimmy and Thing entered.

Both girls were more or less nude. The wore bras and thongs made of chains. Timmy's thin golden chains dangled sideways across her golden breasts while Thing's crossed them from top to bottom. Neither covered very much flesh, and their swollen nipples were quite visible, both ringed.

The two crossed the floor to the sofa. Kimmy sat immediately while Thing looked down uncertainly.

"Sit next to your sister," Susan ordered.

Thing obeyed, sitting on the other side of Hannah, who turned to look at her in confusion, then smiled a little blearily.

'Heather,' she said, her voice a whisper.

Kimmy leaned in on her other side and undid the strap behind her neck, letting the front of her denim dress fall. Hannah turned to look at her in confusion and Kimmy kissed her softly, her hand moving forward to squeeze Hannah's right breast. Hannah tried to draw back, but Kimmy gripped her head, pulling her face towards her.

"Undo your sister's blouse, Thing," Susan ordered.

Thing obeyed, but her face was a mask of indecision as she unbuttoned the front of Hannah's blouse to reveal her large, old-fashioned white bra.

"Take her dress down."

Again Thing obeyed, gripping the denim, then bunched around Hannah's hips, and tugging at it, slipping off the sofa to kneel at her sister's feet as she pulled. Kimmy helped raise the girl's bottom by gently pulling back on her hair so that her head was forced back and then her back arched and her bottom rose off the sofa.

"Owww!" Hannah moaned dizzily.

Thing tugged the skirt down off her ankles.

"Now the panties."

Again Thing looked pensive, but obeyed at once, tugging the old-fashioned white panties down her sister's legs and off.

"The bra."

Kimmy was already undoing the bra, though Hannah was protesting half-heartedly, pushing feebly at her hands. Susan ordered Heather onto the sofa again on her sister's opposite side.

"Take her arm and pin it against the side of the sofa," Susan ordered.

The girl was twisting weakly, disoriented, but protesting her stripping. Kimmy immediately took her right arm and forced it against the back of the sofa, then leaned her shoulder against it. Thing, after a brief hesitation, did the same with her left arm.

"Now lean in and begin to kiss and lick at her throat and mouth. Use your hands to fondle her breasts and pussy," Susan said.

Both girls obeyed, and Susan watched with growing excitement as the drugged young woman's twisting, wriggling body was pawed and stroked by the other two girls. She was especially excited at the sight of Heather kissing her sister while gently fondling and kneading her sister's breast

"Thing. Suck your sister's nipple," she ordered.

Thing obeyed at once, closing her lips around Hannah's nipple and sucking rhythmically.

"Chew it. Bite it," Susan ordered.

Again Thing obeyed, and Hannah moaned, protesting weakly.

"Kimmy, put this around her throat."

She tossed a collar to the girl, and she immediately placed it around Hannah's throat, then buckled it in place. She tossed a pair of wrist restraints, and she and Thing both attached them quickly, then forced Hannah's wrists back behind her head where they could be locked to the back of her collar.

She then ordered Thing between the girl's legs, and watched as Hannah's legs were spread and her sister's tongue began to lap up and down the furry entrance.

Heather had been wearing a weight on her tongue since it had been pierced. Between that and the exercise her tongue was getting it was growing significantly stronger and she was now able to push it out much further.

Her licking soon had her sister's protests reduced to pleased moans. Kimmy held the girl in her arms, stroking her breasts and kissing the side of her throat and face. The girl's legs jerked and shuddered and her bottom began to grind and buck as her sister lapped at her clitoris. Her breathing became more ragged and she began to gasp and pant with excitement as she neared climax.

"Enough," Susan ordered.

She had the girl carried up the stairs and spreadeagled on one of the beds, ankles and wrists strapped to the corners. Kimmy and Thing then applied the hair removal cream she had gotten from the sex shop and removed all of her

pubic hair, and they let her rest a little. She had not consumed much of the drug, and the drug was fast acting.

When it was done and she began to hear the girl calling out in confusion and anger Susan padded up the stairs and into the room. The girl, her face beet red, stared at her in anger and fear.

"Good afternoon, Hannah," she said cheerfully.

"What have you done to me?" the girl demanded. "Untie me!"

Susan sat on the edge of the bed and ran her hand slowly over the girl's body. Hannah flinched and tried to jerk away.

"Stop it! Don't touch me! You - you sicko!"

"Yes, dear, I am a sicko. I'm a filthy pervert," Susan said with a smile.

She fingered one of Hannah's nipples and pinched it.

"Oww! You're hurting me!"

"I know, dear. I like hurting pretty young girls."

"Where's Heather! Where's my sister!? What have you done to her, you pervert!?"

"Alas, Heather is dead," Sue said mournfully.

Hannah stared at her in shock. "I don't believe you!" she gasped.

"It's true. Heather, you see, was a person. Now there is only Thing."

"Thing? What the fuck are you talking about!? Where is my sister!?"

"I don't think I like your foul mouth, little girl."

"I don't give a fu - Ow!"

The sharp slap to her face startled the girl, and she gaped up at Susan.

"You're going to learn to do as you're told," Susan said. "For like your sister, you are no longer going to be a person, just a thing."

"You're crazy!" Hannah gasped.

Susan smiled, then pulled out a thick ball gag and reached forward. She gripped the girl's hair and forced her head back, yanking cruelly. Hannah screamed and she jammed the ball gag deep into her mouth, strapping it around behind her head before leaning back. The girl stared through wide eyes and Susan picked up the small bell on the night table and rang it.

The door opened and Thing entered. Hannah stared at her, first in relief, then in consternation. Thing was naked, now, except for the two nipple rings, the clit ring, and the nose ring. Two dainty blue gems hung from the first two, while the nose ring was a simple gold band. Aside from the rings her only adornment were four golden shackles, one on each wrist and ankle, and a golden collar around her throat.

She padded uneasily across the floor to the bed and the two sisters stared at each other. Hannah moaned into the gag while Heather was, of course, silent.

"Thing. Make this whore happy."

Heather climbed onto the bed obediently, her eyes sliding away from her sister's. She crawled between her sister's spread legs and laid her nude body down atop Hannah's, then began to gently kiss and nuzzle the nape of her sister's neck.

As Susan looked on, Thing slowly worked her way down, nuzzling and chewing at her sister's shoulder, then squeezing and kneading her breasts as she licked and suckled at her nipples.

Hannah looked at her in disbelief, twisting and pulling at the leather straps, shouting into the gag. Her sister continued to lick and suckle at her, working her slow way down her body to her newly bare sex, her fingers stroking, her tongue caressing, her lips massaging and sucking. She slid a finger into her sister's pussy hole, then a second, thrusting them in and out as she licked and sucked at her clit.

"I know your sister is a cock lover like you, Thing," Susan said. "I'm sure she'd appreciate something long and thick inside her."

Thing eased back on her heels, her eyes avoiding her sister's, then turned and climbed off the bed. She walked across to the dresser, opened a drawer, and took out a strap-on dildo, pulling it up her legs and setting it in place. Then, holding the thick dildo in one hand, she returned to the bed and knelt between her twin's legs. Hannah stared up at her, yelling into the gag, but Thing ignored her.

She placed the nose of the dildo against her sister's opening, rubbed it up and down the saliva covered entrance, then slowly sank it down into Hannah's tight pussy, forcing it in to the hilt, ignoring her sister's outraged squeals of pain and denial.

Susan smiled and fingered herself as she watched one twin thrusting down into the other. She laid her body down atop Hannah, their breasts mashed together as she continued to kiss her sister. Her bottom rose and fell rapidly, using the full length of the dildo to rape her sister.

Kimmy entered, and Susan had her take over. Thing gave her the strap-on, and waited for instructions as Kimmy donned it and began to thrust into the bound girl.

"Take off her gag, sit on her face, and make her lick you," Susan ordered.

Thing bit its lip, but turned at once, and straddled her sister's face. She reached down behind Hannah's head and undid the strap, then tugged the gag gently out of her mouth.

"Heather! Heather! What are you doing!?" Hannah shouted. "Untie me!"

"Slap her face."

Thing slapped her sister's face and Hannah gasped.

"Heather! Stop it!"

"Again. Harder!"

Again Thing slapped her sister's face.

"Again. Use both hands. Keep slapping. Harder, Thing!"

"Heather! Oww! No! Don't! Heather!" her sister cried as Thing slapped her face hard, first with her right hand, then her left, then her right again, rocking her head from side to side until the dazed girl stopped speaking.

"Now put your cunt on her mouth and make her lick you."

Thing slid her pussy forward, spreading her legs wider, pressing her bare slit against her sister's mouth and rubbing it against her.

"Better lick her, slut, or she'll hurt you again," Susan said.

"N-No," the girl gasped.

Thing gripped her hair and pulled, then pulled harder.

Hannah cried out in pain, her eyes filling with tears. "Stop it! Heather, stop it!"

Thing pulled harder, rubbing her pussy, and Hannah, with a broken sob of pain, began to lick at her.

Thing stopped pulling on her hair, rubbing her pussy against her sister's mouth as the whimpering girl licked awkwardly up at her.

"Deep. Stick that tongue into your sister's cunt," Susan growled.

Hannah licked harder, grunting now as Kimmy began to thrust down into her pussy. The Asian girl unbound her ankles and lifted them up and back, riding downwards, using her weight to pound the thick dildo down into the sobbing girl's body as Thing ground herself against her face.

Thing's eyes were slits as she arched her back. She ground her pussy back and forth over her sister's tongue with growing excitement, breathing growing heavy as her jaw went slack. She groaned and threw her head back as she climaxed, jamming her bald pussy down into her twin's mouth and shuddering with pleasure.

Doctor Foster came for Hannah early that evening. This time he demanded he be permitted to play with her before he blinded and silenced her. Susan irritably consented, and the girl's shrieks and screams of horror and agony sifted up through the floor for most of the evening

It was early morning before Foster emerged from the basement, grinning. He tipped an imaginary hat to Susan and Kimmy saw him out. Susan then went downstairs, trailed by Thing to find Hannah hanging by her wrists unconscious, her whip marked body bleeding in a dozen places, tiny rivulets of blood trickling down her pale skin.

Susan yanked her head up and back by the hair and forced an eyelid back, then grunted in satisfaction at the black marble ball beneath. She turned and glanced at Thing. Thing had looked uneasy at times during the evening, but had made no sign of protest or anger. Now she looked at her sister expressionlessly.

Susan squeezed Hannah's bottom happily. "Meat," she said, smiling at Thing.

"Just meat. Girl meat. Girl flesh. Fuck meat. Now she's no more a person than you are, just a thing for people to use."

Allison looked at the video tape in confusion. Who on Earth would send her a videotape? She felt an ominous shiver, and blinked at the title printed neatly on the tape. "The Twins at play."

She bit her lip a little nervously, then took the tape over to the VCR and put it in. The tape showed black, then the black gave way and she gasped as she saw Hannah and Heather standing together in a strange bedroom. One of the girls - Hannah, she thought - wore a white mini which was slit on the hip and was so short as to be no larger than a dishtowel. It barely covered her groin.

Below that she wore lacy white stockings. Above it, nothing but a tight, almost see-through white halter.

The other girl was dressed in a long black leather dress which was completely open on both hips, with laces criss-crossing the sides. It was very short, and very low cut, displaying most of the girl's breasts. The image by itself shocked her, but what they were starting to do shocked her far worse. For they began to kiss and caress each other.

She should have turned away in disgust, but she could not. She watched her daughter's strip each other, staring at the rings set into their nipples, at their shaved pussies, at hands and fingers which moved over each others' most intimate parts, at firm young breasts pressed together, and long pink tongues twinging together.

One of the girl's slid to her knees, squeezing the other's buttocks as she pressed her face into her sex. Allison pressed both hands against her mouth in horror as she watched the girl licking and sucking at her sister's sex, thrust two, then three fingers up into her pussy.

Then the two were laying on the floor, licking each other, writhing and crying out in pleasure, cursing and moaning and begging each other to lick harder.

They found a long, thick double-headed sex toy, and worked it into each other, working their pussies together, and turned onto their hands and knees, thrusting another one into their rectums, and slapping their bottoms together.

And now Allison began to understand. The image of the dildo her slut sister had sent to her filled her mind, and she knew without question that somehow the evil bitch had gotten her hands on her innocent daughters.

She watched her daughters crying out in bliss, climaxing as they engaged in foul and disgusting incest, and her mind began to burn with rage towards her sister, remembering how she had been seduced by the girl in her own youth, how Susan's "games" had become rougher and crueller.

There had been a terrible attraction in those games, and she been slowly drawn under her sister's spell, giving herself to her lewd sister's most depraved lusts, dark pleasure taking her as her sister had used her for her own sexual needs, and forced her to service men and women she had brought home.

The scene on her television shifted, and the twins were no longer alone, and no longer servicing each other. A dozen men were with them now, each crawling over her poor daughters, thrusting their cocks into their mouths, into their pussies, and even into their rectums. She watched one of her girl's being raped by one large man who gripped her hair and forced her lips all the way down his organ to the base, watched as the front of her throat bulged as his cock was pushed down into it.

Her mind was filled with horror. But what was she to do? She couldn't tell her husband. She had married him to save herself, for he was a man who had "found" Jesus Christ. She had adapted to his ways, harsh as they sometimes were, but she knew he would never accept what she had seen, would never allow the girls back into their lives again.

And she had no idea where her sister was. She remembered seeing an address of some sort on the package which had arrived bearing the dildo, but that had been thrown out weeks ago and she could not remember what the address was.

She called the operator but there was phone in her sister's name.

On the screen the sisters were in a dark room. Allison cried out in horror as she saw one of them hoisted up by the ankles, her legs spread lewdly apart. The other was hung by her wrists, and then men in hoods stepped forward with whips. With whips! And began to use them on her helpless girls, who screamed in pain.

The door rang, and she leapt to her feet, frantically turning off the TV and VCR lest someone see her and her daughters' shame. She tried to get hold of herself, then walked quickly to the door. It was another delivery man, and he had a much larger box.

She took it back to the table and opened it. Inside were a pair of stiletto heels, two large stainless steel vibrators, several silver chains, a blindfold, a gag, and a pair of handcuffs. There was also a note, typed, and unsigned.

"Dearest Allison," it said. "We are going to start our little games again. You remember that place by the river we used to meet? Remember the tall tree there where I made you cry? You are going to go there and strip naked. You will push these two vibrators into your pussy and asshole and use the chain to keep them in place. Don't forget to turn them on, dear."

"You will stand in front of that tree and then chain your ankles apart to the two rings you will find hammered into the ground. You will attach the two nipple chains - the ones with the clamps - to your nipples, and attach the other ends to the rings you will see on the tree in front of you. then put the gag into your mouth and lock it behind you, and then put on the blindfold. You will then handcuff your wrists up behind the tree the same way I did to you when we were girls. You will do this at exactly five this evening. While it's still light. I will be watching. If you don't do it exactly as I say we will not meet, and I will continue to play my games with... others. This is the only contact I intend to make with you."

She stared at the note, her heart pounding, terrified. Her mind spun, trying to think of what she could do other than obeying the note, but nothing came to her. She could not possibly tell anyone about what her own sister had done to her daughters, could not possibly let anyone see the video tape she had just watched, could not let anyone know about what shameful things she had done in her youth.

Dread filled her, and she paced back and forth for hours, yet she had no alternative if she was to see her daughters again. She drove across town and then out to the river. The area there was still fairly wild, though the suburbs were creeping closer. She parked and walked down the old gravel trail to the river, followed it to the point she and her sister used to use, and then turned inland, to where the shore rose into a small, tree covered hill.

And there it was, the clearing where Susan used to taunt her, used to slap, pinch, and spank her, and drive her into paroxysms of desperately shameful pleasure that had her body writhing and bucking in mindless delight.

She saw the tree, the one she remembered so easily, and in front of it, a second tree with a pair of metal rings which had recently been driven into it. The were larger rings, tent pegs, they looked like, in the grass, and she looked around angrily, hoping against hope to see her sister. No one was in sight, and the wind blew softly.

She shuddered as she looked at the time. There was little of it left, and her sister was not one to bluff. She began to strip, quickly, afraid of missing Susan's deadline.

She would be forty the following year, but her body was still firm and voluptuous. She was taller than her girls, but with the same reddish brown hair. Her breasts were slightly smaller, but because of that were quite firm, despite her age. Her skin was pale, for it seldom saw the sun, and she shivered in the wind, her face red, knowing her sister must be watching.

She opened the bag she had packed the things into, gazing at them in distaste, then took out the stiletto heels and stepped into them, strapping them up tightly. She leaned forward and took out the chains she would use on her ankles. She quickly fit them in place, spreading her legs, with her back to the tree, then snapped the chains to the pegs.

She took out the leather gag, then quickly pushed the ball into her mouth. That wasn't easy, for she had to open her maw wide to admit the thing, and it filled her mouth, squashing her tongue down. She strapped it behind her head, then, moaning, squatted, her legs held wide by the pegs, and set the first vibrator on the ground. She turned it on, then gently worked it into her pussy, wishing she had brought something to lubricate it.

She forced it higher, looking at her watch anxiously, gasping as the thick stainless still thing jammed against her muscles. She took it out and, hating it, knowing her sister would be watching, licked it all over, then let her saliva ease its way up into her body. She did the same to the second vibrator, licking and drooling saliva onto it, then forcing it up into her rectum.

She snapped the belt chain around her waist and brought the front piece down between her legs, pressing it against the underside of the vibrators and jerking it up between her buttocks, trying to snap it to the belt behind her. She couldn't. The chain was too short. She stared at her watch again and moaned, knowing her sister would have judged things perfectly. She pushed at the vibrators. They ached, pushing the back of her pussy and anus, but she ignored the ache, fighting through the pain as she forced them deeper still, forced them all the way up into her body.

Her insides cramped and burned, bringing tears to her eyes, but she was able to jam yank the chain up hard enough into her pussy to fasten it behind her. The chain dug into her soft flesh, but that hardly seemed to matter.

She stood, gasping at the fullness inside her, at the pain as the steel ground into the bottom of her pussy and anus, then, fearful of making even a

slight error, reached down and gripped the base of each. She twisted them and they began to buzz, to vibrate inside her body.

She would kill her sister for making her do this!

She picked up one of the nipple clips and, after much tense hesitation, let it snap closed around her erect left nipple. She cried out with pain, clenching her teeth and twisting in place, barely able to keep herself from snatching the thing off.

Breathing deeply, she willed herself through the pain, then let the second close gently against her other nipple. The pain was like fire, and her nipples burned as she sobbed and moaned. She leaned forward, clipping the other ends of the chains to the rings set into the other tree, then fit one of the handcuffs around her wrist and closed it.

She picked up the blindfold and put it over her eyes, then leaned back, reaching blindly for the tree. It was too far back. She felt it, but knew her wrists would not get around it. But then she knew they would. Her sister would have judged things to perfection. She merely had to shift her body back further. Doing so pulled her nipples against the chains, and the pain burned at them cruelly, but she was able, arching her back, to fit her wrists around the tree up above the low branch in back Susan had always used, and then, fumbling awkwardly, snapped the handcuffs closed.

She waited anxiously, ears listening for the slightest sound. This area was not nearly as empty as it had been when they were girls, and she could hear distant voices, and the screams of children playing. What would happen if someone came upon her, if someone saw her? Her face blushed red at the thought of being caught like this.

The vibrators buzzed inside her, and her nipples burned with pain. Her back was arched, her breasts pulled forward, and she moaned weakly into the gag, wishing Susan would hurry.

It had to be well past five. Where was she!?

She continued to hear voices, but none came near her. Then the voices stopped and the air began growing colder. It had to have been well over an hour, well over an hour. Where was Susan!?

Fear gripped her. She wondered if her sister had any intention of coming to her, if she had not merely gotten her to humiliate herself, locked herself in place for some man walking his dog to find, or a pair of boys playing. She imagined the police and fire department and ambulances - and the press! Imagined them gathered around her, using wire cutters on her handcuffs, thinking she had been placed there by a mad rapist. Her entire body turned red with shame at the thought.

The air grew colder, and she shivered miserably. She began to hear the sound of crickets around her. Then, after a time, she heard a male laugh. It was far off, but even so it made her stiffen. After a few minutes she heard the voice again, talking to someone, then heard another male voice speaking back.

Damn Susan! Damn her! Damn her!

They sounded like young men. They were talking about a football game, and their voices were slurred as if they were drunk. Their voices grew closer,

and Allison knew they were down on the dirt path below her hill. She prayed they walked on past. But then one said he had to go to the bathroom, and she heard the sound of a body pushing into the trees.

It was close, but surely too far away for him to see her. Yet was there a moon tonight? Would her ivory skin gleam in the light? Was it late enough for the moon to - .

"Holy shit!"

Her heart stopped at the exclamation, so close to her, and horror filled her at the sound of someone approaching.

"Hey, Larry! Come up here!"

She whimpered, shame filling her as the voice came closer still.

"What is it?" the other voice called.

"Get our butt up here!"

The voice was right there in front of her! Susan cringed, weeping tears of shame.

"Very nice," the voice said quietly.

Allison gasped, for the voice did not sound like a man who was about to release a chained woman.

There was the sound of more brush being pushed aside, twigs cracking under heavy feet, and then another male voice right in front of her.

"Woah! Look at this!"

She closed her eyes behind the gag, misery and shame filling her. A moment later she felt a hand on her breast and gasped, jerking against it.

"Nice tits," she heard a man say.

Another hand, two hands squeezing her taut breasts, and then fingers pressing against the vibrator barely protruding from her pussy opening.

"This bitch is all set up for fun, isn't she?" one of them asked.

She moaned and twisted against the handcuffs as she felt their hands moving over her body, pawing and fondling her everywhere.

One of them laughed. "I can't believe someone left a perfectly good cunt standing around like this."

Anger and humiliation filled Allison as they continued groping and fondling her. Then the chain beneath her was loosened. She grunted in relief as it was peeled up from between her pussy lips, but then fingers pried at the vibrator in her pussy, eased it back, and began pumping it in and out of her body.

"You like that, slut?" a drunken male voice asked.

She moaned and shook her head desperately.

"Maybe she'd like something else instead," the other voice suggested, sniggering.

She shook her head even more frantically, but the vibrator was pulled out, and she felt hot breath on her chest, then something hard - but soft - rubbing along her sex. She sobbed as she was entered, as the man thrust his cock up into her body and began to grind his pelvis against her.

"Nice cunt," he grunted, his breath washing over her face.

He removed the clips from her nipples, and she screamed in pain as the circulation returned suddenly. She felt his lips on her breasts, his tongue licking at her sore nipples, his lips closing, sucking. Behind her, a finger was nudging at the vibrator up her rectum, pushing at it again and again.

"Hey, key's here," one of them said.

She felt a hand on the cuffs, and knew a moment's hope as the handcuffs were unlocked, but strong male hands gripped her slender wrists, forcing them back behind her, where the handcuffs were snapped shut again. She was forced down to her knees, then bent over. The gag was worked free of her mouth.

"Please!" she gasped. "Let me go! I won't tell anyone you - ."

"Shut the fuck up," a male voice growled.

A hand slapped her face hard to punctuate the command, and then her hair was pulled painfully, forcing her head back. She cried out in pain, and a cock was thrust into her mouth.

"Suck my cock, whore," he growled.

At the same time she felt herself penetrated from behind, and moaned miserably, getting another slap to the side of the head.

"Suck!"

She began to suck, grunting under the impact of the second man as he excitedly rode her, hammering his hips into her bottom as he thrust into her with violent, powerful movements.

The man before her seized her head in both hands and forced it down onto his cock. She choked and gagged as it pushed into her throat, struggling desperately as he pushed her down farther and farther, his fleshy male organ thrusting deeper and deeper into her throat until her nose was jammed against his sweaty belly.

They used her roughly, slapping and laughing at her, taunting her as they raped her, and then thrust the gag back into her mouth and dragged her off, eagerly and drunkenly telling each other of friends who might like to use her, of pimps who would pay money for her.

They drove to a neighbourhood of dark streets and box like apartment buildings, then dragged the terrified woman, naked, through a steel back door of a nondescript building, then up a dark stone stairwell and a narrow hall, presenting her to a tall, bald black man with no shirt, telling him how valuable she would be as a prostitute. A prostitute!

To her shock the Black man gave them money, then bent her over a chipped wooden table, spread her legs, and raped her roughly. Two more black men entered the room, and one of them sodomised her while the other forced her to swallow his cock.

More black men arrived, and she was raped and sodomised through the night, her throat swollen by being rammed by thick cocks to the point she could hardly speak. When she sobbingly protested she was pinned against the wall and a one of the men took a belt to her back and buttocks. And in case that failed to get the message across the man pinning her turned her around, pulled her hands back behind her head, and held her in place as her breasts were strapped.

Then she was raped again, and bound tightly with ropes.

The next day she was taken down the back stairs and dropped into the trunk of a car, then driven to another building where a dozen more men raped and sodomised her through the day, taking turns, using her again and again, their hands rough, slapping, and pinching, tearing at her hair, cursing her.

The Black pimp came for her and carried her in the trunk of his car to another building, forcing her to crawl along a cobblestone pavement on her belly and then into the building, a comfortable home. In the living room he yanked her to her knees by the hair and, sweating, filthy, exhausted, bruised, and covered with male semen, she looked up to see her sister smiling down at her.

Susan was wearing a sleek blue designer dress and modest heels, her blonde hair made up perfectly, her makeup exact. She was smoking a cigarette and regarding her sister with an amused expression.

Allison gazed up at her for a long second, hardly recognizing her. Then she felt a surge of desperate relief. The relief was so great there was no room for the fury and rage she should have felt. For days she had feared not only that she was in the hands of brutal pimps but that she had missed her chance to ever see her daughters again.

"Dear, sweet sister," Susan purred. "Have you been enjoying yourself?"

Allison's throat was raw and her voice ragged and gravelly from the rough throat raping she had been subjected to. "Wh-where are m-my girls?" she panted.

"A mother's love," Susan sighed in amusement.

She turned and picked up a small bell, and a moment later a Chinese girl dressed as a maid appeared.

"Bring my pets," she ordered.

The Chinese girl turned and left, and Allison, suddenly conscious of her appearance, pulled at the leather restraints binding her wrists back.

"P-Please untie me, Susan," she panted.

"I don't think so."

"P-please. I'll do whatever you want but..."

The Chinese girl returned, and Allison gasped.

She was leading the twins behind her. The girls were nude, but for golden collars, golden anklets and golden elbow bands. Their wrists were shackled behind them and a narrow chain between their anklets served as a hobble. Both girls wore golden rings through their nipples and noses. They were shaved between the legs, and a golden ring appeared to be piercing their clitoris'. A chain was attached to this ring, serving as a leash for the Chinese girl to lead them forward.

Their eyes seemed glassy, yet they filled with happiness at sight of Susan, and when the Chinese girl unsnapped their leashes they dropped to their knees before the woman, mewling softly, rubbing their faces against her thighs and legs. One bent to lick at her toes while Susan absently petted them and ran her fingers through their silky hair.

"My little pets," Susan said. "As you can see, they're quite healthy."

"Heather! Hannah!"

The girls turned their eyes briefly when their mother called, then turned them back adoringly to Susan.

Their aunt smiled at Allison, then undid the clasp behind her neck, letting her dress fall to her ankles. She stepped out of it, wearing nothing, and pulled one of the girls into her groin. The other shifted around, and began to lick at her anus as she sighed and spread her legs.

Allison stared, appalled, as her daughter's eagerly licked their aunt, pushing their faces in hard against her sex and buttocks, tongues pushing out and lapping at the woman as Susan smiled down at her sister.

"You'll be as well trained as they are soon," she said.

"Y-You bitch!" Allison gasped.

"You'll have to be punished for that."

Kimmy unfastened the shackles binding the twins hands together, and Susan bent to whisper at them. The three all looked at Allison, and then the Chinese girl produced a pair of large dildos coupled to straps. The twins pulled them on, and then came towards their mother.

"No! Susan, for God's sakes!"

Susan smiled and sat down, watching as the girl's caught at their mother, turning her, bracketing her between them,

"Heather! Hannah! No!"

Heather's tongue shot into her mother's mouth, her lips crushing hers to silence her as the two girls worked their dildos up into her pussy and rectum, then began to thrust in and out. Allison writhed and moaned, but was too weak to resist as her daughters rode her wildly.

Under Susan's direction they then gave her a tongue bath, each taking turns to lick her sex with shockingly long tongues that, despite her anger and rage, began to work their magic on Allison. She fought desperately to avoid a climax, yet it the pleasure was overpowering, and she cringed in humiliation as she bucked up into Hannah's face, hearing her sister laughing down at her.

She was carried downstairs by her daughters and shackled in place, then they took turns whipping her while Susan watched and directed them. She was hung upside down and whipped between the legs, then her hair yanked back and her face jammed into the Chinese girl's pussy. She began to lick, moaning and sobbing in pleasure, and after the Chinese girl was sated one of her daughters took her place.

She was too exhausted and confused then to know or care, and licked the girl to orgasm, then her twin. She was left to hang overnight, and in the morning her training began.

Susan examined the two whimpering girls with a critical eye. The twins straddled a polished wooden two by four, facing each other. Their arms were drawn up and back behind them, fastened to a ring overhead. Their nipple rings were attached by two small cords went up across a low chain hung between them, above their heads. Their ankles were lifted up and back and bound to the boards so that all their weight would fall on their soft, bare pussies.

"How long have they been here?" she snapped.

Allison bowed her head to the floor and licked at her sister's feet.

"Since noon, Mistress," she whimpered.

Both girls were sobbing in pain, whimpering and snivelling through their gags as they rolled their eyes towards Susan.

"You expect they will be well prepared for the club tonight then?"

"Oh yes, mistress," Allison promised. "Their pussies and nipples will be terribly sensitive by then. I will release them just before we leave."

"That's another three hours. They'll be quite frantic by then."

"Oh yes, mistress," Allison promised, licking at her feet again.

It was not difficult to discipline the twins now, for they were far more obedient than they had ever been before they had come to live with mistress. And she had far more options for punishing them now than had been available to her before. The girls were always kept shackled, after all, while she was only bound for punishment and her mistress' pleasure.

"Very well, slave. Your little bitches had better be in good shape. This will be their debut and I expect to impress a lot of people.

"They know you expect much from them, mistress," she whimpered.

"And you, slave. If they fail I will take out my displeasure on you."

"Of course, mistress," she whined, grovelling and licking at her feet in fear.

"I don't know how you did it, Susan. I desperately envy you."

Susan smiled at the woman and nodded her head regally. The twins were the source of most of the conversation in the room. She had led them into the room by their leash, the leash attached to their clits. Their arms were pinned together at the elbows behind them with gold bands. Two thick metal dildos were driven deep into each girl's pussy and anus, the last two inches protruding so all could see them. Each was thick as a cucumber, and the girls walked awkwardly because of them.

She had let them kneel and perform oral sex on all comers for some time, but now they were being set up for other purposes. They stood in the centre of the room on a small podium, breasts pressed to breasts. Their lips were almost together, locked around a thick dildo lodged at the entrance to each girl's throat. Their nose rings were clipped together to prevent them from pulling their heads back.

Each girl's hands were pulled above her head and tied by a cord to the braided hair of her sister, which protruded from the very top of each twin's

head. Their nipples and clitoris' were clipped together. The girls were on the balls of their feet, their round bottoms thrusting out at the audience gathered around as a leather clad woman approached.

Allison, covered head to toe in gleaming leather, carried a long whip in one leather clad hand. The other hand ended in a thick leather dildo. She moved behind one of the twins, sliding the thick dildo up and down over her back. She let the dildo slide down and then stroke back and forth along the underside of her sex, then turned it suddenly, shifting its angle up, and thrust.

The girl, Hannah, cried out, her head thrown back, lifted onto her toes by the force of the sudden thrust. Her movements jerked her body against her twin, and Heather cried out as well as her sister yanked against her clit, nose, and nipple rings.

Allison ground the thick dildo against the girl's cervix with a sadistic pleasure, then ripped the thing back so the shuddering girl staggered, yanking against her twin's rings once again. She paced around them, smiling at Heather, then let the dildo's shaft rub up and down against her sex before again thrust up sharply and powerfully, lifting the girl to her toes and twisting it around inside her.

It was very hard to think of the twins as her daughters, or even to remember what the term meant. It was very hard to think at all. And so she seldom did. The twins were dogs, pets, things to be controlled, trained, forced to do as her mistress demanded. They were things to be punished whenever mistress was displeased, and things which could give her pleasure if mistress allowed.

She trembled with pleasure, knowing mistress was watching her, twisted the dildo again inside the girl's belly and ripped it out so both girls staggered. She moved around behind Hannah again and this time thrust the dildo in more slowly.

As she had expected, the girl moaned in response, and rolled her bottom, trying to spread her legs a little more to take it deeper. She pumped the dildo in and out firmly, deeply, fucking the slut with it, knowing the heat she was pumping into the girl's body. The girl began to tremble and her moans became more ragged, and Allison pulled the dildo back. She did not want the slut to come, not yet.

She moved to the other one, and repeated her actions, pumping the dildo in and out as the girl whimpered and jerked, her hips pulling against her sister, stretching the soft flesh of their nipples and clits painfully.

She drew back, and began to use the whip, working the girls over from shoulders to hips, lashing them again and again as the two twisted and writhed and cried out into their penis gag. She rained blows upon their lovely young backs, criss-crossing them with angry welts until the skin began to break.

She put down the whip and picked up a riding crop, lashing the girls outthrust bottoms until small rivulets of blood began to trickle down from broken skin, then stepped up behind the first whimpering girl. She did not know which it was, nor care. There was no difference between them.

She wore an obscene rubber cock fastened to the crotch of her outfit. It was a foot long, thick as a coke bottle, and covered in rough studs. She worked the thing into the girl's anus, which had been oiled ahead of time, then thrust hard forcing it up into the shuddering girl's body as the audience murmured in appreciation. She used the full length of the ugly toy, ramming her hips forward with such strength the girl screamed at each penetration and was thrown violently into her sister.

After long minutes of sodomizing the first twin she pulled the thing back and the girl's anus gaped at the excited audience.

She circled the girls, placed the ugly thing at the entrance to the second twin's anus, and rammed forward. The girl screamed, her head thrown back, and sobbed in pain as her mother drove the thing deep into her rectum.

The girls were barely conscious by the time she finished. They were let down, and, Allison holding leashes which were now fastened to their nose rings, led them around the room on all fours, pausing only while they were mounted again and again by eager men, and licked laughing women to climax.

Often while one of the twins was licking a woman, and her bottom was raised and empty, she would thrust the big dildo attached to her glove into the girl's pussy and pump violently in and out. Then, at Susan's instruction, she knelt between the two as they sucked two men's cocks, took off the dildo glove, and forced her entire hands up into their pussies, fisting them roughly. To the delight of the watchers the girls not only cried out in pain, but thrust their bottoms back against her fists.

The twins were then strapped down on their backs while she whipped their breasts, bellies and groins, and then, whip marked and bleeding, released to crawl into each others' arms and make love, a thick circle of excited viewers looking on.

The girls were aware of the audience, and excited by it. But that was in the background. Their bodies were filled with pain, but that too was a distant thing. The heat they had built up within them, the heat which had grown and spread as their soft bodies had ground together, as their mother had whipped and sodomized them, was consuming them.

Their lips met in ecstatic embrace, their long tongues plunging into each other's mouth as their whip marked breasts pillowed together and they embraced one another. Their legs scissored together, their pussies grinding against each other as their hands raced over each other's bodies.

There on the floor at the feet of the crowd they writhed together, sobbing and gasping in heated passion, feverish lips and tongues ravishing each other as they ground their pussies with more and more frantic need.

One of the bystanders threw a double headed dildo, and Heather snatched it up, gasping, wild eyed. She reared up, and thrust it deep into Hannah's sex. Her sister cried out, back arching, fingers clawing at the air as her heels drummed on the floor. Heather rammed the dildo as deep as it would go, and then lifted her whimpering sister's legs up and back, straddling her and setting her own sex down atop the other end of the dildo. She sank down with a quavering groan, taking the dildo deep, and then began to bounce up and down.

Allison looked on, eyes glassy. And then jerked her head aside as Susan motioned to her. She turned and hurried over, kneeling before the woman, mind filled with adoration and fear.

"Your girls did well today, slave."

"Thank you mistress," she replied gratefully.

When they did well she was granted their services for an evening, permitted to relax and let the two girls tongues slide over her body and drive her to the heights of orgiastic wonder. Yet she had been punished many times when mistress was dissatisfied in some way, and then would savagely punish them in turn to enforce Susan's will.

"As a reward, you may pleasure me."

She drew aside her own dress and Allison gasped. Being permitted to pleasure Mistress was an unusual reward to her. She was ugly and stupid and Mistress preferred the softer tongues of the pretty young girls in her care.

"Oh thank you, Mistress!"

She pushed her face forward eagerly, licking at her sister's pussy as the ecstatic moans of her daughters rose behind her.