



# Cheerleader *In Trouble*

**DOMINATION + SUBMISSION**

*Jordan Church*



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**Cheerleader in Trouble**

## Chapter 1

“Don't be difficult, Addison.”

“Difficult? I'm trying to help here. You see that, right?” Addison spread her hands expressively with frustration. She didn't think she was the difficult one. She thought Ms. Harriet Felton was the one being difficult.

Harriet looked at her scornfully, “When young ladies don't mind their own business they are being difficult. Don't you have enough to do trying to be the best cheerleader you can be?”

“Look, Ms. Felton, let me tell you again. Just listen and think about it. I saw Delbert Gantry touching Mandy. Like, down there. In her personal area. Her most personal area. His hand went down into her shorts.”

“You know how tight and uncomfortable those cheerleader shorts are. He was probably helping her with a wedgie.”

“A wedgie? How would she need help with a wedgie? She'd just reach down there and do it herself. Come on, Ms. Felton, that's crazy.”

Ms. Felton looked irritated and impatient. She was known for her temper and severity as coach of the cheerleaders. She actually reminded Addison of her own Mom right up until whenever she opened her mouth. But Addison's Mom was always helpful and supportive and understanding. Ms. Harriet Felton had none

of those personality traits.

Ms. Felton released a gust of air from her big chest and shook her head, “Addison, like you, Mandy is an adult. So is Delbert. They're old enough to get into a bar. So what if they are in a relationship?”

“There's something wrong with it. Can't you see? Delbert is... well, he's Delbert. You know what he's like. Not too smart, not too nice. Honestly, I don't know why you have him around as an assistant. Everyone else on the team is a woman. He doesn't even do a good job cleaning and he's always creeping around.”

Harriet Felton issued a harsh mono-syllabic laugh, “Maybe Mandy likes the way he creeps about.”

“Delbert's almost ugly and Mandy might be the prettiest of all us cheerleaders! It's just a weird match.”

“Don't do yourself a discredit, Addison. You may be the prettiest of the cheerleaders.”

There was a certain look in Ms. Felton's eyes, one that Addison had seen a few times before. A certain... appreciation... that did not seem motherly despite her age.

“He was touching her in the locker room. He's not even supposed to be in there.”

“Of course he is. How else can he clean up after the cheer team?”

“After we're gone but not during a game when we're in and out changing outfits.”

“Addison, I'll say it again, Mandy and Delbert are adults. It's not like they did it on the sidelines. Even in Division II colleges that kind of thing is not allowed. A locker room almost by definition is a private space.”

“I'm telling you, it wasn't “they”. Mandy stood there. Delbert did it. He talked mean to her also.”

“I know, you said he called her a slut. Probably kidding around. If not, who knows, maybe Mandy is a slut. A lot of women like being called names. Delbert is just giving her what she wants maybe.”

“No way, Ms. Felton. She's super pretty and super nice and smart, too. She could have her choice of nearly any guy.”

“So what if Delbert isn't in college like you cheerleaders? Lots of millionaires never even graduated from high school.”

“He's a glorified janitor! He talks like an asshole! He creeps around! He talked mean to her! He felt her up in the locker room during the game!”

“Addison, it sounds like you're maybe jealous.”

“What!?! No! No way, I'm just worried about her. I thought as coach you'd want to know and would, you know, do something about it.”

“Like what? Tell Mandy “Young lady, you're an adult but you can't let a man touch your personal area?” Addison, just mind your own business.”

Addison felt like she might burst from frustration. Well, yelling at Ms. Felton sure wouldn't help. She kept her temper in check. It wasn't easy. She was known for being fiery. Her Mom liked to say Addison was born to be a redhead but accidentally got in the line for blonde hair up in heaven.

“Ms. Felton, he told Mandy, well, ordered her, to meet him in your office after everyone else is gone. Your office! He even said he was going to punish her. Punish her! He has no authority over her and no right to punish her. For what? She hasn't done anything wrong.”

Ms. Felton looked mock thoughtful, “Maybe his man parts have authority over her lady parts. Maybe she gave him the right to punish her. You know, in those sex games some people play, the slut or whoever doesn't even need to do anything wrong to get the punishment she wants and needs.”

Addison would have sworn Ms. Felton looked wistful.

Maybe Delbert wasn't the only creep around here.

“Ms. Felton, I think Mandy is in trouble.”

Ms. Felton laughed a little, “She must be in trouble if he's going to spank her or something for being naughty!”

“Are you going to do anything about this?”

“About what? There's no “this” and nothing to do about it. If Mandy has a problem she can come to me.”

“Be that way. Maybe I'll do something about it!”

Addison turned and stormed out.

## Chapter 2

Addison didn't believe in minding her own business when it came to helping someone.

Ms. Felton was a terrible coach. She was poor at cheer coaching in general. Too lazy. But she was worse than just lazy if she wouldn't even try to find out if one of the young women she coached was in some sort of trouble.

Even telling Addison to mind her own business! That was worse than just not caring and not helping. Ms. Felton was trying to keep Addison from helping!

If Ms. Felton had seen what Addison saw with Mandy and Delbert, how Delbert just helped himself to her pussy without even asking, she'd know something was wrong.

Just like that, Addison knew what she could do to help. It wouldn't even be hard.

After the game and the post game festivities and after everyone changed out of their cheerleader outfits – except Mandy who was clearly dragging her feet – almost everyone cleared out of the locker area.

Ms. Felton left when she usually did, early as can be, laziest coach ever, and did not adjust her schedule at all based on what Addison had told her.

Addison put on a show that she was heading out. She made a point of saying goodbye to the twins Mari and Mira, and to Elizabeth and Trinity. Mandy also. The first four were visiting in a small group and Mandy was puttering around at her locker.

Around the corner from them, but within easy hearing, she pushed the exit door open. It was locked on the outside but had a push bar on the inside so anyone could let themselves out. You could never get locked in or stuck. It always opened and closed with metallic bangs that couldn't be missed. Like two railroad cars hooking up.

Instead of actually leaving, Addison let it self-close and then doubled back a little, went into the restroom and into one of the stalls. If anyone came in she'd stand up on a toilet seat. The restroom was right next to the exit. She would hear each time the door opened and someone left.

Within a minute she heard Mari, Mira, Elizabeth, and Trinity chatting as they all left together. That left Mandy and, over in the office area waiting to clean up, Delbert. The last cheerleader was supposed to notify Delbert when they were about to leave so he could get to cleaning. Mandy would think she was the last one.

Addison waited and perked up her ears. Hooked her blonde tresses behind them so her ears stuck out a little and had nothing to muffle any noise. Then she held still so she made no noise.

In less than a minute she heard voices, Mandy and Delbert, though she did not know what they were saying. Addison got out her smart phone and silently crept

out of the stall and out of the restroom taking care to noiselessly close each door behind her.

It was simple. She would video whatever they did. They did? Whatever mean Delbert did to poor Mandy! It would be especially easy because Ms. Felton's office on the hallway side was one long window starting at waist height. Addison wouldn't have to go in or open any doors. Just point and video. The locker and office area were totally quiet except for those two so she might even be able to make out words.

Even better. She carefully peeked around the right turn in the hallway and could see most the office. The glass office door was propped open. She could see and hear everything!

Especially see everything it turned out. Addison's eyes widened. Delbert was naked! He stood just in front of Ms. Felton's desk but faced away from it. Mandy still wore her cheerleader outfit – perhaps Delbert required her to – and was on her knees... on her knees... faced away from Addison, but... as hard as it was to believe... it looked like... she was on her knees orally servicing Delbert's cock!

## Chapter 3

No way!

No one would willingly do that for Delbert. Even if not actually 'no one', then certainly not pretty and popular and sweet Mandy. Not her. No way.

But Mandy was doing it. She was faced away from Addison but faced very into Delbert's groin. All the way faced in. In fact, Delbert reached down and grabbed her ears and thrust. She wasn't just giving him oral sex. He was face-fucking her!

No matter how it looked she must not be willing, thought Addison. So she got her smart phone recording.

She'd just see what she could get....

Delbert talked to Mandy in a way that Addison thought put him in a bad light, "Handy Mandy, you're pretty handy with that mouth of yours. Maybe I should call you Mouthy Mandy. You're good for something at least. As a throat-sleeve for my cock. I'm cock-punching your tonsils. Yeah, you're good for something you stupid filthy slut."

To Addison, that clinched it. No way could Mandy be a willing sexual partner. She'd never willingly put up with that kind of talk. Maybe some kind of slut would but not sweet and considerate Mandy. She was always so well-mannered

there was no way she'd put up freely with the reverse especially in such an intimate way.

But Addison knew this wouldn't be enough to convince Ms. Felton. She needed something beyond debate.

Delbert talked some more nasty, "I'm not going to shoot my load down your throat. I'm going to blast it all over your face and uniform. You're going to wear that cum all the way back to your dorm. No wiping it away allowed. Tell your roomie what I do to you tonight. Tell her I'm your sex god. I'll know next time I see her if you've told Danielle. Then masturbate right in front of her. She might leave your room tonight pissed off. She may still think I'm not good looking. Eventually though. Eventually."

Yeah, no way Mandy allowed all this willingly. No way. What Delbert was telling her to do and how he even talked about Mandy's roommate...! That sounded terrible and mean. It also sounded real. Like he really meant it. It did not sound playful or pretend. Who would want their guy to pretend that way anyway?

Admittedly... it also sounded nasty hot. Addison was always treated with respect by pretty much everyone. She earned it with excellent behavior, great grades, hard work, always going above expectations, and always being considerate of everyone.

She'd never been exposed to this kind of intense sexual language or these kinds of concepts. Boyfriends and, really, all guys, treated her like a princess.

She acknowledged what she was seeing and hearing had an effect on her. Her pussy acknowledged it whether she liked it or not. She was wet!

Well... no reason to feel bad about it. Her pussy was just... healthy. She hadn't had time for a date in a few weeks or sex for a few months.

Delbert bounced Mandy's face hard again and again against his groin. He also talked some more.

“Whatever cum doesn't land on your face we'll just leave in your cheerleader uniform. No washing it until after next game. In fact, you have to find an excuse to give a big long tight hug to some of the other cheerleaders. Let's say... how about one of those twins, Mari. She's shorter than you so really hug her down into your tits. I'll leave lots of cum there. Other one... let's see... how about that Addison? Yeah. Her. She's a little too tall for a good dried cum tit press hug but she sure is hot. Get her too.”

With Delbert slamming Mandy's face freely up and down his cock it made it look like she agreed with Delbert's plan quite vigorously. But Addison knew she must hate the idea and dread carrying out the order.

Addison also knew her pussy was now beyond just wet. It was inflamed and all the wetness was not putting out the fire. It was like her pussy was trying to use gasoline instead of water to put out the fire! That would never work!

It wasn't actual itchiness but Addison felt an itchy need from her pussy. A need to be touched. Not later. Right fucking now!

What had really done it was how Delbert brought up her own name in this encounter. It made her a part of it.

Well, she had to do something about her pussy. It was distracting!

She was here to help and should not have to be punished with waiting or denial just because she wanted to help Mandy. That wouldn't be fair to herself!

She had to keep recording. But she may as well keep her other hand busy. That's why God gave her two hands....

Addison held the smart phone out past the edge of the turn in the wall and sneaked her right hand down the front of her loose shorts. She always wore loose shorts after cheer-leading, practice or game, as the cheerleader skirt/shorts combo was so tight.

Her thong was also no obstacle.

She gasped when she touched her sex. She froze a second but almost immediately thawed from her pussy heat. She doubted Delbert or Mandy heard her gasp from their location. They didn't give any indication they heard her.

The main risk was Delbert looking up and seeing her. He wasn't faced straight towards her but she'd be in his field of view. He could possibly look up at any time and see her. There was a risk he'd see her spying, even see the smart phone

recording, but there was no risk of him seeing her other indiscretion because the wall would block his view. If he did see her watching and recording she'd spin around and be outside the building before he could even get his pants up.

So, overall, it felt daring but not too risky really.

She watched and fingered her pussy. Her hand felt fantastic! Best lover ever! Far better right there, right then, than alone in her own bed. That nasty scene in front of her. How naughty she was for even doing this at all. Masturbating in a hallway. Those factors multiplied the physical pleasure.

Delbert made an announcement, "I'm going to shoot my wad. All over your fucking face you face fuck. All over your uniform, slut."

And that's what he did. Delbert pulled out or, really, shoved her backward off his cock and there was even a wet popping sound as it exited her supposedly unwilling mouth. She caught her balance by putting her hands flat behind her. This put her body at less than a forty-five degree angle, waist over her knees.

She looked like an action photo from a woman's baseball team of a player sliding in to home base. If the team uniform was a cheerleader outfit....

Addison thought Delbert's pulsing streams of sperm could not reach Mandy's face so far from his cock head. Then she saw it live in front of her. The first two squirts hit Mandy right in the face, first one on a cheek and second one at the top of her nose. Sperm shrapnel scattered up into Mandy's hair.

The next five pulses of sperm fell progressively shorter. Neck, uniform chest area, uniform chest area again, on her uniform top about where Mandy's belly button must be, and the last on the waistband and pleats of her cheer skirt.

Addison nearly came but couldn't quite get there in time. Damn. It was so frustrating. Should she get out of there? Would she have to wait to cum until she got back to her room?

## Chapter 4

She watched with three fingers still crammed up her pussy. She didn't move them though. She needed noise coverage before she had an orgasm. She knew she was very likely to moan and groan at the least and might even – disaster! – cry out. She was no slut but, in the past, particularly powerful orgasms made her yell. Much to the delight of guys she was with. It always embarrassed her afterward though.

Delbert gave Mandy directions, “Rub that cum into your outfit.”

Mandy rubbed it in and she did it with passion. Addison had to wonder. Maybe Mandy really was a willing participant. She sure looked willing right then!

“Now clean my cock.”

Mandy scrambled to a kneeling upright position and scooped his cock into her mouth. She thoroughly sucked it clean of dripping sperm.

Addison kept recording but wondered if there was a purpose in it any longer. Addison kept her hand on and partly in her pussy. She kept her hand carefully still but wanted to jam it home and scream out an orgasm.

With her hand paused and Mandy nursing on Delbert's cock Addison wondered about her reactions. Why, exactly, was she so turned on?

Delbert was a strange jerk. Obviously he treated Mandy less than honorably even if she was quite willing. He was well below average looking. He had a bony horsey looking face. Practically a mutant. Looked like a shaved hillbilly from West Virginia.

Soooooo, she couldn't be turned on by him.

Mandy was beautiful but Addison was no lesbian.

Soooooo, she couldn't be turned on by her....

The behavior she'd seen was abominable.

Soooooo, why was her hand between her pussy and her thong and why was it desperate to make her orgasm? What was the cause?

No time to think it out as Delbert announced the next activity, “My cock is clean enough and getting hard again, too. Time to punish you. Get over the desk with your ass out. Take off that fucking uni skirt.”

Mandy hopped to it almost literally as she bounced up, pushed down her skirt, stepped out of it, and assumed the demanded position. In less than three seconds!

If she was unwilling... she moved pretty damn fast!

Delbert's open hand also moved fast as it spanked Mandy's ass as soon as she achieved the position.

Ten ass-reddening spanks and Mandy still held position without movement or protest if you didn't count the jiggles and pained moans. Addison admired her for it. How tough she was. How obedient. How she just... took it.

Wait, what? Admired? No, she didn't admire that! That should not to be admired!

Well....

Her right hand and pussy were big fans. Without permission her hand went back to work thrilling her pussy.

Delbert slapped his hand down powerfully into Mandy's perfect ass cheeks. Ten more! Fast and hard!

Addison marveled at how severe and merciless Delbert was in his spanks. No holding back. She had to respect that.

Wait, what? Respect it? No, she should be angry he treated poor Mandy that way. It should be so upsetting not... so arousing.

Mandy's ass reddened quickly. Soon it was a bright red. Those were real spanks and those were real hard spanks. Addison's legs trembled and she felt like humping something. She had her fingers. She'd make do with them.

Her hand made the three inserted fingers join together in a triangle to form a mini-cock which she slid in and up her pussy over and over so fast her hand would be a blur if it could be seen through her gray shorts.

Fuck it.

Fuck it!

Addison came while watching ten more spanks land. She wiggled and hip bumped into the wall a few times and groaned louder than she wished she had but at least she didn't scream. It was worthy of a scream out though. It was a very powerful orgasm.

Addison's hand was covered in juice and she knew juice had to be soaking through her cotton shorts as well. Thongs weren't much for soaking up fluids so no help there. It felt like she would have needed a damn diaper anyway. She hoped she had another set of shorts and undies in her locker.

She'd managed to hold that smart phone recording video the whole time but she bet the shake and bounce of the image would be abominable. If she needed the video, would people who saw it be able to figure out she masturbated while she took it? Notice it shake and tremble faster and faster and then hear that groan

that clearly did not come from the two people in frame? Shit, none of this was working out how she'd thought it would.

Delbert stopped spanking, “Do you even know why you're being spanked? Get it right and the spanking is over.”

It seemed like Mandy was ready for this, like it was part of some pattern/ritual/expectation, because she answered right away, “One, because you can punish me whenever you want for any reason or no reason at all. Two, you know I'm a pain slut and love it. Three, more specifically, I failed you, Master Delbert.”

Master Delbert? Did she really just call him that? Weird. To call anyone that let alone... Delbert.

“How did you fail me, slut?”

“This week you assigned me to fuck myself in the locker room with Elizabeth's and Addison's water bottles. However, Elizabeth misplaced hers and never brought one to practice. She shared with Trinity so I fucked that water bottle but it still was not Elizabeth's actual water bottle. In my defense, I did fuck Addison's water bottle thoroughly and came all over it.”

“Yes, you even shot that nice little cell phone video of that water bottle fucking and sent it to me. It was hot. Everyone whose seen it agrees. Hard to believe Addison didn't even notice the smell.”

“She did say it must be a more humid day than she'd thought because there was a lot of water condensation on it. What she thought was water condensation.”

“She did? That's funny. Did she drink it all?”

“Yes, she did. You know what else? Usually she only drinks about half her bottle but that day she drank it all.”

“Almost like your scent on it made her thirsty for pussy juice and she didn't even know it consciously!”

“Exactly, Master.”

Quite the revelation for Addison. Gross. Which day was that? Did it really happen? Fuck. Wednesday. It was fucking Wednesday. She remembered remarking on the unexpected humidity of the day and her proof of said humidity. A strangely warm water bottle with, as it turns out, droplets of pussy juice on it. Gross.

Gross but... speaking of humidity... her pussy was wet and somehow getting wetter. Well, not wetter. It couldn't get wetter after that orgasm. All the pussy juice she kept producing just displaced pussy juice already there and made it run out of her pussy.

Did the idea of the twisted thing they'd done, that sexual prank at her expense, turn her on? It did. It shouldn't, of course, but... it did. They probably laughed at

her. It probably aroused them what they did to her.

She suddenly hated them. But she couldn't fully blame them. Even she was turned on by what they'd done to her.

All this was just so bizarre. She'd never heard of this kind of thing or seen any porn like it, not that she watched much porn. She'd had no exposure. So she had no resistance.

Delbert's cock was hard again and he moved close behind Mandy still bent over Ms. Felton's desk, "Punishment over. We'll see what happens this week with masturbating in front of your roommate and cum-hugging Mari and Addison. For now, I'll just fuck your ass."

"Yes, Master Delbert, please do fuck my ass."

No, Mandy! Don't do it! Not the ass. Never the ass! To what purpose? Gross. Don't do it!

Mandy either did not hear Addison's mental plea or ignored it. Mandy held still except for moaning louder and louder as he pressed in.

Addison would never want to be ass fucked but, she had to admit, it was quite arousing to see someone else give up their ass to their "Master". Addison's right hand went right back at it. Trying to rub her pussy juice right back into her pussy. It wouldn't work. But it sure felt great trying.

Addison continued to hold her recording phone out to capture the scene. She no longer thought she'd need it to prove mistreatment by Delbert towards Mandy. Clearly he was mistreating her but clearly she didn't mind it. As long as “didn't mind” actually meant “was into it”.

If she ever used the video it would be to watch it in private while she masturbated.

What was she going to do this week? Let Mandy hug her with dried cum on her uniform and act like nothing? Even that idea turned her on.

Long wonderful minutes passed as Delbert ass fucked Mandy. Mandy gripped the desk and took it like a sexual heroine in Addison's eyes. Sexual heroine? There she went again thinking inappropriately about this.

Addison jammed her fingers in her pussy. She noticed that she instinctively thrust them in time with Delbert's thrusts into Mandy's ass. It was almost like her fingers in her pussy were Delbert's cock. A terrible thought. Terribly arousing.

Ms. Felton was totally wrong earlier about Addison being at all jealous. Wrong then but she'd be right if she said it again now. Not jealous of being ass fucked or having sex with Delbert. But jealous of her access to and use of Delbert's cock? Yes. That.

Addison's world narrowed to riding her own hand and a sort of tunnel vision watching the sexual display in front of her.

But suddenly her world expanded.

## Chapter 5

A hand grabbed Addison's smart phone out of her extended hand. Simultaneously, another hand grabbed a handful of blonde hair at the back of Addison's head. Used it to twist Addison's head around.

Face to face with... Ms. Harriet Felton. Coach Felton!

“Enjoying a show, Addison? And saving it on video for posterity?”

Addison opened and closed her mouth. What to say here?

Lamely, belatedly, Addison pulled her wet hand out of her shorts. It was embarrassing to keep her hand down in there but maybe just as embarrassing pulling out a palm full of pussy juice.

“Ms. Felton. Uhh. Ahhh. Shh! You have to be quiet or they'll hear us.”

“They're going to hear us. For one thing my son needs to hear you apologize.”

Her... son?

Ms. Felton pushed and shoved Addison forward by pummeling her closed fist of hair repeatedly against the back of Addison's head.

It hurt like hell! Addison stumbled forward and in moments was in the office with Delbert and Mandy.

Delbert looked sideways and back with his cock balls deep up Mandy's ass.

Mandy also looked backward. Mandy seemed beyond surprise. She was probably used to all sorts of unexpected crazy sex stuff.

Despite the shock of what was happening Addison noticed the change in the air going from the hallway to the office. It was warmer and more humid in the office and smelled like a whole lot of sex.

Delbert watched Addison steadily with his cock still plugged into Mandy's ass. His eyebrows rose but not with surprise. It was more of a I-can-spend-all-I-want-in-the-candy-store look.

This worried Addison on top of her other more obvious worries. Why the fuck wasn't he surprised or outraged or himself worried?

Ms. Felton sounded smug, like a hunter whose shot their prey, and posed over it with one foot on the body, "Del, look who decided to join the party."

Delbert pulled his cock partway out and then slammed it back up Mandy's ass making her grunt, "The more the merrier. She can join the club with all the usual benefits."

Addison felt like whatever direction this was going in it definitely wasn't a direction she wanted to go in. It was time to clear this up, "Hey, I'm not interested in any club or whatever. I'm just trying to head out so I can get my studies done. There's been some mistake here."

Ms. Felton shook her like a rag doll via her hair hold, "Yes, a mistake, a mistake made by you."

"This is all a misunderstanding, Ms. Felton!"

Ms. Felton twisted Addison's head around to face her. Addison noticed out of the corner of her eye Delbert going back to steady ass-fucking seemingly confident his Mom had Addison well in hand. In more ways than one. Addison wondered if maybe Ms. Felton really did have her in hand. She felt totally unprepared for any confrontation with Ms. Felton who had a lot of authority anyway.

Addison guessed she would have to apologize or something.

Ms. Felton brought her face almost nose to nose with Addison's held-in-place face, "Addison, you're a naughty slut. There is no misunderstanding that."

Her breath smelled like onions! Addison hated onions! Ms. Felton must have

eaten a sandwich in her car waiting for events to play out and then went back inside to see what was caught on the hook.

“I'm-I'm not.”

Ms. Felton mocked her, “You-you are. Let's compare notes. I'll give a true fact and then you say yes or no to each one. Let's... find common ground.”

Fine by Addison. She just wanted this cleared up so Ms. Felton would let go and everything could go back to normal. She'd leave and pretend from then on she knew nothing about anything.

Trying to help Mandy. What the hell was she thinking? She was way too helpful a person!

“Now, Addison, when you answer my questions you better be fucking polite. No attitude, no extra explanations. Just yes or no followed by the word “Mistress”. You will be calling me Mistress from now on and you will call Delbert your Master.”

“I'm not goi--”

Ms. Felton shook Addison's head liberally, obviously not liking what Addison was trying to say. Then she paused the shaking.

Addison tried to continue, “Ms. Felton, I--”

More harsh head pulling back and forth by Ms. Felton cut off Addison's ability to speak.

Ms. Felton paused again with watchful eyes.

Addison did not try to speak. A string of her saliva, shaken free of her mouth from the head rattling, was across one cheek.

Ms. Felton smiled, “There. That's better. I'm here to guide you young ladies on your journey of life. So is Delbert by the way. Now, for the record, were you spying on Delbert and Mandy?”

Why did she have to keep her answers to just yes or no? It was so limiting and was really going to make Addison look bad!

“Yes.”

Ms. Delbert looked stern and bobbed her nose slightly as if to tell Addison to keep going.

Oh, yeah....

“Yes, Mistress.”

Addison's face felt warm and so did her whole body. This was getting crazier all the time. She'd just called Ms. Felton “Mistress”! In front of two witnesses! Ms. Felton was old enough to be her mother. Actually, she was years older than her Mom!

“Good girl,” growled Ms. Felton. She was obviously pleased Addison cooperated and called her Mistress.

The combination of using that word “Mistress” and then being called a “good girl”.... Like it or not, it had an effect on Addison. A naughty effect she really wished it wouldn't.

Ms. Felton raised her voice again so Delbert and Mandy could hear it over their own ass-fucking grunts, “While you spied on poor Master Delbert and slut Mandy, did you record their sexual interaction without their consent?”

It sort of shocked Addison how Ms. Felton called Mandy “slut”. The contrasting formality of the words regarding Addison's action really made it sound super bad what Addison had done. How much trouble was Addison in?

“Yes, Mistress.”

Ms. Felton bought her free hand, her left, up to Addison's athletic bra top. She found each nipple even through the thick material and tweaked them back and

forth, left right, left right, left right. Addison really wished Ms. Felton wouldn't do that. It was so... sexual. It was crossing some line. It made Addison's nipples harden. Addison was ashamed of her body's responsiveness. It was so slutty!

She didn't want Ms. Felton to think she was some kind of lesbian!

Addison almost raised her hands to grab Ms. Felton's wrist. It would be her two hands against Ms. Felton's one hand. But she knew Ms. Felton wouldn't want her to do it. Ms. Felton was in control here. Addison could feel herself enveloped in Ms. Felton's field of control.

Besides, were she to pull away Ms. Felton's hand, then those powerful sensations would stop. Those sensations in and around her nipples were reaching out and connecting with her pussy as well. Her nipples and her pussy would all miss out if she tried to defy Ms. Felton so... why do that?

“Slut Addison, while you spied on poor Delbert and recorded him without permission, did you diddle your cunt out there in the hallway like the slut you are?”

That made it all sound sooo bad! Addison could scarcely credit that Ms. Felton called her a slut also. Like she had Mandy! Like she was a slut like Mandy was! Did she really think so lowly of her? Well, why wouldn't she might be a better question. Addison was starting to think the same way about herself.

Addison was also shocked by Ms. Felton using the word “cunt”. That was such a nasty word for a vagina! Inappropriate! Arousing! Using the word cunt had immediately effected her own... cunt....

Ms. Felton was waiting. It was so hard to honestly answer her on this one.

“Yes, Mistress.”

Ms. Felton's hand trailed away from teasing at Addison's spike hard nipples. Trailed down her tummy. Her fingers bumped Addison's waistband.

Oh God, was she going to... !?!

She was!

Ms. Felton cupped and pressed Addison's pussy through her damp shorts. Addison rose up on her toes but it did no good. That hand rose up with it. Then, when Addison gave that up and let her feet go flat once again her own weight – damn gravity! – added to the wealth of pussy pressing sensation.

It was so wrong, and should be totally impossible, but Ms. Felton's hand on her pussy was a massive turn on. Addison thought she better find a way to get that hand away unless she wanted to cum on it. Which, by then, she sort of did. But that would be totally inappropriate and Ms. Felton would for sure know she was a slut and maybe even think she was a lesbian.

Self-control, Addison told herself, self-control. She just had to pretend that hand wasn't there and that she felt nothing.

Again she considered moving her hands to interfere with what Ms. Felton was doing but did not. One reason this time was that she wasn't sure if her own hands might just decide to help Ms. Felton and press on the back of Ms. Felton's hand to make the pussy contact even firmer!

Ms. Felton verbally drove her towards the edge of the cliff, “Did your slut fingers make your slut cunt cum all over them?”

“Yes, Mistress!”

“Does your nasty slut cunt want to cum on my hand right now?”

There could be only one honest answer and Addison sure didn't want to lie to her new Mistress! No matter how embarrassing the truth was. She didn't want this to get derailed with some waste of time punishment, did she?

“Yes, Mistress!”

Ms. Felton moved her hand up to the waistband of Addison's shorts and then down between Addison's pussy – her cunt! – and Addison's thong. Onto her swampy wet cunt, the middle fingers pressing past Addison's labial lips and shallowly inside her hot sex.

“Beg your Mistress, Addison!”

“Please. Please! Do it, Mistress!”

“Do what to what, you filthy slut?”

“Please, Mistress! Make me cum on your hand! Do it to my... to my cunt! My nasty filthy slut cunt, Mistress!”

Ms. Felton did it. She had Addison right where she wanted her. Total capitulation and affirmation as a slut with Ms. Felton as her Mistress.

Give her the carrot!

Ms. Felton moved her fingers up, found Addison's wet swollen post-orgasm sensitive clitty, captured it despite how slippery it was, and squeezed. Hard.

Addison came. In her standing position it looked like she was trying to hop like a rabbit as her feet pressed against the floor in reaction. She swayed but was held aloft by Ms. Felton's hair hold. Addison groaned long and loud, the groan rising and falling up and down and somehow ending in something like a squeak.

Addison didn't pass out but she was sort of out of it for a few minutes. Later she would realize that, although it couldn't actually be measured, that orgasm was by far the strongest she'd ever experienced. By the hand of Ms. Felton of all people! Literally, by her hand! A woman! A woman older than her own Mom! A mean bitch, too!

## Chapter 6

When Addison came back to herself from her cum she realized she was now totally naked on the floor of Ms. Felton's office. She vaguely remembered Ms. Felton pulling and tugging off her loose clothing. She heard Delbert and Mandy both orgasm as he fucked deep in Mandy's ass.

During his orgasm Delbert held still with his cock planted to the hilt inside Mandy in order to focus on his seed shooting up the depths of her rear.

Addison thought she shouldn't feel sorry for Mandy being ass-fucked. Not with how she came from it! She also couldn't judge her for being a slut. Not when Addison herself was one! Of course... at least Addison was no damn ass slut. That was something. She still had standards!

Addison sat up, legs splayed.

She saw Delbert pull his cock out of Mandy's ass. It dribbled semen down the back of one of her legs. More semen leaked from Mandy's asshole while she remained in her bent over position.

Ms. Felton stood nearby watching Addison. Ms. Felton was naked!

Ms. Felton's nakedness was none too appealing to Addison....

Addison muttered, “I need to get going. I have to study at the library tonight. I have a study group. I have to go.”

Even though she said those things and they were true, she did not actually try to stand up. She had a feeling she wasn't done here. They weren't done with her. They'd tell her when they were done with her.

“Addison, what you have to do is to complete your new extra duties. Some now, some other times. It will be an ongoing thing.”

“Extra duties?” Addison thought that maybe she ought to be polite as possible to Ms. Felton right then. The woman's nudity was intimidating! “That is to say, uh, Mistress. What extra duties, Mistress?”

“Cleaning for one. Do you agree to do extra cleaning around here?”

That was unexpected. Addison looked at Delbert. She guessed Delbert was too lazy or too busy fucking sluts like Mandy to get the cleaning done.

“Yes, Mistress.”

“You still need to be punished--”

Punished!?!

“--but now is the right time to do some cleaning. Start with cleaning Delbert's cock and then clean up your cheer buddy Mandy. All cleaning must, of course, be done with your slutty mouth.”

Oh God! Oh no! No fucking way!

Could she tell Mistress no fucking way? How would that work out for her? Not well. She was sure of at least that much.

Gross. Gross gross gross.

She didn't even have to go over to Delbert. He conveniently brought his cock to her. She couldn't back away from it sitting on her bare butt unless she fell back. She knew he'd probably just sit on her then.

Best just to get it over with?

Delbert grinned in an evil way, “Suck it, blonde bitch.”

Such terrible manners! Addison did as ordered though. She knew it would be gross and it was. Sperm streaks, other materials maybe all over it. What she hadn't expected was the turn on. It was so nasty and Addison was finding out that nasty held some attraction for her. Maybe because she'd always been a good

girl.

The taste! Gross! But she was salivating. From her mouth and from her pussy.

This was crazy! These bad people could do anything to her or make her do anything and all she did about it was... like it.

Delbert's cock was deflating but still partially hard when she began. With a lot of licking and sucking it began to harden more instead of less. Addison was curious to see if she could get it hard again. After two orgasms not so long ago it would be pretty impressive if he could and she could.

That was why she kept licking and sucking so long after his cock was as clean as she could possibly get it with her dirty slut mouth.

That was why she felt his testicles with one hand while ringing the base of his cock with her other hand.

That was why she began to feel a sort of sexual hunger for him to fill her mouth with cum.

Just... scientific curiosity!

Ms. Felton intruded or tried to, "Delbert, don't cum in that slut's mouth. You're going to want to shoot it up her ass. First time training her in and all. Gotta take

the ass. Tried and true.”

“Shit. Her mouth feels too good. Fuck it. I'm just going to shoot in her mouth. I don't want to wait. Slut, swallow! Swallow, slut!”

Addison worked her mouth frantically. She was hungry for it but, more than that, now she wanted to disarm Delbert so he wouldn't take her ass. Addison felt like she was, for the time being, helpless to do anything other than whatever they wanted so she had to work it so they wanted what she wanted or did not want what she did not want. If she could.

Delbert came in her mouth. Creepy goofy-looking Delbert. She dutifully swallowed it down. It being his third orgasm in less than an hour there wasn't much to swallow.

She'd never done that before. Sperm-swallowing. Not even for cute boyfriends. But here she was doing it for Delbert. Delbert!

She pulled her mouth off the end of his dick with a final suctioning pop that drew a few more droplets of sperm out. She didn't want to be accused of a failure to properly clean his cock and have to do it all over....

Damn, why was her damn pussy so hot and bothered again? Weren't two orgasm enough for it?

Of course, Delbert got three orgasms so....

Ms. Felton didn't seem too bothered that Delbert came in Addison's mouth and didn't save it for fucking Addison's ass. Ms. Felton patted Addison on the head, "Think you lucked out of an ass fuck, huh? You know, I don't think Delbert there would have lasted too long in your hot ass anyway. Something for you to consider later. Now, thank him for letting you clean his cock of his cum and Mandy's shit."

Addison mentally groaned. So nasty and now she had to thank him, too?

"Yeah. Thanks for that, Delbert."

Ms. Felton cuffed her on the ear, "Do it proper with respect you slut. Delbert's your Master now."

He was? No way!

Was he?

"Thank you, Master Delbert. For letting me clean your cock with my mouth, Master Delbert."

So humiliating! It set an urgent fire in her pussy. Damn.

She regretted having no option for satisfying her pussy. Delbert wouldn't be able to get hard for quite a while she supposed. Master Delbert....

Ms. Felton patted her head again, "Mandy's waiting for you."

So she was. Still bent over Ms. Felton's desk. Her asshole still dribbling sperm.

Addison did not bother standing. She was on the ground anyway and not too far away. She crawled over to Mandy. Addison was conscious of her own swaying ass and how sexy it must look. Were Master Delbert and Mistress Felton watching her sexy ass? She shouldn't but she hoped they were.

Yeah, get a good look at it now assholes, because you'll never see it again after this.

She wasn't sure how convinced she was of that though.

Addison reached Mandy and hesitated. Then decided she had to do it.

She told herself, "Just go for it, Addison, you nasty slut!"

She began at the lowest point, some sperm in the back hollow of Mandy's right knee. From there she swept upward with her tongue, licking, scooping, swallowing down. Up, up, around, over, up up.

Mandy enjoyed her tongue. That slut! Addison got turned on, too. Her pussy fire was blazing. Addison thought “I’m a slut just like Mandy”. Then she corrected herself. Not just like Mandy. She was a rung above. She was no ass slut!

Addison made it up to Mandy's ass crack and just kept working her tongue, collecting tongue scoops, getting more, again and again, circling Mandy's rough ass ring, pressing her tongue against the sphincter's elastic resistance. The taste of ass was strong then.

Addison thought, “Well, I guess I'm a type of ass slut”.

She got her tongue in past the resistance and worked it further up. She also just got into it in general. It was nasty terrible intimate work. However... the Mistress expected her to do it. Besides, she was doing it. It was already done. Whatever line in the sand she had – honestly, she never even knew she'd need to draw a line here – it was already crossed. She was past that line. The line was rubbed out.

Now her only choice was whether to do a poor job of it or a bang up job of it. Bang up it would be. May as well. It would please Mistress. It was obvious it was pleasing Mandy based on her wriggles and oohs.

Those little oohs. It was like they vibrated through Addison's tongue and all the way down to Addison's pussy.

Addison might have shook her head if it wasn't so crammed in between ass

cheeks. Unbelievable. She was even getting turned on by licking sperm out of a girl's ass!

Addison felt something behind her. Oh oh. What was that!?!

She felt hands pull her ass backwards while keeping her on her knees so she leaned into the ass licking while offering her own ass. She felt someone get down behind her. Addison desperately wondered what they were up to.

She felt her legs pushed and spread outward. Someone was behind her but fully inside the pie-slice shaped opening of her legs.

She knew where they were but not who or what. As in who was about to do what to her.

It seemed like a doggy-style fuck position. Addison had done that a few times before with boyfriends. But if Delbert could get hard this quickly after three orgasms then he was some kind of mutant. Which was sort of funny because he looked like a mutant.

But she felt it then. The head of a cock.

But... oh no! It was against her asshole!

No! Not the asshole! Never the asshole! Never before and please not this time!

Oddly, it was Mistress who spoke then and not Master Delbert, “You have a choice, slut. Either take an ass fucking which I guarantee will make you cum in a whole new way and change you forever or... nothing. You'll get nothing. No pleasure. No fucking of any kind. Choose, slut.”

Ha! That was no choice at all. Ass fucking was totally unacceptable.

Also, Addison's pussy was so hot and bothered it made her willing to fuck anyone. Going without fucking was also totally unacceptable.

Her pussy need even made her....

“Mistress, I choose... fuck my ass!”

A hand spanked the side of her ass once powerfully and the cock began sliding inexorably home.

Ms. Felton said, “Good choice, slut Addison. Finger-banging slut. Peeper slut. Cum licker. Ass-licking slut. Now, taking-it-up-the-ass slut. You came to college to learn and learn you have and you will continue to learn under your Mistress. Very much under your Mistress.”

Addison realized Mistress's voice was close indeed. So close it could only mean... Mistress was the one fucking her ass!

How? How was that even possible?

Whatever was going up her ass felt like a hard dick. It was pretty cool though as far as temperature. Too cool to be Delbert's cock. It hurt but only a little. It felt weird and uncomfortable and it made her pussy stream with wetness. It made her whole body and her mind feel like how eyes did when they couldn't focus.

Mistress gave further directions, "Addison, you stupid blonde slut. You wanted to help your buddy pal Mandy there. Your tongue up her ass really has her going. So help her out. Go ahead. Finger her snatch. Make your buddy cum."

It seemed like a good idea. Maybe she would even have told her Mistress that if her mouth wasn't so full of girl ass. Addison moved one hand up. Wow, was Mandy wet. Just touching her pussy was like running into a bush covered in dew. Some droplets rained down.

Mandy's oohs became deeper ooms and she pushed her pussy against Addison's hand and her ass simultaneously back on Addison's mouth. Addison did her best to please them both.

She really liked Mandy. Mandy was beautiful. Mandy needed pleasure and Addison did not blame her. But, what was weird, she kept thinking about whether she was doing a good enough job in the eyes of Mistress Felton and how the most important thing of all was making her Mistress pleased with her.

This was a whole new kind of brown-nosing... with her nose practically up a

butt.

Addison even added some moans because she thought Mistress would like to hear them. But they weren't faked for long. Whatever that cock thing was that Mistress was utilizing, Mistress found a way to get it all the way up inside Addison. Addison felt like if it penetrated any further and she'd be able to lick it from inside her mouth. She felt stuffed like a turkey.

Each time Mistress slammed the cock into her it drove her face into Mandy's ass crack. She could barely breath. No matter how much sperm she licked out more seemed to slide down to replace it. She could not quite get it all.

Addison began it get delightfully light-headed. It made her feel like she might start laughing.

Just when she thought she would... she didn't.

The orgasm was somehow a surprise. She never would have guessed she could orgasm from an ass fuck let alone so quickly or so powerfully.

Her trembling orgasm became a shaking orgasm and then a writhing orgasm. It wrenched her out of position.

She found herself on the floor, flat on her stomach, with no more Mandy ass in her mouth or Mandy pussy in her hand. The cock thing was still up her ass though. It was worked energetically in and out throughout her elongated orgasm.

Finally, it worked free of her ass.

## Chapter 7

“Come here, slut.”

Addison thought Mistress spoke to her so she sluggishly flopped over onto her back. No, Mistress had spoken to Mandy.

Mandy rushed to obey Mistress Felton. Addison saw that Mistress Felton was pointing at the plastic cock jutting out from her groin. It was attached with straps slung about Mistress Felton's wide hips.

So that's what was up my ass, thought Addison. Wow.

Mandy slid to a halt on her knees in front of Mistress and did her best sword-swallowing imitation on the plastic cock.

The plastic cock that was just up my butt, thought Addison! Gross! Mandy was such a slut!

Trying to be fair about it – fairness, equality, and equal treatment were important to Addison – Mandy cleaning that fake cock with her mouth wasn't even as gross as the way Addison had licked the sperm out of Mandy's ass. Which would mean... Addison was an even bigger slut than her if anything.

Why had she ever thought Mandy wanted or needed help? She got caught up in trying to help and now she was caught in this mess. She'd thought Mandy was in trouble and now Addison was in that same trouble with her. Now maybe she was the one who needed help but she doubted anyone would be there to help her. Certainly not herself. She was too... orgasmic. They were making her like all this too much.

That bitch and her bastard son. He may or may not be an actual technical bastard but, either way, he was definitely a bastard. Why did they have different last names? If only she'd known Ms. Felton was Delbert's mother! She never would have gone to Ms. Felton for help stopping her own son.

Addison watched Mandy clean that ass-dirty fake cock. Mandy got all the way down on it and even got her tongue a little past it to lick around the base while the whole thing was in her throat. Addison had to admit it was sexy as hell. A knock-out like Mandy knocking herself out to please... a cylindrical chunk of plastic! All that effort on something that couldn't even feel her efforts.

Everyone was a fan of Mandy's at that moment. Addison got turned on all over again. She wasn't sure if that was a healthy urge for more great sex or way sick but she knew she was turned on.

Delbert sat in a chair stroking his cock as he watched. It looked like he really might get it hard again soon. It was well on its way. It made him look a lot less like Delbert the clean up guy and very much like a Master Delbert. Addison thought it wasn't very fair to judge a guy by their particular job anyway. So... maybe respect them for their cock and staying power and sexual appetite?

Delbert was rude and inconsiderate, even more so than she'd ever thought before, but Addison thought she shouldn't judge him based on that either. It would make

Master Delbert look bad! Best just to ignore those behaviors by him... or... even better... somehow like them.

Ms. Felton looked down at Mandy like she was a favorite pet doing a neat little trick. Talk about staying power.... Ms. Felton with that plastic cock could pretty much fuck all day every day. It would never go soft.

Ms. Felton looked way turned on also. There were streaks of pussy juice on her inner thighs. From time to time she looked at Addison to make sure Addison was watching.

She sure was! So much so she actually felt like touching herself. She didn't though. She'd already been caught once by Ms. Felton with her fingers in her pussy.

Ms. Felton dictated what would go on next, “Mandy, you triple slut hole, your pussy must be melting like butter in a house fire. That lazy Addison didn't finish you off, did she? Too focused on her own orgasm, wasn't she? Get over there and sit on her face. Addison, lick her out. Her pussy this time, not her ass.”

Mandy rushed to get in position over Addison. She was so fast Addison had no time to make a decision about all this. That's what she told herself as she held still and Mandy lowered her lovely pussy down on her face. Mandy did it while facing toward Addison's feet.

As she lowered down, Addison caught one last look at Ms. Felton – not for help surely, just curious – and saw the older lady sliding the strap-on down and off. The strap-on was strap-off! Addison again felt a giddy urge to laugh.

Then that feverishly hot Mandy pussy arrived on Addison's lower face. A huge wet kiss.

Mandy's well-licked and still wet asshole bumped and rubbed on the tip of Addison's nose.

Addison did not think she'd ever lick pussy. Right up until her tongue showed independence and rebelliously shot up into Mandy's pussy.

Mandy groaned in exquisite delight and suddenly Addison thought all this was a good thing. Sure. Lick Mandy's pussy. Of course!

Ms. Felton came over and spoke again, “Slut Mandy, I'm letting you get the first tongue action from your buddy pal Addison there. Quite the honor. Honestly, you're her practice session. This will make her just a bit better eating me out right after she's done with you. Until then, you lick me but just tease my clit. Don't make me orgasm yet. I'm really going to gush on your buddy Addison.”

Addison heard licky slurpy sounds up there so obviously Mandy followed her Mistress's directions on the pussy licking.

Addison thought, “I need to lick an orgasm out of Mandy first... then lick old Ms. Felton to orgasm... two pussies in a row... and Ms. Felton is going to, as she said, “gush” on me? Like... some deluge of pussy juice?

Absolutely gross gross gross....

Addison realized her ass was bumping the floor as she bounced her pussy up and down trying to fuck air. She spread her legs wider. It was like her body was begging for pussy attention without words because her mouth was too preoccupied.

It worked!

Ms. Felton obviously spoke to Delbert next, “Look at that hot blonde pussy just begging for it. Looks like you're hard again, boy. Those prescriptions I got you work wonders, don't they? Making that pharmacy major my slave was one of the best things I ever did. Hot sex then and free supplies now that she's a young professional. Get that chemical swollen cock over here and put it to use in Addison's slut hole. Your sperm is probably polluted with chemicals. Addison's pussy can be your own Love Canal.”

That didn't sound good to Addison! Mistress was just kidding hopefully....

The good news... cock for her pussy... so... maybe it balanced out....

Seconds later Addison felt Delbert getting into position. Delbert! Delbert was about to fuck her pussy! She should feel dismayed. Instead, she felt gratitude.

If she could have spoke she probably would have begged him to put it inside her. How embarrassing. Good thing her mouth was full of wet pussy folds!

Delbert, of all people, showed some consideration and caution, “Mom, we don't even know if she has protection. Maybe we should ask her first.”

“Delbert! Don't be daft now. Who would believe a slut like her anyway about anything? More to the point, who cares? If she's using protection you'd fuck her. If she isn't using protection you'd still fuck her. It's not like she has a career ahead of her when she graduates that will be useful to us, she's a fucking liberal arts major.”

Yeah, Addison had to admit even her friends teased her about that.

“Just fuck her, Delbert. If she gets pregnant it's meant to be. It's about time your Momma became a Grandmomma anyway. All this fucking you ought to have something to show for it.”

Yeah, Addison wasn't sure how to feel about that. She wasn't on the pill. Her most recent boyfriend had used condoms. Plus, Addison thought it was around about her fertile time of the month!

She wanted to have kids someday. Someday after she graduated in two years, after she had a good career going, and after she was married. Like, ten months at least after she got married! So there was no doubt in anyone's mind.

Maybe now? Delbert?

Addison didn't want to think about it. She just wanted to be fucked. Fuck it. Or, more accurately, she urged mentally, “Master Delbert, do it, fuck my hot blonde pussy.”

How much sperm could he have left in his balls anyway?

Addison even thought Mistress had a point. If she got pregnant, well then, it was just “meant to be”.

Mistress was so wise!

“Fuck our new slave, Delbert! No pulling out, you hear?”

Their slave!?! Was she? No... well... maybe....

Delbert did not answer Mistress verbally but slid home into Addison's pussy which was a complete answer in and of itself.

Addison almost came just from his entry.

Mandy, sitting on her face, actually did orgasm right then. As she came she swiveled and mashed her pussy down.

Mistress replaced Mandy. Plopped her big ass and sloppy pussy right down onto Addison's face. Unlike Mandy, she faced away from Delbert.

Addison slid her tongue easily inside the much older woman. Addison licked and mouthed with passion. She was helpless to do otherwise. She was hungry for it. She knew what her new Mistress wanted.

She figured it was all quite natural. Once a slave knew what their Mistress or their Master wanted they just naturally rushed to do it.

It was just... nature!

Delbert fucked Addison hard and his cock stayed hard and even seemed to swell larger. Addison thought Mistress really had done well enslaving that pharmacy major. It might even lead to a grandchild for her! Maybe Addison would have to name that pharmacist girl as the child's godmother. Maybe Mistress would order her to do that. If not, maybe Addison would just do it on her own.

Hopefully Mistress would let her choose the baby's first name. Mistress obviously wasn't good at choosing names. Delbert? Awful name!

If she did have a kid she hoped it would look more like her than Delbert....

Minutes later Delbert came. He came deep inside her and it sure felt like he shot plenty of sperm after all as Addison felt gushy and swamped suddenly. Of course, that may have been her own secretions because she came right after

Delbert began shooting.

Delbert's hands gripped her sweat slick hips harshly but she loved that pain. She actually thought, in the fever of her orgasm, that she wanted Master Delbert's baby. She thought, "Put a baby in me, Master!"

They were not the only ones to orgasm. Just after Addison's orgasm began, Mistress Felton climaxed and it was a real gusher, vaginal fluids streaming down Addison's cheeks, filling the depression around Addison's passion-closed eyes, and running into her ears as Mistress rubbed her orgasm all over Addison's entire face.

## Chapter 8

After everyone caught their breath Mistress was able to give more orders and Addison was able to understand them.

As then ordered, Addison cleaned Delbert's cock. By mouth, of course. That seemed standard already to Addison. Licking up her own juices seemed extra naughty somehow. She liked it.

Then Addison needed to be punished. She couldn't even keep track of why she needed to be punished but she knew it didn't matter if she agreed or not. Was it for trying to help Mandy? Didn't matter. So she bent over the desk and Mistress spanked her. For a long time.

Then Delbert also spanked her! Not quite as hard but her blazing ass was so sensitive by then it felt much more painful than Mistress's by hand handiwork.

All of which just made her pussy almost as hot as her ass. Again!

Addison did not get any pussy-pleasing satisfaction right away. First, as explained by Mistress, she and Mandy had to go clean the locker room thoroughly including mopping the shower area. These were Delbert's duties, of course, but Mistress told them poor Master Delbert always got tired from cumming so much so it was up to slaves to complete his actual work.

Well... Addison thought that sort of made sense....

She and Mandy cleaned and cleaned and sometimes heard Mistress and Master back in the office area talking and laughing. The laughter had a cruel quality to it.

After an hour of cleaning Addison's ass was no longer so hot and pained. Her pussy was still hot though. Crouching down to pick up dirty clothes and towels, crawling on her knees to scrub floor, it seemed every move caused her pussy to squish and rub her wet folds together.

No friction from clothing though. Mandy and her did all the cleaning entirely in the nude!

While on hands and knees in the shower area Mistress came up behind Addison, grunted that she was doing a great job cleaning, better than Delbert ever did, even when rested. The whole shower was covered in suds and cleaning fluids.

Mistress poked and prodded at Addison's vulva as Addison cleaned. Poked at Addison's pussy with her foot! Mistress followed her as Addison cleaned and kept rubbing her toes up and down Addison's slit. Mistress pushed her toes between Addison's labial lips from time to time. Addison got more and more turned on. She felt rewarded for her hard work cleaning.

This extra duty had a side benefit!

Mistress pondered casually as she toed an orgasm closer, ever closer, from Addison, “You'll come to practice and to games early now. Say, half hour early. No, an hour. Clean everything again even if it looks clean. Running a tight ship is how no one pays attention to what goes on in here. Run a tight ship and get tight pussy is my motto. Then you'll still have time to go down on me or Delbert and slave Mandy will service the other one of us. Then practice, or the game, and then, after that, more sexy punishment and more sexy sex for you sluts. Then a lot more cleaning. Sound wonderful to you? Or just great?”

Addison did not see much difference in the answers Mistress allowed her to give, “Wonderful and great, Mistress.”

“Good answer, slave,” Mistress poked her big toe more insistently into Addison's pussy.

Addison moaned, arched her pussy back against that huge toe, and nearly came.

“Yes, slave Addison, you're a fine addition. We still have quite a few of your teammates to go. Did you ever wonder why every one of your teammates is so pretty? Let's just say they didn't make the team based entirely on athleticism. I had a good time making my choices. I have to admit I thought you might be the last one I nailed. If at all. Surprise surprise, you're second. From this years' team. A fine crop of sluts. Agreed?”

What else could she say?

“Yes, Mistress, a fine team of sluts. Good choices. Thank you for choosing me, Mistress.”

“We've added you, Addison. Added value. A simple Addison addition. One plus one makes two slaves but you'll help us add to that number.”

She would?

She would!

Addison yelled out her orgasm as she jammed her pussy back on that lovely Mistress foot.

**The End**

***PREVIEW***

***THE SUBMISSIVE CHEERLEADERS***

Penny wanted to be taken seriously and wanted to be successful in life but so far circumstances seemed to have conspired against her.

The service industry sucked.

She had a spare moment after serving the last two huge orders, one for a family and the other for a raucous crew of men watching a Saturday evening college football game.

Penny had tables 4 thru 8 and, surprisingly, no one needed any drink refills. But she knew they soon would. They always wanted their bottomless drink/endless refill money's worth on those sodas.

Not that she blamed them. Money was so tight for her she'd given up drinks other than water from the faucet which was, of course, free. Except for here at Mack's Sports Bar and Eatery. The staff were allowed as much fountain soda as they wanted so she did get a break from water here. All free. One of the few perks of the job. The actual pay? Not a perk.

Penny figured management only let them have the perk of free soda in order to perk them up and get added work out of them.

Being stuck in a job like this made her cynical.

Penny loitered near the order pick-up window. She actually wished she didn't have a spare moment. Spare moments gave her time to think. When thought turned to her own circumstance in life it was pretty depressing.

Twenty-eight years old. A waitress. Having worked for years as a waitress she respected the hard work. Someone needed to do it. But she did have a degree in Psychology. Good grades, too.

Once she graduated, her temporary waitress job to help make ends meet became more and more long term. Numerous job interviews led to nothing. Nothing at all in her field. She took on more hours as a waitress.

After the half-year window closed between getting her degree and getting a job in her field her odds of getting such a job went way downhill. Then her one year window, a much smaller window, also closed. There were statistics on that, but, putting the math aside, the odds of actual employment in her actual chosen field could best be termed as “You're fucked”.

Now she'd been a waitress for seven years, four of them more or less full time! With decades of possible waitress work stretching before her. It was depressing.

The tips were pretty good actually but any extra money went to paying off her college loan debts which were enormous.

No help from family. No family. Deadbeat Dad left the scene before Penny was even an adolescent. Mom died while she was in college.

Poor overworked Mom hadn't even gotten to see her graduate. Mom had been so proud of Penny's grades and her desire to help people. The bright side, such as it was, was that Mom didn't have to see her stuck spinning her wheels as a waitress.

No brothers or sisters either, not that she ever would have asked any for help if she did have them. She wasn't really a hardship case anyway, just not successful.

Why hadn't she gotten a position in her field, especially with her good grades? No one else was in the order pick-up area so Penny looked down at her chest. May as well. Everybody else did.

She could look at her breasts like everyone else did but she couldn't feel the same way about them. They were big. Not circus act big but pretty much the ideal size to a man (and to many women!). Which meant they were actually way too big. They looked out of place on her tall slim body.

She planned to have them surgically reduced. By at least half. Ironically they were so big they actually looked like they'd been surgically enhanced. Which was one reason why she wanted them surgically reduced. Ironically.

Also ironic: She would have used the money from her career in psychology (and the health insurance) to get the procedure done. Instead, her breasts were one of – well, two of – the reasons she did not get employment in her career field and could not afford to get them reduced.

Everyone who interviewed her thought she was too pretty and too stacked to be a good reflection on their practice. Of course, they didn't actually say that but she could see it in their eyes.

Some did hint at that reason. They asked how she would deal with patients who stared at her body. They asked how she'd deal with patients who she thought were ready to discontinue therapy but insisted on returning to see her again and again. They even asked how she planned to deal with stalkers!

She wanted to be wanted and hired for her ability and skill but she marveled that

at none of the job opportunities did she ever run into anyone who wanted to hire her for her looks. For some forlorn hope of getting a date with her. Or just because they wanted to look at her around the office. But... nope... none of that. Her good looks (being honest, her great looks) did not assist her at all. Just the opposite.

By the time she figured it out and wore glasses and dowdy clothing to interviews she'd gone without employment in her field for a suspiciously long time making any hire a long-shot. Besides, concealing the massive shapes of her breasts wasn't really possible. The more you covered them the bigger they looked.

The Assistant Manager at Mack's, Esteban, startled her, "Taking a break?"

Esteban was a fucking asshole. To everyone, not just her. Drove all the waitresses like it was his job. Which it was but he was never satisfied and never had a kind word.

He never seemed like a manager type to Penny. What he lacked in height he made up for in scrawniness. With their height differential Penny looked down on him both figuratively and literally.

"Just catching my breath between orders, Esteban."

"You wanna extra break we can go hang out in my office."

That was how it was with Esteban. Always with the suggestive not-quite-sexual

harassment. Well, it was, but good luck proving it. Report something like this and he'd just say he was being kindhearted to a waitress with aching feet. Even his tone was neutral. But his eyes. His face. Anyone would know what he really wanted.

“Thanks, but no thank you.”

Esteban tried this kind of thing like clockwork. Pretty much every night. With all the waitresses. Refusals, polite or impolite, had no impact on the frequency of his vague propositions.

As far as Penny knew no one ever took him up on it. Then again, why would he spend so much time doing it unless it worked at least every once in a while? She did not keep track of what the other waitresses did on their breaks because she was so busy covering for them then.

Time for Esteban to drive her to do more work, “Better get back out there. No orders or whatever then just chat with those paying customers, make them think you like them. Bat your eyes at them. Touch their arm while you talk to them. Make sure they come back. Hey, they gonna tip you better too.”

“Fine, Esteban. I'll get right on that.”

She realized Esteban was staring at her chest while lost in thought.

Fucking asshole.

Penny went back out to her tables and one of the crew of men watching the football game flagged her down. There were five of them sitting high up on bar stool chairs around a big round table.

When he saw her coming their way he elbowed the men on either side of him and all five looked at her expectantly. They looked like they were trying to hold back laughter.

Here we go, she thought. He'd told them he was going to make a pass at her and they were going to watch with amusement. They had to know she'd shoot down his advance. He was overweight and bald for God's sake and at least twenty years older than her!

He also wore a wedding band. Another fucking asshole!

She arrived at the table, "How are you gentlemen doing? Anything I can get for you?"

She even managed to keep sarcasm out of her tone as she said "gentlemen".

The first man, who she thought of as "Baldy", answered, "As a matter of fact, there is, sweetheart. I dropped a coin down there. Can you fetch it for me?"

Now all five of them looked at her with expectant amusement. She almost gave him the finger. Almost. She glanced over towards the kitchen.

There was Esteban blatantly watching her. She'd gotten in trouble before for standing up for herself. She was always told the customer was always right. Which was pure bullshit but true as the sun rising in the East to management.

Fuck it. Who cared. It wasn't worth trouble.

All this, the situational recognition, awareness of consequence, how it made her feel, and how she would handle it, passed through her quick mind in a fraction of second.

“Certainly, sir. Did you see where it landed?”

“Not really. Down there somewhere. Sort of dark in here. You might need to get down on hands and knees to spot it.” A couple of his friends put hands on their mouths to stifle giggles.

These fucking assholes. Penny looked one more time at Esteban. He was frowning at her like he could tell she didn't want to do something the customers did want her to do. That fucking asshole also!

She leaned down even knowing they would be looking at her ass. She wasn't going to get down there and crawl around like he wanted!

Her dark brown wavy hair tumbled around her face. Great, now her hair was a mess.

She peered around the chair legs and the table support. She heard the inevitable innuendo talk from the five. It was obvious whenever they said “game” they were actually talking about her ass.

“Sure is a tight game, huh guys?”

Yeah, right, she'd seen the score was 31-14 half way through the third quarter!

“Oh, yeah, it's a great game!”

Yeah, right, she'd seen the score was 31-14 half way through the third quarter!

“That there is anybody's game.”

Yeah, right, she'd seen the score was 31-14 half way through the third quarter!

“That game goes to whoever takes it. Whoever grabs it!”

Fucking assholes!

Penny saw the coin. It was a penny. A fucking penny! She realized they'd seen

her name on her name-tag and concocted this scenario based on her name.

Thanks Mom and Dad, what a stupid name, she thought for the thousandth time. It was good she didn't have a brother or a sister. She was sure they would not have been any happier named Nickel and Dime.

She plucked up the penny and delivered it into the hand of #1 asshole.

Baldy winked at her, "So?"

"So what, sir?"

"Was it heads up or heads down?"

"I don't know, I didn't look."

Asshole #2 to Baldy's right leaned forward, "You have to look. You know why, right?"

Before she could answer Asshole #3 to Baldy's left also leaned forward talking like he was passing on the secret to life, "Because a penny heads up is good luck..."

Baldy finished his sentence as had obviously been planned, "... but a Penny head down is even better luck!" The emphasis on "Penny" informed her he definitely meant it with a capital P. As in Penny giving oral sex.

Fucking assholes!

One of the others chimed in as she tried to look calm and innuendo oblivious, "Know what I heard? I heard rub a Penny for good luck."

"I'd sure like to give that a try," said the last asshole of the five.

She saw Baldy was actively and suggestively rubbing the penny she'd just given to him.

"Anything else? Gentlemen?"

There wasn't. She wasn't surprised they didn't try to utilize the old "Penny for your thoughts" line. Guys like this wouldn't care what she thought.

When they finally left an hour later they left a deficient tip, less than 5%. Those fucks!

"How was your shift, Penny?"

“The usual.”

“That bad, huh?”

“Yes, Lynn. That bad.”

Waitresses didn't get to live on their own in their own house. It wasn't financially possible. So Penny had a roommate and they lived in an old paint-peeling apartment.

Lynn was also a waitress at Mack's which is where they'd met and what led to them being roommates though it was a recent development since Penny had been at Mack's much much longer than Lynn.

Lynn was nice enough but very different than Penny.

She was young, just twenty-one. Penny felt like an old lady compared to her.

Lynn was blonde while Penny was brunette.

She was short which made Penny feel even more awkwardly tall when standing next to her.

She had small breasts and sometimes seemed fascinated, almost worshipful, of Penny's big boobs.

And... she liked to run around their small downtown apartment wearing very little or sometimes even nothing. Which really really bothered Penny though she never said anything directly to Lynn. She always tried to get along.

She also seemed quite free with her body. In the two months they'd been rooming together probably eight times Lynn's volume levels during sex kept Penny awake or woke her up from sleep. The apartment had thin walls. Eight times with, apparently, eight different guys! It seemed Lynn liked variety.

Lynn was so different than Penny that Penny, though they'd had some fun times, kinda wished Lynn wasn't her roommate. Should she have asked Lynn before she moved in if she was going to bring home and fuck four different guys a month? In hindsight, yes, she should have.

Penny kicked off her shoes and flopped down on the slightly lopsided chair with the ripped upholstery that she and Lynn acquired when someone in their apartment complex chucked it in the dumpster. They had laughed and giggled as they dragged and rolled it up two flights of steps. Their efforts made it lopsided in a whole new direction.

Penny closed her eyes. She was beat.

An unknown number of minutes later she came alert from her drowsy state listening to the television. Something woke her fully. She felt something at her feet and looked down to see Lynn on her knees next to Penny one hand rubbing

each of Penny's feet.

“What are you doing, Lynn?”

“Rubbing your feet, silly.”

“They're stinky from me walking them all over Mack's for a shift.”

“I don't mind.”

Penny blinked away the sleep further. What the hell? It felt nice but it was sort of weird.

“You can stop, Lynn. I didn't ask you to do that.”

“I like to help people feel good. I know how sore feet feel after a shift. You didn't ask me but I'm sure you like it.”

“It's weird. No thank you. You can stop.”

Lynn stopped but looked hurt, “It's not weird. Esteban likes it. So do some of the other waitresses.”

“Esteban! He's an asshole. And twice as old as you. And married. When do you rub his feet?”

“In his office. He invites me back there. Some of the other waitresses too. Sometimes he lets us, well, tells us to rub each other too.”

“Lynn! That is totally messed up!”

“You think that's messed up....”

“What? What were you saying?”

“Never mind.”

“Lynn, you're too nice. You can't just go around trying to please everyone else. Especially assholes. It's not wise.”

“Are you saying I'm dumb?”

Penny would never say that... to her face, “All I'm saying is, they take advantage and you get the short end of the stick.”

Lynn's face took on a different look, sort of intent, “Actually I got the long end of the stick. Believe me.”

“No! Tell me you did not let that creep fuck you!”

“Gee, I'd hate to lie to you like that....”

“What were you thinking?”

“I guess I thought it would make him happy. It did. Making others happy makes me happy too. Plus, it's a nice break at work. Sort of energizing.”

“I can't believe this. He is totally taking advantage of you. He isn't even good looking!”

“Well, all cocks are ugly if you think about it but pretty much equal.”

“Gross. Just gross. This is not good for you. Not just Esteban. That whole please others submissive thing. Not healthy at all.”

Lynn used a sing-song voice, “You're wroooooong. Esteban gives me extra hours! As long as I share my tips with him.”

“Share your tips? Lynn, you earn those tips. You rely on them. He has no right to them.”

“Maybe but he also doesn't hassle me. Some time in his office and he is sweet as a lamb. For me its pretty much just an extra break. Unless me makes me orgasm. Then it's better.”

“Lynn, listen to me, you can't be like this. Just giving in to assholes like him. You can't reward his bad behavior.”

“I like making people happy and I do that with him.”

“People take advantage of you. I mean, obviously. They just take and take as much as you let them and you get nothing in return.”

“That isn't so true, Penny. I was waiting to tell you since you seemed so tired. But you look awake now. Guess what? I'm going to be a cheerleader! The way I got the job was by being willing to put up with a little grab-ass and some nasty talk. Whatever else. He said that's what got me the job.”

“What? A cheerleader? What are you talking about? Some man grabbed your ass and you let him because he said he'd let you be his cheerleader?”

“No, silly, it wasn't like that. It's legit. They're opening a semi-pro football team. Well, it's sort of football. Some different rules. Anyway, they advertised for cheerleaders. I tried out and got on the squad. All because I didn't say anything

when he got handsy and said some dirty things about what he'd like to do.”

“Who did? Who is this creep?”

“Parker. Guy in charge.”

“Parker? What's his first name?” Already Penny had a vague idea to go confront the guy.

“That is his first name. And his last name too! His name is Parker Parker if you can believe that.”

“Not really. Did he show you ID?”

“No, but he's the real deal. The cheerleader coach was there, too. Real amazon type. It wasn't like this was in his apartment or something. It was at the stadium. They have it for games on Friday nights in the spring. Starting in a couple months but they have the money to fund a cheer team.”

“He still sounds like an asshole. Just a legit asshole instead of a non-legit asshole.”

“You think all the guys are assholes.”

Penny shrugged slightly. That was pretty much true. Probably why she didn't have a boyfriend.

Lynn was rubbing her feet again! What was wrong with her?

Lynn continued, “If you met him you'd think he was a total nerd. Those little glasses, stripey suit, shorter than me. But he doesn't act like a nerd. He acts like... well, I guess you're right, he does act like an asshole. Still, I put up with him and I got the job.”

“What about Mack's? I mean, fuck Mack's, but are you still going to work there?”

“I'll do both. But, hey, this job pays great and you get full four star health care too.”

That caught Penny's attention, “Serious? Health care?”

“Yeah, no copay's or nothing. 100% coverage for every damn thing. I mean, I'm healthy but better safe than sorry.”

“Wow. I see why you want the job.”

“You should be on the cheer team with me!”

“What? No. Look at me.”

“You're beautiful.”

“Maybe so,” Penny knew darn well there was no “maybe” to it, “but I'm not built to be a cheerleader even if I wanted to. My big boobs would flop all over the place.”

“No, no. They like that sort of thing there. They want the cheerleaders to be like strippers wearing clothes. You know, semi-professional they need every edge they can get to get fans in the building.”

“Like a stripper wearing clothing?”

“You should try out, Penny! They need more like me. That's exactly what Parker Parker said. So did Violet. She's the coach of the cheerleaders.”

“Lynn, if they're looking for more just like you then they don't want me. If he put a hand on me I'd break a finger, then another, then another, until he apologized to me and all women everywhere.”

“Penny, you don't have to actually be like me. Just seem to be like me. Go to the try out, ignore the touches and anything they say. Then, you get the job. I'll call in and set it up. Put in the good word for you.”

This actually gave Penny pause. Get the job, wait for insurance to kick in, go get her procedure done. If she was being left alone after that, fine, she would have a new revenue stream. If not, break some fingers on a nerd/asshole with two last names. Or two first names. Or whatever.

The foot rub really did feel nice and relaxing. And, for whatever reason, Lynn really did seem to enjoy it. She was just so crazy eager to please. Lynn was so submissive! What a way to be. Always out to please everyone else instead of herself. No protective selfishness.

Fine, thought Penny, go ahead and knock yourself out, Lynn. Rub my feet all you want!

Penny fell asleep with Lynn still rubbing her feet.

Parker Parker and Violet were exactly as advertised and quite the oddball pair.

Penny wasn't sure if it was the same suit Parker Parker wore at Lynn's try out but it certainly was quite stripey. Three different colors!

Violet, the cheerleader coach, would look at home in a breast plate and holding a shield and a spear. She seemed like an odd fit as cheerleader coach. She was in Olympic great shape but no way had she ever been a cheerleader herself.

The try-out was just Penny and three other young women. She had no idea why

an executive like Parker Parker would be involved at all. Well, based on his intent stares at tits and asses she had some idea. She just didn't know how he justified it assuming he had any supervision in his role.

Right from the start she thought she did well. Sadly, that was only because Parker's eyes were fixated on her. Specifically, her tits. Well, he could join the club. She got that reaction from all men. Like she was tits who happened to also have a human being attached to them.

Parker and Violet were an odd pair but they did have something in common. They both were fans of female anatomy. It was obvious to Penny that Violet was either bisexual or outright gay.

Parker and Violet both stared intently, eyes flicking from one candidate to the next, as all four were ordered, of all things, to do jumping jacks.

Penny hated how her breasts bounced and shook while doing the jumping jacks. Parker and Violet clearly loved it.

After thirty jumping jacks – which, proved what? – Violet then told them to touch their toes while standing. They were told to hold the pose while Violet moved around them just a couple feet away and Parker also circled but did so from further away. Like they were two planets in differing orbits circling a sun. Except, in this case, more like they were in orbit around the four moons of their asses.

One of the candidates straightened and stated, “I'm out of here.”

And she was. Off she went.

Penny knew she herself also would have left at that point if she hadn't somewhat known what to expect from what Lynn told her. Lynn told her if she wanted the job she had to be the opposite of her real self. Which meant putting up with shit.

They lost the second candidate three exercises later when Violet told them all to do something called the open leg rocker. It was basically balancing your butt on the floor with head and feet up looking like a V from the side. Then holding ankles and spreading your legs to make a V that way as well. Which was damn hard on the ass and hard to do unless you had perfect balance.

Besides being physically awkward it was emotionally awkward to have those two staring at their stretched crotches.

The second candidate simply mumbled “Fuck this”, grabbed her stuff, and was out of there as well.

After a few more really embarrassing positions there were still two of them left. Penny and a skinny blonde similar to Lynn. Penny wasn't sure how many spots were open. Maybe only one.

Hopefully they liked some variety in their line up of cheerleaders. This girl looked a lot like Lynn whereas Penny was very different other than being equally attractive.

The whole time Parker Parker stared from the fringes of his Neptune orbit. His suit looked too big for him, like he took it out of his father's closet. His pants, however, looked too small for him. Around the crotch.

Penny felt disgusted with the whole situation. She felt like a stripper who forgot to take off her clothes. At any moment she expected Parker to start throwing dollar bills at her.

Violet guided the two of them to a small nearby room where they were, rather surprisingly, given a test to take. Why hadn't Lynn warned her there would be a test?

The reason became pretty clear pretty quick though. The questions were silly. Things like her favorite color, her favorite animal, her favorite ice cream, her favorite food, her favorite one digit number, her favorite two digit number, her favorite season, her favorite month, her favorite holiday.

About forty questions like that. The last one asked her to imagine a horse out in the wild then write down it's description and exactly what she pictured it doing if she took a single photo of it.

Penny wondered how even one of those questions could reflect on a person's qualifications to be a cheerleader. At least those humiliating exercises showed some fitness and flexibility.

Violet collected the completed tests, quizzes, surveys, or whatever the hell they

were. She and Parker huddled in the corner for a minute absolutely pouring over them like they were Archaeologists that just found two new scriptures accidentally left out of the bible.

Violet told the other girl to wait where she was sitting and told Penny to come with her. Penny followed her into an adjoining room and saw Parker Parker going into the room right next to it.

Violet closed the door and right away got up in Penny's face. Penny backed away. She couldn't help herself. Violet grinned but it wasn't a friendly grin.

“Do not move.” Violet came back into her personal space. The inner boundaries of her personal space as Violet's breasts were only a hair away from rubbing up on Penny's own breasts. This time Penny managed not to back away.

“Cheerleaders cheer on the team but their real use is to entertain. With your body and smiles. Pretty much a stripper with some limited clothing on. Your attitude needs to be the same as a stripper.”

Somehow Penny managed to say nothing.

“Your eyes must say you are grateful you are being looked at and enjoyed. Your smile must say you are happy to be ogled. Everyone is a customer and the customer is always right.”

There is was again! More “customer is always right bullshit”! Penny felt like

asking what if the customer claims two plus two equals one hundred and ninety-seven. You could bet your ass if the customer said they didn't have to pay for a meal or for game tickets management wouldn't think they were right then!

Penny held her retort inside.

“No matter what happens you smile and even say thank you. Someone calls you a sexy cunt you say “Why, thank you so very much kind sir or madam.” Can you do that?”

Penny really wondered if she could. Would it really be like that? Right then was no time to show doubt, “Yes, Violet, I can.”

“Let's put that to the test.”

Penny had no idea what that meant.

For about half a second.

Violet walked behind her and slapped her ass.

Slapped. Her. Ass!

The act and the pain shocked Penny into immobility.

“Very good! Going to and from the lockers you pass by fans. Sooner or later one will spank you like that. Or at fan events they will. When they do, don't just stand there with your mouth open. It should be open but words should come out. The right words. Go ahead, what will you say to the money-paying highly valued fan when he spanks your perfect ass?”

“Ummmm. Thank you for spanking me?”

“Good. You could do better though. Engage in playful banter. You could say “Thank you, sir, but I hope your hand is not sore. I apologize if it is.”

What the fuck! The sheer outrage was making Penny blink like a computer on the fritz.

“Here. Let us practice.”

Before Penny could compute what that comment entailed another smack landed on her derriere. Harder this time and she took half a step forward to catch her balance. It was more difficult to catch her mental balance.

Penny looked at Violet when she circled back in front of her. Violet had an expectant expression on her face.

Oh. Yeah, right. What was she supposed to say again?

“Thank you, sir, hope your hand isn't sore. Sorry.”

“Do I look like a “sir” to you?”

“No! Gosh no! I thought we were role-playing.”

“Let's try it again then.”

Oh shit!

Violet went back behind her and Penny actually had to bite her lip to keep from saying anything. The wait for the spank, even though it was only moments, seemed like an hour.

Smack!

Whoa! That one was even harder! Much harder!

Violet came back around and Penny said the words again this time using “ma'am” instead of “sir”.

Violet smiled a tolerant amused smile, “Better. You think only men will spank that ripe ass of yours? Get real. Don't be such a sexist. You and your stereotypes. We don't like sexists around here. We like very polite sexy cheerleaders. Not sexist cheerleaders. It's a big difference.”

“I understand.”

“I don't think you do. But I'll give you a chance to prove me wrong. Tell me, being a polite little cheerleader, if a fan touches your tits, what will you say? Will you say “Thanks for noticing my boobs?” How about that?”

“I guess so. Yeah, that would work. Playful banter, right?”

“All right then, lets see if you are a sexist. Simple test.”

Penny's eyes got real big as Violet stepped towards her. Violet reached out with both hands – both hands! – and firmly grasped both of her breasts. Or, at least, as much of them as she could contain even in her big hands.

Violet squeezed them rhythmically like they were giant-size stress relief balls.

Penny wondered when she was going to stop.

Penny wondered when she herself would put a stop to this and walk out.

But Penny had already put up with so much. She hated to waste all that effort. She also had something to prove to Violet apparently. She didn't want the amazon to think she was a sexist.

So she told herself.

Penny finally realized Violet would keep squeezing her boobs until she took her own cue. Which she better do as soon as possible.

What Violet was doing – and Penny knew, just knew, this was only a purely a physiological reaction – was having an effect on her.

Her damn nipples were getting stiff. Which was a problem because they were big, a good match to her big breasts, and they were way too sensitive. Once they got hard... yep, dammit, she was even getting wet. Fuck!

Penny spoke very fast, “Thank you for noticing my boobs, ma'am.”

Violet hooded her eyes while still squeezing, “You are welcome, little slut.”

Violet finally released them. Penny felt like she could breath again. Like Violet had been squeezing her actual lungs.

Slut?

Penny blurted out angrily before she could stop herself, “Slut? Did you call me a slut?”

“Yes, I did call you a slut. Many others will. All the honest ones. The liars will call you lady. Whatever you are called – slut, whore, bitch – you must always act like it is a great compliment and you are grateful for the kind recognition.”

Penny realized her reaction was that of her real self and therefore the wrong one. Lynn would not have been insulted by being called a slut. Penny had even heard Lynn refer to herself that way though Penny had always hoped it was done jokingly. After what Lynn told her or at least hinted to her about what she did with Esteben it didn't seem like a joke.

Penny knew she had to act like Lynn. Like an eager to please slut. She could not afford to let herself slip from that role.

These spans and amazonian boob grabs were nothing. Mind over matter. It didn't matter compared to breaking free from the service industry so she should not mind. Or at least pretend like she did not mind. She could not afford to let this get to her.

“I'm sorry, I just couldn't hear you what you said at first. I am a bit of a slut. How did you know?”

Violet smiled indulgently. Violet clearly appreciated her willingness to debase herself, “I know you're a real slut because of your big tits. If there is a creator I sure as Hell hope she wouldn't waste tits like that on someone who wasn't a slut.”

Penny wasn't at all sure how to respond to that so she stayed quiet.

“All right, you might just do. Go next door to Mr. Parker and tell him I said it's up to him. On the way tell that other slut to get her skinny ass in here.”

“Oh. What's her name?”

“Don't know, don't care. To me she's just slut number two.”

“That makes me number one slut. Yay! I'm the best!”

“There you go, slut number one. Playful banter.”

Violet spanked her rear as she went past and the spank was hard, not at all playful.

Penny very carefully did not react and kept walking.

**Read the rest in “The Submissive Cheerleaders”, NOW AVAILABLE**

## **Available Books**

**The Mindy Short Teenage Lesbian Domination Books:**

*“A Lesbian Orientation” series:*

### **1. CARA TRIES TO BE A GOOD EXAMPLE**

Cara agrees to live with Mindy Short in order to be a positive example to her regarding the benefits of heterosexuality versus Mindy's lesbian nature. Instead of Cara having a positive influence on Mindy, the opposite occurs, and Mindy begins to influence Cara in dark negative sexual ways. What can Mindy change about Cara?

### **2. CARA'S LESBIAN SEDUCTION**

Mindy's influence over Cara expands as Mindy completes her lesbian seduction of the former prom queen. And more! Mindy doesn't just want Cara's submission. She wants to show her total control by making Cara become her human sex pet! Can Cara keep her humanity?

### **3. CARA BECOMES HER ROOMMATE'S LESBIAN PET**

Mindy has decided her little “good example” Cara should be kept naked, wear a collar, even wear a “tail”, and act like a doggy. She also has decided to share Cara with others for sex. What does Cara think about that? And... does Mindy care? Will Cara admit Mindy is her Owner?

*“Teen Lesbians Take Over” series:*

#### **1. TAKING OVER MRS. GREENWAY:**

Mrs. Greenway discovers that Cara, who she sent to influence Mindy Short, has instead been influenced. Mindy discovers it was Mrs. Greenway, that sexy MILF, who set up Cara to live with her. Mrs. Greenway wants to kick Mindy out of school. Mindy wants to sexually take over Mrs. Greenway. Who will win?

#### **2. TAMING MRS. GREENWAY**

Mindy wants Joan to be another sex pet for her, to be her little “Pet Joannie”, another human doggy. She also wants to make Joan do lots of things, wicked things, even things involving Joan's lovely young adult daughter. Will Joan stand up to her... or stay down on all fours?

#### **3. TAKING OVER AUBREE**

Aubree, Joan's lovely administrative assistant, has come across Joan in a compromised position. Mindy orders Joan to seduce Aubree to protect the young dominant lesbians on campus. Will Joan do it? Will she succeed? Will Aubree escape or... like it?

#### ***4. OWNING AUBREE***

Aubree is a young mother who still breast feeds her little daughter. Mmm, breast milk! The teenage lesbian dominants are fascinated. They have naughty plans for Aubree. They already have a few sex pets, all of them human doggies. How about a pet human cow? Can Aubree avoid a fate of extreme submission?

#### ***5. TAKING OVER TANYA... AND HER NEIGHBOR TOO***

Mindy likes the idea of owning a sexy African-American woman. Tanya, a Director on campus, would be perfect! Mindy wants to take her over sexually and give her to her friends as a pet. What kind of pet? Tanya has a big backyard perfect for a horse! One horse is not enough. Maybe they should tame Tanya's neighbor also?

***“Lesbian Stalker's Pets” series:***

#### ***1. LAURI'S LESBIAN STALKER BECOMES HER ROOMMATE***

Mindy uses her control over Joan Greenway to force her to reassign Lauri Hayward to live with Mindy's dominant lesbian friend Rosalie. Rosalie has been

stalking Lauri. Now with Lauri conveniently forced to live with her can she seduce and dominate the beauty despite Lauri being a brown belt in jujitsu?

## ***2. LESBIAN STALKER'S PET ROOMMATES***

Rosalie has entrapped Lauri into losing a bet meaning Lauri, like the third roommate Pet Mia, must be her sexual pet. For twenty-four hours. Rosalie wants to Own Lauri body and soul forever! Can Rosalie get Lauri to agree to be her pet for longer, much longer? Will Lauri like being submissive to her bully stalker?

## ***3. LESBIAN STALKER PET TRAINS HER ROOMMATE'S BEST FRIEND***

Lauri has a close friend, Francesca, living close by and has been in secret contact with her. Rosalie finds out and also finds out how beautiful the Italian immigrant is. Mindy and Rosalie concoct a crazy plan to use Francesca's caring good will and loyal friendship against her. Can Rosalie manage to seduce this incredible hottie?

***“Pet's Daughter Seduction” series:***

### ***1. MRS. GREENWAY'S DAUGHTER***

Mindy Short is obsessed with seducing and taming Joan Greenway's young adult daughter, Emilia. Emilia, set up by her reluctant mother, will have to live in a dorm with Mindy. Before then Mindy worries Joan may warn Emilia. Can she so totally compromise Joan that Joan will give Mindy her daughter to become a sex

pet?

## **2. MRS. GREENWAY'S DAUGHTER MOVES IN**

Emilia Greenway and her best friend, Charlotte, arrive on campus but are forced to dorm apart not knowing they are each rooming with dominant lesbians who have dark plans for them. Can their friendship and working together save them from a fate of sexual submission and keep them from becoming human set pets?

## **3. MRS. GREENWAY'S DAUGHTER GETS SEDUCED**

The teenage lesbian dominants are seducing Emilia Greenway and her lovely friend Charlotte too. Divided they fall! Seduction is not enough. Domination is not enough. They want to Own them both. A very conflicted Mrs. Joan Greenway gets a ring side seat to what is happening to her daughter and her honorary daughter.

## **4. MRS. GREENWAY'S DAUGHTER GETS TAMED**

The teenage lesbian dominants want Emilia and Charlotte to be their sexual pets forever and always. But... will they give in to the domination and their own submissiveness? If they do, what kind of pets will they be made into? Will this shared submission actually bring them closer together? What will Mom think?

***“Seduced Trophy Wives” series:***

### ***1. TAKING THE TROPHY WIVES***

Four trophy wife friends living in the same neighborhood notice a suspicious vehicle following them and then bizarre strangers move into the mansion for sale near them. These two look like escapees from a porn movie! The new neighbors have lesbian seduction in mind for the four married friends. Can they resist?

### ***2. TAMING THE TROPHY WIVES***

The strangers are making inroads into breaking up the friendships of the four trophy wives, turning them against one another, and turning them into obedient subservients for the dominant lesbians. Can the trophy wives stop the dominoes from falling since they are the dominoes?

### ***3. TRAINING THE TROPHY WIVES***

The stranger dominant lesbians' dark plans for the trophy wives are coming closer and closer to fruition. Can those seduced recover their dignity in time? Can the last hold out of the trophy wives stay faithful to her husband? What exactly do the two dominant lesbians plan to do to and with them?

***Stand Alone books:***

***THE SUBMISSIVE CHEERLEADERS***

Penny is a college graduate but stuck in a waitress job and stuck with oversize breasts she'd like to have reduced. Her submissive roommate lets her in on an opportunity to be a cheerleader. This semi-pro team expects their cheerleaders to be submissive. Totally submissive! Will Penny allow herself to be dominated?

### ***CHEERLEADER IN TROUBLE***

Addison is worried about a cheerleader on her team. Unfortunately, she goes to the wrong person for help: her dominant older lesbian cheer coach. As it turns out the assistant dominating the other cheerleader is the cheer coach's son. As it also turns out the cheer coach and her son would also like to dominate Addison!

***Now Available!***

***In Audiobook format!***

***All three books of the “Seduced Trophy Wives” series***

***Taking the Trophy Wives***

***Taming the Trophy Wives***

***Training the Trophy Wives***

***Narrated by the incredible voice talent***

## ***Samantha Stroker***

*Samantha's amazing vocals relate every word (and lots of gasps and moans and groans!) of these book, unabridged, in lovely perfect detail.*

*Samantha has a unique voice for each character and is true to the personality of each one. Every character has their own tone, pacing, emotional content, and even accents true to the character.*

*Listening to Samantha Stroker narrate “Taking the Trophy Wives” is a beautiful experience. She is the Michelangelo of voices and narration!*

Questions, complaints, or suggestions?

Feel free to contact me: [jordanchurch@mail.com](mailto:jordanchurch@mail.com)

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