

The Degradation of Tricia

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Synopsis: An 18-year-old schoolgirl is blackmailed into becoming the sex plaything of an evil brother and sister.

The degradation of Tricia

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Tricia stared blankly at the TV screen in front of her, scarcely able to believe what she was seeing. There, in full color, was the Math professor, Mr Roberts, leaning back against the classroom desk, his thick cock protruding stiffly from his fly. At his feet knelt a beautiful young girl, brown-haired, her pert young breasts pressing against the thin material of her T-shirt. Her hands were about the professor's throbbing organ, which he was thrusting urgently between her pretty lips, grunting with obvious pleasure as he did so.

In any normal circumstances Tricia would have been shocked at the pictures she was witnessing. She was a good girl, brought up in a small town, where girls just didn't do that sort of thing.

But these were not normal circumstances. She was a long way from the town of her birth, and had learnt that things went on in the world that were very different from the values she had been taught.

But it was much worse than that. The lovely young eighteen-year old girl on her knees before the professor was Tricia herself.

She turned to the grinning couple beside her, the tears welling in her eyes.

"I-I don't understand. How did you know?"

Bella grinned, flashing a perfect row of white teeth.

"Because the bastard of a professor made the same offer to me," she replied. "He told me that if I blew the dirty sod off, I'd get my Math mark improved to an A."

The young man beside Bella put his arm about her. "But my little sister's cleverer than that, aren't you sis? She knew that she wouldn't be the only one he made the offer to."

"That's right. I watched the bastard and, sure enough, he came to you."

More to the point," said the man. "Once Roberts gets a look at this video he's gonna be real anxious to increase Bella's marks to an A plus plus."

"Sure," grinned Bella. "When I saw him talking to you, I knew what was going on. It was easy to hide in the closet with Tony's camcorder'"

Tricia looked at the pair, shocked at the way they spoke. If truth be told, she had never been able to get on with Bella. The brash, sexy, dark-haired beauty was everything she wasn't. Popular with the other girls in her class, a leader, always the center of attention. Tricia, on the other hand, was more the studious type, preferring to stay in her college apartment with her books whilst the other girls were out partying. In fact, Tricia had few friends, and didn't mix much with the other girls. Of her male classmates, there was just one, Steve Sutton, who interested her. Steve was good-looking and friendly, and she often chatted with him. However he showed no sign of reciprocating the attraction she felt for him, and Tricia was too shy to let him know her feelings.

Tony, Bella's brother, was also far from being her taste in men. Cocky and self-confident as his lovely younger sister, his dark, Latin looks making him popular with Bella's school friends. At twenty-four, he was older and more worldly wise than the girls, and Tricia had always been a little afraid of him.

She was more afraid now, though, as she watched her image on the screen accept a mouthful of hot semen from the professor. She saw herself gagging, as a drop of the thick fluid escaped from her lips and dripped onto her T-shirt.

Bella laughed. "What's professor spunk taste like, you little whore?"

Tricia felt the color rise in her cheeks, but she said nothing. What a fool she'd been to agree to the professor's suggestion. She should have refused right from the start. The trouble was, she knew her parents expected her to get straight A's, and that they would be scrutinizing her report card when she returned. Whilst she had done well in all her other subjects, Math had always been her weak point.

When Roberts had first suggested she use her pretty body to improve her mark, she had been shocked. Considering the offer later, though, she had realized that if she wasn't to upset her parents when she went home, she would have to improve her Math mark. Once she had decided to go ahead and do it, it had been just a single, simple act, and she had done her best to forge about it afterwards. She had never dreamed that Bella would film the whole thing.

"Wh-what are you going to do?" she asked the brother and sister fearfully.

Bella grinned, and turned to her brother. "Just four weeks to the end of the semester," she said. "Time enough to train up a slave?"

Tony smiled back. "Time enough," he replied.

"What do you mean?"

Bella moved close to Tricia. She was taller than the young beauty and, as she stared down into her face, her brown eyes narrowed.

"If you want to keep this video secret, you've gonna do exactly what Tony and I tell you to, understand?"

"Wh-what do you want me to do?"

"Just things."

"What kind of things?"

"Well, we've seen what you're good at, already. We're gonna make you use that pretty little body of yours some more."

Suddenly Tony slid his arm about her slim waist. He moved his hand up to cup her breast. Tricia tried to pull away, but he held her tight.

"From here on Bella and I own the rights to your body," he said. "We'll tell you what you can wear and when."

"And especially we'll tell you who you can fuck," said his sister.

"What? But I don't...you know. I'm still a virgin."

"Not for long, you silly bitch."

"You can't be serious"

"We're deadly fucking serious you cock sucking slut!"

"We're gonna show you how far you can go with selling your body"

"No! You can't! I won't do it! Ow!"

Tricia gave a cry of pain as Tony pinched her nipple through her clothing.

"Then this video gets distributed about the school. And I'm sure your parents would like a copy."

"No! You can't. You mustn't." Tricia felt the tears well up in her eyes as she faced the pair.

"Then tell us we're your master and mistress."

"Look. I'll give you money! I haven't got much, but I can get a job!"

"Looks like this video's gonna get sent out," said Bella.

"Imagine what Mummy and Daddy will think when they see how their little girl gets her grades."

"Please!"

"Tell us we're your master and mistress."

Tricia opened her mouth to reply. Then her shoulders slumped as she realized she had no choice.

"You-you're my master and mistress," she mumbled.

"And your body is ours to control."

"And my body is yours to control."

"Good."

Tony slid his hand down her front and slipped it under her jumper. Moments later his hand was inside her bra, cupping her soft, warm breast. Tricia squirmed under his touch, but said nothing.

"That's it, slut," he said. "Enjoy it." He turned to his sister. "I get her first." He said.

He turned her round to face him, still caressing her breast. "I'm coming round to your apartment this evening. You'll be pleased to see me, won't you?"

Tricia felt the blood rise in her cheeks. "Yes," she replied.

"In fact so pleased that you'll be naked when I arrive."

"N-naked?" Tricia's heart sank.

"That's right. My obedient little slut of a girlfriend loves being round men in the nude, even complete strangers, doesn't she?"

"I-I don't know."

He pinched her nipple again.

"Doesn't she?" he said again.

"I... I guess so."

"Say it."

"I... I love being round men in the nude. Even complete strangers."

"Slut!"

He pushed her away, sending her staggering against the wall. She stood, struggling to rearrange her top.

"I'll be there at eight sharp," he said "Now get out."

Tricia glanced at the clock on the wall of her small apartment. It was seven fifty-five. Her stomach churned as she thought of what might happen that evening. She stepped into her bedroom and stood in front of her mirror. She was wearing a bathrobe. She had got out of the bath more than a half hour before, but had not dressed. Now she fingered the garment nervously.

She couldn't really go through with this could she? She couldn't take the humiliation of being a slave to that evil pair? But what choice did she have? The prospect of her parents seeing the tape and hearing of her behavior

was one she simply couldn't countenance.

Slowly she undid the belt of her gown. Then she let it slip from her shoulders and fall to the floor. She ran her eyes down her naked form.

There was no doubt that the petite young girl was beautiful. From her pretty young face, with its almond-shaped green eyes, high cheekbones and small, kissable mouth, down to her elegant feet, she was simply lovely. Her body was one any girl would die for. Her breasts were pert and inviting, the size and shape of ripe oranges, the brown nipples standing proud. Her belly was flat, her pubic triangle neatly trimmed.

But perhaps the most striking thing was her vagina. The lips were thick and full, her slit well forward, so that it was eminently visible, even when her legs were together. When she spread her legs even slightly, the bud of her clitoris came into view. She stared down at herself, wishing her sex was less prominent. She ran a hand down between her legs, her fingers brushing against her love button, and a small shiver ran through her.

Tricia froze, totally surprised. Surely she wasn't turned on by what was about to happen? Only a slut would find excitement in displaying her naked body to a virtual stranger. She wondered how she would feel if it was Steve, rather than Tony, that she was expecting. But Steve, at least would show her some respect, whereas Tony was an animal. Yet there was an undeniable warmth in her groin and, despite her own disgust at the idea, she felt a trickle of moisture deep inside her vagina.

Suddenly the doorbell rang, and Tricia gave a start, snatching her fingers from between her legs, her color rising instantly. She took a step into her front room, then stopped, staring at the door.

The bell rang again. Cautiously the naked beauty moved forward and put her eye to the peephole. There stood Tony, wearing jeans and a white T-shirt. As she watched he knocked on the door.

"C'mon slut. I know you're there. You better be naked!"

"Tony?" she said in a plaintive voice.

"Open up."

"Could I just put my bathrobe on?"

"Fucking open up, bitch, or I'll bang on this door 'till all the other folk living here come out to see what's happening.

Tricia felt a chill run through her at these words. If anyone saw her letting Tony in whilst she was nude... Many of the other apartments in the block were rented to sorority girls, some of whom were in her year. She couldn't possibly let them see her like this.

He banged on the door again, this time harder.

"Open the fucking door."

Slowly, her heart pounding, the beautiful teenager reached out a hand for the doorknob.

She opened it a crack, and peered out.

"Tony..." she began, but already he had shoved the door wide. Tricia slapped a hand over her pubis and wrapped an arm across her breast, looking anxiously behind him to make sure nobody was watching. He stood, his eyes roving over her slim, petite form.

"Ain't you gonna invite me in? Or do you want me to drag you out here and close the door?"

"N-no," she said hurriedly stepping back. "Come inside, please."

He grinned and stepped past her. She pushed the door closed with her hip, unwilling to remove her hands from her private parts.

Tony was carrying a plastic shopping bag, which he dropped onto the floor. He turned to face the cowering, red-faced girl.

"Glad to see you were sensible enough to do as you were told," he said. "Now let me get a look at you. Stand up straight, open your legs and put your hands at your sides. Move!"

The last word was shouted like an army drill sergeant, and Tricia jumped at the violence in his tone. Slowly, reluctantly, she straightened. Then, her face scarlet, she moved her legs apart. Her head hanging in shame she let her arms drop to her sides, revealing her feminine charms to her visitor.

Tony gave a low whistle. "Very nice," he said. "Very nice indeed. Pretty tits and a great cunt. Turn around and show me your ass."

Tricia obeyed, shuffling around and allowing him a perfect view of her lovely, firm bottom.

Slap!

"Ow!"

He brought the flat of his hand down on her rear cheek, making it sting terribly. She cowered back from him, instinctively covering the taut, soft flesh with her hands.

"Almost perfect," he grinned. "Too much hair on your pussy, though. Go shave it."

"What?"

"You heard me. Go shave between your legs. Shave the lot off. That'll make you look even more of a slut."

"But I can't..."

Slap!

Once again the man's heavy hand came down on her bare backside, making her squeal with pain.

"Just fucking do it!"

Tears welling in her eyes, the beautiful teenager retreated to the bathroom. She picked up a razor and foam. She had never contemplated shaving down there before. That was something that whores and sluts did, not nice girls like her. What would the other girls think if they saw it whilst she was changing in the gym? But, once again, she realized that she had no choice but to obey. The man and his sister held all the cards in this awful game of humiliation.

It took her more than ten minutes to remove every trace of pubic hair. When she had finished and rinsed herself down, she stopped in front of the mirror.

What she saw made her gasp with dismay. Her slit was totally visible now, her prominent mons bare and smooth. It felt oddly cool down there, and she shivered slightly as she considered the sight she made.

"You done yet, slut? Get your fucking ass in here."

The order sent a chill through the naked youngster. Reluctantly she turned away from the mirror and made her way back into the front room.

Tony was lounging on the sofa. On the table in front of him was an open six-pack, and he was swigging from a half-empty bottle.

"Get over here, let me see. Spread your fucking legs you whore!"

Tricia moved across to where he was sitting. Every instinct in her body told her to cover her newly-denuded sex, but she dare not. She stopped in front of him, moving her legs apart, her face scarlet with shame.

"Hmm, not bad," he said. Press your hips forward and open your legs some more. You know you love showing off that cunt of yours."

Tricia obeyed, bending her knees slightly and pressing her hips forward, so that she knew her clitoris would be visible to him.

He reached out a hand and cupped her sex. Immediately she pulled away from him, instinctively trying to protect herself.

Whack!

This time the blow was across her breast, leaving a bright red mark on the pale, soft flesh, as she whimpered with the pain.

"Don't shrink away from me you stupid bitch," he said. "Remember, your body is mine now to do what I like with. Now get back here."

Tears trickling down her pretty cheeks, the teenager moved forward again and resumed the humiliating stance. This time her body jumped as his hand closed over her sex, but she stayed where she was.

"This is some fuck-hole," he said.

He protruded a finger and pressed it up inside her. Tricia gasped at the sensation. No man had ever touched her there before. What she had told him that

morning was the truth. She was a virgin, although she masturbated occasionally and she knew her hymen was no longer intact.

"Shit that's good," he murmured. Nice thick pussy lips, but a hole as tight as a hen's ass. Really nice. In fact that's gonna be your new name."

She looked at him quizzically.

"Cunt," he said, laughing. "That's what you're called now. He twisted his finger, bringing another gasp from the naked girl. "Tell me your name."

Tricia didn't speak at first. But when he raised his hand to strike her, she swallowed and spoke.

"Cunt," she said.

"Tell me."

My...my name is Cunt." She whispered.

"That's good, Cunt," he said. "Now c'mon, you know you love having a finger up there. Show it. Move your fucking hips like the whore you are."

Tricia gave a low moan of despair. How much more would this dreadful man ask of her? Slowly she began to gyrate her hips, pressing her vagina down onto his hand, forcing his finger deeper inside her.

"That's good," he murmured. "Shit, you're starting to get wet, you dirty bitch."

Tricia's color increased as she realized he was right. Even now she could feel a warm wetness seeping into her sex. Despite her revulsion at what she was being forced to do, her body was betraying her by responding to the intimate caresses it was being subjected to. She closed her eyes in shame as she continued her lewd dance of lust on his penetrating fingers.

"Now, let's lay the ground rules for our relationship," he said.

"Ground rules?"

"Sure. You gotta understand your place around me. Now, for a start, when you're anyplace with me alone you must be completely naked. Got that?"

"I... I think so."

"Sure you do. Now if there's more than three other people around, you can wear one article of clothing."

"Th-three?"

"Wassamatter. Don't you hear good?"

"But I..."

"The rule's simple. More than three other people, and you can put on one thing without asking my permission. Even then I can tell you to take it off. So what happens if there's me and three other guys in a room when you arrive?"

"I-I have to be naked."

"And you always sit and stand with your legs open, so guys get a good look at your cunt."

"Always?"

"Yes."

"I understand."

"Good. Shit you're getting really wet now. Does that idea turn you on, Cunt?"

Tricia did not answer. But deep inside she knew she was becoming aroused, though why she was at a loss to understand. She continued to thrust her hips forward against his hand, aware that her clitoris was swollen now as it rubbed against his coarse flesh.

"Second thing is that you do exactly what I tell you," he went on. "And you obey instantly. If you hesitate, you get punished."

"Punished?"

"Sure. You ever have your bare ass thrashed?"

"No!"

"Then be a good girl and it won't happen. When your ass has had enough I'll thrash these pretty tits of yours. Understand?"

Tricia hung her head. "I understand."

"Good. Now when you're around my friends and naked, you gotta act like you're enjoying it."

"What do you mean?"

"You gotta flaunt it. Make like it's your idea, not mine."

"But people would think I'm..."

"That you're a cheap slut. That's right. That's the idea. I don't want nobody to know it's my idea. I want them to think it's you. Got that?"

"I-I think so."

"And I'm not gonna give you open orders in company," he went on. "The key words are, 'you know you want to'"

"I don't understand."

"When I say those words, what I'm really saying is that's an order. And disobeying orders means you get a thrashing. Now what are the key words?"

"You know you want to."

Tricia's mind was racing. She had always been a good girl, and chaste. How could he ask her to take on the role of a woman who went about naked, with a shaved pussy? Yet the idea sent an odd thrill through her pretty young body and, as he continued to masturbate her, a shiver of arousal ran through her.

Just at that moment, the doorbell rang. Tricia leaped back, away from her tormentor, clutching her hands to her private parts once again.

"Oh my god!" she exclaimed. "There's somebody at the door. I'll have to put my clothes on."

Whack!

Once again the flat of Tony's hand came down stingingly on her bare behind.

"You forgotten the rules already, you stupid whore?"

"B-but there's somebody ringing the bell!"

"Take a look who it is."

Tricia stared at him for a moment. Then she moved across to the door and put her eye to the peephole. What she saw made her heart sink. There were two men outside the door. Both were in their late twenties, both wearing scruffy T-shirts and jeans. One had his head shaved, the other wore long, lank hair.

"It's two men. I've never seen them before. Maybe if we keep quiet they'll go away."

"Is one of them bald, with a moustache?"

"Yes."

"They're friends of mine. I asked them to meet me here. Let them in."

"But I've got no clothes on!"

"Yeah. And there's only two of them. Remember the rule?"

Tricia's jaw dropped as the full import of what he said came to her. She had agreed to his rules without really thinking. Now she was faced with the reality of obeying them. She stared at the door, momentarily unable to move.

"And remember who's idea it is to be naked," he said.

Slowly, almost mechanically, Tricia walked to the door. She took hold of the handle, then cast a despairing glance back at Tony. The man smiled and nodded his head.

Tricia took a last look to see that there was nobody else outside, then opened the door. She stood, her arms at her sides, her legs apart, her cheeks glowing as she confronted at the two men.

"Fuck me!"

"Holy shit!"

The two men stared in surprise at the naked youngster standing before them, her firm breasts jutting forward, her prominent sex open. She could feel the moisture that had leaked onto her sex lips as Tony had friggged her, and she knew the men could see it.

"Come in guys," said Tony.

The pair stepped in, and Tricia closed the door with some relief. She turned to face the men, being careful to keep her legs apart.

"This is my new friend. She's at school with Bella."

"Fuck me, she some kind of exhibitionist?"

"Tell them, baby"

"I-I like being around men in the nude." She said shyly.

"That's fine by us. What's your name?"

Tricia lowered her eyes. "They call me Cunt."

The men laughed aloud. "Fuck me that suits you," said the bald-headed man.

"Take a seat boys," said Tony. "Cunt, this is Pete and Hal. You'll find she's real hospitable guys. Get the boys a beer, Cunt."

Tricia took two of the beers from Tony's pack and went into the kitchen. Once out of sight, she steadied herself against the counter, feeling very dizzy. What was she doing? she wondered. What was happening to her? She gazed down at her naked body. She had never felt so humiliated in her life.

"Where's those fucking beers?" shouted Tony.

Tricia pulled an opener from the drawer and flipped the caps off the bottles. Then, her face still red, she carried them into the living room.

The two men sat at either end of the sofa. Their eyes traveled hungrily over Tricia's breasts and vagina as she walked in. As she handed his beer to the long-haired one, who had been introduced as Hal, he reached out and cupped her bare breast, his fingers caressing the nipple.

"A chick like you can make a guy real horny," he said.

"That's good," said Tony "Because going about naked makes Cunt horny, don't it baby?"

Tricia hesitated, then nodded slowly.

"That's why I brought you a present," said Tony. "Look in the bag."

Tricia stared at him for a moment, then at the bag which was lying at his feet.

"Go ahead."

Tricia moved warily across, and bent down to pick up the bag, aware that this presented the men with a perfect view of her bare ass. She straightened and reached inside, drawing out a long, narrow box.

"Open it."

She pulled off the lid, then her jaw dropped.

Inside was a vibrator.

"Take it out."

Gingerly the frightened youngster picked up the vibrator. It was smooth and white, about ten inches long, thick, with a rough rubber hook at the base.

"It's Bella's, but she lent it me. Turn it on."

Tricia had never seen such a device before, let alone held one. She held it in her fingertips, as if it were too hot to handle, and turned it over slowly. There was an arrow on the base, and she twisted it. At once she almost dropped it as it hummed to life in her hands.

"Like it?" said Tony.

"Th-thank you," she said quietly. She turned the device off and went to put it down on the table.

"Go on, try it out," said Tony. "I know you're dying to use it."

Tricia stared at him in disbelief. He couldn't be serious surely? She wouldn't use a device like that even in the privacy of her bedroom. The thought of someone seeing her use it was beyond imagination. Yet, when she looked into Tony's face, she could see he was serious.

"Perhaps later," she mumbled.

"No, now," he insisted. "You know you want to."

Tricia's heart froze as the words left his lips. This was an order. She had to obey on pain of a thrashing. Her heart pounding, she reached down and picked up the vibrator.

"C'mon baby, give us a show," said Pete.

"Yeah, fuck yourself with it." Put in Hal

Tricia held the item for a second, fighting down the panic that was rising inside her. Then she twisted the base and it hummed into life.

"Open your legs and put it in," said Tony.

Tricia closed her eyes. Then, widening her stance and bending her knees slightly, she moved the shiny tip down to her sex.

She gave a tiny start as it came into contact with her clitoris. She

almost pulled it away, but her fear of Tony was too great. Slowly, gradually, she began to press it against the entrance to her vagina.

Tricia gasped as the vibrating object penetrated her. She paused as conflicting feelings of revulsion and pleasure fought for her mind.

"Push it up, baby. Right inside."

Hal and Pete were on the edge of their seats now, their eyes glued to the naked teenager as she pressed the vibrator deeper into the heat of her pussy. Tricia wanted the floor to open and swallow her up as she continued with her shameful act, pressing the vibrator further into her.

Then the rough hook at the base came into contact with her clitoris, and she gave a sudden cry. Her love bud hardened instantly, and Pete let out a guffaw."

"The dirty bitch has got a hard-on in her clit." He laughed. "Go on, Cunt, show us how you masturbate."

"Yeah frig yourself good," put in Hal.

Once again Tricia hesitated. And once again she realized she had no choice but to obey. Slowly she began to work the vibrator in and out of her cunt. As she did so, a wave of lust shook her young body. Every time she pressed the object in, the rough object at the base rubbed against her swollen clitoris, sending an extraordinary thrill through her naked body, spurring her to press harder, her shame momentarily forgotten as her lewd desires overcame her.

"That's it. Go baby go!"

Tricia's mind was a whirl of emotions as she thrust the vibrator back and forth inside her vagina. Across the room she caught sight of her reflection in the mirror, and a wave of shame ran over her as she saw the slim, naked figure hunched forward, her breasts shaking, her knees bent as she rammed the sex toy into her. Could that really be her? That brazen slut who was thrusting her hips forward against the buzzing plastic object, her mouth open, her forehead furrowed as she masturbated for all she was worth?

Her orgasm came suddenly, taking her by surprise at its intensity, her entire body shaking with lust as she cried aloud and the men applauded. She continued to thrust the vibrator into her, remaining at her peak for what seemed ages until, at last, the excitement began to drain from her and her actions slowed.

Then she was over it, and the awful enormity of what she had done threatened to overwhelm her as she let the vibrator slip from her vagina and fall to the floor. Almost overcome with shame she stood, arms at her side, her head hanging in disgrace as the laughing men applauded her.

Moments later Hal was on his feet, grabbing her by the arm. His other hand closed over her bare breast, mauling it ferociously.

"C'mon babe. What you need is a proper cock inside you."

Tricia stared at him in alarm, trying to pull away from his firm grasp. Surely she'd done enough for the pleasure of these rough men? Surely they didn't

expect her to surrender her virginity as well? She threw a despairing glance at Tony.

"Go on, Cunt," he said. "You know you want to."

"But I..."

Tricia's protests were lost as the powerful Hal dragged her into the bedroom. He threw her naked body onto the bed and stood, grinning down at her.

"Spread your legs you whore," he said. "I got just what you want."

Tricia watched anxiously as he undid his jeans and freed his cock from his pants. It was the first penis she had ever seen, and she stared at it with mounting apprehension. It was thick and stiff, the circumcised tip swollen with arousal, a bead of male dew shining as it dribbled from the end. Hal closed his hand about his shaft and worked it back and forth.

"This is what sluts like you want, isn't it," he grinned.

Tricia said nothing, struck dumb by the enormity of what was happening. She had always imagined herself losing her virginity on her wedding night to a man to whom she had pledged her troth. The rough man, who stood over her was probably ten years her senior, with a developing beer belly, his arms covered with tattoos. The sort of man she would have crossed the road to avoid. Now she lay here totally naked, her legs spread invitingly as he knelt between them, whilst two other men watched her submit.

Hal grabbed hold of her hips, prostrating himself over her soft, nude body. He hadn't even bothered to remove his jeans, and his breath stank of beer as he brought his unshaven cheek against hers.

"You ready to fuck, Cunt?" he said. He reached down between his legs and took hold of his penis.

Tricia gasped as she felt his glans press against the portals of her sex. She wanted to push him away, to end this unwanted, unbidden intimacy. Instead she was obliged to spread her legs still wider, only too aware of the signal of acquiescence this was giving.

All at once, Hal thrust his hips forward and she felt his stiff rod force its way into her. She gave a little cry as he drove his weapon deep into her, his grinning face hanging above hers as he took her without thought for her own agreement. Once inside he began thrusting urgently into her, his hips ramming against hers, shaking her lovely young body with the violence of his desire, heedless to her cries as he took his pleasure inside her lovely young body.

He was fucking her hard, like an animal, his tongue slobbering over her pretty face as he humped her, his rough hands mauling her soft, bare breasts whilst he rammed his erection deep within her. Tricia sensed his arousal increasing as he screwed her ever harder, his hips hammering against hers.

Then she felt his whole body stiffen, and a grunt escaped his lips as he began pumping hot, thick spunk into her open vagina, his cock twitching as his climax hit him.

Tricia hadn't meant to come. The orgasm that suddenly shook her young body was totally unexpected. All at once she was crying aloud, her body heaving in spasms of desire as she came and came again, her back arched, her hips thrusting upward against the man who was violating her so roughly.

"Shit, what a whore," said Pete. "Out of the way Hal. I gotta fuck the bitch."

Tricia was barely aware of the cock being withdrawn from within her pulsating vagina. When Pete thrust his thick member into her she simply accepted it, moaning softly as she felt herself forcefully penetrated for a second time.

The second fucking was no less violent than the first, and this time she responded animatedly, her hips pumping back and forth as she moaned with desire. She knew the men could see how aroused she was, and she could hear Hal and Tony laughing at her as she bucked and heaved under the strong, coarse man who was using her for his pleasure.

When he came, she came, the orgasm even more violent as she reveled in the rough treatment of her tormentors.

She must have lost consciousness for a second. When she opened her eyes all three men were fully dressed, staring down at her spreadeagled form, the spunk trickling from her vagina as she lay there. She had expected that Tony would fuck her as well, but he was apparently uninterested, swigging from his beer bottle as he sneered at the deflowered teenager.

"You guys had enough of this slut?"

"Sure. Bitch has given me what I want.

"Then let's get the fuck out of here and go and find a drink."

Tricia watched as Hal and Pete wandered back into the front room, her face scarlet with shame. She couldn't believe that she had just given herself in the most intimate way a woman could. Given herself freely, like some common whore to two men who had nothing but contempt for her. She hid her face and began sobbing softly.

Tong grabbed her hair and turned her face to his.

"Not a bad start, Cunt. Just make sure you remember the rules."

He strode to the door, then stopped and turned to her.

"By the way, Bella and some of her buddies are going out to a cabin in the woods this weekend. You're invited. Should be fun."

With that he led his two companions out of the door, slamming it behind him, leaving the naked, humiliated young teenager sobbing with shame on her bed.

If you enjoyed this, please e-mail me at samandlia@yahoo.co.uk

The degradation of Tricia
Part 2

"Tricia!"

The pretty young teenager froze in her tracks, then turned around cautiously. She gave a little sigh of relief when she saw the friendly face of Steve Sutton standing in the school corridor beside her locker.

"Steve," she said.

"What's the matter, Tricia? For a moment you looked almost scared."

"Oh, nothing. You took me by surprise, that's all."

"I'd have thought a pretty girl like you often got people wanting to talk to her."

Tricia smiled. "Flatterer," she said, though she was secretly pleased at the compliment from the handsome young student.

"Listen Tricia, I've got movie tickets for tonight," said Steve. "Would you like to go with me?:

"Movie tickets?"

Steve looked embarrassed. "Actually I'd planned to go with Tom, but he can't make it."

"So I'm second best?"

His face turned a deeper red. "It's not like that. In fact I'd wanted to ask you out for a while, but I guess I was afraid you'd say no."

Tricia smiled again. "The only way to find out was to ask me."

"So will you go?"

"Sure."

"Great. I'll pick you up at six. Only I'll be driving my Mom's car so I have to be home by nine-thirty."

"That's no problem. See you tonight."

"Great."

Steve lived locally with his parents. Tricia, like many of the students at this expensive school, had her own apartment. Her father's job involved moving about the country a lot, and his company paid the fees and accommodation that allowed her to live away from home. It was the very fact that she was attending such an exclusive school that made her anxious to get good grades. Anxious enough to have got her into the situation she was in.

Tricia was glad that Steve had invited her out. It gave her a chance to forget her predicament, and her behavior on the night before. After the men had left, she had lain for more than an hour, turning over and over in her mind what

had happened to her. She had been defiled by two rough slobs. Had flaunted her naked body to them, then had allowed them to fuck her. She was disgusted with herself. Yet how had she managed to come three times? What kind of perversions lurked deep in her psyche that had allowed her lovely young body to respond to her degradation in such a manner? She really couldn't understand it.

"Got a date with Steve then, Cunt?"

Tricia hadn't noticed Bella hanging about near her locker. The girl had clearly heard everything. Tricia's heart sank as the dark-haired beauty approached her.

"You gonna fuck with him like you did the two guys last night? Sounded like quite a party you had at your place."

Tricia felt the heat rise in her cheeks. Damn Tony! How dare he share what had happened with his awful sister?

"By the way, you still look great on film."

"What?"

Bella pulled something from an envelope and handed it to Tricia. The girl gave a little moan of despair as she looked down at the pictures in her hand.

They were of poor quality, and clearly printed from a computer, but there was no doubting what the images showed. There stood Tricia, stark naked, pounding a vibrator into her shaved pussy, her face a picture of lust. Behind were the grinning faces of Hal and Pete.

The second shot showed her lying on her back, her legs spread, her eyes fixed on the erect cock in front of her. In the third she was peering red-faced over Hal's shoulder, her naked body stretched beneath him.

"Those are just the stills," said Bella. "You should see the video! It's amazing how small they make these cameras nowadays!"

Tricia stared at the pictures. Things just seemed to be getting worse.

"So you'll be joining us Saturday," said Bella. And that's not a question, it's an order. What's that code Tony uses? You know you want to."

With that she snatched the pictures from Tricia, then turned and walked away, leaving the youngster staring after her in dismay.

"How did you enjoy the picture?"

"I liked it"

"You want to get a coffee somewhere?"

"Sure. Let's"

Tricia sat back in the passenger seat of the car, enjoying the ride, and the company. Steve had been the perfect host, arriving on time and proving a witty and likeable companion. Just for a while the young girl had been able to forget her troubles and immerse herself in a good movie. Now, as she glanced across at her handsome date, she realized how she had missed the companionship of a man during the semester.

They pulled into the parking lot of a coffee house near the center of town. Tricia had passed the place before but, since it was a good three miles from her apartment, had never been inside. Steve opened the door for her and Tricia climbed out. She was wearing a fetching miniskirt and a short blouse that showed off her midriff, and she knew that Steve was giving her appreciative looks as she walked along beside him

Inside it was well-lit and quite busy, mainly young couples. Steve led her over to a booth beside the wall toward the back of the establishment and sat down beside her. They ordered their drinks and were soon deep in conversation.

So much was Tricia enjoying herself, that she completely failed to notice the dark figure who entered about twenty minutes later. It wasn't until he walked up to their table that she noticed him. When she did see him, though, it gave her a nasty turn.

"Hello," said Tony.

"Oh!" was her startled reply as she stared into his smiling face.

"Aren't you going to introduce me?"

"Yes. Th-this is Steve. He's at school with me. Steve, this is Tony."

"Hi Steve."

"Hello."

Tricia could see that her date was somewhat taken aback by the presence of this older man, who apparently knew Tricia well.

"Mind if I join you?"

"We're leaving pretty soon."

"Don't go yet. Have another coffee with me."

Tony waved an arm. "Three more coffees over here. Now tell me, what have you two been up to?"

They told him about the movie whilst the coffees were delivered.

"I must comment on your clothes tonight, Tricia," said Tony.

"Thank you. I... oh god!"

"What's the matter, Tricia?" asked Steve.

"Nothing. I-I need to use the ladies' room."

"Sure."

Steve rose to his feet to let her out of the booth.

Tricia's mind was a whirl as she made her way to the restrooms. It was not until Tony had passed the comment that she had remembered the dress rule. Only one item of clothing allowed when she was with him. At least there were more than three others present but, as she stared at herself in the mirror, she knew she had a problem.

How could she possibly only wear one item? She couldn't remove the skirt or the blouse. There was no way to obey. Still she must do something.

Slipping into a booth she stripped off her blouse and bra, then replaced the top. She reached beneath the skirt and pulled down her pants. It wasn't exactly what she had been told to do, but surely he must understand? There was a pocket in the side of her skirt, and she slipped her underwear into it, patting down the bulge as best she could.

She slipped back into the bathroom and paused before the mirror. The blouse she wore clung quite tightly to her skin, and she could see the outline of her nipples pressed against the cloth. She hoped it wasn't too obvious. Taking a final glance at her reflection, she made her way back into the coffee house.

Steve was talking with Tony, but she suspected her date was none too pleased with the extra company. As she joined them again, she had a sense of Steve staring at her breasts, and she felt the color rise in her cheeks as she slid into the booth.

"Hi, again," said Tony. "Your coffee's arrived."

"Thanks," she replied.

At that moment Tony reached across for the sugar and, in doing so knocked his wallet, which had been in front of him, onto the floor.

"Damn!" he said. He ducked down under the table to retrieve it. Seconds later Tricia gave a start as she felt his hand on her knee. Her immediate instinct was to close her legs, but just in time she checked the impulse, sitting frozen as she felt Tony's hand slide up her inner thigh under her skirt.

It was all she could do to stop herself exclaiming aloud as his fingers found her sex. She squirmed in her seat as his finger penetrated her, twisting round inside her sex and sending pulses of unwanted excitement through her vibrant young body.

Then, as suddenly as the assault had begun, it was over, and Tony was withdrawing his fingers. He rose from beneath the table holding his wallet, a smile on his face.

"Can't go losing that," he said. "You okay, babe? You're face looks flushed."

Tricia shook her head. "I'm fine."

"Listen Tricia," put in Steve. "I've got to be getting back. I only have the car until nine-thirty."

Tricia looked at him with relief. "Sure," she said.

"But she doesn't need to be home yet," interrupted Tony. "Stay and finish your coffee."

"But I'm with Steve."

"Steve won't mind. He's got to be getting home anyway. I'm going your way."

Tricia looked at Steve. He was clearly no more taken with this plan than she was.

"I really should go with Steve..."

"Nonsense. You've hardly touched your coffee. Stay and finish it. You know you want to."

The last five words sent a chill through Tricia's body. The last thing she wanted was to stay with Tony. But the consequences of disobeying him were unthinkable."

"All right," she said reluctantly. "Steve, you don't mind do you? I've had a great evening."

Steve clearly did mind, but put on a brave face.

"That's okay, Tricia. I enjoyed it too. Shall we do it again, say this weekend?"

"I-I'm sorry, I can't this weekend," said Tricia, glancing at Tony. "Maybe next week?"

"Yeah. Yeah okay. Well, goodnight."

Tricia looked at him, hoping he would kiss her, but he turned away.

"Why did you have to do that?" she asked Tony.

He grinned. "You fancy him do you?"

Tricia said nothing.

"Now, about your punishment."

"Punishment?"

"You know the rules. One item of clothing. You've got a blouse and a skirt on."

"But what could I do? I didn't know you'd be here."

"You disobeyed me. That's ten strokes on your ass."

"Please. That's just not fair."

"You agreed to the rules. Things are gonna get much worse if you don't comply soon."

"What do you mean?"

"Either the blouse or the skirt has to come off. Right now."

"Don't be ridiculous. This is a public place!"

Tony reached into his jacket pocket and pulled something out. It was an oblong package, the size and shape of a video tape. He held it up for her to see. It was addressed to her parents' home, and was stamped.

"There's a mailbox just outside. I can have this inside it in thirty seconds."

Tricia gasped. "You wouldn't."

"Just watch me."

Tony rose to his feet, bringing a cry from the teenager.

"No! Wait!"

Tony paused. "You gonna obey me?"

Tricia looked about her. Their booth was against the wall at the back of the cafe. From her position close to the wall, she was almost hidden. She knew she must do something to appease her tormentor.

"All right," she said. "But just for a minute. Just to show I'm obedient."

Tony sat down opposite her and watched her expectantly.

Slowly, Tricia moved her hand down beneath the table and unbuttoned her skirt. She slid down the zipper. Then, taking a final glance about her, she raised her backside and slipped the skirt down her legs and off. She brought it out and placed it on the table, her cheeks glowing.

"There. Satisfied now?"

He grinned. "That's much better, Cunt." He took the skirt and slipped it into his jacket.

Tricia watched in some alarm. "I said just for a minute," she said. "Can't you leave it on the table? Someone might notice I've got nothing on underneath."

"So what?" He sat back. "Now tell me, how was your date?"

"It... It was all right."

"Did you tell him about our date last night? How you walked about naked with three guys? How you brought yourself off for us, then fucked two strangers,

one after the other?"

Tricia's cheeks were burning now. "No," she said.

"Pity. How does it feel being bare-assed in here?"

"Horrible."

"Shoulda thought about that before you came out."

He pulled out her skirt again and Tricia reached for it gratefully. But instead of giving it to her he began feeling in the pockets. He pulled out her bra and panties and held them up to examine them. Tricia looked about in alarm, hoping nobody was watching. Then he put them back and pulled a key from the other pocket.

"What's this?"

"It's the key to my apartment."

He put it down on the table, then pulled out a ten dollar bill and placed it next to the key.

"That should cover the coffees," he said. Then he rose to his feet, tucking her skirt back into his jacket.

"Gotta go," he said. "Have a good evening, Cunt."

For a second Tricia thought she had misheard him. Then, as he stepped away from the table she felt the panic rise inside her.

"Tony!" she said. But he just walked away.

"Tony!" she shouted. She half rose to her feet, then noticed that people were turning and looking in her direction and sat down at once.

Her stomach churned as she watched him walk out of the cafe, taking with him her clothes. Now she had nothing but the blouse on, and that didn't even come down as far as her navel. She was totally vulnerable. It was like a bad dream in which everyone about her was clothed, but she was naked.

Except this wasn't a dream.

She sat, unable to move, staring at the door, hoping against hope that he would come back. Ten minutes passed. Twenty. People passed her going to and from the restrooms. Thankfully none paid her much attention.

"Are you done Miss?"

The voice made Tricia jump. She looked up to see the waiter standing beside the table. She slid forward in her seat, although her lack of clothing was hidden from him as long as he stood where he was.

"I-I'm sorry?"

"Can I get you more coffee?"

"N-no. I'm fine."

"Here's your check then."

He placed a piece of paper on the table. Tricia pushed forward the ten dollars.

"Pay at the counter on your way out."

"No. I-I mean couldn't I pay you?"

"Sorry Miss, I'm not allowed to handle money. Pay at the counter."

And with that he was gone.

Tricia looked about her anxiously. There were about twenty other people in the cafe, nearly all couples. She knew the movie house would turn out soon, though, and swell the crowd. What if someone she knew came in? She'd never live it down. If only there was a way to sneak out, but the only entrance was at the front.

Slowly it began to dawn on her that she had no alternative. She would have to walk across to the counter and pay the bill before she could escape. She would have to stand up and show to a room full of strangers that her cunt and ass were bare. And she would have to do it soon, before even more people came in.

She picked up her key from the table and slipped it into a pocket in her blouse. Then she gathered the check and the ten dollars. She glanced about her. Most of the other customers seemed to be in conversation with their partners. Someone was just paying their bill, but there was nobody behind him in the queue at the till. With any luck she could be out with not too many people even noticing her.

As the man moved away from the till, Tricia took a deep breath. Then she rose from her seat and walked as quickly as she could to the counter.

She was about halfway across the room before she saw a head turn her way. The man gazed at her in surprise for a moment, then nudged his partner, who also turned to look. Tricia felt the heat in her cheeks rise as the pair stared at her bare cunt, but she kept moving.

She was nearly at the till when someone rose from a table in front of her and moved to the counter. Tricia gave a gasp of dismay as she realized that she would have to wait for the couple to pay their bill ahead of her. Around her more heads were turning in her direction, and she felt the panic rising inside her as the fingers began to point.

She paused behind the man at the counter. He seemed to be having a discussion about the bill with the member of staff serving. Tricia felt the panic increase as she heard chairs scraping back as other customers stood for a better view of her nudity.

As the man in front of her haggled his partner turned to her. At first her expression was apologetic. Then her eyes dropped to Tricia's naked sex, and her expression was replaced with one of shock. Tricia lowered her eyes, wishing this awful nightmare would end.

At last the man in front of her was done. As he turned away, his partner nudged him and pointed at Tricia, whose face was bright scarlet by now. The teenager moved as close to the counter as she could, concealing her nudity from the girl at the till. The whole restaurant was watching now, the waiters gathered at the kitchen door, their eyes glued on her bare ass, nudging one another and grinning.

Tricia didn't even wait for her change. As she almost ran to the exit, cheers broke out and some of the waiters started whistling. At the door, a young couple were entering and she was obliged to stand aside for them, noting the shock in their expressions as they stared at her. Then, at last, she was out, the cheers and whistles ringing in her ears as she hurried down the street.

It was only then that she realized the true seriousness of her position. It was about three miles back to her apartment. The street she was on was well-lit, with cars passing and other pedestrians about. Even now a man across the street was pointing at her, and a passing car sounded its horn.

Tricia looked around. A group of young men was approaching her from in front, whilst behind more people were walking in her direction. She glanced about her wildly. Just ahead was a dark narrow street, and she ran to it, darting down the sidewalk, then pausing, her back pressed against the wall, her breath coming in short gasps. The men passed the end of the street without looking her way. She gave a sigh of relief.

She began making her way down the street, glancing about her all the time. She took a right into another deserted thoroughfare and hurried along it. She came to a dark alleyway and slipped into it, her heart pounding.

This would never do. She couldn't get home by ducking down alleyways all the time. But what was she to do? She had no way of covering her nudity.

No way of covering herself. Suddenly she felt an odd thrill of excitement at that thought. She was exhibiting herself in the most blatant manner. She had just stood in a room full of people with her cunt and ass on open display. Why had she not tried to cover herself? Surely she couldn't be finding her predicament stimulating? Yet even now, as she gazed down at her bare pussy, she felt a shiver of perverse excitement run through her.

She moved her hand down between her legs and rubbed her clitoris, giving a low moan as she felt how swollen it was. Opening her legs wider, she slipped a finger into her vagina, gasping at the lustful sensation. She looked about her. At any moment someone might come along and find her there. She thought of Tony's rough friends, who had fucked her so casually and brutally. What if someone like that found her? Her bare cunt was an invitation to rape her, and there would be nothing she could do to stop them

"My name is Cunt," she said quietly. Then she leaned her shoulders back against the wall, pressing her hips forward and began to masturbate, suddenly loving the accessibility her nudity gave her to her sex.

She friggd herself hard, her fingers making a squelching sound in the wetness of her vagina. As she masturbated, she fantasized about what would happen if she were caught like this, her shaved pussy wet with her juices and on view to all.

All at once a pair of bright headlights turned into the street. For a moment she was caught in the beams, her back pressed against the wall, her finger pounding into her cunt. In a split second she was brought back to the reality of her situation, and she snatched her hand away, cowering back. She moved further into the alley.

At that moment she saw the car stop right at the entrance to the alley. It was a fairly late model car, but had seen better days. As she watched, the passenger window rolled down and the driver leaned across.

"You doing business?"

Tricia stayed silent.

"Hey baby, I'm talking to you. You doing business?"

Still she said nothing, her throat dry.

"What about it baby? I got money."

All at once Tricia realized what was happening. The man was kerb-crawling. Looking for a prostitute. Having seen her in the alley, he had assumed that was what she was.

"No!" she called, retreating into the darkness of the alley. "Go away!"

The driver peered after her for a short time, then pulled away again. Tricia watched him go, wondering if he had seen her condition. She had only been in his headlights for a moment, so perhaps he hadn't

"Hey Lady, you doing business?"

The words came from behind her. The voice was young, and there was a mocking tone to it.

"Yeah, lady. Come do some business with us."

This time the voice was in front of her. Tricia froze, gazing about her. Then she felt the panic rise inside her as the figures emerged from the shadows.

"Who is she?"

"Fuck knows. Hey lady, come over here."

As Tricia's eyes slowly became accustomed to the gloom, she began to discern them. There were about half a dozen of them, all young boys, around sixteen years old, she guessed. Street punks. They came at her from all directions. She stood where she was, her heart pounding as they walked up to her.

The first to reach her was a dark-haired boy, wearing baggy trousers and a basketball shirt. He stopped short in front of her, and his eyes dropped to her crotch.

"Shit, she's got no pants on," he said.

"Bullshit. Bring her here under the light."

"C'mon lady. Come show the boys."

He took hold of Tricia's hand, but she pulled it away.

"Leave me alone," she said

Another of the boys had reached her now, his mouth hanging open as he stared at her.

"Help me bring her under the light," said the first.

They grabbed hold of Tricia's wrists. They were tough street kids, and Tricia found herself being dragged toward a streetlamp at the bottom of the alley. The other youngsters were gathering about her now, pushing and prodding her as she staggered forward.

Once under the light, the boys gathered about her, their eyes fixed on her naked pussy.

"Shit, she's got no hair down there," said one, pointing.

"She must be a whore. My brother told me whores shave down there."

"You a whore, lady?"

Tricia shook her head. "Leave me alone."

"Maybe we should take her down to your dad. He's a policeman isn't he?"

"No!" said the girl fearfully. "Not that!"

"You scared of the police or something?"

"No I..." Tricia's voice trailed off. She knew she shouldn't have shown her fear so much. The kids had clearly picked up on it.

"She don't want the police to see her like that," said one of the boys.

"The dark-haired one stepped forward, staring into Tricia's face.

"Show us your tits."

"What?"

"Show us your tits, or we'll take you down to meet Joey's Dad."

"Listen I..."

"Show us!"

"If I show you, will you leave me alone?"

"Show us first."

Tricia felt the resistance drain out of her. Reluctantly she reached up and began unbuttoning her blouse. She undid the buttons one by one, pausing when

she reached the bottom.

Tricia gazed round at the eager young faces. They were just boys. At school she would have dismissed them with a wave of her hand. The idea of baring her breasts to them would have been unthinkable. But here, she was decidedly at a disadvantage. There were six of them, and only one of her.

"C'mon, let's see them."

Her cheeks glowing, the lovely teenager undid the last button, then pulled her blouse open. Her pale, firm breasts jutted forward, the brown nipples hard and protruding.

One of the boys giggled. Another whistled. Then a hand reached out and closed over the softness of her young breast, squeezing it clumsily. Tricia reached up to pull the hand away, but strong fingers grabbed her arms, pulling her back against the lamppost.

The boys were all around her now, grabbing and squeezing her breasts. Others probed between her legs, fingers penetrating her vagina as the boys became bolder. Something hot and slimy splashed onto her belly and she realized that one of the boys had his cock in his hand and had been masturbating hard.

A hand slid down the crack of her backside and began to probe her anus. More fingers were shoved into her cunt, whilst others were pinching her nipples. Tricia felt the panic rise inside her as they groped her naked flesh, crowding in on her, their hands everywhere.

"Let's take her to the empty place," said one of the boys. "There's a mattress in the cellar. We can fuck her down there."

"No!" she cried, But already more of them were unzipping their pants, their stiff cocks protruding from their flies.

Suddenly she saw a light at the top of the alley. It was the car that had stopped earlier. It stopped again and she could just make out the figure of the man peering through the window.

It was then that she realized this was her one chance to get away. She couldn't outrun the youngsters for long, and they would overpower her by sheer numbers. The thought of being gang-fucked in a deserted basement by a group of young boys was beyond the pale.

As they became more confident with their near-naked captive the boys had stopped restraining her arms, taking their opportunity to grab and pinch her bare flesh. She braced herself, knowing she would only get one chance.

With a sudden effort she shoved them aside, sending two of the boys sprawling. Then she leapt forward and ran toward the car.

"Grab her," shouted one of the boys, but already she had a lead on them.

The car began to move.

"Wait!" shouted Tricia. "You want to do some business?"

The car stopped. The boys were closing on her, but with one final effort

she lunged for the door, pulling it open and jumping inside.

"You change your mind?"

"Just drive away from here," she begged, pulling her blouse closed across her breasts.

The man looked up and saw the youngsters approaching. He gunned the throttle and the car sped off down the street.

They drove for about two blocks, then he drew up and turned to Tricia, switching on his interior light. For the first time, Tricia could see the man. He was in his mid-forties, with balding head. He reminded her of her father.

He looked at her and gave a low whistle.

"Fuck me, you're ready for it aren't you? I thought you was wearing tight pants back there, but you're fucking bare-assed. You must need the business bad."

"I... I do," said Tricia, lowering her eyes, holding her blouse closed across her breasts.

"How old are you? Not much more than eighteen I'll wager. What the fuck is a pretty young thing like you doing on the game, and walking about flashing her cunt?"

Tricia said nothing.

"So how much for a full fuck?"

Tricia's mind was a whirl. She had not the slightest idea what a whore would charge for her services.

"Er... Twenty dollars."

"Twenty?"

"All right then, ten."

The man grabbed hold of her hair and turned her face to his.

"Is this some kind of wind-up? What kind of a girl sells herself for ten dollars? The going rate around here is seventy. You and those guys are up to something aren't you? Now get the fuck out of my car."

"No! No honestly."

"Then how come?"

"I-I've never done anything like this before."

"Even so. You're not telling me you'd do it for ten bucks."

Tricia lowered her head. "I don't need the money," she said.

"You mean you're doing this for kicks?"

"Something like that."

The man gave a low whistle. "Shit! You really are a slut, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Ten dollars it is then."

"And we'll do it at my apartment."

Immediately he was suspicious again. "Why your apartment?"

"I can't walk around like this with those boys about."

"What happened to your clothes?"

Tricia thought hard. "I-I took them off."

"Where?"

"In an alley. I can't remember where."

"What?"

"I-I wanted to take a walk like this."

"You like to walk the streets bare-assed?"

"It...Well, it excites me."

"What, you just walk about like that?"

"And... I masturbate."

"What?"

"It-it turns me on"

"Shit, you were masturbating when I first saw you, weren't you?"

Tricia blushed. "Yes."

"Does that make your cunt wet?"

"Yes."

Let me feel. Open your legs."

Tricia looked at him for a moment. Then, reluctantly, she spread her legs apart, revealing her hard clitoris, which glistened with moisture. He reached across and his hand closed over her sex. Tricia sat stiffly as he slid a finger into her.

"Nice, tight little pussy," he said. "When did you lose your virginity?"

"A couple of days ago."

"Tell me about it."

"Two men visited me at my apartment. I was naked when they arrived. I masturbated for them with a vibrator, then they both had me in my bedroom."

"Two men? You lost your virginity to two men?"

"Yes."

"Who were they?"

"I don't know. I'd never met them before. Oh!"

Tricia gave a start as the man twisted his finger inside her vagina.

"Christ you're a slut!" he said.

He removed his finger, and Tricia gave a sigh.

"All right, then" he said. "Your place."

She gave him the address and they moved off.

As he drove, he glanced down at her crotch. "Why don't you frig yourself on the way back?" Tricia blushed. "Must I?"

"Sure. You love it don't you?"

"All right."

"Put your feet up on the fascia," he said.

Tricia hesitated for a moment, then obeyed, placing her feet apart, her sex wide open.

"Stop holding your blouse shut. Let me see your tits."

Tricia obeyed.

"Go on then," he said. "Play with yourself."

Tricia gazed down at her open crotch. Then, slowly, she slid a hand down and allowed her fingers to brush against her clitoris. As soon as she touched the sensitive bud, a shiver of lust ran through her. She could scarcely believe that this could be turning her on, sitting beside a man old enough to be her father, her legs spread wide, her fingers probing her pussy as he drove her through the city.

It took all of Tricia's self-control to prevent herself having an orgasm during the journey home. If she hadn't had to frequently interrupt her ministrations to give directions she surely would have done. By the time they pulled up outside her apartment block she was in a state of high arousal, her cunt flowing with her juices.

"Hey, this is a smart area," remarked her companion. "You weren't kidding about not needing the money."

The sight of the familiar surroundings brought Tricia back to earth with a bump. Suddenly she was in a place where people might recognize her. She pulled her fingers from her crotch and reached up to button her blouse. It was late, but still there may be someone around and she gazed about herself nervously.

"We going inside?" he asked.

"Yes... Yes I guess so. I just don't want anyone to see me like this."

"I thought that was the idea. I thought it turned you on."

"But these are people who know me."

"And you'd prefer strangers?"

Tricia did not reply. She suddenly felt very ashamed of her behavior that evening, and she wished she could be left alone. She glanced at the man beside her, and her stomach knotted as she realized he would soon be fucking her. What kind of a girl was she becoming?

He climbed out of the car and walked round to open her door. Taking a final look about herself, Tricia climbed out. It felt odd to feel the cool evening air about her shaved crotch and she shivered slightly as she made her way to the entrance.

To Tricia's relief there was nobody about, and an elevator was waiting, its doors open. They traveled up in silence, with the youngster anxiously counting the floors up to her own.

By the time she reached the door of her apartment, Tricia's heart was beating hard. She turned the key in the lock and pushed the door open. She was surprised to find the light on inside. Normally she was careful to turn it off before going out. She let the man in, then closed the door.

"Where do you want me?" she asked.

"There you are, Cunt. I've been wondering what happened to you."

"Wha..."

Tricia swung round. There, sitting on her sofa, a bottle of beer in his hand, sat Tony.

"How did you get in here?"

"I borrowed your spare key the other night. You don't mind do you? Who's your friend?"

The man eyed Tony suspiciously.

"Who the fuck is that? This had better not be a setup."

"Don't worry," replied Tony. "I'm just her kind of guardian. I'm supposed to look after her morals, but I don't think the slut has any."

"Why are you here, Tony?" asked Tricia. "I think you should leave?"

"You seem to have forgotten the first rule of our relationship," replied Tony, gazing at her blouse.

"Oh! Look, can't we just..."

"You want me to go out to the mailbox?"

"No!" Tricia began fumbling with the buttons on her blouse, undoing them as quickly as she could. As she did so, the other man watched in disbelief. She reached the bottom and stripped off the garment, letting it drop to the carpet.

"What the fuck..."

"Don't mind her," said Tony. "She just likes being around guys in the nude. Don't you, Cunt?"

Tricia nodded her head dumbly.

"Now I gotta get down to business, Cunt," said Tony. "You've got a punishment coming haven't you?"

Tricia looked at him in disbelief. Surely he had humiliated her enough this evening? Surely she was entitled to some respite after the ordeal she had been through? He couldn't be serious, could he?

"Punishment?" The man sounded intrigued as he ran his eyes over the teenager's naked body. "What's it for?"

"You've seen the way she behaves. Going about the streets bare-assed. Frigging herself. Picking up strangers like a common whore."

"So what's the punishment?"

"Tell him, Cunt."

"Look Tony. I'm sorry if I was disobedient. I'll do anything you ask of me."

"What's the punishment?"

She hung her head. "Ten strokes," she whispered.

"Good." Tony turned to the man. "You wanna help with this?"

The man grinned. "Sure."

"You can hold her while I give her the first five. Then we'll change around."

"Great."

Tricia could scarcely believe what she was hearing. Why was everyone so cruel? Why did they enjoy degrading her like this? What had she done? She wasn't really bad was she? Then she thought of the thrill she had got masturbating in the alley, and her cheeks glowed with shame. Perhaps she did deserve it.

"Come over and stand by the table," ordered Tony.

Keeping her eyes fixed on the ground, the young beauty obeyed, conscious of the delicious way her bare breasts bounced with every step.

Tony raised his hand, and Tricia's blood ran cold as she saw he was holding a cane. It was made of bamboo, about three feet long, and no thicker than a pencil. He held it up in front of her face.

"Kiss it," he ordered.

Slowly the naked girl placed her lips against the cold, hard cane.

"Lean forward over the table."

Tricia shot him a last, despairing look, but there was no hint of mercy in his eyes. She glanced across at the other man who was standing, his hands on his hips, an expression of amusement on his face.

Tricia moved forward until the edge of the table was pressing against her shaved pubis. Then she leaned forward, prostrating herself. Her breasts pressed down against the hard table top, the coolness making her nipples harden. Then, unbidden, she spread her legs apart, affording the two men a perfect view of her anus and the slit of her cunt.

Stretch your arms forward," ordered Tony. He turned to the man. "Go around and grab hold of her wrists," he said.

The man moved round the table, taking Tricia's wrists in a strong grip. He held her so hard that it hurt, but the naked girl scarcely noticed as she watched Tony draw back the cane.

Swish! Whack!

The cane came down with incredible violence across Tricia's bare ass cheeks, cutting into the soft flesh and leaving a white stripe that quickly darkened to an angry red. The pain was intense, and the girl gritted her teeth as it coursed through her.

Swish! Whack!

She had scarcely recovered from the shock of the first blow when the cane fell again, this time striking her across the top of her legs, making her bite her lips with the excruciating pain

Swish! Whack!

Tony was wielding the cane with extraordinary force, the blow thrusting Tricia's body forward against the unyielding table.

Swish! Whack!

She was struggling now, desperate to break away from the hands that held her so tight, wanting to cover her bare ass with her hands and ward off the blows. But he merely tightened his grip, heedless to her whimpers as Tony drew back his arm once more

Swish! Whack!

This time Tricia cried aloud as the cane fell across her soft, pale flesh stinging with the pain of a thousand wasps. Her body was shaking with the pain of the beating as the tears ran down her cheeks.

Tony put the cane down on the table beside her, running a finger along one of the red stripes that now decorated her lovely behind, making her flinch as his finger traced the wound.

"Your turn," he said.

"No, please. No more!" begged Tricia. She watched through tear-blurred eyes as Tony moved to the end of the table and took hold of her wrists. "Please?" she whimpered again.

"Make sure it's hard," said Tony. "We gotta teach the bitch a lesson."

"Don't worry. I've got a daughter her age, and I know what I'd do if I found her behaving the way this little slut does."

Tricia shut her eyes tight and braced herself as he raised the cane.

Swish! Whack!

His aim was true, the fresh stripe crossing two already laid by Tony, bringing another wave of excruciating pain to the sobbing youngster.

"Swish! Whack!

This time the cane was high on her exposed backside, slamming into the bare flesh and thrusting her forward against the unyielding table.

Swish! Whack!

Tricia felt sure that the thin, whippy cane must break her skin soon, such was the force with which it was being wielded. She had never known such agony, her body wracked with sobs as she pulled in vain against Tony's iron grip.

Swish! Whack!

In her vain attempts to avoid the cane, Tricia twisted her hips sideways, only to receive a mighty blow across her thigh, planting a new stripe on her bare, pale flesh.

Swish! Whack!

The final blow fell with undiminished force, bringing a new squeal of agony from the young beauty as it hit her.

Then it was over, and Tony released her wrists. Tricia lay where she was, her body heaving with sobs, her tears forming a pool on the table beside her cheek.

Then there was a new sensation, as the man brought the cane up between her legs, running the rough edge of the bamboo along the length of her open

slit, moving it back and forth with a sawing motion that sent shivers of excitement through the naked girl.

"Look at that. She's wet as hell," commented the man.

Tricia brushed her tears aside and looked at the rod, which the man was holding out. Sure enough it was glistening with her cunt juices. She couldn't still be turned on, could she? Not after that cruel beating.

"Lick it clean," ordered the man. He held the cane under Tricia's nose, so she could smell the scent of her own arousal. Reluctantly she protruded her tongue. Her juices tasted strangely bitter, but she licked every inch of the cane until they were gone.

"You wanna fuck the little whore now?" asked Tony.

"That okay with you?"

"Sure. Use her. She's hot for it, aren't you baby? You know you want to."

Tricia listened to this exchange in silence. It was as if all control of her body had been lost to Tony now, and she was beginning to lose the will to question him. If he ordered her to fuck, what business was it of hers to refuse?

She began to raise herself from the table but, to her surprise, she felt a hand pushing her back down.

"Just stay like that. I got all the access to your cunt I need."

Almost automatically, Tricia felt herself widen her stance. As she did so, it occurred to her the metamorphosis that had occurred to her in such a short time. A week ago she would have been fighting this man off and crying rape. Now she was just concerned to give him the access he required.

She heard the sound of a zip being pulled down and glanced behind her. His cock was stiff as a ramrod, rising out of his trousers, the circumcised tip bobbing up and down. He took her hand and guided it down to his erect member, Her fingers were still shaking with shock at the brutality of the beating she had received, but she managed to grip his shaft, noting the heat and the throbbing within his stiff member as she instinctively moved his foreskin back and forth.

"Put it inside, baby," he said quietly.

Tricia opened her legs still wider and pressed her lovely backside back and up. Then she guided the end of his penis to the entrance of her sex. She gritted her teeth as she began to press him into her, grateful for the wetness that flooded her cunt. She gave a low moan as she felt him slip into her, her sex muscles convulsing about his shaft as he drove deeper.

"Ah!"

She couldn't suppress a gasp of pain as the rough material of his pants came into contact with the red rawness of her recently-thrashed behind. The memory of the pain flowed back through her, and the tears welled up in her eyes. Still she felt a shudder of lust shake her beautiful, naked body as he began to

thrust into her.

He took her at his leisure, his cock sliding back and forth inside her as he enjoyed the tightness of her young pussy. Tricia simply gasped and moaned with every thrust of his hips, the mixture of pain, pleasure and humiliation suddenly seeming very erotic to the teenager. She looked up to see Tony watching her, an expression of amusement on his face as she debased herself before him. Tricia felt an overwhelming sense of shame as she thought of what she was doing, how she was letting a man whose name she didn't even know use her naked body for his own carnal pleasures. Then she closed her eyes and concentrated on the exquisite sensations his fucking was bringing to her.

She could sense his arousal increase as he pumped his rampant member into her sopping cunt, and her own excitement began to grow. She found herself pressing her backside back against him, oblivious to the pain as she urged him deeper and deeper inside her. It was as if her whole body had become her vagina, and that she was simply a depository for his cock.

He was fucking her hard now, his thrusts banging her hips against the table, his strong hands grasping her thighs as if she were nothing more than a sex doll. Then his grip tightened, making her squeal with pain as his fingers dug into her soft flesh.

All at once he was coming, his cock jerking as he pumped hot, thick spunk into Tricia's cunt. The girl thrust back against him, then cried aloud as her own orgasm shook her, her sex walls contracting about his throbbing dick as she sucked in his sperm, every spurt bringing her to new highs of sordid pleasure.

At last he was slowing, grunting with satisfaction as he spent himself inside her. Tricia sensed his passion cooling, and began to relax herself, slumping over the table, lying passively as his passion subsided.

He slid his cock from inside her and took a step back. Tricia straightened, wincing at the pain in her behind, and turned to face him, her arms hanging at her side, her cheeks red with embarrassment.

"Fuck me, you enjoyed that as much as I did," he remarked, grinning. "Well, I gotta go. I'm just passing through and I need to find a place to stay."

"Nonsense," said Tony. "You can sleep in Cunt's bed. She'd enjoy that."

Tricia glanced at Tony in amazement. She had been looking forward to getting rid of these two, and to the comfort of her own bed. Now, glancing at the look in the man's eyes, she knew she was in for a night of debauchery.

"Shit, that sounds good," said the man. "Where's the shower? I'll just clean up, then we'll see how good she is at sucking cock."

The degradation of Tricia, Part 3

By Lia Anderssen

"Get me some more coffee."

The man held out his empty cup to Tricia, who took it and refilled it from the pot on the stove. As she handed it to the man, he grabbed her wrist, pulling her closer to him. He ran his hand over her bare breast, then moved it down between her legs, sliding a finger into her vagina, watching with obvious amusement as a shudder ran through his naked companion.

When he pulled out his finger, it was coated with a sheen of his own spunk. He held it up under Tricia's nose.

"Lick that clean."

Reluctantly Tricia took his finger into her mouth, sucking off the bitter fluid.

"Any more toast?" he asked.

"Yes."

She turned to the stove, only too aware that she was presenting him with a clear view of the dark, angry stripes that criss-crossed her backside and upper legs. She wished desperately that he would leave and allow her to put some clothes on. It was now nearly half a day since her crotch had been covered, and the continued exposure to his hungry eyes was becoming too much for the modest youngster.

It had been a far from restful night. After his shower she had, indeed, been obliged to suck him off, swallowing down his seed as it pumped from his rampant cock. After that he had made her masturbate with her fingers, then with Tony's empty beer bottle and finally with the vibrator. Then he had fucked her again, before settling down for the night in her bed, with the naked youngster curled up on the floor beside it.

He had woken in the early hours and fallen on her, pinning her to the ground whilst he forced his stiff penis inside her once again. Then, in the morning, when she had woken him with a coffee, he had pulled her down onto the bed and used her yet again.

Now, as she served his breakfast, a trickle of semen running down her thigh, the youngster glanced at the clock. If he didn't leave soon she would be late for school.

All at once the door to the apartment opened, and Tricia glanced round in surprise, instinctively covering her breasts and sex as best she could. It was Tony. Who else had a key to her apartment? Then a cold feeling gripped the naked teenager as she realized that he had brought his sister with him.

Tricia stood, her face crimson, as the dark-haired girl walked into the kitchen and surveyed the scene. There, seated at the table, enjoying his breakfast, sat a man old enough to be Tricia's father. And here she was, stark naked, her pussy denuded of hair, spunk running down her thighs, waiting upon him.

Bella giggled. "The perfect hostess," she remarked. "Tony told me you'd shaved your cunt. Makes you look even more of a slut."

"Get us some coffee, Cunt," ordered Tony

Fighting down the urge to run and hide in the bedroom, Tricia reached into the cupboard and pulled out two cups. She filled them from the coffee pot and took them to Bella and Tony, who had seated themselves at the table. Bella giggled at the sight of her naked schoolmate, nudging Tony and whispering to him. As Tricia reached the table the dark-haired girl reached out and took her nipple between finger and thumb, pinching it hard and bringing a cry of pain from the youngster, to the obvious amusement of the two men.

"How many times did you get fucked last night, Cunt?" asked Bella.

"F-four," stammered the young beauty.

"And did you come?"

Tricia hung her head. "Yes," she whispered.

"Whore!"

Tricia was obliged to stand and watch, her hands at her side, her legs spread whilst the three of them finished their coffee. She hated being there, exposed to them all. Most of all, though, she hated Bella seeing her humiliation, especially since the evidence of her fucking was visible as a shiny streak down the pale, soft flesh of her thigh.

At last her nighttime companion rose to his feet.

"Gotta go and get some work done," he announced. He crooked his finger. "Come here, slut."

Tricia approached him warily, aware of the grinning pair at the table who were watching the tableau with interest. The man reached out and took hold of Tricia's exquisite breasts, squeezing them gently and making the nipples stiffen to solid buds.

"I gotta fuck you one more time, you dirty little whore," he said. "Go lie on the coffee table and spread your legs."

Tricia stared at him in dismay. Hadn't he used her enough? Then she looked across at the brother and sister, and her dismay turned to alarm. She couldn't let Bella watch her being violated, could she? It was bad enough that Tony had seen her surrender herself to this man, but somehow the thought of Bella watching seemed much worse.

"I... Couldn't we go into the bedroom," she pleaded.

"Just get your pretty ass on that table before I ask Tony to plant some fresh stripes across it."

Tricia looked at Bella, who smiled evilly.

"Go on, Cunt," she said. "You know you want to."

Tricia opened her mouth to reply, then her shoulders slumped in a gesture of surrender. Her cheeks scarlet, she walked across to the low table in front of the sofa. She sat down on it, then leaned back, the wood feeling cool and hard against her naked flesh. Only too aware of the three pairs of eyes upon her, she moved her body forward until her backside hung over the end of the

table, then spread her legs wide.

"Christ, she wants it bad," giggled Bella.

Tricia watched anxiously as the man moved across to where she had prostrated herself. He knelt between her spread thighs, his eyes fixed on her cunt. He reached down and pulled his fly open. His cock was already hard and, as he freed it from his pants, it stood stiffly to attention, the tip bobbing up and down. Tricia could see that Bella was fascinated by the sight of an erect cock. She wondered if the girl had ever seen one before. For herself, she had already seen too many. Still it was with a shiver of anticipation that she reached out and grasped his thick shaft, feeling it throb with arousal as she guided it between her spread thighs.

The fuck was short, almost as if the man were relieving himself of an itch rather than making love to a beautiful teenager. Still Tricia achieved orgasm, her butt rising up from the table as she groaned with passion, her lovely breasts shaking deliciously.

The man pulled his cock from her and tucked it into his pants. He pulled on his coat. Then, reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a ten-dollar bill.

He tossed the note down onto Tricia's bare pussy mound.

"There you are, ten dollars, as promised. Your first earnings as a whore."

With that he turned and went out of the door, leaving it wide open so that anyone passing could have seen Tricia, her legs still spread as she lay on the low table.

Grabbing hold of the bill, Tricia jumped to her feet and slammed the door. Then she turned shamefaced to the brother and sister.

"I'll take the ten bucks," said Tony. "It'll pay me back for the coffees last night."

"Ten dollars, eh?" said Bella. "Not just a whore, a cheap whore."

"M-may I put some clothes on please?" Tricia asked Tony. "I'm going to be late for school."

"As long as you obey my rule. Get a move on and I'll give you both a ride."

Tricia rushed into her bedroom. She knew she was allowed only one item of clothing, and she searched in her closet for a dress that was at least reasonably modest. She chose one that buttoned down the front and was not too tight, so that her lack of a bra was not immediately obvious. She was still fastening the buttons as she rushed out after Tony and Bella, who were already on the way to the car.

During the short journey to school, the brother and sister discussed what they had just witnessed as if Tricia wasn't even there. They talked about her bare pussy and how her tits had jiggled as she was being fucked, laughing and waving the ten-dollar bill in her face. Tricia sat silent throughout the journey, her face scarlet with shame.

As they climbed from Tony's car, Bella took Tricia by the arm.

"Don't forget, be at my place at ten tomorrow morning. And don't bring any clothes with you. You won't be needing them."

Tricia watched the girl walk away with a sinking heart. Whatever Bella had planned for the youngster, she knew she would be further humiliated.

"Hey, Tricia."

"Oh, Steve. Listen, about last night..."

"Forget it. I just wish I didn't have to get home so early. I didn't know you were friendly with Bella."

"I'm not particularly."

"Wasn't that her you were talking to just now?"

"Yes, well, she was just asking me something."

Tricia was pleased that Steve was not too upset about the night before. She liked him and wished they could have a proper relationship. The trouble was that the other, darker side of her life seemed to overshadow everything at the moment.

"So what do you want to do next week?" asked Steve.

"I don't know. I..."

Suddenly Tricia stopped short. She could feel a gob of spunk seeping from her vagina onto her inner thigh. It was trickling down her leg. Any moment now Steve would see it. Then what would he think of her?

"Excuse me, Steve, I have to go," she said, feeling the heat rising in her cheeks.

"But you haven't answered my question. Is something wrong, Tricia?"

"No. I-I just have to go."

The hapless teenager could feel more of her overnight guest's sperm seeping from her. If Steve saw it she knew she would die of shame. She backed away, then turned and headed for the girls' washroom. She dared not walk too fast for fear of dislodging more of the cold slimy fluid that ran down her leg.

As she hurried into the bathroom she came face to face with two other girls. She hurried past them.

"What's that on your leg, Tricia?" one of them called, but she had already slammed the door of the cubicle. She lifted her skirt. Her cunt was dripping with the creamy fluid. With no panties on, there was nothing to stop it oozing out of her. With a cry of shame she began to wipe herself. Then she sat down and wept for her lost innocence.

"Who the fuck's she?"

"What did you invite that little bitch for?"

The remarks that greeted Tricia when she arrived at Bella's house on Saturday morning did little to encourage her. There were five other girls with Bella. Tricia did not know any of them, but all were dressed in designer clothes and the cars parked in Bella's extensive driveway were all expensive models.

Tricia had never been to Bella's house before, and she was astounded at its size and opulence. It was in a very exclusive area, with a long, sweeping driveway and impressive gates. The youngster felt very out of place among these obviously well-off people.

In one way, Tricia was glad she didn't know Bella's friends. She dreaded anyone she knew finding out about her alter ego. All her schoolmates thought of her as a quiet, studious girl. Certainly none would ever suspect that she was no longer a virgin, nor the shameless way in which she shaved her sex. Still, she felt very intimidated by these rich, haughty girls as they eyed her with scarcely hidden disdain.

"She's not coming with us, is she?" asked one of the girls.

"Sure she is," said Bella. "Little bitch should give us some fun. Tell them your nickname."

Tricia immediately felt her cheeks glow.

"They call me Cunt," she said quietly.

There was a ripple of laughter from the girls. "What?" said one of them.

"It's true," said Bella. That's the name she answers to. Don't you Cunt?"

Tricia nodded.

"Well I think it's a dirty name," said another of the girls, wrinkling her nose in disgust.

"That's why it suits her. Come on, let's go to my bedroom whilst I pack. Tony's upstairs Cunt. He wants to see you."

A cold feeling gripped Tricia's stomach. She had hoped against hope to avoid Tony, but clearly in vain.

"Come on, I'll show you where his room is," said Bella.

The girls all trooped upstairs, with Tricia at the back. She followed them down a corridor. Bella opened a door.

"This is my room," she announced. "Tony's is down there." She pointed to a door further down the passage. "Make sure you're dressed right for him."

These words brought a new knot to Tricia's stomach she moved on down the corridor and paused outside the door. The other girls were lingering outside Bella's room watching her. She was at a loss what to do. She was wearing jeans and a white shirt, with bra and pants underneath. She knew she would incur Tony's wrath if she went in like that.

"Come on. I'll show you my new scent," said Bella.

To Tricia's relief, the other girls followed her into the room. The lovely teenager glanced about herself, then began to undress.

She slipped off her shirt, then undid her jeans and pulled them off. Standing there in her underwear she was very nervous indeed, especially as she could clearly hear the voices coming from Bella's room. If one of the girls so much as glanced outside they would see her.

Tricia gritted her teeth, then reached behind her and undid her bra, uncovering her beautiful, soft breasts, her pert nipples hardening as the exposure sent an unexpected thrill through her. Quickly she slipped off her panties and dropped them on top of her discarded clothes. Then, taking a deep breath, she knocked on Tony's door.

For what seemed a lifetime there was silence. Tricia stood, almost shaking with fear, afraid that at any moment one of the girls would come out and see her standing naked in the passageway. Then, at last, she heard Tony's voice.

"Come."

Feeling very foolish and vulnerable, she pushed open Tony's door. He was slumped in a chair in front of a TV, a beer in his hand. He looked up and grinned.

"So, Cunt. I see you're learning the rules."

Tricia hung her head in shame. "Bella said you wanted to see me," she said.

"Sure And I'm certainly seeing a lot of you," he laughed. I've almost forgotten what you look like without your tits and cunt bare. Open your legs and let me see your slit properly.

Her face scarlet, Tricia obeyed, letting her hands hang at her side. She could feel the wetness beginning to seep into her vagina as she felt Tony's eyes on her naked body. Tony seemed to sense her perverse excitement.

"Finger yourself," he said.

"What?"

"You heard me. Finger that pretty little cunt of yours. Hurry up, or I'll have to punish you."

Tricia groaned inwardly. Would there never be an end to this degradation? Slowly, reluctantly, she moved her hand down over her pubic mound. She froze for a second, then allowed the tip of her forefinger to rub against her clitoris. At once she felt it swell, and shiver ran through her. She rubbed it for a second more, then moved her hand lower and let a finger slip into her

vagina. It felt warm inside, and already she could feel her cunt juices beginning to flow in response to her touch.

"C'mon. Frig yourself."

Dropping her eyes from his, the beautiful girl began to masturbate, aware of the delicious way in which her breasts bounced as she worked her finger in and out.

"Play with your tits as well. Make those pretty nipples stand out."

Tricia reached up and cupped the softness of her breast. She allowed her fingers to travel higher, taking the nipple between finger and thumb and caressing it gently, feeling it pucker to hardness as she tried to fight down the lustful sensation it was bringing to her.

All at once there was a knock at the door. Immediately Tricia snatched her hands away, covering her nudity with her hands as best she could.

"Tony?"

It was Bella's voice.

"Don't stop, Cunt," he said.

"But I..."

"You deaf or something? I said don't stop."

Tricia looked pleadingly at him, but he just glared. Slowly she slipped the finger back inside her and began to play with herself again.

"And your tits."

Tricia felt the tears welling up behind her eyes as she reached for her breast and began to caress it.

"Come in, Sis!"

The door opened and Bella walked in. Tricia was facing the door, her knees slightly bent, her finger pumping back and forth inside her whilst her other hand continued to toy with her breast.

Bella took one look and let out a laugh. "Fuck me, she doesn't take long to get started, does she?"

Tricia said nothing, her eyes cast down as she continued to masturbate.

"I brought this," said Bella, dropping something onto a chair. She stood, hands on hips, watching Tricia for a short time.

"Maybe I should bring in the other girls to watch," she remarked.

Tricia wanted to shout "No". but dare not.

"No time though," she said. "We're leaving in five minutes. Leave your pussy alone, Cunt and get a move on."

With that she went out, leaving Tricia alone with Tony once more.

"You heard her, bitch," said Tony. "You don't want to be late, do you?"

Tricia withdrew her finger. It was very wet.

"Lick it clean," ordered Tony.

Once again Tricia was forced to taste her own juices, as she sucked them from her fingers, astounded at how moist the short period of masturbation had made her.

"Better get dressed," he said.

"I'll get my clothes," said Tricia, making for the door.

"No need," said Tony. "Bella's brought your outfit." He pointed to the chair.

Tricia moved across to the chair. There, lying on it, was something small. She picked it up.

It looked to her like a nightdress. It was extremely small and short, made of shiny purple satin.

"Put it on. Hurry up."

"But my clothes..."

"Are probably locked in Bella's closet by now. So it's this or nothing."

Tricia looked at the insubstantial garment.

"Get a fucking move on!"

She pulled the dress over her head and yanked it down. It was indeed very small, and it clung to her like a second skin. She managed to pull the hem down below her crotch, but she knew she would have to be careful to prevent the dress riding up. There was a mirror on the wall, and she paused in front of it, giving a soft moan of dismay as she eyed her reflection.

The straps of the dress were very thin. It clung tightly to her breasts, the nipples clearly outlined, making it obvious to anyone that she wore no bra. It was molded to her hips, accentuating the shape of her pert bottom. Once again she noted the lack of any panty line showing through it. It was almost as if she were naked. Even her navel was obvious where the thin material covered it.

"Very nice," said Tony. "It was one of Bella's old nighties. Of course she used to wear pants with it, but then, she's not a slut, is she?"

Tricia just stared at herself. She had never looked so slutty, the material clinging tight to her naked flesh, her crotch barely covered by the skirt.

A horn sounded outside.

"Better hurry up, Cunt. You don't want Bella to be mad at you, do you?"

Tricia wanted to protest, but when she saw the look in his eyes she knew she dare not. Her cheeks burning, she made her way downstairs, pulling the hem of the dress down as best she could as she made her way out into the driveway.

Bella was standing beside a brand new minivan parked outside the front door. The other girls were all sitting inside. When they saw her they burst out laughing.

"What the fuck's she wearing?"

"Christ what a slut!"

"Where the hell did you find her, Bella?"

"Get in the damned car, Cunt," ordered Bella.

"I've just got to get my stuff. I've got a rucksack."

"I know. It's upstairs in my closet. Get in."

"But..."

Get in for Christ's sake."

Trying desperately to keep her bottom covered by the tiny dress, Tricia climbed in the side door of the van. Avoiding the mocking glances of the other girls, she made her way to the back of the van and sat down on her own. So Bella had taken her stuff. All she had now was this awful dress!

Bella slammed the door and climbed in the passenger seat at the front. Then Tony emerged and climbed in the driving seat.

"Tony's gonna give us a lift out there," said Bella. "Then he'll pick us up tomorrow. Take us straight to the cabin to drop our stuff, then leave us at the swimming hole, Tony."

"Sure."

Moments later the minivan was pulling out of the driveway and speeding off down the road, it's unhappy occupant watching as her clothes and her dignity were left far behind.

During the ride out into the country Tricia was virtually ignored by the other girls. This suited her fine, as she was content to sit silent and unnoticed at the back of the van. Soon the urban sprawl gave way to greenery as the van wound its way up into the hills.

The cabin was almost as big as Tricia's parents' house, set on its own amongst the trees. Tony pulled up outside and the girls scrambled out, laughing and chatting. Having nothing to unload, Tricia remained where she was.

Tony banged on the door and a man appeared. He was black, about forty-five, wearing a white shirt and beige pants. He had a sullen look about him, and his demeanor toward Tony told her that he was a servant, probably some kind of housekeeper.

"C'mon, bitch," said Bella. "You gotta take our stuff inside."

"But I..."

"Get a fucking move on. You don't expect us to carry it in ourselves, do you? And Ambrose there has enough work to be getting on with."

Reluctantly, Tricia climbed from the van. Tony had opened the rear hatch and stood beside it, an expression of amusement on his face as he watched the pretty youngster struggle to put the rucksack straps over her shoulder whilst still keeping her dress covering her crotch and backside.

It took her three journeys to get the bags into the house. The rest of the girls had retired into the kitchen, where they were drinking coffee, giggling and chatting. The black retainer watched Tricia, all the time, his intense eyes traveling up and down her young body as she struggled with the loaded bags.

At last everything was in its place. The girls all had large rooms upstairs, but Ambrose showed Tricia to a small servants' room off the kitchen. In contrast to the lavish furnishings and king size beds upstairs, her room had a small twin bed with an upright chair beside it and nothing else.

"C'mon, girls," said Tony. "I got things to do. Get in the van and I'll take you down to the swimming hole."

Still chatting, Bella and her friends emerged from the kitchen. Seeing Tricia standing by the door, they stopped.

"We taking this bitch?" asked one of the girls. She was a tall redhead with striking good looks and large, shapely breasts. Tricia had heard the other girls call her Jenny.

"Sure we are," replied Bella. "Can't leave her here with Ambrose, can we? Who knows what the slut will get up to."

Another of the girls, a slim blonde called Lara eyed Tricia with disdain. "I reckon Ambrose is as good as she could hope to get," she replied, and the other girls laughed aloud.

It was about a mile to the swimming hole down a wooded track which occasionally gave way to open land. Now and then they would pass a hiker, or someone walking a dog but, for the most part, it was deserted.

The swimming hole turned out to be a stretch of wide, slow moving river, with a natural beach running down to its edge. All around was soft grass. In any other circumstances Tricia would have been enchanted by the place, but in her present company it held few delights for her.

The girls tumbled out of the van, with Tricia behind them. She was sent round the back to retrieve a rucksack containing towels and other beach needs. Then Tony gave them a wave and drove off.

Tricia placed the bag down near the water's edge and stood, watching as the girls pulled off their dresses. Underneath they wore stylish swimming costumes, all of very high quality. Tricia almost felt as if she was in the center of a beauty pageant as she looked round at the lovely girls about her. She felt envious of them. The water looked very inviting, if only she had been allowed to bring her own suit.

"What's the matter, Cunt? Not swimming with us?"

"I can't," she replied. "I don't have a costume."

"What the fuck does that matter? Come on, get your fucking dress off."

"What? But I..."

"Do as you're fucking told." This time it was Jenny speaking.

"Someone might see."

"Who gives a shit? C'mon Cunt, you've got thirty seconds. Otherwise I'll tell Tony."

Tricia looked at Bella in alarm, then round at the others. There was no doubt about it, they were serious. She glanced nervously about her. There was nobody around. Slowly she reached for the hem of her dress.

"My God."

"The slut's shaved."

"No wonder they call her Cunt."

Tricia stood shamefaced, her legs parted, the dress hanging at her side, her naked body on view to her companions. The girls were cruel, pointing and laughing at her shaved crotch, remarking on how small her breasts were, though, in reality, they were in perfect proportion to her petite figure.

"Show them your ass," said Bella.

Slowly the beautiful young teenager turned around. A peal of laughter went up as the girls eyed her punished behind.

"Looks like she's been getting what she deserves," remarked Lara.

"Let's get the bitch in the water," said Bella.

The girls advanced on the shamefaced youngster. Before she knew what was happening they were upon her, grabbing her arms and legs and lifting her off her feet. They took the naked, struggling teenager down to the water's edge and, after swinging her back and forth, hurled her into the river.

The water closed about Tricia's head as she struggled to find her balance. Then she kicked a leg and surfaced, spluttering, her hair plastered to her head, to see the other girls laughing at her.

For Tricia, though, the water was almost a blessing. At least she didn't

need to cover herself when her nude body was submerged. She swam out to the center of the river, glad to be briefly away from the spiteful remarks and mocking glances of Bella's friends.

The other girls paddled at the water's edge, leaving Tricia to herself for a while. Then they climbed out and lay on the grass in the sun. Tricia stayed where she was, unwilling to expose herself to their disdainful glances.

All at once she heard her nickname being shouted. She looked across to see Bella standing at the water's edge, beckoning to her. With sinking heart, the young beauty swam back toward the shore.

Tricia was acutely aware of the girls' eyes on her naked body as she stepped from the water. Her cheeks burned as she walked across to where Bella was standing.

"We forgot to bring our smokes," said Bella. "You'll have to go back and get them."

Tricia was about to point out that she didn't smoke, but thought better of it. Besides, it gave her an opportunity to get away from the girls. She looked about her for her dress.

"Wh-where's my dress?" she asked nervously.

"We've got it. Now get a move on."

"But I've got nothing on."

Bella moved close to her, grabbing hold of her hair.

"Do you think we give a shit about that? We all know you're a slut. Now fuck off and make it snappy. We're dying for a cigarette."

Tricia could hardly believe what they were asking. It was at least a mile back to the cabin, and she knew there were people about. She looked despairingly at Bella, but the girl had already turned away. Amid the whistles and catcalls of the girls, the naked girl set off up the track.

As she walked, Tricia glanced about herself, constantly afraid she would be seen. She was acutely aware of how vulnerable she was, her bare breasts bouncing with every step she took. This was even worse than her bottomless walk in the city. At least there she had had the cover of darkness, as well as something to cover her breasts. Here she was totally nude in broad daylight, with no hope of cover.

She walked for a full five minutes without mishap. Her bare skin had dried in the sunshine now, and her hair too was almost dry. She was making good time, and was beginning to feel more optimistic.

She encountered the boys at the worst possible moment. She had just rounded a bend in the track and there they were, right in front of her, blocking her way. There were about a dozen of them, boys of about fifteen years of age, all wearing some kind of uniform. They were gathered round a map, but when they saw the naked girl their interest soon switched to taking in her considerable charms.

Tricia came to a halt for a second, her anxious eyes scanning the troop. The boys stared back, nudging one another and pointing at her crotch. Trying to hide the panic that was rising inside her she moved forward again. As she did so, they spread out across the track.

As she came closer to them, Tricia felt herself blushing. She glanced down at herself. She wished her sex wasn't so prominent, the thick lips of her shaved vagina drawing the boys' eyes down as she came closer. She was aware of the way her pretty bare breasts jiggled as she walked, and she tried not to catch the eyes of the boys.

She came to a halt about five feet from them.

"Excuse me please," she said.

"Hey lady, you got the time?" asked one of the boys. He was a brash-looking kid and he eyed her frankly, his gaze traveling up and down her naked form

"I-I'm not wearing a watch," she stammered, then instantly regretted her choice of words.

"You're not wearing anything else," piped up another voice.

"Hey lady, where's your pants?"

"Hey Miss, nice tits."

"Fancy a fuck, baby?"

They were laughing now, jostling about her, clearly sensing her discomfort at her predicament. The one who had spoken first confronted her.

"Where's your clothes, Lady?"

"I... I took them off. It's a kind of forfeit. The other girls made me take them off. Please let me pass."

A hand stroked her backside. "Your friends thrash your ass as well?" asked one of the boys.

At this, the others moved in closer for a better look. Someone reached out and pinched her nipple, making her cry out with pain.

"Don't touch me," she pleaded.

"Aw c'mon. You like it really. Else you wouldn't walk about like that."

The first boy placed his hand flat across her crotch, his fingers tracing her slit. She jumped back and another hand slipped between her legs from behind, probing at her vagina.

"Stop it!" she shouted as more hands reached for her luscious young body, poking probing and pinching.

Realizing things were getting out of hand, the teenager lunged forward, pushing the boys aside, and sprinting off down the track. To her enormous relief

they didn't try to follow her, watching her pretty backside as she ran off, jeering and whistling until she was out of sight.

Tricia was considerably shaken by the encounter, hurrying on, desperate to reach the relative haven of the cabin.

She spotted a couple approaching. They were about a hundred yards off, and she took the opportunity to dodge into the trees, crouching behind a bush, her heart pounding as she waited for them to pass. Then she was moving again, constantly glancing about herself.

She came to an open area. It was about two hundred yards across, with no cover at all. For a while she hung back, reluctant to leave the relative safety of the trees. Then she thought of Bella, waiting for her cigarettes, and she knew she must move on.

She was halfway across when the middle-aged couple came into view. They were walking a dog, and they didn't notice her at first. The dog did, though, bounding forward toward her as soon as it saw her.

She saw the look of surprise on the woman's face, rapidly replaced by one of disgust as she realized that Tricia had no clothes on. The man saw her too, and Tricia cringed as he eyed her bare body.

Then the dog reached her and, to her horror, began to sniff at her crotch. She tried to push it away, but it was a big dog, and persistent. The woman was nearly up to her now, and Tricia gave a gasp of horror as the dog began to lick her cunt, its tongue lapping at her slit vigorously, leaving a sheen of saliva on her pubis and sex lips.

"Prince! Come here!" ordered the woman, but the dog buried itself between Tricia's naked thighs, intent on tasting her sex, oblivious of the way she tried to push it away.

The woman grabbed its collar, yanking it back and snapping a chain onto it. Still the dog strained at the leash, its attention fixed on Tricia's honeypot.

"You should be ashamed, going about like that," snapped the woman. "Have you no shame?"

Tricia said nothing, acutely aware of the shiny wetness about her cunt, and the way the man was eyeing her.

"It's a disgrace," the woman went on. "Go and get some clothes on."

Tricia backed away, then turned and walked off as quickly as she was able. Would this nightmare never end? She asked herself.

At last the cabin came into view. But not before half a dozen other walkers had feasted their eyes on the naked teenager as she walked red-faced along the track. To her relief, they didn't approach her, but she knew from the shocked and amused looks on their faces that she made quite a sight.

Tricia almost ran up to the door and tried the handle. To her relief it turned and the door opened. She stepped inside and closed it behind her, thankful to be away from the public gaze. For a while she just stood there,

regaining her composure, her pretty breasts rising and falling as she tried to calm herself.

When, at last, her nerves had steadied, the pretty youngster set off in search of Bella's cigarettes. She remembered that the girls had been in the kitchen before they had left, so she made her way through to the back of the house. There, on the breakfast bar, lay a full pack of cigarettes and a lighter. She snatched them up. Then she began to consider her journey back.

Tricia just couldn't bring herself to leave the house naked again. The thought of exposing herself to those mocking stares again was too much for her. She resolved to find an old sheet or towel that she could cover herself with on the way back. She could always discard it before she got to the swimming hole and nobody would be the wiser. She decided to check upstairs.

She made her way back to the front of the house, through the living room and pushed open the door that led into the entrance lobby. Then she froze. Standing by the front door, his arms folded, was Ambrose.

"Oh!" She let out a startled cry as she caught sight of the black man. He was staring at her, his eyes roving up and down her naked form, taking in every inch of her.

"Mister Tony, he tell me you were bad girl," he said. He spoke broken English with an accent that Tricia took to be African.

"I... I just came back for these," she said lamely, showing him the cigarettes.

"Very bad girl," he said. "Shameless girl."

"I'm just going upstairs to get something to wear," she said. "I'm not really bad."

She turned and made for the foot of the stairs. Then she felt her arm grabbed from behind.

"Please! Leave me!" she pleaded, but he pulled her round to face him, making her drop the cigarettes.

"Bad girl," he said again. "Miss Bella don't walk around like that. Miss Bella good girl."

"I told you. I'm going to get something to put on."

He dragged her roughly across the room and pinned her naked body against the wall.

"Mister Tony tell me you easy fuck," he said.

Tricia stared at him in alarm. "No," she said.

"Then why you naked?" He brought his big, rough hand up and closed it over the soft swell of her breast. Tricia tried to pull away from him, but he was too strong for her, holding her still whilst he groped her orbs, making the nipples harden under his rough touch.

"Why you shaved down here?" He let his hand drop to her crotch. Instinctively Tricia pressed her legs together.

Smack! He brought a heavy hand down on her thigh, making her cry out in pain as the white imprint of his hand began to darken to red.

"You let me feel."

"No! I..."

Smack! This time the blow was even harder.

"Open!"

Tears welling in her eyes, Tricia moved her legs apart, biting her lip as she felt his thick fingers penetrate her.

"You like to be touched there, I think," he said. "That is why you shaved."

He began to press his body against hers, pinning her to the wall, one hand fingering her vagina whilst the other continued to crush her firm young breasts. He placed his lips over hers and began kissing her face, Tricia made a mighty effort, pushing him away.

"No!" she cried.

Slap!

This time he hit her across the face, sending her staggering back. Then he was on her again, his rough hands all over her soft, naked body.

"You fuck with many men I think," he breathed. "Mister Tony say I can fuck you. He tell me to say to you that you know you want to."

The words sent a cold feeling through the teenager. Tony was ordering her to give herself to this man, and she dare not refuse. Suddenly she stopped struggling. He seemed to sense her surrender, looking into her eyes.

"Yes," she said. "I do want to."

He smiled a grim smile. "You real bad girl."

"I know."

"You come here."

He took hold of her shoulders and dragged her across to where an occasional table stood in the middle of the entrance hall. He pushed her back, so that she sprawled across it on her back, then yanked her legs apart. Tricia was shocked. She had at least expected him to give her the comfort of a bed. But there was an urgency about him now, and she could see the bulge in his pants as he eyed her open crotch.

"You like black cock in you? I give it to you."

Tricia watched him through the valley between her bare breasts as he

pulled his stiff erection from his pants. She had never seen a black cock before, and she watched fascinated as he ran his fingers up and down his long, thick shaft. It was without doubt the biggest one she had ever seen, and she wondered if her tight young pussy would be able to contain it.

He moved between Tricia's spread thighs, maneuvering his stiff erection so that the bulbous tip was aimed at her gaping cunt. As it touched her clitoris she gave a gasp, a shiver of arousal running through her naked body. He began to rub his glans up and down her slit, grinning as he saw her excitement increase, her hips pressing forward as if inviting him to penetrate her.

"You dirty girl," he said.

Tricia cursed the recalcitrance of her body. Her mind was shrieking with revulsion at the thought of this older man violating her teenage body with his cock, yet outwardly she was gasping with arousal, her sex weeping lubrication as it anticipated his penetration.

He began to press against her, his thick penis nuzzling against the twitching lips of her vagina. Despite her revulsion, the youngster found herself spreading her legs still wider, raising her bottom from the table as she met his insistent intrusion. Then he was inside her, bringing a cry, part pain, part lust from her as she felt his great organ drive into her.

He filled her until she felt she could take no more, the blackness of his cock in stark contrast to her pale belly and bare pubis. Still he drove his weapon home, bringing fresh gasps from her as the walls of her cunt were stretched by his shaft.

At last he was in, his mighty weapon buried to the hilt, the moaning girl writhing on the table, her legs wide apart, her hips thrusting up at him as the animal inside Tricia came to the fore and she moaned with lustful pleasure.

He started to fuck her. Gently at first, his strong hips moving back and forth, bringing grunts of pleasure from the young beauty as he violated her in the most intimate way possible. Tricia tried to blot from her mind what was happening to her, her naked body totally surrendered to this rough servant who was taking her without a thought of her own consent. Once again, she was simply a cock satisfier, a beautiful, soft body that was there for the use of whoever wanted it. She no longer had control over who saw her naked, or who used her. What, a week ago, had been an innocent and unsullied young teenager was now little more than fuck meat.

So how was it that her body responded as it did? Why was she writhing and moaning with arousal as he thrust into her. Why did she cry aloud when he took her bare breasts in his big hands and crushed them against her chest, kneading the soft pliant flesh as he took her?

Tricia was out of control now, her bottom slapping down against the hard surface of the table, her cries of pleasure ringing about the room as the man fucked her harder. She arched her back, her stiff nipples pressed up at him, her legs flailing as he drove his cock into her bald pussy.

She could feel the proximity of his orgasm, and she surrendered herself to it. There was no turning back now. Her arousal was total.

Just at that moment the front door opened, and Tricia gasped with

surprise and shock. There, standing in the doorway, staring at her, was Jenny, the redhead who had been so scathing earlier. The girl stopped short, an expression of astonishment on her face as she saw the young teenager being fucked by the servant.

At that moment, Ambrose shot his load deep into her throbbing pussy. Unable to check herself, Tricia came too, screaming aloud as her hips thrust up against his, her lovely, naked body twisting and turning as spasms of lust shook her frame. She could see Jenny watching her, and she knew her lewd behavior was blatant, but she simply couldn't stop her body from responding to him.

Ambrose withdrew suddenly, leaving the youngster still writhing, his spunk leaking from her open crotch, the lips of her sex convulsing as her orgasm subsided. The black man glanced briefly at Jenny, then tucked his cock back into his pants and walked out of the room. Jenny moved forward, gazing down at Tricia, who was now totally overcome by shame.

"Christ. Even fucking with the servants now are you, slut?"

She spat in Tricia's face, the saliva running down the youngster's burning cheeks. Then she yanked the naked girl to her feet.

"Well the whole world's gonna see you've been fucking," she said, pointing to the trail of semen that was beginning to run down Tricia's inner thigh. "Now grab those smokes and get your ass back to the swimming hole, Cunt"

Then she grabbed Tricia and shoved her out the door.

Now Tricia's shame was complete, yet still the ordeal continued. Her head hanging, her cunt oozing spunk, the red-faced youngster began her naked trek along the long road back to the river.

Please e-mail me if you want to hear more of Tricia's adventures.

The Degradation of Tricia Part 4

By Lia Anderssen

The walk back to the swimming hole was every bit as bad as the walk to the cabin for the unfortunate teenager. Not only was she totally nude now, but the evidence of the fucking she had received from Ambrose was plain for all to see, the shiny streaks of semen glistening on her naked flesh. Every now and then, a fresh trickle of spunk would leak from her shaved slit, making a new trail down toward her ankles.

Jenny walked behind her, far enough back so that nobody would suspect they were together, watching and occasionally laughing at the discomfort of Tricia.

The reactions of the people she encountered were different each time. Some simply laughed, others shouted obscene suggestions. Some of the older women

hurled abuse, and one even threw a stone, striking Tricia on the breast and grazing the soft, vulnerable flesh. Throughout, the humiliated girl said nothing, staring straight in front of her, just wishing the ordeal would end. Tricia had always been a modest girl by nature. Even the mild glamour shots of topless girls in magazines had always rather shocked her. To be forced to display herself naked like this was unthinkable. Yet here she was, as in her worst nightmares, walking nude through a world of normally dressed people, a figure of fun and derision to all.

She had been walking as quickly as she was able back to the swimming hole but, as she came closer, she remembered who she would meet there, and she began to slow. She dreaded encountering Bella again, and she felt sure there would be no respite for her, especially with Ambrose's spunk seeping from her cunt.

As she rounded the final bend, she spotted the girls. They had arranged their towels in a circle, like the spokes of a wheel, and were chatting together, a couple of open wine bottles in the grass beside them. She gazed at them, envious of their pretty swimsuits and their relaxed demeanor.

Lara was the first to spot Tricia, and she nudged Bella, pointing in her direction. At once all eyes were upon the anxious youngster, and Tricia's footsteps faltered.

Whack!

She hadn't seen Jenny coming up behind her, but she felt the hard slap as the girl brought the flat of her hand down hard on Tricia's bare backside.

"Get a move on, Cunt. They're waiting for you."

The girls were all propped up on their elbows now, and Tricia noticed Bella making a remark and pointing at her crotch. She came to a halt in front of them, her legs dutifully parted, her face scarlet with shame.

"What's that on your legs, Cunt?" asked Bella.

"Tell them," ordered Jenny.

"It...It's sperm," stammered Tricia.

"What? You've been fucking? I don't remember giving you permission to fuck."

"Tell them who it was, Cunt." Said Jenny.

Tricia glanced at her in despair, searching for a small sign of mercy, but there was none. She hung her head.

"It was Ambrose," she said.

She could sense the shock that ran about the party. After all, Ambrose was a servant. Worse, in the sight of these middle-class white girls, he was black.

"You let Ambrose fuck you?" said Bella.

"I... I didn't want him to."

"So he raped you?"

Tricia shook her head.

"You let him fuck you, even though you didn't want him to?"

"I... Tony..." Tricia's voice trailed off. She couldn't let the girls know she was being blackmailed by Bella's brother.

"So you didn't put up a fight? You let him do it?"

"He was very insistent."

"So tell me, Cunt. Did you come?"

Tricia hung her head. "Yes," she said quietly.

"You were fucked against your will and you came?"

"You should have seen her come," put in Jenny. "She was thrashing about like a bitch in heat. And the noise! She was shrieking like a banshee."

"C'mon Cunt," said Bella. "We wanna hear all the details."

So Tricia was obliged to give a full account of her ravishment. The girls didn't allow her to omit a single detail, making her describe Ambrose's cock, how deep it had penetrated, how he had fondled her breasts and how it had felt to have his spunk pumped into her. Tricia answered every question, being made to speak out clearly, enduring smart slaps across her bare buttocks if she mumbled or hesitated with an answer. And all the time she was standing naked amongst the ring of prone girls, on clear view to passers-by of whom there were quite a number.

At last the girls were satisfied that she had told them everything. Bella turned to her friends.

"I reckon that kind of behavior deserves punishment," she said.

The others nodded enthusiastically.

"Tonight, after dinner, I reckon we should give her a thrashing."

"Her butt's already covered in stripes," piped up a girl called Lucy. "What say we whip her tits?"

"Great idea, Lucy."

Tricia stared at the girl in alarm. She was tall, with short dark hair and boyish looks. Her dark eyes held a hint of malice that scared the youngster.

"So who gets to whip her?"

"I know," said Bella, a wicked gleam in her eye. "We'll have a towel-flicking contest."

A peal of laughter went around the group.

"Come on. Let's go wet our towels," said Jenny.

The six girls jumped to their feet and ran laughing to the water's edge. Tricia stood watching them, her stomach churning as she wondered what new indignity lay in store for her.

The girls returned. Each had wetted the end of her towel, and they were taking practice shots as they returned, the towels making a cracking sound as they flicked them in the air.

"How do we decide who's the winner?" asked Lucy.

"I'll show you," replied Bella. "Get down on your hands and knees, Cunt."

Tricia slowly obeyed, going down on all fours so that her exquisite breasts hung down in front of her.

"Spread your legs," ordered Bella.

Tricia moved her knees apart.

Smack!

"Wider than that," ordered Bella, bringing the flat of her hand down on Tricia's backside.

Tricia moved her legs as wide apart as she was able, only too aware of how exposed her sex and anus were.

"Press your tits down onto the grass," said Bella. "Make like Ambrose is fucking you doggy-style."

Another ripple of laughter ran around the group at this remark.

"Now reach back and pull your pussy lips open."

"Wha..."

Smack!

"Don't fucking question my orders, bitch!"

Tricia could scarcely believe that she could be forced into a position more humiliating than one she had already experienced, but this was devastating. Slowly she reached down between her legs and pulled the lips of her sex apart, exposing the pinkness of her cunt. As she did so, she felt more semen leak from her and onto her fingers.

"So what's the game, Bella?" asked Jenny.

We flick the bitch with our towels. The first one to get three direct hits on her pussy is the winner."

"Great! Let's get started!"

The girls gathered around Tricia, holding their towels. The young beauty's heart was pounding as she braced herself.

Crack!

The first shot hit the naked flesh of her backside, the pain like a sudden bee sting on her tender behind. She bit her lip to stop herself crying out.

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

All the girls were joining in now, laughing as they rained blows down on the young beauty, who struggled to retain her posture, her backside raised, her pussy pulled open.

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

"Ah!"

Tricia let out a scream of pain as one of the whip-like towels snapped down on the tender flesh of her open cunt, bringing her the most excruciating pain imaginable and making her release her sex lips, her hand instinctively covering her most private place

Smack!

Bella brought her hand down hard on Tricia's naked behind.

"Every time you let go, that's another stripe across your tits," she said. "So far you get eleven. Now pull that pussy of yours open again."

Tears of pain and humiliation running down her cheeks, the beautiful young teenager stretched her nether lips apart once more and braced herself for the onslaught.

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

The blows fell thick and fast, leaving stinging spots on her legs, thighs and backside. Tricia had never imagined such pain, but when the towels found their true target it was ten times worse.

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

"Ow!"

Each time the tip of one of the towels hit Tricia's pussy there was a scream from the youngster and a cry of triumph from the perpetrator.

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

The blows seemed to merge into a single, excruciating pain for the young beauty. Through her tears she could see that some people had stopped to watch, laughing aloud as the girls flicked at their lovely target. Tricia knew that they were staring at her open pussy and her spread buttocks, and the shame deepened with every second that the game continued.

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

"Ow!"

"That's three," someone shouted triumphantly.

Tricia scarcely noticed that the onslaught had ended. She had withdrawn into a protective world of her own, blotting from her mind the lewd pose she had been forced into, and the dreadful pain she was experiencing. Gradually, though, her senses returned and she realized that the game was over. A foot was placed on her buttocks, shoving her over and sending her sprawling in the grass.

"Stop displaying your cunt you dirty little bitch," said Bella. "Lucy here gets to whip your tits this evening."

Tricia looked up at the boyish Lucy, who was staring down at her, licking her lips. It Tricia hadn't known better, she'd have thought there was lust in the young woman's eyes as he took in Tricia's naked delights.

"Why don't we just thrash her tits now?" asked Jenny.

Bella shook her head. "Let's let the slut live with the anticipation," she said. "She's got all day to contemplate what it'll be like to feel the cane across those pretty tits. C'mon now ,we gotta get back for lunch."

They dragged Tricia to her feet and ordered her to pack up the stuff. Her pussy was burning so much it made it difficult for her to walk, but she received no sympathy from the others, who were intent on pulling on their dresses and laughing at her misfortune.

Once the rucksack was packed, Tricia was made to strap it onto her back and carry it. Though she pleaded with Bella, she was not allowed her dress back, and was obliged to walk ahead of the girls naked. Her thighs and buttocks were

now peppered with red marks where the towels had struck her, making her feel still more conspicuous as she walked up the track, her face scarlet. Every now and then she would receive another crack on her bare behind from one of the girls if she seemed to be lagging. She walked with her head down, trying not to listen to the laughter and comments from the people she passed on the way.

At last they reached the cabin again. To Tricia's surprise, Bella handed her the dress, then sent her into the servants' quarters to clean up. Never had a shower felt so good, as the youngster washed the dirt and spunk from her pale young flesh. And never had such a skimpy garment been so welcome, as she was at last able to cover her nudity.

When she returned to the front room, she saw the reason she had been allowed her dress back. Bella's nephew and a friend were spending the day at the cabin. They were fourteen years old, smartass kids, and they sprawled in front of the TV watching cartoons. As soon as Tricia entered the room, Bella called her over.

"That's my nephew Carlo and his friend Louis. Go over and see if they need anything. Hurry up!"

Tricia made her way over to where the boys were sitting.

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

"Get us two..." Carlo's voice trailed off as he saw how Tricia was dressed. He nudged Louis. "Shit, looks like Bella's hired a slut for the new maid," he said.

His friend laughed. "I guess good servants are hard to get."

"Go get us two cokes," said Carlo. "And make it snappy."

Tricia hurried out to the kitchen. She found some glasses and a bottle of coke in the fridge and poured the boys a drink. She returned to the living room, holding them out.

"Where's the ice?" demanded Carlo. "You don't expect us to drink it without ice do you?"

"I'm sorry," said Tricia, slightly flustered.

She returned with ice, only to be sent back for straws, then potato chips. The boys soon realized how compliant she was, and began giving her pointless orders, making her change the channel on the TV, move furniture and fetch things from all parts of the room. The other girls watched in obvious amusement as the young beauty became more and more flustered in her attempts to satisfy the two spoilt brats.

Lunch was announced. The girls and the two youngsters sat about the dining table whilst Tricia was sent into the kitchen to help Ambrose. She felt very shy in the company of the man who, just hours earlier, had fucked her, but Ambrose was businesslike in the presence of Bella, ordering Tricia back and

forth with the dishes. Carlo was as recalcitrant as ever, sending Tricia back to the kitchen no less than five times with dirty cutlery, then dropping his fork on the floor so that she was obliged to bend down and pick it up whilst trying desperately to retain her modesty.

When the meal ended, Tricia set about washing the dishes under the critical eye of Ambrose. No sooner had she finished than Bella was calling her back into the front room. When Tricia entered, the girls were lounging about smoking, the two boys standing with expectant looks on their faces.

"Okay, Cunt," said Bella, "We're all going upstairs for a nap. You have to keep the boys amused."

Tricia glanced anxiously across at the grinning boys. What on earth could Bella mean? After all she was eighteen years old. What could she possibly have in common with a pair of fourteen year olds?

Carlo strolled across to her and looked her up and down. "Bella says that if you don't play the way we want you we're to tell Tony," he said.

"No. Please..."

The boy's eyes gleamed.

"So it's true. You'll do what we say ,just like Bella said."

Tricia cursed herself for letting the boys see how much she feared Tony. There was an air of self-confidence about these two that sent shivers through her. Now she had betrayed her dread of disobeying Tony, she knew they would exploit it to the full.

"We're gonna play a real cool game," said Carlo. "We'll be prison warders, and you're an escaped prisoner. We have to capture you. If we do then we get to torture you, then take you back to jail. Get that?"

"I think so..."

Carlo produced a toy gun from his pocket. "You have to pretend these are real," he said. "Got that?"

"Yes."

"Good. Louis, you got the stuff?"

Louis picked up a small rucksack, that rattled as he strapped it onto his back.

"We'll give you two minutes start," said Carlo. "If we catch you, you're in trouble."

Tricia looked from one boy to the other. She had no idea what they were planning for her, but the wicked grins on their faces told her she wouldn't like it. This was all so unfair. After all a girl her age should be getting respect from such youngsters. Instead she felt very insecure and vulnerable in their presence.

"Better get going," said Carlos. "The two minutes have started."

Tricia cast a final despairing look at the other girls, but all she saw was amusement in their eyes. To the sound of their laughter, she ran to the front door.

Once outside, Tricia headed off in the opposite direction to the swimming hole. The track led uphill, into more woods, and she hoped she could elude the boys by finding some dense vegetation to hide in. As she crested a hill she looked back. She could see the cabin, and the boys. They were on an upstairs balcony, a pair of binoculars trained on her. She gave a small whimper of despair. Any hope she had had of tricking them into going the wrong way was dashed. They knew exactly what direction she was heading in. Then another thing struck her. The road here was bordered on each side by wide, deep ditches. For the time being there was no escape into the trees. And, by now, she knew they must be on the road behind her.

She hurried on. It was almost impossible to run without letting her skirt ride up and expose her crotch and backside, yet she needed to move as fast as she could. She knew the boys would be running and that, at fourteen, they would have lots of energy. It was only a matter of time before they caught up with her.

She came to a fork in the road, and new hope kindled inside her. At least this gave her a fifty-fifty chance of losing them. She veered off to the right, trotting down the track, looking for a way into the woods.

She had covered about two hundred yards when she came to the fence. It stretched across the track in front of her, completely cutting off any chance of escape. She gave a cry of despair as she realized she would have to turn back, losing yet more time to her pursuers.

She was running now, oblivious to the way her pussy and behind were exposed by the tight dress riding up. When she came to the fork she paused momentarily and listened. Were those young voices she could hear? She wasn't sure. She turned and headed up the other path.

As she came round a bend in the road, her heart leapt. Someone had bridged the ditch on her left with thick wooden planks. Here at last was a chance to get among the trees.

She crossed the makeshift bridge. On the other side was a wide path and she followed it. Her breath was getting short now, and she needed somewhere to hide. Ahead the path widened, and the brightness told her she was reaching a clearing. She ran faster, her breath rasping as fatigue began to overtake her.

She never saw the tree root. It must have been well hidden in the grass. Her foot caught against it and suddenly she was falling, rolling over, her hands instinctively dragging her dress down over her thighs as she did so.

"Well, well, well!"

She must have been momentarily stunned, since the voice seemed to come from far away. She opened her eyes and blinked. There was something shiny right

in front of her face, something that gave a distorted reflection of herself. She blinked and looked up. She had come to rest beside a large, gleaming motorcycle.

"You all right, baby?"

She rolled over. Behind her stood a man. He was about thirty years old, dressed in grease-streaked denim jeans and jacket. He had a thick, black moustache and his head was shaved. His arms were covered in tattoos.

Tricia sat up, then realized there were more of them, three in all. They were bikers!

They were the roughest looking trio she had ever encountered. All were dressed identically. One had a large paunch and a thick beard. The third, like the first, had a shaved head. There was a spider's web tattooed onto his neck, and he wore a gleaming ring in one ear. All were grinning down at the youngster. She wondered if they had seen her pussy as she had tumbled. It must be clear to them that she wore no underwear under the tight little dress. Slowly she pulled herself to her feet, trying her best to retain her modesty as she did so.

"Who's after you then?" said the man with the spider's web tattoo. "You looked like you were in quite a hurry."

"it... It was just a game," mumbled the girl.

"Who are you playing with?" he asked.

As if in answer to the question, Carlo and Lois rounded the bend and stopped short. For a second Tricia saw that the boys were taken aback by the sight of the three men with their gleaming machines. Then Their eyes fell on Tricia.

"Don't let her get away!" shouted Carlo to the bikers. He pulled the toy gun from his pocket. "Put your hands up!" he ordered.

Tricia hesitated, anxious not to look foolish in front of the men.

"If you don't I'll tell Tony."

As always, the name brought a chill to Tricia's stomach. With a sinking heart she raised her hands in surrender.

"What's going on?" asked the man with the beard.

"She's an escaped prisoner from the women's prison. We're going to take her back."

The man smiled. "One of my favorite fantasies," he said.

"Louis. Get the collar on her."

The boy dropped his rucksack on the ground and reached inside. He pulled out a leather dog collar. Tricia stared at it in alarm. They weren't going to put that on her were they? Not in front of these men!

But her worst fears were realized as Louis undid the collar, then placed it about her neck. She stood, her hands still raised, as he cinched it so that

it sat snugly about her neck. She looked round at the bikers. They were grinning broadly, and she could see by the bulges in their jeans that the sight of this scantily clad beauty surrendering so abjectly was turning them on.

Louis clipped a dog lead to the collar, then tugged at it, almost overbalancing the girl.

"Right, let's get moving," ordered Carlo. "You guys did a good job. There may be a reward in this for you."

"Gee, thanks,"

Tricia had expected to be taken back down toward the cabin, but instead the boys set off along the track that led further into the wood. She glanced back at the bikers. They were watching her being led away with obvious amusement. She wondered momentarily what they were doing out here. Then she saw one of them light a hand-rolled cigarette, and she guessed.

"Stop there!"

They were barely out of sight of the bikers when Carlo gave the order. Tricia came to a halt staring down at his toy pistol.

"We gotta search her for weapons," he said.

Tricia stared at him. Of course she wasn't carrying weapons. Still, she supposed she had to go along with their silly game.

"What kind of weapons are we looking for?" asked Louis.

"I don't know. Maybe a knife?"

"How we gonna search her?"

Carlo ran his eyes over Tricia's shapely figure. Then a grin crept across his face.

"Take off that dress."

"What?"

"You heard me. Take it off."

"But I'm..." her voice trailed away.

"Take it off I said."

"You can't make me do that. Someone might come along."

"You're our prisoner. You'll do what I say."

Tricia couldn't believe what was happening. Was she really to expose herself to a pair of adolescent boys? Boys who were barely freshmen at high school?

Carlo leveled his gun. "Take it off or I shoot."

Tricia knew she had to obey. Her fear of the power these boys held over her through Tony was too great. As she reached for the hem of her dress, she saw the boys exchange glances. Clearly they hadn't expected her to go this far. With burning cheeks she pulled the dress over her head.

"Shit. She's got nothing on underneath," gasped Louis.

"Christ, you're right. I can see everything."

Inwardly Tricia cursed Bella. The boys clearly hadn't expected her to be naked under the dress. It was obvious they had had no intention of making her do more than show her underwear. Now she had revealed to them how far she was prepared to go in her obedience to them, and they were obviously overwhelmed by the power they had over her. She clutched the dress to herself, trying her best to conceal her nudity. But it was too late. The cockiness had already returned to Carlo's demeanor.

"Give the dress to Louis," ordered Carlo.

"No. I can't."

"Do it!"

Reluctantly, Tricia let the dress fall away. Then she handed it to Louis and stood, her arms at her sides, her nakedness on open display.

The boys stared wide-eyed at her lovely young body. Clearly they had never seen a woman nude before, and their eyes traveled up and down, taking in the firm swell of her breasts, the hard, brown nipples, and the prominence of her cunt.

"Did you shave yourself down there?" asked Carlo.

Tricia nodded.

"I heard only whores did that," said Louis.

"Let's search her," said Carlo.

"What?" bemoaned Tricia. "You can see I've got nothing. Now please give me back my dress."

"You're our prisoner don't forget. Now turn around and put your hands against that tree."

Tricia turned. The tree was behind her. It was mature, its trunk wide. Carlo pushed her forward and she found herself leaning against it, her hands flat against the rough bark.

"Arms higher. Open your legs."

Tricia gave a sigh of despair, but she complied.

"We need to be able to see you're unarmed. Push your ass back. Show it to us."

Tricia obeyed, then glanced back at the two boys. They were grinning

broadly as they took in the sight of her anus and the slit of her pussy.

"C'mon," Carlo nudged his friend and moved close to the naked girl.

Tricia gave a start as she felt his young hands run up her flank, tracing the curve of her hips, stroking her soft, pale flesh. Moments later Louis was touching her on the other side.

"Shit, she feels good," breathed Louis.

"Get a feel of her tits."

"No. You mustn't..."

Smack! Carlo slapped Tricia's bare behind. "Stand still," he ordered.

Moments later Tricia felt young hands closing about her warm, soft breasts. She closed her eyes, trying to blot out the thought that she was being felt up by a pair of fourteen year olds, the humiliation almost too much for her.

The boys squeezed her bare breasts clumsily.

"Her nipple's going hard on this side," remarked Louis.

"My brother told me a woman's nipples go hard when she's turned on."

"You think this is turning her on?"

"Maybe. Let's check her cunt."

Tricia stiffened, but said nothing, her mind in turmoil as the degrading search continued. A shiver ran through her as she felt small fingers sliding down between her legs.

"Oh!"

She couldn't suppress the exclamation as Carlo found her clitoris, his fingertips probing at the little nut.

"Look," he said to Carlo. That's her clit. Girls love having their clit touched."

"Let me feel."

Tricia closed her eyes as she felt another hand groping her in the most intimate manner. She could scarcely believe she was letting this happen, standing passive and naked whilst two adolescents explored her cunt.

"Better check inside. Might be a knife up there."

"Please..."

Smack!

"Quiet!"

Tricia shivered slightly as she felt Carlo slide his fingers into her vagina. Despite her shame and humiliation, she sensed her cunt muscles contracting involuntarily about his intruding digits.

"She's damp in there, he said.

"Let me feel."

Carlo's fingers were withdrawn, only to be replaced by Louis's. Tricia bit her lip as he carried out an intimate exploration of her most private place, her backside squirming slightly as his fingers moved about inside her.

"I reckon she likes it," grinned the boy. Look at the way her ass is moving about."

"Slut."

By the time he slid his fingers from inside her, Tricia's pussy was very wet, and she was having difficulty breathing evenly. The boys laughed aloud at her obvious discomfort.

"I think the prisoner's enjoying the game," remarked Louis. She felt him wipe his hand on the bare flesh of her behind, leaving behind a coolness as her juices were spread across her skin.

"Stand up and turn around."

Tricia's face was scarlet with embarrassment as she turned to face her young tormentors.

"No weapons after all"

"May I have my dress back please?"

Carlo thought for a moment." No," he said. She won't try to escape if she's got nothing on. "Put the cuffs on her."

Tricia watched in alarm as Louis pulled a pair of shining handcuffs from the rucksack. This was getting worse and worse. It was bad enough being naked in the outdoors. The cuffs would mean she had no way of covering herself.

Louis dragged her arms behind her back, then she felt the cold metal snap about her wrists. She pulled at them, but they held her arms firmly behind her. The boys were grinning now, as they realized the extent of their control over her.

"What shall I do with this?" asked Louis, holding up her dress.

"Dump it. She won't be needing it."

Tricia watched in dismay as Louis tossed her last concession to modesty into the bushes, like a discarded rag.

"Now, move, you bitch," said Carlo.

The strange trio set off along the track, Louis dragging the naked beauty along by her lead, with Carlo bringing up the rear. Tricia wondered at the sight

she was presenting him, her shapely ass swinging from side to side as she walked, her breasts jiggling up and down. She tried not to listen as the boys discussed her naked charms openly.

"She's been thrashed on the ass," remarked Carlo.

Lois dropped back slightly to examine Tricia's pale backside.

"Shit yes, she's been whipped good."

"What do you think of her tits?"

"Pretty good. See the way her nipples are still hard? That's because she's still turned on."

"What's turning her on?"

"Flashing her tits and cunt I guess. Some dames get off on that kind of thing. The real sluts become strippers."

"You reckon this one's a stripper?"

"Wouldn't be surprised."

"Dirty little bitch."

Tricia walked on in silence, staring ahead of herself, trying not to think about what she was doing. The fact that these two boys had been fingering her vagina was bad enough. The way her vibrant young body had responded, though, had shocked her beyond anything else. How could she possibly have been aroused by being felt up by these two spoilt brats? And why was it that the fact that her hands were cuffed behind her was bringing a new, sordid thrill to her lovely body, making her nipples stiff with excitement and bringing fresh wetness to her already moist pussy?

"Right, stop there!"

The sudden order broke the teenager's reverie, and she was brought back to reality with a start as Louis tugged on her collar. They were passing a small clearing, set about with young saplings, and Carlo shoved her off the track onto the grass.

"Time we started interrogating this shameless bitch," said Carlo.

"Interrogating?"

Smack!

"Shut up, whore!" ordered Carlo. "From now on, you only speak when you're spoken to, understand?"

Tricia said nothing, but she knew the meekness of her demeanor told the boys all they needed to know. She stood quietly, wishing for something to cover her, hoping against hope that nobody would pass by. Meanwhile Louis dropped the rucksack from his shoulders and the two boys began rifling through its contents.

Carlo pulled out a piece of nylon rope. He threw one end over an

overhanging branch, then beckoned to Tricia. Her heart thumping, the naked captive walked submissively over to where he stood.

"Turn around!"

Tricia did as she was told, and for a second was overjoyed to feel him undo the cuffs from her right wrist. Her joy was short-lived, though. He simply brought her arms round in front of her and fastened them again. Then he ordered her to hold her arms out whilst he secured the rope to the chain between them. Then, with a sinking heart, Tricia watched him begin to pull on the other end.

The girl's hands were pulled up, above her head. He went on pulling, stretching her until she was on tiptoe. Then he secured the end of the rope to a sapling.

Tricia was overwhelmed by her new predicament, her hands held high above her, precluding any possibility of covering or protecting her nude body. Her breasts were stretched almost oval as her hands were pulled high above her.

But Carlo wasn't finished yet.

Pulling a knife from his pocket, the boy sliced through the rope, then knelt at Tricia's feet and began to wrap it around her ankle.

"Wh-what are you doing?"

"Shut up."

He tied the rope tightly, almost bringing tears to his captive's eyes. Then he took another length of rope and set about tying her other ankle. Tricia gazed down between her jutting breasts, her stomach churning as she realized how helpless he was making her.

"Okay, Louis, let's spread the prisoner."

Tricia could only watch in horror as the boys each took hold of the ropes secured to her ankles and pulled, spreading her legs wide open and pulling her clear of the ground. They tugged hard at the ropes, stretching her thighs apart. When they were satisfied, they tied the ends of the rope to saplings.

Tricia's position was the most ignominious she had ever experienced. Her hands were pulled high above her, her legs stretched apart. Worst of all, her shaved cunt was wide open, the breeze feeling oddly cool as her inner wetness was exposed.

Yet worse was to come.

He boys moved a short distance away, where they had a mumbled conversation. Tricia could tell by the grins on their faces and the glances cast in her direction that they were planning still more ignominies.

Giggling, the boys reached into the rucksack once more. This time they produced a ball of string. Carlo measured out a long length, then cut it and handed it to Louis. Then the boys approached their helpless captive once more.

They began groping her bare breasts, their small hands squeezing the soft flesh, rolling her nipples back and forth.

"Her nipple getting good and hard?" asked Carlo.

"Sure is. She loves this stuff."

Tricia felt her cheeks redden as she saw the effect their ministrations were having on her lovely breasts, the nipples standing proudly from the soft orbs. She couldn't comprehend the shameful way her vibrant young body responded to these two brats, yet the evidence was there in the hard brown buds of erect flesh.

"That'll do it.!"

All at once the boys stopped toying with her and both began tying loops in the string. Then, to Tricia's alarm, they wrapped the loops about her protruding nipples and pulled them tight.

"Ow!"

Tricia's body lurched as the string bit into the tender flesh of her teats, trapping the balls of brown tissue as the boys tightened the loops, making them fast with strong knots. Once this was done, they let the string dangle, laughing at the expression of pain and embarrassment on Tricia's pretty face.

"Let's see how they stretch," said Carlo, cruelly.

The two boys began pulling at the strings, eliciting cries of pain from the helpless girl as they stretched the tender flesh of her breasts, the loops of thread digging in even deeper as the pressure increased. They pulled until Tricia felt sure the flesh must tear, then secured the string to the trunks of young trees in front of where she was hanging, stretching her breasts almost conical and sending stabs of extraordinary pain through her.

Tricia felt that she had been driven to the limit of humiliation by the extraordinary bondage the two young boys were subjecting her to, yet still Carlo had one more awful ordeal for her.

He picked up a small branch that had broken from one of the trees, It was about an inch and a half in diameter and about three feet long. He whispered something to his grinning companion, who at once crouched down between Tricia's legs. The girl craned forward and saw that he was using his knife to dig a small, round hole in the ground under her. Meanwhile Carlo was using his own knife to whittle the end of the stick into a blunt point. This activity went on for a number of minutes, then Louis straightened.

"That should do it," he said.

Carlo stepped forward until he was standing just in front of Tricia. He raised the stick.

"You like to be fucked, don't you?" he asked her.

Tricia didn't answer, simply staring in morbid fascination at the stick. Then he dropped to his knees.

"No!"

The cry was one of panic, but it fell on deaf ears. Already Carlo was inserting the end of the stick into Tricia's cunt.

He pressed it deeper, twisting it as he did so. Tricia let out a whimper as the rough wood chafed against the tender flesh of her vaginal walls.

"Please!" she moaned, but to no avail.

Carlo pressed the stick home until it would go no further, filling her with its cold roughness. Then he called Louis to help him lift their captive so the end could be dropped into the hole he had dug. Then the boys stood back, rocking with laughter at the sight of Tricia.

The lovely young teenager was devastated. Here she was, totally nude in the open air, her hands trapped above her, her legs spread in a lewd pose of surrender, her breasts in cruel bondage, her open cunt speared by a rough, dirty pole. And all for the gratification of a pair of grinning schoolboys who, in any other circumstances, would have been so inferior to her as not to have merited even a glance.

The boys began to circle her. They had picked up sticks and were poking her naked flesh, probing her anus and jabbing at her buttocks, belly and breasts. Tricia had never wished for death before, but she wished for it now. Anything to deliver her from this dreadful degradation.

The boys seated themselves on the ground in front of her. The grass was littered with small, hard seeds about the size of acorns, and they began throwing them at her, awarding each other points for hitting her breasts or clitoris. The seeds stung terribly, and Tricia twisted and turned in her bondage in a vain attempt to avoid the small missiles.

When they tired of that game, the boys picked up thin, whippy sticks and walked around the naked girl, taking swipes at her bare flesh, laughing at her cries as the canes cracked against her skin. The force they used was nothing in comparison with the caning she had received in her apartment, but the continued swiping, along with the pain in her arms and legs from her suspension, made it seem far worse. Worse still was the fact that the blows were being delivered by the two precocious young brats.

At last the boys tired of the game.

"Let's tie her up differently," suggested Carlo.

To Tricia's relief, the boys began to undo her bonds. First they untied the string that stretched her breasts so tightly from the trees, but left it tied to her swollen nipples. Then they undid her ankle bonds from the saplings on either side. Finally they released the tension in the rope above her head.

As Tricia felt herself descend, she gave a gasp as the pole thrust deeper into her vagina. Carlo played with the rope for a while, working her nude body up and down, laughing as her gasps as she was effectively fucked by the crude device. At last, though, he let her drop. and the exhausted girl was able to dismount from the cruel pole, leaving it shiny with her love juices.

She stood, flexing her muscles, feeling the circulation return to her aching limbs. Her respite was short, though. Already Carlo was ordering her to

lie on her back on the grass as he and Louis planned new indignities.

The grass felt cool and soft against Tricia's bare flesh, though she would much rather have been clothed. Carlo made her move so that a young tree, its trunk no more than six inches wide, was behind her. He made her put her arms above her head, then quickly undid one of the cuffs, pulling her arms about the trunk of the tree and then securing them again, so that she was, once again, trapped. Moments later they were pulling on the ropes that secured her ankles again, stretching her legs wide apart and tying them there.

It was a simple bondage, but one that Tricia knew was designed for maximum humiliation. She was left lying in the grass, her hands trapped above her head, her legs open and her knees slightly bent. The position was precisely ideal for fucking, and she watched red-faced as the giggling boys pointed at her open cunt and at the secretions that glistened inside it.

They tugged at the strings attached to her nipples again, stretching and pulling her breasts. Then they knelt between her legs, fingering her cunt, watching as her sex responded to their touch, the muscles contracting as her vibrant young body shook with unwanted spasms of pleasure.

As they toyed with her, Tricia noticed the way their pants began to bulge. She was afraid they would try to fuck her and, when they both pulled their stiff young cocks from their shorts, she shook her head, dragging at the bonds.

"Don't worry, slut," said Carlo. "We wouldn't soil our cocks inside your over-used cunt. Just lie still and enjoy what we're going to give you."

The two boys knelt either side of her face and began to masturbate, their hands working their foreskins back and forth as they fixed their eyes on their naked captive. Tricia watched helpless as they jacked themselves off, sensing their arousal as they did so. She could see from the intense expressions on their faces that they were already close to orgasm, and she was not mistaken.

"Open your mouth, bitch," ordered Carlo suddenly from between clenched teeth.

Tricia knew what was coming, but she was beyond caring now, wishing only to give the boys what they wanted and bring this dreadful game to an end. She put her head back and opened her mouth.

The first spurt of semen from Carlo's twitching cock splashed onto her upturned cheek. The second landed in her mouth and she gulped it down. He continued to ejaculate onto her face and mouth, the warm, slimy fluid filling her eyes and nose as it rained down on her. Then Louis was coming too, more gobbets of semen splashing into her open mouth. The two boys stood over her, working their foreskins back and forth until they were spent, and Tricia's face was shiny with spunk. She licked it from her lips and chin as best she could, swallowing it down whilst the boys fastened their pants.

Carlo glanced at his watch.

"Time we were getting back," he announced, picking up the rucksack. "Come on Louis."

The boys began to walk away. Tricia cried out in alarm.

"Wait! What about me? You can't leave me here like this!"

Carlo pulled the key to the handcuffs from his pocket and held it up to her.

"You'll be wanting this," he said.

"Yes!" Tricia nodded vigorously.

"I'll tell you what. We'll leave it with those biker guys," said Carlo.

Then the two boys turned and set off, laughing down the track, leaving Tricia, naked and spread, staring after them.

The Degradation of Tricia, Part 5

By Lia Anderssen

Tricia was not sure how long she had lain there, naked and bound, staring up at the sky, her heart pounding in anticipation of what was to come. She could still feel the boys' semen trickling down her upturned face and taste its bitter flavor in her mouth. She raised her head and stared down between her bare breasts, the nipples still distorted by the string knotted about them. Anyone walking along the path could not miss her, and the first thing they would see was her open cunt. The cool feeling of the breeze between her legs told her that she was still moist down there, and she knew that her lubrication was obvious in this degrading pose. She closed her eyes, wishing she could be somewhere else.

"Holy shit!"

"Fuck me, they weren't kidding."

Tricia's heart sank as she heard the men's voices. So the boys had been true to their word. She had been hoping against hope that Carlo's threat had been an idle one, or that the bikers would have moved on. Now she opened her eyes to see the three of them standing over her, staring down at her lovely young body.

"Christ, those kids play for real."

"Look, they've spunked all over her face."

"She must be one weird little bitch."

The man with the spider's web tattoo crouched down beside the prone youngster. Taking hold of her chin, he pulled her round to face him.

"Those kids said you joined in their game willingly. That true?"

Tricia said nothing, trying to avoid looking into his eyes, her face red with shame.

The man with the beard crouched on the other side of her.

"They gave us this key," he said, holding it up. "Said you'd want it. They certainly weren't kidding!"

"So what's in it for us if we untie you?"

"Please. Can't you just let me go?" begged Tricia.

"Sure we can." The man with the spider's web ran a hand over Tricia's belly, his touch making the tiny, downy hairs stand up as she writhed with embarrassment. "Or we can tell the cops."

"Tell the police?" said Tricia in alarm.

"Sure. It's our civic duty. Somebody's obviously attacked you and tied you up."

"The newspapers are gonna be real interested as well. In fact, maybe we'll call them first. After all, this would make a great shot for the front page."

"Sure. I know this guy works on the Clarion. He's always looking for a good picture."

"No! You mustn't tell the press. Or the police. Please!"

The three grinned at one another, and Tricia knew that, once again, she had betrayed the vulnerability of her own situation.

"If you let us have a bit of fun with you, we'll let you go," said spider's web.

Tricia glanced at their three expectant faces. Then she let her eyes drop.

"You can have some fun," she whispered.

The teenager wondered at how easily she had surrendered to these three ruffians. How could she give in so quickly? But then she thought of the total vulnerability of her situation. They could rape her anyway, and probably would do if she did not comply.

Spider's web moved his hand up from her belly and took her breast into his strong, rough grasp, squeezing it hard. He pulled at the string, laughing to his companions as he stretched her pretty breasts.

"Hey, I got an idea," said the man with the beard. "Out of the way, Sam."

"What you gonna do, Joey?"

Spider's web sat back and watched as the heavy man straddled Tricia's slim body. She stared up at him, anxiously as he took hold of the ends of the string. He made a half-hitch with the two lengths, then pulled, dragging Tricia's plump young breasts together until the nipples were almost touching. Then he tied the string tight. Tricia let out a gasp of pain at the way her nipples were stretched by this extraordinary bondage.

"Fuck me, Joey. You gonna tit-fuck the bitch?"

"Sure am. That little slit I just made has gotta be as tight as her pussy. Whadda you say, bitch, fancy a cock between your tits?"

Tricia said nothing, her apprehension growing as she realized yet another indignity was about to be heaped upon her.

Joey, the bearded biker, undid his fly and took out his cock. It was semi-erect, the circumcised tip hanging at an angle.

"Gonna get me hard with that pretty mouth?" he said to Tricia. He moved up her helpless body until his cock was hanging above her mouth. Then he took hold of her hair and pulled her head up.

Tricia opened her mouth and took his cock inside. It tasted and smelt of his arousal, and she ran her tongue over his glans, sucking at him as she did so.

"Shit, for a young bitch she sure knows how to give good head," he exclaimed.

"A natural cocksucker," grinned the one called Sam. "See what her pussy's like, Piston."

The third of the trio, who had simply been watching up until now, moved closer, crouching down between Tricia's thighs.

"Who'd have thought an innocent kid like this would shave her pussy?" he said. "When we met her I thought she was a good girl. Turns out she's a slut."

He ran his hand up her inner thigh. A shiver of anticipation ran through the teenager's naked body as she felt his fingers approaching her most private place.

"Mmmf!"

Her exclamation was muffled by the now-swollen cock that filled her mouth as she felt Piston slide a finger into her vagina.

"Bitch is wet as hell," exclaimed the biker. "Her cunt's squeezing my finger like a whore's. I reckon she's hot for it."

Tricia listened to the words, and felt the muscles of her sex contract about his rough digit. He was right, the taste of the thick cock in her mouth, the bondage and the enforced nudity were all conspiring to bring out her basest desires. Despite the revulsion she felt at being manhandled by these thugs, her physical being craved their touch, and she moaned slightly, pressing her backside up against his intruding finger.

"Don't worry, slut," grinned Piston. "You're gonna get all the spunk you want."

At that moment Joe withdrew his swollen member from between her lips. Tricia gazed at it as it bobbed above her face, glistening with her saliva.

"I'm gonna enjoy this," he said.

He slid back and, taking his shaft in his hand, began to probe between Tricia's bound breasts, pressing his cock insistently forward.

"Ah!"

Tricia gave a gasp of pain as he slid his erection between her breasts, increasing still further the tension on her nipples. She gazed down in fascination as she saw the end of his prick emerge from between her sore breasts. Then he began the tit-fucking.

Tricia found herself strangely aroused by the sight of this big, burly man thrusting his stiff cock between her breasts, the tip nudging against her chin as he pumped his hips back and forth, his weight driving the breath from her. Then she gave a low moan as she felt a finger enter her vagina, pressing insistently into her moist fuck hole and twisting.

"Nice damp pussy," remarked Piston. "The bitch is certainly getting her kicks from this."

"Turned on by being tied up by a couple of school kids," remarked Sam. "Sure is kinky."

"Who gives a fuck? If she likes being tied up and screwed in public, I'm game to give her what she wants."

Tricia tried not to listen to their derogatory remarks, her mind filled with the pain of her nipple bondage, made ten times worse by the thick cock that was thrusting between her bare breasts. Then there was the insistent probing of her vagina, making the juices inside her flow anew as she groaned with the perverse pleasure of it.

"Fuck it, I'm coming," grunted Joey. "Open your mouth."

Moments later he had pulled his cock from between her breasts and was stuffing it between her lips, even as it began to spurt. Despite her revulsion, Tricia found herself sucking greedily at his bulbous glans, gulping down his semen hungrily, her mouth filling with the thick, warm fluid. He fucked her face hard, thrusting his cock to the back of her throat, making her gag as more and more of his semen gushed from his thick erection. For a moment Tricia feared she would choke, then the flow began to reduce and she was able to swallow again, trickles of the fluid leaking from her lips and running down her cheeks.

Joey pulled his cock from her mouth, wiped a mixture of spunk and saliva over her face, then stood up, tucking his penis back in his jeans.

"Whose next?"

But Piston had already dropped his jeans and Tricia let out a whimper of arousal as she felt him pressing his erection against the entrance to her sex.

Despite the size and thickness of his cock, he slipped easily into Tricia's vagina. The lubrication inside her saw to that. Soon he was filling her deliciously, making her groan with lust as he began to thrust violently into her.

The bonds that held her ankles apart bit into her tender flesh as Piston's onslaught became more violent, his strong hips pumping insistently as he took his pleasure in the helpless teenager. Tricia was moaning aloud now, her bottom coming clear of the ground as she thrust back at him, her whole body alive with lust as she took her perverse pleasure in the rough fucking she was receiving. It seemed almost inconceivable to her that she could possibly be aroused by what was little more than rape by this rough, uncouth stranger. Yet, as he thrust his cock into her she felt an orgasm building deep within her.

"Oh Yeah!"

Piston gasped his satisfaction as his cock began to pump spunk deep into Tricia's vagina. The sensation was enough to send the lascivious youngster over the top with him, and Tricia gave a shriek of pleasure as her own orgasm swept over her, making her momentarily forget her awful predicament as spasms of gratification shook her pretty, naked body. She could hear the other two men laughing at her as she writhed and moaned under the bulky biker, but for the moment her humiliation was forgotten as her physical side took over.

Moments later Piston was rolling off her and she was staring down the valley between her breasts at Sam, who was holding his erect cock in his hand and gently working his foreskin back and forth.

"Ready for some more, slut?"

Sam made no pretense at foreplay, simply lunging forward and plunging his erection into Tricia's sopping cunt. She gave a cry as she felt him invade her, the walls of her sex stretched apart as, once again, she was forced to surrender herself to a complete stranger.

Sam fucked her without finesse, simply ramming his erection hard into her, driving ruthlessly against her tethered body, his breath coming in grunts as he fucked the teenager hard. Once again the onslaught caused Tricia's bonds to bite deep into her ankles, but she was beyond caring now, her head shaking from side to side, her bottom drumming on the grass as fresh surges of pleasure swept through her.

This new orgasm was no less violent than the one Piston had invoked in her, the sensation of fresh spunk spurting into her love tunnel sending her to new heights of perverse gratification, her breasts shaking violently as her body convulsed.

She seemed to lose consciousness momentarily. When she opened her eyes, the men were standing over her, laughing down at their young captive. Immediately the pretty young schoolgirl was overcome by the shame of her behavior. She had reacted like a total slut at the fucking she had received, and the men now knew how low she had sunk.

Then, to her immense relief, they began to release her from her bondage. Once her ankles had been freed and her wrists unshackled, Joey pulled her to her feet and set about removing the tit bondage. Tricia felt very exposed indeed as she stood there, legs apart, the spunk trickling down her inner thighs whilst she allowed the biker to work on her breasts.

When, at last, the cruel loops about her nipples were undone, she rubbed the stinging flesh, groaning with pain as the circulation gradually returned to her painful teats. The men watched her, grinning as she caressed herself, her

face glowing red as they commented on her performance.

"She sure likes playing with her tits, don't she?"

"She likes being fucked too. Her cunt was caressing my cock like a Bangkok whore."

Tricia looked around at their faces.

"C-could I go now?" she asked.

"Sure baby. We're going ourselves. We'll give you a ride."

"I don't know what happened to my dress. The boys threw it into the bushes."

"That's okay. You look fine like that."

"Better give the lady her cuffs back."

"Sure. She can wear them home."

With that Joey pulled her hands behind her and she felt the cuffs close about her wrists once again. She protested, tugging at them, but the men showed no sympathy.

"What about the key?" said Joey. "She's gonna need that."

"Yeah," said Piston. "Give her the key."

"How's she gonna carry it?"

"Only one place I can think of."

Tricia was confused by this talk, looking from face to face. It was clear that the bikers had some kind of mischief planned, but she couldn't think what. Then she felt her shoulders grabbed from behind and her body bent backwards. Piston stood in front of her, holding up the key.

"Whadda you say, slut?" he said. "Think you can carry this in that pretty little cunt of yours?"

"What?"

Before Tricia could protest, she felt her ankles kicked apart. Then Piston was pressing the cold, hard key into her vagina. She struggled, but she was being held by strong hands and could only give a cry of despair as Piston's fingers pressed the object deep into her love tunnel. When he withdrew his hand, his fingers were wet with spunk, and he held them up for Tricia to suck clean.

The walk back to the bikes was most uncomfortable for the pretty youngster. All the way she could feel spunk leaking from inside her, and she tried her best to contract the muscles of her pussy in order to keep the key in place. This caused the lips of her sex to twitch visibly, forcing yet more seminal fluid out onto the smooth creaminess of her thighs and bringing guffaws of laughter from her captors. They kept up a string of humiliating banter during the walk, commenting on the wiggle of her bare ass, the jiggling of her tits,

the hardness of her nipples and especially the cold, slimy trail that ran down her legs to her ankles.

At last they rounded a bend and the bikes came into sight.

"Where are you headed?" asked Sam.

"It's a cabin. Down the track."

"Sure you wouldn't rather come with us?"

"We know a real nice bar where the guys would be pleased to meet you."

Tricia looked at him in alarm. "No, please," she said.

"Hell, stop teasing the bitch," said Joey. "We'll give you a ride home baby."

This suggestion was greeted with mixed feelings by Tricia. She wanted to get away from these men as quickly as she could, and to forget what they had done to her, and how she had responded. On the other hand, she could feel that the handcuff key had slid down inside her sopping cunt and was in danger of dropping out at any moment. And that, as far as she knew, was the only way in which she would be able to open the cuffs that left her so helpless and exposed.

As Joey climbed aboard his gleaming machine, Tricia remembered the dress she had been wearing.

"My dress," she said. "It's in the bushes somewhere."

Joey laughed, kicking his bike into life. "You wanna spend the evening searching for it?" he asked. "Those cuffs ain't gonna help."

Tricia considered for a second. He was right, she had no idea where the dress was hidden. And she knew the key wouldn't stay in place for ever. Even if she managed to pick it up, she was very doubtful she would be able to undo the cuffs.

Joey patted the seat behind him.

"C'mon, bitch," he said.

Tricia had never ridden a motorcycle before. She placed a foot on the rear footrest and tried to swing her leg over. It took two attempts, and necessitated an awkward swing of her legs which exposed her cunt to the grinning men, but soon she was mounted behind Joey, her stiff nipples brushing against the back of his jacket.

As they took off, the vibration of the leather seat against her spread pussy sent an unwelcome thrill through the youngster, and she shuddered as her clitoris drove down against the machine, sending spasms of arousal flowing through her. She glanced back at the other two riders, aware that her naked form, with her buttocks spread, was providing a delightful prospect to the pair.

They sped down the road. Every now and again they would pass a jogger or a pedestrian, who would stop and stare at the extraordinary sight of a beautiful, naked girl astride the roaring motorcycle. For once Tricia was able

to enjoy the thrill of exposure without the danger of ridicule or hostility, and she found herself feeling very sexy as she sped along.

As they approached the cabin, though, her anxiety began to return. She knew she would have to face Bella and her unpleasant friends, and she didn't relish the prospect of explaining how she had lost her dress, nor the spunk on her face and thighs. She begged Joey to drop her some distance from the place, but then realized her mistake. As soon as he sensed her reluctance to be taken to the door, he insisted on doing so, and made her show him precisely where she was staying.

As they pulled up outside the door to the cabin, the bikers gunned their engines and Tricia's heart sank as she realized that the noise must bring the girls outside. Sure enough the door opened and out stepped Bella, followed by her friends. The bikers cut their engines and, in the sudden silence, Tricia felt the heat rise to her cheeks.

"What the fuck have you been up to, Cunt?" asked Bella. "You were supposed to be looking after the boys. They came home ages ago."

"Your friend was a bit tied up," laughed Piston.

Bella looked at the three rough men with interest. "You let these guys touch you?" she asked.

Tricia nodded silently.

"Get off that bike."

Tricia obeyed.

"Shit, look at that."

Bella pointed to the seat where Tricia had been sitting, On it was a wide, wet imprint of her cunt, the whiteness of the fluid betraying the fact that it was spunk.

"You let these guys fuck you?"

Tricia hung her head. "Two of them."

"And the other. Don't tell me he just stood and watched?"

"No."

"Well?"

"He... He tit-fucked me."

Bella let out a peal of laughter. "Dirty little whore," she said. Then she stopped laughing. "Wait a minute, what's that?"

Tricia turned her gaze back to the bike, and felt her stomach churn as she noticed, in the middle of the pool of spunk, the handcuff key.

"It's the key to her new bracelets," laughed Joey. "Guess where she was carrying it?"

This time all the girls burst into peals of laughter.

"Better pick it up then hadn't you?" said Bella. "And clean this guy's bike seat whilst you're about it."

"But my hands are tied," protested the embarrassed teenager.

"You don't need your hands," replied Bella. "Use your tongue."

Tricia paused for a second, staring at Bella. Was there no end to the indignities this woman was prepared to inflict upon her? She looked round at the other faces, seeking some sympathy, but there was none. Slowly she approached the motorcycle, her stomach churning.

She leaned forward, aware of the way her pretty breasts dangled as she did so. Tentatively she protruded her tongue and began to lick at the pool of slimy spunk. It tasted bitter and cold, but she lapped it all up, tracing the paths where it had trickled down the sides. Then she took the cold, hard key into her mouth, tasting the mixture of spunk and female cum as she sucked the fluids from it.

"Show me," ordered Bella.

Tricia held out the shining key on the end of her tongue. Bella inspected it, then nodded to Joey.

"Take them off."

Tricia turned to the biker, her tongue still sticking out, expecting him to take it from her. Instead he took her by the shoulders and pulled her naked body to his, closing his mouth over hers. Tricia's immediate reaction was to close her lips tightly, but his tongue probed at her, forcing her mouth open then darting inside, intertwining with her own tongue in a kiss of total intimacy.

He pulled her closer, his other hand closing over her soft, bare breast and squeezing the pliant flesh. Tricia felt her knees buckle at the passion of his kiss, her hips beginning to gyrate as her body responded to him.

As suddenly as the kiss had started, he was pushing her away, shoving her backwards so she stumbled and almost fell. She looked at him in confusion, aware now of the laughter all around her. Laughter that increased as he opened his mouth and stuck out his tongue, displaying the gleaming object on it.

"Shit, you're such a cheap slut, Cunt," remarked Bella. "C'mon, undo the bitch's hands."

Joey swung Tricia round and, moments later, she was relieved to feel the metal bands about her wrists come undone. At once she hugged an arm about her breasts and covered her crotch with the flat of her other hand.

"It's no good coming over all modest now," remarked Bella. "We've all seen what you've got. Now get inside and shower. Then report to me in the front room in fifteen minutes."

Tricia took a final glance round the grinning faces, then turned and ran

toward the house, anxious to hide her naked body from their stares.

The Degradation of Tricia, Part 6

By Lia Anderssen

Tricia was more than grateful for the chance to clean herself. She let the water flow over her skin, washing the spunk of the three men and two boys from her, along with the grass stains in her back and buttocks, and the accumulated sweat from her ordeal. She shampooed her hair, watching as the leaves and twigs fell from it and washed down the plug hole. Only when she finally felt clean again did she emerge.

She knew she didn't have much time, and she was anxious not to incur Bella's wrath. She found a hairdryer in the bathroom and used it to dry her hair as best she could. Then she ran a brush through it and hurried to the door.

Just beside the door was a full-length mirror and she paused beside it, and gazed at her reflection. The sight of her nude body brought her back to reality with a jolt. She ran her eyes down over her breasts, the nipples still swollen by the treatment meted out to her by the two schoolboys. Her gaze dropped to her crotch and she winced slightly at the prominence of her slit. Even with pubic hair her pussy had always been very visible. Shaved, her slit stood out much more. Thankfully the marks made by the girls' towels that morning had faded, but still there was a redness about her nether lips that betrayed the fuckings she had received that day.

Tearing her eyes from the humiliating image, Tricia made for the front room. On the way she had to go through the kitchen and endure Ambrose's lustful gaze.

In the front room the other girls were all lounging about chatting. Clearly the two schoolboys were no longer at the cabin, a source of relief to Tricia who's enforced nudity was embarrassing enough in the presence of Bella and her friends.

"What kept you so long, Cunt?" asked Bella harshly.

"I-I had to clean myself up."

"She was washing all that spunk out of her cunt, the dirty bitch," put in Jenny. "I bet you loved having those bikers' cocks up you, didn't you?"

Tricia blushed, but made no reply.

"Anyway, Cunt, you've got an invitation," went on Bella.

Tricia stared at her curiously. "What..."

"The couple at the place down the road saw you today wandering about bare-assed. They saw you come into the cabin. The woman called round this afternoon looking for you."

"Looking for me?" said Tricia in alarm.

"Sure. Maybe she fancies naked sluts."

The other girls giggled at this remark, and Tricia felt her color deepen.

"Anyhow, they're having a barbecue tonight, and we're all invited. But they asked if you'd go round beforehand and help them prepare."

"Me? Why me?"

"Who gives a fuck? Their place is about half a mile down the track. The one with the red doors and windows. You'd better get going."

Tricia glanced down at herself. "What, go like this, with nothing on?"

Bella shook her head. "You are such a slut," she said. "Of course you can't go like that. Whatever made you think you could? These are respectable people. You can't just turn up with no clothes on."

Once again Tricia had been out maneuvered by Bella. In suggesting she might go to these people's cabin in the nude, she had made it sound like her idea. Now, as she listened to the tut-tutting of the other girls, she felt like kicking herself for giving them the opportunity to mock her even more.

"Go over to the coffee table," said Bella. "Your clothes are there, though why I'm lending you anything after you lost my dress I don't know."

Tricia made her way across to the table, her heart thumping. She wanted nothing more than to cover her nudity, to hide her private parts from the stare of everyone she encountered. When she reached the table, though, she felt a coldness at the pit of her stomach once more.

On the table lay a pair of red, patent leather shoes with high stiletto heels. Beside them was a scrap of shiny red PVC and a red scarf about two inches wide and two feet long.

She turned to Bella. "What's this?"

Bella shook her head impatiently. "It's your fucking outfit. Now get it on quick. You're late as it is!"

Tricia bent down and picked up the shiny red object. It was a pair of PVC panties, but not like any the unfortunate youngster had ever seen, or ever dreamed of wearing. They were very tiny indeed, with the smallest of triangles to cover the crotch, and most of the rest little more than string.

Tricia stepped into the pants and pulled them up. That was a task in itself, as they were very small. She hauled the tiny waistband up as high as she was able, wincing slightly as the thin cord bit into the crack of her backside.

The girls giggled as she adjusted the garment. The front was cut so low that any normal girl would have found it difficult to cover her crotch. For poor Tricia it was almost impossible, her prominent pussy lips threatening at any moment to come into sight, revealing her hard little clit to all and sundry. For the first time since she had shaved it, Tricia was glad of her bald pussy mound.

There was no way these panties would have covered her bush.

She picked up the strip of red material and looked at it quizzically. There was only one way she could see of wearing it, and that was by draping it about her neck. She did so, tugging at the two ends so that they dropped down over her bare breasts. She searched for some kind of strap that might hold it in place, but there was none. The two ends simply hung down over her jutting orbs, providing the minimum of cover from the front, and almost none from the sides. When she leant forward to place the shoes on the floor, the scarf simply fell away, revealing her luscious young breasts completely.

Tricia slipped her feet into the shoes. The heels were very high, much higher than she was used to, and she tottered slightly as the heels clacked on the wooden floor. Then she rearranged the ends of the scarf over her breasts once more and turned to face the giggling girls.

"Go brush your hair," ordered Bella. "Then get back here."

Tricia made her way back to the servants' quarters and slipped into the bathroom. There she paused before the mirror, realizing at once why Bella had wanted her to go there. She obviously knew that Tricia would be forced to see her reflection and take in the full horror of the way she was dressed. The teenager gave a gasp of dismay as she eyed herself. The panties were positively obscene, plunging down so low as to scarcely cover her thick cunt lips, the thin, tight material outlining their shape perfectly. From behind she was as good as naked, the tiny strap disappearing completely into her crack, leaving her buttocks completely bare.

She tried to adjust the scarf, pulling it down over her breasts. This too provided hardly any concession to modesty, the light material almost impossible to keep in place so that the slightest movement would reveal her breasts completely. Her nipples didn't help, the exposure making them stand out stiffly, pushing the cloth away from her soft mounds.

Tricia brushed her hair, then returned to the front room. Bella ran a critical eye over her.

"Still the total slut," she remarked. "Well, you'd better get going. We'll be along later when we've put some decent clothes on."

"Wh-where am I going?" asked Tricia nervously.

"Turn right out the drive. It's on your right. Even an idiot like you couldn't miss it. Get going."

Tricia opened her mouth to plead for more clothing. Then she thought the better of it. Amid the sniggers of the watching girls she made her way to the door.

On reaching the front entrance, she paused, very nervous about leaving the house dressed as she was. She pushed the door open and glanced right and left. There was nobody in sight. Her heart pounding, she stepped out onto the track.

It was a beautiful summer evening, warm with barely a breeze. Under normal circumstances she would have been delighted to be in such a peaceful place. But these were far from normal circumstances. Tricia was barely clothed,

the panties little short of obscene. The scarf too offered almost no cover, and she was constantly straightening it over her recalcitrant nipples which persisted in standing stiffly from her breasts, betraying the perverse arousal which she was trying hard to suppress.

The shoes were no help, either. Quite apart from their tarty appearance, the high heels were difficult to walk in for someone like Tricia, who was accustomed to flat, more sensible footwear. The youngster tottered along, dreading the thought of meeting anyone, anxiously searching for the house to which she had been summoned.

Two men appeared ahead of her. They were in their thirties, and were carrying fishing gear. Self-consciously Tricia adjusted her scarf, sensing the heat rise in her cheeks as she felt their eyes upon her.

As they came closer to the scantily clad teenager, the pair stopped, making no secret of their interest in the strange and erotic sight that greeted them. Tricia stared straight ahead, trying not to respond to their grinning faces, their eyes traveling frankly over her slim form.

Just as she was almost level with them a gust of wind caught her scarf, blowing it back. It flew from her shoulders and landed on the ground right in front of the pair.

As it came off, Tricia made a grab for it. But in vain. She simply succeeded in giving the men a perfect view of her bare breasts before she realized how exposed she was. She reached up quickly, covering her nipples with her hands, her face bright crimson as she watched one of the men stoop down and pick up the scarf. He examined it briefly, then held it out to the devastated youngster.

"Your top, I believe," he said.

Tricia was obliged to uncover her breast as she reached out and took the scarf from the man. She placed it over her shoulders, giving the pair an unrestricted view of both of her bare boobs as she did so.

"Th-thank you," she stammered.

"Our pleasure."

She turned, aware that she was offering the pair a perfect view of her virtually bare buttocks as she walked away, trying to retain an air of dignity, a task made more difficult by the awful shoes. As she walked away the men's laughter rang in her ears, and she felt the shame envelop her once more.

It took nearly fifteen minutes to reach the house. In that time she encountered two other couples. They stared at her as she passed, but made no comment, and this time she clung onto the scarf, ensuring that's its meager coverage gave her some respite from their stares.

As she approached the house, new misgivings overcame her and her footsteps faltered. Who were these strangers who had asked her to visit? What could they possibly have thought when they saw her walking naked through the woods? What if Bella had got it wrong? And what would they say when they saw how she was dressed? She hesitated for some time on the doorstep before plucking up enough courage to ring the bell.

A short wait ensued, then Tricia shivered as she heard footsteps approaching. She rearranged the scarf over her stiff nipples for the umpteenth time, then let her hands fall to her sides as the door opened.

"Yes?"

The figure at the door was some kind of servant. She was dark-skinned, and wore an almost classic maid's uniform consisting of a black pinafore dress buttoned to the neck, a white frilly apron, black stockings and flat black shoes. She was about thirty-five years old, Tricia estimated, and there was a mixture of shock and disgust on her face as she eyed the near-naked teenager.

"I... I was invited," stammered Tricia.

"By who?"

Suddenly Tricia felt very confused. She had no idea who had invited her. She couldn't even be certain this was the right house.

"I'm not sure."

"Hmf!" The woman gave a snort. "They're out back at the pool. You'd better come with me."

She opened the door and admitted the youngster. It was a very large house, with expensive furnishings. Tricia was only too aware of the clacking of her heels on the wooden floor as she followed the maid through the house.

Ahead, Tricia heard the chatter of voices. She hoped against hope that they were not on her route but, as they grew louder, her hopes quickly faded. Then they were passing through a large dining room, when she saw the source of the chatter. There were about half a dozen maids, all dressed similarly to the woman who had met her at the door. The only difference in their uniforms was that they wore a badge over their right breast proclaiming their first name. Tricia noticed a Maria and a Sophie as she glanced shyly at them. They seemed to be preparing for a party, but their chatter stopped as Tricia entered and she felt the heat rise in her cheeks as all eyes turned to stare at her.

"Get back to your work, girls," ordered Tricia's companion.

The maids obeyed, but Tricia could hear their giggles as she followed the woman out through french windows into the garden.

It was a large, well-tended garden, the main feature being a swimming pool. Beside the pool, on a small terrace, was a pair of sun loungers. Tricia felt her stomach churn as she saw there were two people, a man and a woman, relaxing there, reading.

As Tricia and the servant came close, the woman put down her magazine and sat up. She was in her early thirties, with a fine, shapely body. She wore a bikini, with a beach wrap on top. The wrap was open so Tricia could see her slim figure underneath. She pulled off the dark sunglasses she was wearing and let her eyes travel up and down Tricia's lovely young body.

"So you came! I am glad. Peter look, I told you she was exquisite."

The man lowered the book he had been reading, and Tricia saw the surprise in his expression quickly turn to lust as he took in her luscious curves.

"That will be all, Anna," said the woman to the maid. "How are the temporary girls doing."

"They seem all right Ma'am," replied the maid. "They're working in the dining room."

"Good. Now, come over here young lady, and let me get a good look at you."

Tricia felt the heat in her cheeks as she moved closer to the reclining woman, her hands going automatically to the scarf and adjusting it over her breasts.

"That is an extraordinary outfit," commented the woman. "Still it's more than you were wearing when I saw you this morning." She turned to her husband. "Completely naked she was, and walking along the track as bold as brass, shaved pussy and all."

Tricia felt the man's glance drop to her crotch. She knew that the brief panties made no secret of her shaven pussy, and she felt her color deepen at the thought.

"I'm Samantha by the way," said the woman. "But my friends call me Sam. Is it true you're nickname is Cunt?"

Tricia hung her head. "That's what Bella and her friends call me."

The woman gave a shrill laugh. "How extraordinary. Mind you, you do have a very prominent pussy, doesn't she, Peter? Now come and tell me about yourself."

For the next ten minutes, the scantily clad youngster was obliged to tell the woman about her life, her school and other things about herself. She was relieved that the woman didn't probe too closely into her sexual liaisons, simply remarking on how shameless she was in the way she flaunted herself.

All at once Tricia saw Anna approaching again. She was accompanied by another couple, of similar age to Sam and Peter. Both were dressed casually, but it was clear that they wore designer clothes, and Tricia felt her shame deepen as she contrasted their elegant apparel with her own near nudity.

The couple were introduced to her as Laurence and Katrin. They were clearly old friends of their hosts, and Tricia gathered that they were to stay the night at the house. What struck her, though, was the way the couples greeted each other. Whilst the men nodded hello to one another and the women exchanged kisses on the cheek, the greetings between man and woman seemed much more intimate, Peter wrapping his arms about Katrin and giving her a long kiss on the lips, whilst Laurence crouched down beside Sam, letting his fingers caress her bare flesh whilst also kissing her.

No sooner had these introductions been completed than a third pair arrived, equally elegantly dressed. They too seemed to linger longer than was usual over the man to woman greetings, as if some intimacy existed between them.

The newcomers were called Charles and Sandra, and they exuded the same air of confident sophistication as the others. Tricia felt very nervous indeed in the presence of these people, and wondered what they could possibly want with her.

When the greetings were over, Charles turned to her, his eyes traveling slowly up and down her body, taking in her curves with undisguised interest.

"So what have we here?" he enquired.

"Lovely, isn't she?" said Sam. "She's called Cunt. I saw her today walking naked through the woods."

"Naked eh?" put in Laurence. "Very nice. She certainly has odd dress sense. Who is she?"

"She's staying at the cabin down the road, though I'm not sure what her status is. The girl there, Bella, is at the same school as her, but seems to think of her as some kind of servant. Anyhow she's going to help out at the party."

"We thought she might want to meet you guys beforehand," said Peter. "We might have a bit of fun with her."

Tricia listened to this exchange in silence. Since her discovery and blackmail by Tony, people seemed to speak about her as if she wasn't there. It made her feel very uncomfortable, as if she was seen as an object rather than someone with feelings and opinions. She watched warily as Katrin came over to her. The woman was tall and slim, with large breasts that looked as though they might have been enhanced at some stage. She was smoking a cigarette, and Tricia felt her eyes water as the smoke drifted into her face.

"She's certainly pretty," remarked the woman. She ran a hand down Tricia's cheek, staring into her eyes. Then her hand dropped lower, and the youngster drew in her breath as the woman's hand slipped under her scarf and closed over her breast.

"Her nipples are hard," she remarked. "I think she enjoys being stared at. When did you lose your virginity, sweetie?"

Tricia blushed. "About a week ago," she replied.

"So recently. How many men have you fucked since then?"

Tricia was taken aback by the directness of the question. "Er... about seven," she said.

"Well, well. One per day?"

"Not exactly."

"Have you ever eaten pussy?"

"I-I beg your pardon."

"What about it, Sam?"

The woman on the sun lounger laughed. "Why not? I could do with being

put in the mood."

"Come on then," said Katrin.

She took Tricia's hand and led her over to where Sam was reclining, her wrap still wide open, revealing the brief bikini she wore beneath. As they approached Tricia was astounded to see the woman reach down and slip off her bikini briefs, discarding them on the concrete patio then spreading her legs apart. She stared down at the woman, unable to take her eyes off her pubic mound, covered in short, dark hairs. Her slit was open, and revealed to all the company, but nobody seemed shocked or concerned.

"What's the matter? Never seen a pussy before?" asked Katrin. "Go on, baby, kneel down."

Trembling, Tricia dropped to her knees at the end of the sun lounger. As she did so, Sam slid her body forward so that her backside projected over the edge, planting her feet on the ground and widening her stance.

"Lick me, Cunt," she ordered.

Tricia looked about herself in some confusion. The three men and two women were staring expectantly at her. Then a hand grabbed her hair and Katrin forced her head down between Sam's thighs.

"Lick her, you stupid bitch," she ordered.

Slowly, reluctantly, Tricia leaned forward, aware that this made the scarf fall away from her breasts, revealing them to those watching. Tentatively she protruded her tongue and ran it lightly up Sam's open slit.

"Harder than that," ordered Katrin. "Get your tongue inside her. Taste her properly."

Tricia moved her face closer, then allowed her tongue to slip into Sam's vagina. At once she was enveloped by the taste and scent of arousal as the woman gave a low moan, thrusting her hips up against the teenager's face.

"That's it, eat her," hissed Katrin. "Lick her out like the whore you are."

Tricia jammed her head between Sam's thighs, her tongue probing deep into her tunnel, sensing her arousal as she felt her cunt muscles contract. Suddenly the proximity of the aroused woman began to kindle Tricia's own desires. She had never imagined she could ever be attracted sexually to another woman, but there was something about the shamelessness of Sam that aroused her basest instincts.

"Shit, she's enjoying that," put in Peter.

"She's fucking good at it, too," gasped Sam. "Shit, if she keeps this up I'm gonna come, and I really want a cock inside me first."

"That can be arranged," said Charles.

So immersed was Tricia in her task, she scarcely heard the conversation. She probed her tongue deeper into the woman's vagina, lapping greedily at her

juices, her embarrassment momentarily forgotten as she became engrossed in her task. It was with some surprise, therefore, that she felt a hand grab her hair and drag her face out from between Sam's thighs.

Her head was forced around, and she gave a gasp of surprise as she saw a stiff cock projecting in front of her face. She looked up, expecting to see Peter's face, but it was Charles who grinned down at her. Moments later he was forcing his erection between her lips, ramming it deep into her throat.

"C'mon baby, suck," he ordered.

Tricia obeyed, sucking hard at him. The others were standing around watching, Laurence with his arm about Sandra whilst Pete's hand was groping Katrin's breasts.

"Fuck that," moaned Sam. "Come on Charles, I need some cock."

Charles pushed Tricia's face back from his pulsating erection.

"Put me inside her," he said to Tricia.

Tricia was both shocked and confused. After all, Charles was Sandra's husband wasn't he? Yet she seemed not bothered that he was receiving a blow job from a complete stranger and was now about to fuck Peter's wife.

"Get him inside me you stupid bitch," said Sam.

Tricia took hold of Charles's cock as he knelt between Sam's spread thighs. She pulled him gently forward.

"Spread my lips," said Sam.

The woman gave a groan of arousal as Tricia's fingers slipped into her vagina and gently eased it open. Then she was pressing Charles's erection into her, watching with fascination as it penetrated her. Charles sank his cock all the way into Sam's pussy, then grabbed Tricia's hair again.

"Suck my balls," he ordered.

Tricia was shocked by the command. She glanced down at the pair. Sam still had her backside projecting over the end of the sun lounger with Charles semi-prone on top of her, She lay on her back, propped up on one elbow, and took his dangling balls into her mouth.

"Oh yeahhh!" groaned Charles as he began to fuck Sam with smooth strokes.

For Sam it was an extraordinary sensation to be in such close proximity to his cock and her vagina. She could smell and taste Sam's femininity as she sucked on Charles's balls, and the sensation was bringing a new surge of wetness inside her pussy. The scarf had fallen almost unnoticed from her neck, and her bare breasts shook deliciously with every thrust of Charles's hips.

She had almost forgotten her audience, but was reminded of them suddenly as she felt something cold against her thigh. She glanced down to see that Peter was wielding a sharp knife, and was slipping it under the thin waist cord of her panties. Moments later he had sliced through it, and her last concession to

modesty was gone.

"Shit, what a pretty pussy," breathed Katrin. "Pull it open Peter."

Tricia wanted to object but, with Charles's balls filling her mouth, there was little she could do. She let out a low moan as she felt Peter's fingers slide into her vagina.

"Fuck her, Peter."

Once again Tricia found herself being used without any consideration for her own desires. These six adults had simply taken charge, stripping her of her meager garments and using her lovely young body. She felt her thighs being dragged apart, offering no resistance as a thick, hard cock pressed against her nether lips.

Tricia's gasp as Peter thrust his penis into her was muffled by the mouthful of balls she was sucking at. It was an extraordinary situation, and its eroticism wasn't lost on the young beauty as she watched Charles's cock thrust into Sam's vagina right in front of her eyes. The sense of having yet another cock inside her sopping vagina was arousing her once more, and she felt her cunt muscles contract about his stiff pole as she responded.

"Oh shit, I'm coming." gasped Charles suddenly.

"Come in the little slut's mouth," said Sandra, her voice carrying an unmistakable edge of excitement.

At once Charles lifted his body so that his balls slipped from Tricia's mouth. Then his cock was thrust between her open lips. Tricia scarcely had time to close them about his shaft before his twitching member began to spurt, his slimy spunk filling her mouth so that she was obliged to gulp it down, gasping for breath as more and more of the fluid poured from his cock.

"That's it, Cunt, swallow it all," ordered Sandra, her eyes fixed on the tableau before her.

At last Charles was spent, and he pulled his member from her mouth.

"Shit, she loved that," said Sam.

"She's loving this too," panted Peter. "Her cunt's positively sucking me in."

"The bitch isn't supposed to be enjoying it," put in Katrin. "We're the one's using her."

"Give it to her in the ass instead, Peter," said Sam.

"Great idea," responded Katrin. "You suppose she's still a virgin there?"

There was much laughter from the adults, and Tricia gave a moan of disappointment as she felt Peter withdraw. She had scarcely been listening to their conversation, such was her arousal, and now she was surprised to find herself being lifted bodily by two of the men.

There was a low diving board jutting out over the pool, and they carried her across to it. They slammed her down onto the cold, wet board, her breasts crushed against her chest as they held her face down. Then hands were spreading her thighs once more.

"Wh-what do you want?" she gasped, but nobody replied. Moments later she gave a start as she felt her firm young ass cheeks being pulled apart. Something warm and wet splashed down onto the dark star of her anus. At first she thought Peter had come on her naked flesh, then she realized it was spittle that was trickling down her tight crevice. A rough finger then began working the fluid into her anus, bringing moans of discomfort from the young beauty as she felt it penetrate her rear hole. Then she felt Peter's glans pressing against her tight anus, and she gave a gasp as he began to press.

"No! Not there!"

Tricia struggled against the hands that were holding her down, but in vain. There was no escaping their iron grip, and she felt the tears welling up in her eyes as Peter pressed his cock insistently against her behind.

"Ah!" Tricia cried aloud as her sphincter gave up the struggle and Peter's cock slipped into her rectum. The pain and discomfort almost overcame the struggling youngster, but her cries for mercy were simply met by laughter as Peter began to bugger her.

Tricia had never imagined such shame, held naked over a diving board in the open air by a group of laughing men and women whilst her rear hole was reamed by a thick cock. Even as she thought things could get no worse she felt her head being pulled up by the hair and found herself facing Laurence's stiff cock a few inches in front of her face.

"Suck it" he ordered.

Her eyes still damp with tears, Tricia opened her mouth and took him inside, the now familiar taste of maleness sending a shiver down her spine. She tried to close her mind to what was happening to her, but the insistent thrusts into her rectum were impossible to ignore, as were the repeated comments of the four who were witnessing her degradation.

Peter's movements were becoming more urgent by the second, and she sensed his orgasm approaching. For Tricia there was nothing to relieve the sexual tension in her own body. Her nipples were hard as nuts, her clitoris tingling with arousal, but the men and women who were using her were completely insensitive to her desires, content only to gratify their own needs in the compliant teenager.

Peter gave a grunt, and moments later Tricia had the extraordinary sensation of feeling her rectum filled with spunk, her body bucking and heaving as more and more of the fluid was pumped into her. It was like nothing she had ever experienced before, her own moans stifled by the cock that was filling her mouth.

Peter emptied his balls into her ass, then withdrew. Tricia gave a sigh of relief as she felt him slip out of her aching rear. Her respite was only momentary however, as Laurence pulled his cock from her mouth and made his way round behind her. Ignoring her plaintive protests, he pulled apart the cheeks of her backside and plunged his cock into her anus, amid the laughter and cheers of

those watching. Moments later Katrin had pulled down her pants and seated herself astride the board, pulling Tricia's face forward and forcing the unfortunate youngster to lap at her open pussy.

The ordeal by the pool went on for more than an hour. No sooner had the men shot their loads into Tricia's sore behind than the women were making demands, forcing her to lick and finger them until they came, then handing her back to the men once more. Throughout the ordeal, Tricia was not allowed a single orgasm, the tension inside her almost causing her to cry aloud as she was used by the laughing group.

At last, though, they had had enough, abandoning the naked, gasping teenager on the grass whilst they returned to their drinks and chatter. Tricia simply lay there, her face crimson with shame, whilst the adults acted as if nothing had happened.

The Degradation of Tricia Part 7

By Lia Anderssen

Tricia wasn't sure if she had slept briefly. All she knew was that she suddenly felt a shoe pressing against the flesh of her bare backside. She opened her eyes to see Anna, the maid, standing over her, her face a picture of contempt as she gazed down at the naked, ravaged teenager.

"You get up," the woman ordered. "You got work to do."

Tricia pulled herself to her feet, only too aware of the spunk on her face and breasts, and more that seeped from her ass and ran down her legs.

"W-work?" she stammered.

"Madam say you must work as maid with the others," said the woman. "You get inside and wash up. You dirty girl."

Tricia recognized the double meaning in what the woman said. She was indeed a dirty girl, she mused. But it wasn't by choice, was it? She glanced about for something to wear. The scarf was nowhere in sight, and the tiny panties had been completely wrecked. With a sigh she realized that she must remain nude

She followed the woman in through the back door of the house and into what was clearly the servants' quarters. Anna showed her a bathroom.

"You get cleaned up," she ordered. "Maid uniform in next room. You report to me in ten minutes."

Tricia was once again glad to be able to wash the spunk and cunt juice from herself, luxuriating in the hot water as it flowed over her body. So she was to be a maid for the evening. She could think of worse things, she mused. And apparently there was a uniform, so the shame of her nudity would, for the time being at least, cease to be such an embarrassment.

She dried her soft, smooth flesh, then made her way into the next room. It was a very small bedroom, furnished with a twin bed and a wooden chair. Draped across the chair were some garments, and she made her way across, anxious to cover herself. Then she stopped short. On the chair were a pair of black hold-up stockings and an apron similar to the ones worn by the other maids. On the floor lay a pair of black high-heeled shoes. Of underwear and a dress there was no sign. Tricia turned to the bed, but it was bare. At that moment, Anna appeared at the door.

"Hurry up, girl," she ordered.

"B-but there's no dress," protested the teenager.

"That is what Madam gave me," said the maid. "Quick now. The guests will be arriving soon."

Tricia opened her mouth to protest, but the woman had gone. Reluctantly she sat down on the bed and began to pull on the stockings.

The stockings came to about six inches below her crotch. The nylon was sheer, with a dark seam running up the back. The elasticated tops bit into the soft flesh of Tricia's thighs. The youngster picked up the apron, fastening the top strings behind her head. At first she tried to tie it tight about her neck, but then she realized that that pulled it far too high, leaving her crotch exposed. She was obliged to loosen it, dropping the top down until her areolae were semi-exposed above the thin, white material. There were two narrow strings at the waist and she pulled these behind her back, tying them in a bow. Then she slipped on the shoes and made her way round to a full-length mirror that was affixed to the wall.

What she saw made her heart sink. The apron was very small, the bib at the front cut low so the mounds of her breasts swelled above it. It was narrow too, narrower than her body, so that her large brown nipples threatened to escape on either side. Seen from sideways on, they were completely visible. The lower part too was narrow, so that the creamy flesh of her hips and thighs were completely uncovered, the curved bottom of the garment barely covering her prominent crotch. She knew that any sudden movement would reveal her shaved pussy. From the back she was simply naked, the only sign of the skimpy apron being the two narrow bands about her neck and waist, the rounded contours of her firm bottom on open display.

She let her eyes drop lower. The black stockings served simply to enhance her nudity, drawing attention to the pale, bare flesh above them. The high heels made her legs seem longer, and gave her an altogether more sluttish appearance.

"Come!" It was Anna again, and the woman's stern look changed to one of disgust as she let her eyes wander over Tricia's form. She shook her head and with a loud tut-tut, beckoned to the unfortunate girl to follow her.

Tricia was further acquainted with the inadequacy of her clothing as she walked along behind the maid. Her unfettered breasts bounced with every step, affording brief glimpses of her stiff nipples. The skirt, pushed forward by her thighs, rode up slightly, and she felt sure her bare pussy was visible.

They arrived back in the room where the other maids were gathered. The girls nudged one another and sniggered when they saw how Tricia was dressed.

Some looked shocked, whilst other exploded into giggles. Ignoring them, Anna picked something up from the table and handed it to Tricia.

"Put this on."

It was a small, white badge, across which was written the word 'CUNT'

Tricia felt the heat in her cheeks as she pinned the awful badge to her apron, taking great care not to scratch her tender breasts as she did so. As she was fastening it, Sam came in. The woman had changed into a long evening gown, and the contrast between her elegant outfit and Tricia's semi-nudity was not lost on the embarrassed youngster.

Peter followed her, wearing a smart suit with open collar. The pair stopped to admire their new young servant.

"That outfit's perfect," laughed Sam. "I want you to wait by the garden entrance and serve aperitifs to my guests. Hurry, now, they'll be arriving soon."

Her words brought a new sinking feeling to Tricia's stomach. She had hoped she would be given a job that kept her in the background, possibly washing up. Now it was clear that Sam intended all her guests to see her in this embarrassing state.

She took a tray of glasses from Anna and made her way around to the entrance to the garden. Cars would be arriving in the driveway, and a young man in a page's uniform had been designated to show them where to park, and to direct them to the garden. He was about sixteen and, when he caught sight of Tricia, his jaw dropped. The girl tried to ignore his stares, taking up her position at the side of the house. In the middle of the lawn other servants were busy laying tables or tending to the barbecue, but there was no shortage of sniggers and pointed fingers at the beautiful young teenager.

Soon the guests began to arrive. As the first pair, both impeccably dressed, approached Tricia, the young beauty felt her color rise yet again.

"W-would you like a drink Madam, Sir?" she stammered.

"Dirty little exhibitionist," sniffed the woman, pulling her ogling husband away.

More and more people arrived. They were all of a similar age to their host and hostess, and all wore expensive clothes. The reactions to Tricia were mixed. Many of the women looked shocked or disgusted at the sight of the near-nude servant, though many others were clearly amused, and one or two actually ran their hands over the swell of her breasts, remarking at how stiff her nipples were. Most of the men were delighted by the sight she made, often to the annoyance of their partners. Men arriving alone would make suggestive comments to the youngster, causing the blood to rise in her cheeks. The name tag in particular brought a lot of ribald comments.

All in all it was an incredibly humiliating experience for the pretty teenager. To be put in display like this, her breasts and genitals scarcely covered, her lovely ass bare for all to see, was an awful experience. Yet there was something perversely exciting about it too, something that kept her nipples hard as nuts, pressing against the thin material of the apron. Something that

brought a warmth and wetness to her pussy that Tricia couldn't explain. Her mind kept going back to what had happened in the garden. How she had had her ass fucked and had sucked and licked both the men and the women, and how she had ached for the release that an orgasm would have given her. Now she felt the need to come yet again, although how her situation could possibly be arousing her was quite beyond her.

The most embarrassing experience for her was when Bella arrived with her chums. Like the other guests, the teenage girls wore lovely designer outfits, their shapely bodies drawing glances of admiration from the older guests as they arrived, chattering and laughing together.

Bella came to a halt in front of Tricia, a broad grin on her face.

"So, Cunt, you finally found something useful to do."

"Isn't that uniform missing something?" giggled Jenny.

"Naw, she likes it like that," replied Bella. "There's less to take off if someone wants to fuck her."

The girls took a drink each from Tricia's tray, then moved into the chattering crowd, leaving the pretty youngster gazing enviously after them. She noted the difference in the looks they received compared to herself, Bella was clearly accepted here as an attractive and interesting person, where as Tricia herself was no more than a figure of fun to these people, someone whose body was a plaything, and whose opinion simply didn't matter.

Once all the guests had arrived, Tricia's duty changed. Anna made her move amongst the guests with her tray, taking orders and serving drinks. The youngster was, more than ever, made aware of her status amongst these rich and beautifully dressed people. The women scarcely glanced at her, ordering their drinks with monosyllabic commands whilst the men were clearly amused by her predicament. There was also a good deal of surreptitious groping, and on more than one occasion Tricia nearly dropped her tray as hands squeezed her bare backside and fingers slid down between her legs, seeking out her cunt lips and stroking her in the most intimate manner. With both hands needed to support her tray, there was little Tricia could do to prevent the men feeling her up and, as the touches became more intimate, she felt the wetness inside her pussy increase, despite her revulsion .

The party had been under way for more than an hour when things started to really go bad for the young beauty. She had a tray full of drinks and was in the process of serving a man in his early forties. Tricia had been only too aware of this man's interest in her since his arrival with his wife. His eyes had scarcely left her shapely form, and he stared at her with an intensity that made her very nervous indeed. His were not the glances of amusement she had encountered with most of the men at the party. He eyed her with undisguised contempt, but there was a lust in his expression as well, and she found herself feeling rather frightened of him.

She would never be certain whether he engineered the incident. She had been holding her tray out to him when a hand suddenly cupped her buttock momentarily, then pinched her hard, Tricia gave a cry, starting forward and, before she could do anything to stop it, a tall bloody mary tipped over and splashed the man's jacket.

He gave a shout of rage as the light material was stained by the bright red tomato juice. Tricia was dumbstruck as he shouted out how incompetent she was, pointing at the dark stain on his garment. Almost at once, Anna was at his side, snatching the tray from Tricia, her eyes blazing.

"Take him inside and clean up that mess," she ordered. "Stupid, incompetent slut!"

"And make sure you do a good job," ordered the man's wife. She was a tall, haughty looking woman who had been eyeing the scantily-clad teenager with some distaste since she had arrived with her husband.

"It was an accident," protested Tricia.

"Be quiet!" snapped Anna. "Take him to the upstairs bathroom and sponge that off."

Close to tears, the youngster put down her tray and led the man toward the house. He said nothing more, but Tricia could feel his eyes upon her and, when she reached the foot of the staircase, he motioned for her to go up first. The pretty teenager knew only too well the sight she would present as she climbed the stairs, but she had little choice, her cheeks glowing as she thought of the view she was giving him of her bare behind and shaven slit as he followed her.

At the top of the stairs was a bathroom, and she took him inside. She found a sponge and, after wetting it, set to work to clean the tomato juice from his jacket.

As she rubbed at the material, Tricia was aware of her proximity to the intimidating man, her scarcely covered breasts brushing against him, presenting him with an almost unobstructed view of her stiff nipples as he stood over her. Then she gave a start as she felt his hand running down the smooth flesh of her flank, stroking the pale skin and bringing a shiver to the youngster.

His hand slipped under the apron and reached for her slit.

"No!" she said, trying to push it away.

He grabbed her wrist with his other hand, twisting her arm and making her cry out with pain. As he did so, he shoved her against the wall, his rough fingers penetrating her vagina.

"Don't fight it baby, or I'll tell them downstairs that you begged me for it," he hissed.

"Please..."

"You like to suck cock, you little whore? Cop a feel of this."

He took her hand and guided it to the front of his pants. Tricia gave a little gasp as she felt the hard bulge at his crotch.

"You're gonna suck me, slut," he said. "You're gonna suck me like the dirty bitch you are, or I'll tell them all how you begged me to fuck you."

"But I didn't."

"Who do you think they'll believe, me or you? Now get down on your fucking knees."

Tricia struggled against him, trying to twist away from the fingers that were penetrating her so intimately. She wished she could get away from these cruel people. But she knew there was nothing she could do. She was becoming accustomed to submitting now, even though the things they asked of her repulsed her. All at once she ceased her struggles and sank to her knees.

"That's better," he said. "Now take it out and suck it."

Tricia reached for his zipper and pulled it down. His briefs were bulging and, as she slid down the material his cock sprang to attention. It was long and hard, the vein that ran up the middle throbbing with arousal. Tricia ran her fingers up and down its length, fascinated, despite her revulsion, by the way it twitched in her hand. Opening her mouth she took the end inside, pressing her face down and taking in as much as she was able, her tongue flicking over his glans as she sucked hard.

"Shit, you really are a whore, aren't you?" said the man. He took hold of a handful of her hair and forced his cock even deeper down her throat.

"Suck me, bitch," he commanded.

Tricia began to move her head back and forth, sucking greedily at his thick erection, one hand cupping his balls whilst the other slid up and down his shaft. As she did so, she reflected on how adept she was becoming at fellatio. In only a few short days she had gone from innocent virgin to experienced cock sucker. She could scarcely believe how little resistance she had shown to his outrageous demand.

The man was thrusting his hips forward now, as his arousal grew. Tricia's face rocked back and forth as the onslaught continued, her hand sliding up and down his shaft as she sucked, sensing his climax approaching and bracing herself for a mouthful of hot, slimy semen.

"What the hell?"

"Oh God!"

The man's exclamation brought Tricia back to her senses. She glanced up, then froze, the man's stiff penis still between her lips. There, framed in the doorway, stood the man's wife, her face creased with rage.

"What on earth is going on here?" she demanded.

The question was superfluous. The sight of Tricia kneeling in front of the man, his stiff erection embedded in her mouth, needed no explanation.

Tricia drew back, letting the thick cock slide from her mouth. But it was too late. The man let out a groan and suddenly thick spunk was spitting from the end of his member, splashing onto Tricia's face and dribbling down onto her apron. The unfortunate girl just stayed where she was, watching in horror as spurt after spurt of the liquid splashed onto her meager uniform.

"You disgusting little slut!" erupted the woman. "What the hell are you

doing with my husband?"

"It was her idea," stammered the red-faced man. "She just suddenly started. I couldn't help myself."

"You be quiet," hissed the woman. "I'll deal with you later. Now get up, you little bitch."

Tricia rose slowly to her feet. She wanted to protest at the man's lies, but she knew it would do no good. Dressed as she was, it would be well nigh impossible to deny that she was a slut, and she knew any pleas on her part would fall on deaf ears.

"What's going on?"

Sam appeared at the door. When she saw Tricia's compromising position, the teenager was certain she saw the ghost of a smile fly across her face, then disappear.

"This slut has been carrying on with my husband."

"Oh dear. She's like that. I should have warned you. Nobody in pants is safe when she's around. Get downstairs you!"

Once again Tricia was outraged at the unfairness of the statement, but she knew her protests would fall on deaf ears, so she said nothing. Instead she rose to her feet and, her head hanging in shame, walked past the two women and down the staircase.

It seemed that the whole party had moved inside and was gathered at the foot of the stairs. Tricia's cheeks burned as she listened to their comments.

"Dirty little slut."

"Is that semen on her face?"

"Completely shameless."

"And so young, too. Where are her parents, letting her go around like that."

At the back, Tricia could see Bella and her cronies, sniggering together. She had never felt so ashamed. She would run away as soon as she got outside, she decided. She simply couldn't take any more of this awful humiliation.

Tricia would never be given the chance to escape, however. As she reached the foot of the stairs she found herself confronted by Anna. The dark-skinned woman stood, her arms folded, glaring at the unhappy youngster.

"What is that on your apron?" she demanded.

Tricia felt her color deepen. "It- it's semen," she stammered.

"Stupid girl. Take it off!"

"What?"

"Take it off. It will need cleaning."

Tricia stared round nervously at the beautifully clad people that surrounded her.

"But it's all I've got on," she protested.

"Take it off. Now!"

For a second there was silence. Then, as Tricia reached behind her for the bow around her waist, a murmur went up.

Her face scarlet, Tricia undid the waist cord, then the one behind her head. For a moment she hugged the apron to herself. Then Anna reached out a hand. Bowing her head, Tricia handed her the apron. Then she stood, hands at her sides, her eyes cast down as the murmur in the crowd increased.

Tricia knew she was a sight to behold. Despite her shame, her nipples were hard as bullets, and a sheen of wetness coated the prominent lips of her cunt. The high heels and long, black stockings made her feel more conspicuous than ever, and she could feel a trail of cold semen running down her cheek.

At that moment Sam appeared at the top of the stairs, alongside the man and his wife. The man was looking very sheepish, and his wife was clearly still angry.

"I want that bitch punished!" she was saying to Sam.

"Of course she'll be punished," replied the hostess. "What do you think we should do?"

"I know."

All eyes turned to where the words had come from. Bella stood, grinning at the crowd.

"We've already arranged to whip the little slut's tits. That should do it."

Sam smiled. "That should be fun." She turned to the woman. "What do you think?"

"It's no more than the little whore deserves."

"That's settled then. Anna, take her out to the pool and prepare her."

During this exchange, Tricia had simply been staring in disbelief. She had completely forgotten the tit whipping, having dismissed it as an idle threat. Now she faced, not just that dreadful punishment, but the total humiliation of having it witnessed by these smart people.

"You... You can't," she protested. "I won't let you."

"Better take a couple of the other maids along to help," said Sam. "There's some rope in the shed. Use it."

"No!"

The naked girl backed away as Anna advanced upon her. She had to flee. She couldn't stay here. She turned suddenly toward the door. She had barely taken a step, however, when two of the maids stepped forward and grabbed her arms. Anna barked an order in a language she didn't understand, then she found herself being dragged out into the garden.

Tricia struggled, but the maids were too strong for her, frogmarching her out to the edge of the pool. There they flung her face down on the ground, and one of them straddled her waist, grabbing hold of her wrists and pulling them behind her. Moments later thick, coarse rope was being wrapped about her wrists and pulled tight. Once her hands were bound, more rope was used to tie her elbows. Tricia cried out in pain as the bonds were tightened about her upper arms, but her cries were met with laughter by the maids.

Once her arms were trapped behind her, Tricia was hauled to her feet. There was a high diving board beside the pool, supported by a frame-like structure, and it was to this that they dragged her. They hauled her arms up and over a bar that was about the height of her shoulder blades. Tricia felt as if her arms would be dragged from their sockets as they used the residue of the rope about her wrists to secure her there. Then, as a final indignity, her legs were yanked apart and tied to vertical bars on either side of her, exposing her bare pussy in the most brutal manner possible.

As the guests made their way across the lawn to examine the naked captive, Tricia felt more vulnerable than she ever had. The bonds that bit into her arms and the bar that pressed into her back left her lovely breasts thrust forward, the brown nipples pointing slightly upwards from the taut flesh. Her cunt was wide open, the evening air feeling cool inside her vagina due to the moistness within. Tricia was exposed and helpless, and she glanced round at the adults as they gathered about her, pointing and commenting on her nudity and shamelessness, prodding at her bare flesh, pinching her nipples and laughing at her discomfort.

All at once the party guests moved back slightly, and Tricia found herself staring into the faces of Bella and Lucy. She felt a chill run through her as she noticed that Lucy was carrying a thin cane, flexing it in her hands as she examined Tricia's bare breasts.

"A dozen strokes, I think," said Bella.

A murmur of approval came up from the crowd.

Tricia stared at the cane. She wanted to beg for mercy, but she knew her pleas would fall on deaf ears. She pulled at her bonds, but the maids had tied her well.

"Wet the cane," said Bella.

For a second, Lucy stared at her friend uncomprehendingly, then a wicked smile came to her lips. She walked up to the naked captive and stretched out her arm.

Tricia gave a gasp of surprise as she felt the shaft of the cane press against her open vagina. Then she bit her lip as the girl began to rub the end up her slit, the wood chafing against her clitoris, making it come erect. For

the naked teenager it was a bittersweet sensation, the hard wood sending spasms of arousal through her helpless body, making her gasp aloud at the sensation. Somehow the exposure and bondage were conspiring to bring out her basest instincts, and she gave a low moan, thrusting her hips forward, the lips of her sex twitching visibly as her vaginal muscles contracted.

Once again a murmur came from the watching guests as Lucy ran the cane up and down Tricia's sex. When she withdrew it and held it up to them, it was glistening with cunt juice.

Lucy held the cane up under Tricia's nose, so the beautiful youngster could smell her own arousal. Her sex was still contracting as she fought to regain control of her recalcitrant body, her pretty breasts rising and falling.

"Right," said Bella. "Let's begin."

Tricia watched in consternation as Lucy drew back her arm.

Swish! Whack!

The cane came down with terrible force across the swelling creaminess of Tricia's breasts. Landing an inch above her nipples and leaving a white stripe that quickly darkened to an angry red color. At the same time, Tricia felt her nipples pucker into hardness. She bit her lip, trying to fight down the urge to cry out at the awful pain. Lucy raised the cane again.

Swish! Whack!

This time it caught the bottom of her jutting orbs, making the soft flesh shake deliciously, the hard nipples dancing up and down as yet another spasm of agony pierced Tricia's young body.

Swish! Whack!

The third blow lashed across her stomach, the thin, hard cane digging into her tender skin and leaving yet another livid stripe behind. The pain was like the sting of a thousand bees, and Tricia felt the tears well up in her eyes as she struggled to stay calm.

Swish! Whack!

Swish! Whack!

Swish! Whack!

The blows were relentless, placing stripe after stripe across Tricia's beautiful young body. The youngster danced in her bondage, twisting and turning to avoid the awful cane, but in vain. Her entire body had broken into a sweat now, her pale flesh glistening as the agony of the punishment continued.

Swish! Whack!

Swish! Whack!

Swish! Whack!

Lucy wielded the cane expertly, raining down blow after blow on Tricia's

stinging tits, the cruel red stripes blending together now, the nipples more swollen than ever as the ordeal continued. Each stroke met with damp flesh now, a tiny spray of sweat going up as the cane hit home. Yet still the lovely youngster didn't cry out.

"Look at her hips!"

"The dirty bitch is turned on."

Tricia had been unconscious of the movement, but now she realized that she was thrusting her hips forward with every stroke, the lips of her cunt opening and closing, as if caressing a stiff cock. Amidst the pain she suddenly realized that the beating was arousing her. Some base instinct, some sordid desire inside her was being stimulated. The nudity, the bondage, the pain, all were somehow conspiring to arouse her, and her cheeks glowed with humiliation as she felt a trickle of moisture leak out onto her thighs.

The punishment paused for a moment whilst the guests took in her extraordinary response to the beating. Then Lucy drew back her arm again.

Swish! Whack!

Swish! Whack!

Tricia was moaning aloud, now, but it wasn't the terrible pain that was eliciting the sounds from the youngster. Her hips were jabbing forward in a lewd dance of lust, her breasts dancing, not just with the pounding of the cane, but with the writhing of her naked body.

Swish! Whack!

The final blow landed directly across Tricia's rock-hard nipples, stinging dreadfully and bringing another cry from her. Then Lucy lowered the cane and the guests watched as the naked youngster twisted and turned, her moans filling the evening air.

"Bring her off," said Bella.

Lucy looked at her friend questioningly.

"Bring her off with the cane. Let's see just what a dirty little slut she is."

A grin crossed Lucy's face. She brought the end of the cane up and ran it lightly between Tricia's legs. As she did so the youngster moaned aloud, pressing her hips forward in a gesture of total abandon, yet more cunt juice dripping from her nether lips.

"Shit, she wants it bad."

"Make her come."

"I wish I had my camera."

Tricia was aware of the remarks, and of the mocking gazes of those watching. She tried hard to bring herself under control, cursing her body for its recalcitrance, but it was no good. When Lucy brought the cane up between her

open legs again, the shudder that ran through her nude body was one of pure pleasure as he swollen clitoris rubbed against her hard, rough wood.

Lucy began sawing the shaft up and down Tricia's open slit, bringing laughter from the adults as they saw Tricia's reaction, her hips pumping down against the weapon, her moans turning to cries as her lust overcame her. The teenager was lost now, the terrible pain in her breasts all but forgotten as she concentrated on the rough chafing of the cane against her swollen clit.

She came with a cry, her entire body in motion as the juices leaked from her onto the shaft. For a moment the pain of her bondage, and of the beating, were forgotten as she found relief from her arousal at last, the exposure and the rough ass-fucking she had received bringing her to a shattering climax.

Then it was over, and the forlorn, sweating girl came back to earth, the full realization of her behavior striking her as she glanced round at the laughing guests. Tricia hung her head in shame, wishing desperately that her body would behave the way a normal woman's would.

Sam stepped forward, and the naked youngster winced as she ran a hand over her punished breasts.

"Take her upstairs and tie her to the bed," she said to Anna. "Face down. She's had enough orgasms for one evening, but the guys may want to use that pretty ass later. Meanwhile, let's get back to the party."

The Degradation of Tricia Part 8
By Lia Anderssen.

"I've had a real nice evening, Tricia."

"Me too, Steve."

Tricia smiled at the young man beside her in the car. She had genuinely enjoyed his company. The movie had been particularly bad, but they had laughed about it afterwards and had enjoyed a coffee together before Steve's curfew had forced them to end their evening early. This time there had been no unwelcome interruptions, and now they were parked outside Tricia's apartment block, saying good night.

Tricia thought about how much she enjoyed Steve's company. It was a total contrast to what she had experienced at the hands of Bella and Tony. He was considerate, amusing and, best of all, he treated her like a lady, not a sex object.

It was Wednesday evening, four days since her ordeal at the party. After being ass-fucked by Sam's husband and at least half a dozen of his friends, she had been finally released in the small hours to walk back to Bella's. The next morning Tony had picked them up and, apart from the embarrassment of having to travel back into town naked, her tits striped with the marks of the cane, the ordeal had ended then, and she had been allowed home.

The marks on her breasts had almost faded now, and the lack of contact from either Tony or Bella since her trip to the cabin had been welcome to the

youngster. The chance of a normal date had also been welcome, and, by the end of the evening, she felt almost restored to her old self. Perhaps Tony and his sister had grown tired of her as a plaything, she mused. Whatever, she certainly wasn't missing their company.

"Well, I guess you'd better go," she said, reaching across and squeezing Steve's hand.

He turned to her, then reached out and pulled her close, his lips closing over hers. He kissed her. It was completely different from the slobbering caresses she had encountered recently, and she responded eagerly, opening her mouth and allowing his tongue to intertwine with her own. He moved his hand up to her breast.

Of course he could not have known of the tenderness there, and she knew he had misinterpreted the way she immediately pushed his hand away.

"Sorry," he said.

"No, Steve. It's just that..."

"It's okay. It's only our second date. I understand. Anyway I gotta go."

She looked at him. It was ironic that, for the first time she had found someone whose caresses she welcomed, and she had pushed him away. She thought of all the other men over the past weeks who had groped her breasts, her cunt, her ass. Who had spurted their spunk into her without so much as telling her their name. And here was the one man she wanted to be touched by being rejected.

"You coming to Martina's party on Saturday?" he asked.

"Sure. I think the whole class is going to be there."

"Great. I'll see you there then."

"Okay."

Tricia hadn't been particularly looking forward to the party. It was a sort of pre-graduation get-together before the formal celebrations started, but she hadn't been sure she would enjoy it. The fact that Steve would be there gave her some cheer, though.

Tricia climbed from the car, then turned and blew him a kiss. Then she headed into her apartment building. It was still quite early, and she resolved to spend sometime on her homework assignments.

The moment she pushed open the door of her apartment, she spotted the package. It was a small, brown parcel lying on the coffee table. Across it was written the word 'Cunt'.

All at once her elation left her, as the nightmare descended upon her once again. Her stomach churning, she picked up the package and opened it. Inside was some kind of garment, and a note. She read the note carefully.

"Be outside on the corner of fifteenth and Cherry at ten o'clock. Wear this, and nothing else."

There was no signature, but she didn't need one. It was clear that the package had come from Tony.

She checked her watch. It was nine forty-five. She didn't have much time.

She hurried into the bedroom, clutching the package. Once inside, she pulled out the garment and studied it. At first she didn't know what to make of it. Slowly, though, she worked out how it was to be worn, and her heart sank.

She began to undress quickly, dropping her clothes onto the bed. When she was naked she dashed into the bathroom and ran a razor over her sex, ensuring that it was free of hair. Then she returned to the bedroom, picked up the garment again and began to put it on.

The lower part was a kind of thong, with a thin string that ran between her legs and up the crack of her backside. There was a loop in the top of that string, and another string, which formed the waistband, threaded through that and tied in a bow at her right hip. The garment was made of a black net-like material, the net holes being nearly a quarter of an inch in diameter, so that it offered no useful cover over her nakedness. The crotch was so thin that it cut into her sex, forcing her thick cunt lips apart and covering virtually nothing.

The waist string was attached to two sides of a metal ring about two inches in diameter, and two more thin strips of material ran from the top of the ring. These she pulled up, tying a second bow behind her neck. The ring was now positioned so that it exactly framed her navel, the two strips running up over her breasts. These were not much more than an inch wide, so that her breasts were almost totally exposed, the coarse mesh hiding virtually nothing of her brown nipples.

She moved in front of the mirror, and gave a moan of anguish. The garment was almost nonexistent, and what it did cover was clearly visible through the holes. She might as well have worn nothing for all the cover it gave her and, when she turned and looked back over her shoulder at herself, she was, to all intents and purposes naked, with her ass cheeks totally uncovered and only the black cord running low about her waist revealing that she wore anything at all. She couldn't go out like this, could she? But what choice did she have?

She glanced at her watch. She only had five minutes. She couldn't afford to waste any more time. She tiptoed to the door of her apartment and peered through the peep hole. There was nobody about. Her heart pounding, she pushed open the door and stepped out into the hallway.

All the way down in the elevator, she feared she would meet someone, but there was nobody about. She almost ran through the lobby and out into the street. It was only when she felt the warm night air on her bare flesh that she remembered just how exposed she was, and a shiver of apprehension ran through her.

The place where she was to meet Tony was almost a block away, and she walked quickly, glancing from side to side, afraid of who might see her in this outrageous outfit. A car passed, with four young men in. The horn sounded as the car's grinning occupants laughed and pointed at the young beauty.

Tricia approached the intersection with trepidation. There were traffic

lights there and, although there were few people about, she feared being seen.

She reached the junction just as another car did, and she was dismayed to see that the lights were red. She was obliged to stand for what seemed ages whilst the couple in the car stared at her young body, the woman with obvious distaste, the man with barely disguised interest. The scene played itself out two or three times more, with Tricia's cheeks becoming redder and redder as she was obliged to stand whilst her near-naked body was inspected by the passers-by.

She heard voices. At the end of the street a group of youths had just turned the corner. They were no more than a hundred yards away, and Tricia shuddered as she heard the inevitable whistles and catcalls.

They came closer, their lewd comments clearly audible to the youngster as they approached. She watched them warily, her heart pounding, afraid of what they would do when they came close enough to realize how see-through her outfit was.

"What the fuck are you waiting for, Cunt?"

Tricia gave a start, and turned to see that Tony had stopped right beside her. So intent on the approaching youths had she been that she hadn't heard him pull up in the minivan. She had never thought she would be pleased to see Bella's cruel brother, but right now all she wanted to do was get away from that street corner.

Tony opened the door and Tricia turned to climb in. As she did so, she realized that she was showing her bare backside to the young men and the cacophony of whistles and catcalls told her that they had had a perfect view. She quickly slammed the door and sank into the seat as Tony pulled away.

"The outfit suits you, Cunt," he said. "Makes you look a real slut. I can see you're enjoying it, I've never seen your nipples so hard, even when you were being fucked."

Tricia said nothing, but the scarlet color in her cheeks betrayed her humiliation at the cruel comments.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"You'll see. Somewhere where you can show off your new outfit."

The words brought a cold feeling to Tricia's stomach. The last thing she wanted was to be seen like this.

The car threaded its way through the streets and soon they were leaving the urban area behind them, making their way along a country road. Tricia wondered where they could possibly be going.

All at once she spotted two figures ahead beside the road. As they came closer she saw they were hitchhikers. They were black men, both in their mid twenties. One of them was holding out a sign with the name of a town about two hundred miles distant written on it.

Tony began to slow the van. Tricia turned to him in alarm.

"What are you doing?"

"Giving these guys a lift."

"But we're not going that far, surely?"

"There's a truck stop a few miles up the road. We can take them there."

"But you can't let them in the van. I mean, not with me like this."

"I don't reckon they'll complain. Besides, it'll give you something to amuse yourself with on the journey."

"What do you mean?"

Tony drew the van to a halt about fifty yards beyond the two men. In the mirror, Tricia could see them hurrying toward the vehicle, lugging heavy rucksacks.

Tony reached into the glove compartment and drew out a small package. Tricia felt her heart sink as she recognized the parcel, stamped and addressed to her parents.

"There's a mailbox at the truck stop," he said. "If those two guys haven't shot their loads by the time we get there, this goes in the mail."

"But you can't..."

"I reckon that gives you just under fifteen minutes," he went on. "Now don't you think you should get out and help them put their rucksacks in the back?"

As he spoke, a face appeared at Tricia's window. Tony pressed a button and it rolled down.

"Hey man, where you going?"

"I can take you to a truck stop."

"That's cool. You see my buddy and me..." The man's voice broke off as he saw how Tricia was dressed. The lovely young teenager felt the color rise in her cheeks as he stared at her breasts.

"Shit," he breathed.

Tony handed a key to Tricia.

"Open the back door for these guys," he ordered.

Tricia looked at him despairingly, but he simply smiled at her.

"Come on," he said. "You know you want to."

Reluctantly Tricia opened her door. It was still daylight outside, and she knew she was quite a sight in the virtually transparent costume, her dark nipples pressing against the thin gauze, the buds peeping through the netting, her crotch scarcely covered by the thin strip that ran through her cunt lips.

The two men grinned and nudged each other as she walked past them to the rear of the vehicle, aware of the view of her bare buttocks this was affording them. She unlocked the door and pulled it open, then stood beside it, watching as the two black men loaded their gear. They were strong, sinewy men, and she felt an odd shudder run through her as she watched. Her eyes dropped to the front of their pants. Was she mistaken, or could she already see a tell-tale bulge down there?

When she got round to the side of the vehicle she found the passenger door closed, and the sliding side door open.

"I thought you'd like to ride in the back with these guys," said Tony. "You know you want to."

Tricia shuddered as she heard those words again.

"Sure," she said, trying to take the edge of panic out of her voice as she watched the two men climb aboard.

"This your lady?" asked one of the men.

"Shit no," replied Tony. "She's too much of a slut for me. Look at the way she's dressed."

The pair laughed, staring at Tricia as she climbed into the van. The two men were sitting side by side on a bench seat. Tricia's first instinct was to sit behind them, but then she remembered Tony's orders. Less than fifteen minutes, he had said. How could she possibly take these men from being strangers to total intimacy in so short a time? But she knew she must, and she slid onto the seat beside them, managing a weak smile as she did so.

"That's a helluva outfit, lady," said the man beside her. He was a big man, his head shaved, his dark brown eyes penetrating.

"D-do you like it?" she asked.

"I like even better what's inside it."

He reached out a large hand and placed it over her breast. Tricia knew he could feel the hardness of her nipple, and wondered if he could sense her nervousness.

"Hey, baby, you don't gotta be afraid of me and Duke here," he said. "We ain't gonna hurt you."

She tried to smile again. "I-I'm not afraid," she stammered.

The man moved his hand up to her neck, where he toyed with the bow that held the skimpy garment up.

"What happens if I undo this?" he asked.

Tricia glanced at Tony. Time was going by. She cleared her throat.

"Wh-why don't you try it and see?"

At this the second man leaned forward, a grin on his face.

"Come and sit between us," he said.

"All right."

Tricia's body was trembling as she moved between the two big black men.

"That's real cozy. Now undo that bow for us."

Tricia took a deep breath. Then, her fingers shaking, she reached behind her head and undid the bow. The top of the garment fell away, revealing Tricia's lovely, pert breasts to the two men. Immediately, hands from both sides closed over her soft globes, bringing a sharp intake of breath from the teenager as they roughly mauled her flesh.

"That's real nice. Now undo the other one."

Tricia's heart was beating hard now. But the fear was beginning to give way to another emotion. Despite her disgust with herself, her beautiful, vibrant young body was beginning to respond to the closeness of these two strangers in a most unwelcome manner, her large, brown nipples protruding as they came erect, a warm wetness seeping into her vagina.

Tricia pulled herself up on the seat in front until she was standing. Then she reached down to her waist and undid the second bow. The scrappy garment fell away, leaving her totally nude.

"Hell that's nice. Come here, baby."

At once she was dragged down onto the first man's lap. His strong hands pulling her thighs apart as he held her to him. His hands went to her breasts, kneading them and squeezing them, bringing a soft moan from the young beauty. Then she gave a cry as two thick, black fingers penetrated her vagina, probing deep into her most private place and sending pulses of excitement shooting through her young body.

"Shit, she's wet as hell," he said. "Bitch is on heat."

"Get the slut down on the seat, I gotta fuck her. You wanna be fucked don't you, baby?"

Tricia did not reply, but the stifled moan that escaped her lips as he twisted his finger inside her told him her answer.

Strong hands were grabbing at the naked teenager again, dragging her onto her back, stretching her across the seat. Tricia offered no resistance, allowing the men to use her as they wanted. She knew they must think her a total slut to behave this way, but she was aware that time was short, and that Tony would be true to his word if the pair had not come by the time they reached the truck stop.

"You ready for this?" asked the man.

"Yes," she gasped.

"Ask for it."

"Please fuck me."

"Nicer than that."

Tricia's humiliation was extraordinary, but she had to play Tony's game.

"Please fuck me," she said. "I want it so bad."

"Let's see that pretty pussy properly."

Her legs were yanked roughly apart and she stared down between the mounds of her breasts to the hulking black man, who was examining her shaved pussy. She knew she was wet down there, and that he would be aware of her arousal, but still she thrust her hips up at him, making her compliance clear.

"Shit, this is one hot chick," murmured the man. "You want some cock baby?"

"Yes. Yes please."

He pulled down his zipper and his cock emerged from his pants. It was thick and black, and Tricia shivered with lust as she realized it would soon be inside her.

Suddenly her head was pulled to the side, and she found a second ebony erection right in front of her face. Without a word, the man grabbed a handful of hair and thrust his hips against her face, forcing his cock into her mouth. Tricia fought for breath as his massive member was jammed down her throat, trying as best she could to close her lips about his shaft and suck.

Moments later her body was bucking under an onslaught from the other end, as his companion rammed his pole into her dripping pussy, shaking her whole body and making her breasts quiver deliciously as he began to fuck her hard.

For Tricia it had all happened so suddenly that she could barely come to terms with what was happening to her. She wondered what Steve would say if he could see the demure youngster he had dropped off little more than half an hour ago, stretched naked in the back of a van whilst two black strangers thrust their cocks into her.

The fucking was rough and violent, the two men using her without thought for her own feelings, ramming their cocks into her compliant young body, staring down at her nakedness and laughing at her obvious arousal.

Tricia was lost in her own lasciviousness now. For most women, a turn-on would be silken sheets and champagne. How was it that she, Tricia, was so aroused by this brutal, enforced sex? How could her body respond to this careless treatment? Yet she was more turned on than she could ever be, her lovely body thrashing about under this brute of a man whilst she sucked hungrily at his friend's erection, her whole being on fire with desire.

All at once she felt the exquisite sensation of hot spunk pumping into her vagina and, with a stifled moan, she came, her hips thrusting upwards in a frenzy of desire. Even as she came, her mouth was filled with more semen, the twitching black cock between her lips ejecting spurt after spurt of bitter spunk into her mouth.

Tricia swallowed hard, her sex walls contracting about the cock in her cunt as she drank down the other man's seed, her naked body still writhing. She was lost now, in the depravity of her act, a total cheap slut, her naked body out of control.

Then, as one, the two men withdrew, leaving her panting and gasping, spunk trickling onto her thighs and onto her chin as she fought to regain her composure.

All at once she realized that the van had come to a halt, and that the men were opening the side door. She sat up and looked about her. They were in a vast parking lot, lit by powerful floodlights. All around were large trucks and about fifty yards distant Tricia could see a diner, with men standing around outside.

"C'mon Cunt, help the guys get their stuff out."

Tony was holding out the key to the rear door. Tricia looked about herself for her garment.

"Never mind that, get a fucking move on!"

"But I'm..."

But already Tricia was being manhandled from the van by the two black men. Moments later she found herself standing naked on the parking lot, listening to the whistles and yells of the truck drivers as they saw that the lovely young girl was wearing no clothes.

Feeling the panic rise within her, the blushing youngster made her way round to the rear. She fumbled with the keys, aware that more and more of the men were coming out of the diner to see what was causing the commotion. Her two passengers offered no help at all, just grinning at her, clearly enjoying her embarrassment.

At last she wrenched open the door. The men's rucksacks were heavy, but she wasted no time in hauling them out and placing them on the ground. She slammed the door again and made to jump into the van, but the two men intercepted her, grabbing her by the arm.

"What, no kiss goodbye?"

The first of the pair pulled her to him, his big hands grabbing her breasts as his lips closed over hers, his tongue snaking into her mouth. Despite her panic, Tricia felt her arousal sparked again as this strong man held her, his hands roaming over her naked body as his tongue intertwined with hers. Then she felt herself being pulled away from him from behind. The other man pulled her head round and kissed her over her shoulder as he maneuvered her round to face the cheering truck drivers. Tricia knew they were getting a full-frontal view of her nudity now, yet she couldn't prevent the man forcing her thighs apart and pressing his long black fingers into her vagina, making her hips thrust forward against his hand as her perverse nature was once again brought to the fore. He stopped kissing her and held her there, facing the men, her legs spread wide, her knees bent as she thrust down against the hand that was invading her so intimately. There was no pretence at restraining her now, her nude body was putty in his hands as he used his other hand to caress her breasts, pinching the erect nipples and sending pulses of pleasure through her.

Tricia came with a scream, her hips pumping back and forth in a lewd dance of lust, her breasts shaking as her body shuddered with desire. She leaned back against the man, momentarily oblivious to the shouts and comments of the watching truckers as wave after wave of pleasure flowed through her young body.

Then he was pushing her away, and the sudden realization of what she had done began to come home to her. She looked about herself in dismay, unable to comprehend what it was that had made her put on this extraordinary exhibition. Once again she made a bolt for the van, and once again she was grabbed.

"Not so fast, baby," he said, holding up his hand. His fingers were smeared with a mixture of spunk and cunt juice. "Clean this up," he ordered.

Tricia wanted to refuse, but she knew her protestations would fall on deaf ears. Amid the laughter and ribald comments of the truck drivers, she licked the man's fingers clean, swallowing down the sexual fluids that coated his hand, all the time aware of the men scrutinizing her nude body. Only when he was completely satisfied did he release his grip in her arm and allow her to scurry round the van and jump inside.

Tony ran his eyes up and down her body, taking in the stiffness of her nipples and the spunk and cunt juice smeared about her sex.

"I guess you'd better get cleaned up," he said. We've got a long night ahead, you and me."

The Degradation of Tricia, Part 9

By

Lia Anderssen

"C'mon, Cunt, get a move on."

Tricia hurried along behind Tony, glancing anxiously about her for fear that someone would see the outrageous way she was dressed. She glanced ahead at the building they were about to enter, and she felt her heart sink as they came closer.

It was quite a large building, set near the highway in the middle of a large parking lot. Less than half a mile away was the truck stop where they had dropped off their two passengers just a short time before. There were a number of cars in the lot, a fact that gave no comfort to the embarrassed youngster as she thought of the inadequacy of her garments. Worse still was the neon sign on the roof that announced 'Ted's Place. Live Dancing Girls'. Tricia had seen such places before, but had never dreamed of entering one.

At least she had had the chance to clean herself up after her encounter with the two hitchhikers. Tony had stopped the van outside the ladies room at the truck stop and had ordered her inside. To the still naked girl, evidence of her ravishment still smeared on her thighs, it was a daunting prospect. Inside she had encountered two female truckers who had hooted with laughter at the sight of her and had kept up a stream of ribald comments whilst she had cleaned the spunk from her body. When she had emerged they came out to watch as she struggled into the skimpy garment again. Only once she had put it on would Tony

allow her back into the van. Then it was the shortest of drives across the parking lot to the bar.

As they approached the entrance, Tricia's natural instinct was to hang back. She would have been embarrassed to enter such a place at the best of times. To be forced to do so dressed as she was, made it infinitely worse. Yet she knew she must obey Tony, or face the consequences.

He pushed open the door and beckoned to her to enter. Inside the lights were fairly low, much to her relief. They were in a small entrance hall and ahead was a door, behind which she could hear music playing. It was toward this that Tony led her, her heart pounding as he opened the door.

She found herself in a large saloon. All about her were tables, most of which were occupied. The majority of the clientele were men, seated facing a stage, which was the focal point of the room. The stage was bare apart from a brass pole that ran from floor to ceiling. To the right was a bar, around which were standing more men, most with bottles of beer in their hands. To Tricia's relief, their entry had gone largely unnoticed and, in the low lights of the bar, she hoped that this anonymity would continue.

She had wanted Tony to take her to one of the tables, so was somewhat dismayed when he led the way to the bar. Some of the men standing there eyed the young beauty with interest when they saw how scantily she was clad, and Tricia felt the heat in her cheeks as she saw them staring at her.

Tony ordered a beer for himself and a soda for Tricia. The youngster sipped at the drink, aware that more and more eyes were turning in her direction, taking in the smooth curves of her body. She hoped that the dimness of the lights in the room would prevent most of them from seeing just how outrageous her outfit was.

All at once loud music began to play and a spotlight suddenly lit the small stage. As Tricia watched, a girl emerged from the wings. She was about twenty-five years old, clad in a sequined bikini that glittered under the bright light. She began to dance about the pole, using it as a prop as she gyrated. She looked somewhat bored by the whole occasion, but Tricia was glad that at least some of the attention had been diverted from herself.

As the girl danced, a man emerged from the gloom and took up position next to Tony. The pair exchanged greetings, then turned to watch the girl twisting her body about the pole. The dance went on for a few more minutes, and ended with a scattering of applause from those watching.

When the girl had left the stage, Tony turned to the man beside him. He was about forty years old, clad in a suit and tie. Tricia guessed that he was the proprietor, as she had noticed him giving orders to the barman whilst the dance had progressed.

"I was expecting a stripper," remarked Tony.

"It's hard to get that kind of girl out here. On weekends we have a couple come in from the city, but during the week we're stuck with Angie. She won't strip. Got religion or something."

"Could you use a little amateur blood?"

The man smiled. "Sure, but what girl does that stuff just for fun?"

"What about her?"

The man hadn't paid much attention to Tricia, but now, as he turned to look at her, he clearly saw for the first time how inadequate her costume was.

"Shit. She always go about like that?"

"Sure. You love being stared at, don't you baby?"

Tricia felt her cheeks glowing as the man ran his eyes up and down her body, but she said nothing.

"How about it, Cunt?" went on Tony. "Fancy a dance?"

At first Tricia thought he was suggesting they dance together, and the question surprised her, since she had seen neither band nor dance floor. Then she thought of what she had just witnessed, and a coldness gripped her stomach.

"No, Tony! Please, I..."

"Yeah, young lady. My clients would appreciate watching you dance."

"She'll dance," said Tony. "C'mon baby, you know you want to."

The words were like a sentence to the youngster. She thought of the package in Tony's van. All he had to do was drop it in the mailbox.

"Please Tony," she whispered. "I'll do anything."

"Sure you will. Right now you're going to dance."

Tricia opened her mouth to protest again, then saw the look in Tony's eye and closed it.

"All right," she whispered.

"Great," said the man. "I'll get the music organized. C'mon out back."

Tricia went to follow him, but Tony grasped her arm.

"One thing, Cunt," he said. "Remember this is a strip club."

"What? Tony I couldn't..."

"When I raise one finger, the top bow gets undone. When I raise two fingers, the bottom one goes. Then I want to see you really fuck that pole."

"Please Tony. Don't make me..."

"You coming or what?"

The club owner beckoned to Tricia. She gave a final, despairing glance toward Tony, then followed the club owner out the door. As she walked she was more than ever aware of the hungry male eyes on her bare behind swaying deliciously as she walked.

The man led her through a door marked 'Private' and into a brightly-lit corridor. Here there were no carpets, just a bare floor and walls and harsh fluorescent lighting. A few yards down was another door marked 'Stage'. The man pushed it open, and Tricia peered through. From here she was invisible to the men in the club, but she could see the small, bare stage and the pole.

The man grabbed her arm and pressed her back against the wall. His grip was tight and painful as he stared down at her barely clad body.

"You ever do this before?" he asked.

"No Sir."

"You expecting to get paid?"

"No Sir."

"Then what the fuck are you doing it for?"

Tricia's cheeks reddened. "I... I like being around men in the nude," she mumbled.

He sniffed. "I don't know what this is about," he hissed. "I guess maybe you're just some kind of slut. But you better put on a good show. I got my reputation to think of. You got that?"

"Yes Sir."

"Okay. When the music starts, you get out there."

With that he turned away, leaving Tricia staring after him.

It seemed like ages before the music started. As Tricia waited, her stomach churned in anticipation of what she was to do. She could scarcely believe that she could have been brought so low. To dance for these strangers, and display her body to them was the most humiliating thing imaginable. Yet, even now, she could feel a wetness seeping into her pussy as she thought of what she was about to do.

The music began. It was a loud number with a strong beat, the sort of song Tricia would have enjoyed dancing to under ordinary circumstances. The youngster took a deep breath. Then she stepped out onto the stage.

As Tricia made her entrance, a bright spotlight was suddenly turned on, almost blinding her with its harsh brilliance. At the same time a ripple of applause came up from the watching men, sending a shiver of excitement through the teenager.

She began to dance. Tricia had always loved dancing, and was very good at it, her shapely young body writhing sensuously to the beat of the music. As she danced she tried to blot the men from her mind, imagining herself at a disco, surrounded by other dancers. But she couldn't forget the outrageous way she was dressed, nor the eyes upon her as she gyrated.

Suddenly she saw an arm wave from the bar. Blinking through the brightness she saw Tony. Then her heart sank as she realized he was holding up a

finger.

She stared round at the watching men, sensing their anticipation. They probably weren't aware she was going to strip. After all, the other girl hadn't. Slowly, reluctantly, she reached a hand behind her head and tugged at the thin cord.

At once the skimpy coverings over her breasts fell away, baring her pale, jutting orbs to the watching men. A cheer went up, accompanied by whistles and yells as the men feasted their eyes on Tricia's luscious breasts. Her nipples were hard, protruding upwards as if begging to be sucked, and she felt her cheeks redden as the men shouted lewd remarks at her lack of modesty.

The teenager danced on, only too aware of the way her breasts bounced freely with every movement, the protruding teats jiggling up and down tantalizingly. She wanted to hide her face, to cover her jutting orbs with her hands, but she dare not. Instead she lost herself in the music again, her body swaying to the beat.

She knew it was only a matter of time before Tony would make her divest herself of her last vestige of clothing, but still it was with a sense of shock that she saw him raise two fingers to her. For a second time she contemplated escape, but she knew it was hopeless. Out here, miles from home, wearing an outfit that would have been considered outrageous even in the bedroom, she had nowhere to run to. Besides, the video tape was in the car, and could be in a mailbox in a matter of minutes. With a sinking heart, Tricia reached for the bow on her hip.

The cord came undone, and the garment dropped away. At once the shouts and whistles doubled in volume as the men took in Tricia's shaved pussy, the prominence of her slit bringing shouts from those watching. The young beauty's face was crimson now, but still she continued to dance.

"The pole!"

"Use the pole, you dirty little bitch!"

Tricia had been blotting the shouts from her mind until now, but these new cries reminded her of the one feature of the small stage. She glanced across at Tony, who was nodding to her. With a trembling hand, she reached out and took hold of the pole, swinging her young body around it, displaying her nakedness to the cheering men.

Remembering the other girl's act, Tricia began to embrace the pole, feeling its cold hardness between her bare breasts, noting that the contact was causing her nipples to harden even more. Then she pressed her body against it, and a shudder ran through her as it came into contact with her hard, damp clitoris.

At once she pulled away, afraid of the sensation that had run through her body as her love bud had been stimulated. She looked about at the watching men, then down at her naked, shaved pussy and another shudder shook her. Surely this couldn't be arousing her? Surely dancing naked in this sordid club should be disgusting her? Yet there was no denying the wetness that was seeping onto her sex lips as she displayed her naked body to these strangers.

She moved close to the pole again. She was scarcely aware of the way her

hips had been gyrating to the music, but now, as she again embraced the pole, those movements caused her clit to rub against the pole once more, and suddenly she was tingling with arousal.

Almost automatically she began to pleasure herself on the pole, her hips thrusting forward as it slid up and down her open slit, leaving a wet trail that was clearly visible to those watching. Spreading her legs wider and bending her knees, Tricia began to fuck the pole with vigor, her head thrown back, her breasts shaking, her lovely, bare backside pumping back and forth.

The cheers of the men were almost deafening now as they realized that the lovely naked teen was pleasuring herself, her lewd dance thrusting her open cunt lips against the hard, cold pole. Tricia was aware of the noise, but it just seemed to spur her on, her nakedness fueling her lust.

She began to lower herself down the pole, holding on with her hands and letting her legs splay out in front of her until she was prostrate on her back, her legs wide, her knees bent, thrusting herself against the hard metal. A long streak of wetness down the length of the pole attested to her stimulation, and the men laughed and pointed at it, clearly loving the youngster's arousal as she pleased herself against the pole.

Tricia was almost out of control now, moaning aloud as she thrust her hips against the hard, unyielding pole, her shapely bottom slapping on the floor of the stage with every stroke. She lay on her back, legs spread, knees bent, her body arched up as her movements became more urgent, her stiff clit rubbing against the metal as her cunt wept with arousal.

As the music rose to its climax, so did Tricia, her orgasm exploding within her, bringing shrill cries from her as her naked body writhed in ecstasy. The men were on their feet now, cheering and laughing as they realized she was coming, their cries ringing in her ears as she slowly descended from her peak.

Then she was done, her passion spent, her pretty body stretched panting on the floor, her young breasts rising and falling as she regained her breath. She lay there for some minutes, the color in her cheeks deepening as she realized the spectacle she had made of herself.

At last the spotlight was extinguished. Tricia pulled herself wearily to her feet. She was acutely aware of the eyes still fixed on her naked body, and she looked about her for her costume. It wasn't there. Someone had moved in, unnoticed by her in her passion, and removed it. She gave a little whimper of despair, suddenly wanting more than ever to hide herself. She almost ran to the door at the back of the stage, twisting the handle and tugging at it.

The door was locked.

Tricia fought down the panic inside her as she realized that she was trapped. She had no choice now but to step down from the stage and into the club. The myriad of eyes that had aroused her such a short time ago were now more akin to a torture as she felt her acute shame overcoming her. Her head hung, her arms dangling at her sides, the naked youngster stepped down from the stage and made her way across to where Tony was standing, her breasts jiggling delightfully with every step.

"Nice act," remarked Tony. "You really are a dirty little girl."

"Someone took my clothes," she said plaintively. "I've got nothing to wear."

"I thought you liked being around men in the nude."

She shot him an angry look. Was there no end to the degradations he forced upon her?

"Couldn't I have something to wear?" she asked. "Everyone is staring at me."

"Don't worry. You don't have to stay in here."

For a second she felt a wave of gratitude toward the man. Then she saw the smile upon his face, and she knew he had something in mind.

"Please, Tony, no more," she begged.

"Relax. You've just been asked to do a little private waitressing."

"I don't understand."

"Sam, the boss of this place, has a private room for special parties. Right now he's got the local chief of police and a few friends in for dinner. They asked for a waitress, and you're it."

"But I'm naked!"

"Don't worry. The chief's broadminded, and it's good for Sam's business that he keeps dignitaries like him properly entertained. Helps him when it comes time to renew his license."

At that moment the club owner appeared, his eyes fixed on Tricia's bare breasts and pussy as he approached them.

"She okay to do the job?"

"Sure."

"Okay baby, grab that tray and come with me."

"C-couldn't I get my costume?"

"Fuck that. You won't be needing it."

Tricia picked up the tray that lay on the bar. She was only too aware of the myriad of eyes still fixed on her bare butt as she followed the club owner across to a door at the side of the room.

"Get in there and take the drinks order," he said.

Cautiously Tricia pushed open the door and stepped inside. The room was smoky, lit by a bright neon light above a card table at which sat four men. Tricia barely had time to take this in, though, when her arm was grabbed.

She swung round to be confronted by two of the biggest men she had ever seen. Both were well over six foot tall, with broad chests and thick, ham-like

arms. One was white, the other black. Both had shaved heads, and their noses were misshapen, obviously broken at some time.

"What the fuck do you want?" growled the black man.

"I... I came to take the drinks order," stammered the youngster.

The man held her at arms length, his eyes taking in her jutting breasts and bullet-hard nipples, then dropping down to study her shaven crotch. He grinned at his companion.

"Looks like we got us a waitress," he said. "Go take the order, slut."

He gave a shove that sent the youngster staggering toward the table where the men were sitting. They looked up as she approached. All were dressed in tuxedos, the one facing her looking very distinguished, his hair graying at the temples, his face grim, his thin lips pursed. His stare sent a chill down Tricia's spine as he scanned her nude form.

"Hmm, very nice," he murmured. "Gentlemen, give the young lady your orders."

The men ordered their drinks, and Tricia made her way back to the club room, shivering slightly as she passed the two bruisers at the door. Once again she found herself the center of attention in the saloon, heads turning as she made her way to the bar, her cheeks glowing.

The barman loaded her tray, and she set off back to the room. It occurred to her that, with the tray in her hands, she was more vulnerable than ever, and she was acutely aware of the bounce of her bare breasts that projected above the tray as she walked.

Getting the door open was not easy whilst trying to support the tray, but at last she was inside, passing the grinning bodyguards and making her way across to the table.

As she leaned forward to place the tray on the table, a hand slid up her inner thigh and she gave a sudden gasp as she felt a finger slip into her vagina. She gritted her teeth, placing a glass in front of each of the men, trying not to think of the finger that twisted inside her most private place.

"You were right, boss," said the man. "Bitch is wet as hell."

"Told you she was a cheap slut. Stand over there, whore. We'll be wanting more drinks soon."

For more than an hour Tricia was forced to wait on the men, going to and from the bar with the tray, enduring the stares of dozens of men as she was obliged to expose herself to them.

At last the card game came to an end. Tricia hoped this would mean she would be released, but her heart sank when she heard the host's next words.

"Time for another drink gentlemen. I think the guys there are about ready to put on a show for us."

The words puzzled Tricia. What kind of show could those two bruisers

possibly put on?

When she returned with the drinks, the two men were nowhere to be seen. There was an air of expectancy about the card players, though, that made her uneasy.

She placed the drinks down in front of the men, and was about to retire to the corner, when the police chief beckoned to her.

"W have a little surprise for you, my dear," he said. "Go open that door."

He indicated a door on the opposite side of the room to the saloon. Tricia eyed him nervously, wishing she wasn't naked, and therefore so vulnerable. She padded slowly across to the door and reached for the door handle.

"Hi baby."

"Surprise!"

Tricia staggered backwards with a gasp. It was the two bodyguards. Both men were completely naked, standing with their hands on their hips, grinning at the young beauty.

Tricia's eyes dropped to their groins, and felt her stomach turn over. Both had massive cocks, their thick shafts standing to attention in the biggest erections she had ever seen. The black man saw her glance, and his grin broadened.

"That's right, baby, and they're all for you."

Suddenly the two men moved forward, each grabbing one of Tricia's arms and lifting her bodily off the floor, her legs kicking in the air as they carried her across to a table beside where the watching men were sitting. They slammed her down on her back, knocking the wind from her body. Moments later the white man had pulled her legs apart and plunged his head down between her thighs.

Tricia gave a cry as she felt his long tongue penetrate her vagina, the total intimacy of the act stunning her. Never before had a man put his mouth down there and she found herself squirming, unwelcome surges of arousal running through her young body as his tongue lapped at her pussy.

"That's it, eat the bitch," shouted one of the watchers.

"Look at her go. The slut loves it."

At that moment Tricia felt her hair grabbed and her face yanked round to one side. There, right in front of her eyes, was a massive ebony cock, the vein throbbing, the tip shiny with lubrication. She needed no further bidding, opening her mouth as wide as she was able as he rammed his huge shaft between her lips.

Tricia could only guess at the sight she made, her beautiful, naked body splayed across the table, her legs spread wide, her pussy shining with saliva as she thrust up against the intruding tongue whilst at the same time having her

face fucked by the enormous black man.

Then the man between her legs lifted his head, eliciting a moan of disappointment from the youngster as his ministrations ceased.

"That should be wet enough," he said.

"Yeah, give her what she wants."

At once Tricia felt his cock pressing against her vagina. She wanted to reject him, to close her legs and fight him off. After all, this was rape wasn't it? The men had neither sought nor been given her consent to fuck her. Yet, even now, her body was on fire with lust, and she simply gave a stifled moan as the man forced his erection into her vagina.

Tricia could barely believe she was able to contain his enormous shaft, tears of pain running down her cheeks as she felt the walls of her fuck-hole stretched wide by his intruding cock. Yet still he pressed into her, ramming his cock home until he was completely embedded in her weeping pussy.

The bulky bodyguard began to fuck her hard, ramming his rampant cock into her, shaking her lovely young body with the force of his onslaught, so that her breasts danced back and forth, much to the delight of the watching men. Tricia thought she might split apart, such was the size of his organ, yet the pain was more that overshadowed by the sheer lustful pleasure of being filled so completely. And still she was sucking greedily at the black cock that was rammed down her mouth, saliva dribbling down its length as she fought for breath. As the rape continued she tried not to let her lustfulness overtake her shame at the way she was being displayed and used, yet even now she could feel a massive orgasm building within her as the two men used her lovely young body.

Just as Tricia felt herself on the brink of her climax, the man withdrew from her throbbing cunt, causing a flow of wetness to leak onto her thighs and leaving her sex lips convulsing about empty air, much to the amusement of her audience.

"Try the bitch's pussy," he said to his companion. "It's nice and tight."

"Sure."

The thick cock was pulled from her mouth and Tricia was momentarily able to relax, sucking in the air, her breasts rising and falling, the stiff nipples dancing up and down. Then her nostrils were filled with the scent of female arousal as the white bodyguard thrust his bobbing cock into her face and she opened her lips to receive it.

If anything the black thug's cock was even larger than his companions, and Tricia's pain began anew as it was forced into her pussy. Once again she cried out, her shouts muffled by the mouthful of cock flesh, as another erection was forced into her. The men at the table were shouting out now, calling her the most degrading names and egging on her two rapists. The men needed no encouragement, though, using the nude teenager like a sex toy, oblivious to her cries as they violated her body. Tricia's mind was a blur as the bullies took their pleasure in her, laughing aloud as they thrust their cocks into her.

"Give us a sandwich," called the police chief.

Tricia heard the words, but didn't understand them. The men did, though and all at once she felt the pair withdraw again, leaving her gasping on the table.

Suddenly she felt herself pulled from the table by the white man, his muscular arms lifting her as if she were a child. She tried to struggle, but his grip was like iron and she was forced to watch as his black companion seated himself on the edge of the table, his massive erection rising like a flagpole from his groin.

Tricia was turned to face him. Instinctively she closed her legs as she was thrust toward him.

Whack! The man's hand came down on her buttock with stinging force.

"Spread them you fucking slut!"

Tears coursing down her cheeks, the young beauty did as she was told, stretching her legs wide as she was lowered onto the thick black pole of his penis.

For the third time she cried aloud as her body was forced onto him, his erection filling her once again. Never had she felt so replete with cock as she straddled him, grunting and moaning as he penetrated deeper and deeper until he was all the way in and her bottom was in his lap. She stared into his eyes, her cheeks glowing as he grinned down at her. Then he was grasping her shoulders, leaning back on the table and pulling her down with him, her bare breasts pressed against his chest.

All at once, Tricia felt hands on her backside, pulling her cheeks apart. Moments later came the sensation of something wet falling on her exposed anus. Only then did she realize what the men's intention was.

"No!" She tried desperately to struggle out of the black thug's arms, but he held her tight. She felt his companion's fingers rubbing the saliva into her rear hole, making her gasp as his fingers penetrated her. Then his cock was pressing against that forbidden orifice, bringing whimpers of pain from the lovely youngster as he forced himself upon her.

As his erection rammed into her rectum, Tricia closed her eyes, trying not to think of what was happening to her. Could it really be less than a month since she was an innocent virgin? A young teenager unsullied by the needs and desires of men? Now here she was, naked in a seedy nightclub with a huge cock embedded in her vagina and another up her ass. Worse, unlike the privacy of a bed chamber, this was an open room, full of lustful men watching her humiliation. As the two bruisers began to pump their cocks into her, Tricia gave a low moan of despair as she lamented her lost innocence.

This new onslaught was almost more than she could take, the twin cocks penetrating her soft young body shaking it back and forth like a rag doll, their huge girths threatening to split the lovely teenager wide open as they took their pleasure in her. Tricia rode out the ordeal as best she could, screaming and moaning as a mixture of pain and pleasure filled her body.

Tricia just wanted the pair to come, and to end this awful ordeal. It was with rising trepidation, therefore, that she felt the pair withdraw once

more, tossing her onto the floor and grinning down at her, their massive erections bobbing up and down.

"I gotta try that ass," said the black man. "Get her up on the table again."

Once again Tricia felt herself being lifted up and slammed down onto the table top, her breasts crushed against the hard, unyielding wood. Her legs were kicked wide apart, then she groaned again as she felt the black man's erection pressing against her anus.

This time the penetration was easier, so stretched were the muscles of her sphincter. Still it was no less uncomfortable for the lovely youngster as the muscular thug rammed his stiff penis deep into her asshole and began to bugger her with vigor.

Tricia's hips slammed against the edge of the table, the breath forced from her lungs as she succumbed to the forceful attack. The black man was seriously aroused now, and with his arousal came a new aggression as he rammed his thick cock into the innocent youngster's backside. Tricia's eyes were streaming with tears as she endured the onslaught, her breasts shaking back and forth with every stroke. The other man had moved in front of her, and she watched as he ran his hands up and down his shaft, his face a picture of arousal as he prepared to shoot his load into her face.

There was a gasp from behind her, then Tricia felt her rectum fill with hot spunk as her attacker came inside her, his hips still pumping hard as spurt after spurt of his seed shot into her backside. Moments later a gob of slimy spunk struck her in the face, followed by another, then another as the black man's companion unloaded the contents of his balls into Tricia's face, the bitter fluid filling her eyes, nose and mouth as he grunted his appreciation.

Then it was over, and the grinning thugs were withdrawing, leaving the spunk-splattered youngster gasping, still bent over the table. Tricia was spent now, her young body racked with pain, yet even now a hand closed about her arm and pulled her to her feet.

"Come with me."

She stared into the face of the police chief, barely comprehending him as he dragged her toward the door, her legs scarcely able to carry her.

He marched her down a short corridor, then pushed open a door marked 'Men's Room'. Inside it stank of stale urine, but Tricia's protests were ignored as he dragged her into a cubicle, slamming and locking the door. The youngster could only look on dumbly as the man dropped his trousers, revealing a stiff cock that rose from his groin like a pole. Seating himself on the toilet he dragged the youngster down onto her knees.

"Suck me you dirty slut!" he ordered.

As Tricia knelt on the filthy floor of the men's room and took the man's cock into her mouth, she knew she had reached her lowest point. Kneeling naked in a men's toilet and sucking off a stranger was worse than the cheapest of whores would tolerate. As she felt his spunk pump into her mouth, the young beauty wept for her loss of innocence.

The Degradation of Tricia Part 10

By Lia Anderssen

"Hello Tricia."

There was not a great deal of warmth in the greeting as Alison let Tricia into her house. In truth, the two girls were not close friends, but the pre-graduation party invitation had gone out to everyone in the class, so Tricia had been included. The youngster smiled nervously at her schoolmate and stepped through into the house.

Like Bella, Alison lived in a large house, set in two or three acres of land beside a municipal park. Her parents were away for the weekend, and the party had been planned for sometime. Already loud music was playing and, seated on the stairs, some of the boys were swigging beer from the bottle.

Tricia wondered whether Steve had arrived yet. Although they had no formal date for the party, she hoped to get together with him. To that end she had worn a black mini dress that hugged her lovely curves beautifully, accenting the swell of her breasts and the pert curvature of her backside. She felt rather nervous wearing such a sexy item, but knew that Steve would be appreciative.

She moved through the rooms, exchanging greetings with her classmates and receiving many approving looks from the boys, her cheeks reddening slightly as she felt their eyes on her body. She thought of the striptease she had been forced to do at the club, followed by the totally indecent show with the two bodyguards. What would these people have said if they knew of her sordid secret life? Still, there was only another week until graduation, then she could put all of that behind her.

She entered the living room, and her heart gave a small leap as she recognized Steve on the far side of the room. She began to walk toward him, then checked her steps. Sitting beside the handsome young man was a girl, and the pair were deep in conversation. In any other circumstances that wouldn't have bothered Tricia too much, but the girl with Steve was not just any girl.

It was Bella.

Tricia stood and watched. The two were clearly at ease with one another, laughing together, Bella placing a hand on Steve's knee as she whispered something in his ear. Tricia felt a surge of jealousy as she watched her tormentor chatting up the one man she really fancied. Yet, she told herself, they were only talking. What harm was there in that? Steve had already expressed his liking for her. Perhaps it was nothing. Still, she didn't want to talk to Bella, so quietly withdrew and went back into the kitchen.

There, Alison and a group of other girls were having a giggly conversation, Tricia hung around on the edge for a while, feeling rather out of place, then moved out into the entrance hall again.

"Hello, Cunt."

Tricia froze, a cold feeling gripping her stomach as she heard the words. Tony was standing by the door, a grin on his face as he surveyed the youngster.

"Wh-what are you doing here?" stammered Tricia.

"It's a free world."

"But..."

"I brought my disco equipment, and Alison invited me to stay. Wasn't that nice?"

Tricia said nothing. There were two other boys from her class sitting on the stairs, and she was aware that they could hear what was being said.

"Nice dress," went on Tony. "You know I care about what you wear."

Tricia looked at him. "No Tony," she begged. "Not here. Please."

"We had an agreement. I have something in my car that proves it."

Tricia looked at the two boys, who were clearly listening to what was being said. She turned to Tony.

"There's more than three people in the house," she said.

"I know that. Come on, you've got three minutes."

Tricia knew she could expect no mercy from her tormentor. All at once she lost the will to fight him.

"All right," she said.

There was a bathroom just off the hallway, and she slipped into it. She unzipped her dress and removed her bra. Then she reached under her skirt and slipped off her panties. She refastened the dress, then inspected herself in the mirror. The dress fitted snugly, and she could see the outline of her nipples through the thin fabric. Her lack of panty line was also apparent to anyone examining her closely. She felt the heat rise in her cheeks as she contemplated how vulnerable she was in this state.

She exited the bathroom to find Tony still standing where he had been. He held out his hand. Tricia glanced across at the two boys. They were watching her, and she wondered if they could tell that she now wore nothing under the dress. Walking up close to Tony, she passed her bra and pants to him, balling them up in the hope that the boys wouldn't see what she was holding. He grinned.

"Much better," he said.

Tricia glared at him, then, her cheeks glowing, headed back toward the rest of the party.

For the next twenty minutes or so she wandered from room to room, standing on the periphery of conversations, feeling somewhat left out. In the front room, Bella continued to chat to Steve, leaving Tricia feeling bored and

frustrated.

She went upstairs to use the bathroom. As she emerged she encountered the two boys who had been sitting on the stairs during her encounter with Tony. Now they stood, side-by-side at the top of the stairs, blocking her path.

"Excuse me," she said.

"Hey Tricia, Leo and me want you to settle an argument for us."

"I...I don't understand."

"Just come in this bedroom for a moment."

"Yeah, it won't take a second."

Tricia eyed the pair. One was tall and a little geeky looking, wearing thick glasses. His name was Hal. Leo, the one who had spoken first, was shorter, with red hair and wearing baggy shorts.

"What kind of argument is it?"

"Come in her and we'll tell you," said Leo, holding the door open.

"Well, all right."

Tricia entered the bedroom. It was a large one, with a king-sized brass bed in the center. The two boys stepped in after her and closed the door. It was only then that Tricia realized that there was a fourth person in the room. There, seated in an easy chair behind the door, sat Tony.

"Oh."

"Hello again. I understand you're going to settle an argument between these two."

"I... Maybe it's not such a good idea."

"Sure it is. Go ahead Leo, ask her."

"Well..." Tricia could see the boy was embarrassed as he stared down at the floor, his fingers intertwining with one another. "I kind of bet Hal that you were naked under that dress."

"And I said you couldn't be," put in Hal. "I reckon you're just wearing really silky underwear."

"Well there's a conundrum," put in Tony. "I guess you'd better show them who's right."

Tricia stared at Tony, who grinned back at her. "After all, there's only four of us in this room. I seem to remember we had an agreement."

"No Tony. Please don't."

"Don't what? Come on Tricia, settle the argument in the only way that proves who's right. You know you want to."

Those words again! They cut into the pretty teenager like a knife. She glanced round at the two boys' expectant faces, then back at Tony's. Then her shoulders slumped.

"All right then," she said quietly. "I'll show you."

With that, she reached for the zipper at the side of her dress and pulled it down. For a second she hesitated, holding the garment against her. Then she let it drop to the floor and stepped out of it.

"Holy cow!"

"Shit, it's true!"

The two boys simply gaped at the beautiful teenager standing before them totally nude, her soft, firm breasts jutting forward, the nipples hard. Their gazes dropped down to her shaved crotch, and the slit of her sex. Tricia stood there in front of them, her cheeks glowing red, her eyes cast down as she let them take in her nakedness.

"Christ, Tricia, I can't believe you just stripped off in front of us."

There was a faint hint of contempt in Hal's voice, and Tricia felt the color in her cheeks deepen as she realized that these two had probably never seen a woman in the nude before. She stood, trembling slightly, as their eyes wandered over her stiff teats and prominent slit.

"Like what you see guys?" asked Tony.

The pair nodded dumbly, clearly unable to take their eyes from the vision of beauty in front of them.

"Touch if you like," he went on. "She likes being touched."

"Tony..." Tricia looked at him with pleading eyes.

"C'mon baby, you know you want to."

Tricia shivered slightly as Hal reached out a tentative hand. His fingers closed about Tricia's breast, squeezing the soft flesh.

"Shit, her nipples are hard," he said to his friend.

Leo had been holding back but, seeing his companion's bold move, he too stepped forward and took hold of Tricia's other breast. Their caresses were clumsy, and they pinched at her protruding teats as she just stood there, her arms at her side, her face scarlet.

"Feel her down below," said Leo.

Hal looked questioningly across at Tony, who nodded. Tricia could scarcely believe that it had come to this, that she could allow herself to be controlled so utterly by another person. Yet there was something perversely stimulating about this submission to him. Some deeply seated masochistic tendency inside her that made her crave this control.

She barely suppressed a gasp as she felt Hal's fingers trace the line of her sex. Moments later he had slipped a finger into her vagina and was poking crudely inside.

"She wet down there?" Leo's voice was almost a whisper.

"Sure. Hey Tricia, you never said you was up for it."

It was the first time he had addressed her since she had stripped naked, and she couldn't think of anything to say.

"You are up for it, aren't you?" asked Hal, his insistent fingers probing deeper into her. "I mean, you shave your pussy and everything."

"Sure she's up for it," said Tony. "After all babe, you know you want to."

Despite her revulsion at these two nerdy boys touching up her naked body, Tricia felt a surge of arousal at Tony's words. She looked at the pair.

"You won't tell anyone, will you?"

The pair shook their heads. Tricia could see the surprise in their expressions as she replied. She doubted that she could trust them to keep quiet. Her only hope was that they wouldn't be believed. After all, what were the chances that one of the shyest and most beautiful girls in the class would agree to a threesome with these two? Without another word she dropped to her knees and began undoing Leo's pants.

His cock was surprisingly large, and stiff as a rod of iron. She was afraid he might come before she had started as she felt it twitch violently under her touch. She ran her fingers up his shaft, trying to blot from her mind the fact that this was one of her schoolmates she was being so wanton with. Opening her lips she took him into her mouth, bringing a groan from the boy.

Something nudged against her cheek, and she turned to see that Hal had dropped his pants. His erection was smaller than Leo's, but no less hard. She took it in her hand and began working the foreskin back and forth whilst still sucking at Leo.

"Oh shit," moaned Leo. "God Tricia you're such a slut. Get on the bed. I wanna fuck you proper."

He pulled the naked youngster to her feet and practically dragged her across to the large bed. Tricia lay down on her back and spread her legs, anxious to get the ordeal over with and to retrieve her dress.

Leo wasted no time, jumping up on the bed between Tricia's spread thighs. He paused for a moment, clearly taking in her nakedness, his eyes fixed on her open cunt, which was now perfectly displayed to him. Then he flopped forward and began trying to maneuver his stiff cock into her open slit. His efforts were clumsy and amateurish, so Tricia reached down between her legs and guided his erection to her pussy.

"Push," she said.

Leo thrust forward and, with a gasp, penetrated the beautiful girl.

There was a sense of urgency about him as he rammed his cock home, then began fucking her, his hips jabbing forward against hers.

He came with a grunt, almost before Tricia had begun to accept her own arousal at being penetrated. In a way she was glad. She hadn't wanted him to see her come. Her relief was short-lived, though, as Leo rolled aside and Hal took his place.

Hal showed a little more finesse than his companion, finding Tricia's pussy and easing his erection into her, then beginning to fuck her with even thrusts. This time Tricia found herself responding to him, her own hips pressing upwards as the delicious sensation of a stiff cock inside her began to kindle her own desires.

"Shit! Is that Tricia?"

Tricia glanced in alarm toward the door. Another boy, Ben, had entered and was watching in obvious fascination as the naked girl writhed about beneath his classmate.

"Shut the door, Ben," said Leo. "The bitch is putting it out for us. You'll get your turn."

Tricia wanted to protest. She hadn't expected this. She had hoped that she would just have to surrender herself to these two, after which she planned to flee the party. Now she saw Ben pulling his cock from his pants and working his hand up and down his shaft as he watched her being fucked hard.

"Does she take it in the mouth?" he asked.

"Sure, she loves it. She's a real slut."

"Cool. C'mon Tricia, suck this."

He moved up beside the bed where Tricia lay and, pulling her head round, pressed his erection between her lips. Tricia took him inside and began to suck, even as she felt Hal shoot his load into her pussy.

Hal's orgasm was accompanied by a series of grunts as he emptied his balls into the writhing teenager. Then he rolled aside.

"C'mon, Tricia, do it proper," said Ben. He pulled her from the bed and forced her to her knees. Then he sat down on the edge and dragged her face down into his lap. Tricia took his cock into her mouth once more and began to suck, working her head back and forth as she did so.

"My god, she does it like a real whore," gasped Ben.

Then, to Tricia's horror, the door opened again.

"Hey Ben, what you... Holy shit!"

There were two of them, and they stood in the doorway, staring in amazement at the naked girl, her lovely breasts shaking back and forth as she fellated the boy.

"Tricia?"

"Sure. She wants it real bad! C'mon in, guys."

Tricia lifted her head from the cock she had been sucking.

"Listen guys. I'm not..."

"Shut the fuck up, Tricia and suck my dick. Close the door, fellas, she'll get around to you in a second."

Tricia looked at the two new arrivals, who were already unfastening their flies, then across at Tony, who was grinning broadly. Then, with a sigh, she closed her lips about Ben's shaft and began to suck once more.

It didn't take long before she was gulping down Ben's spunk, much to the amusement of those watching. Then she was pulled down onto the bed and her legs forced open whilst another of her schoolmates thrust his young cock into her vagina.

"What the hell's going on in here?"

Tricia glanced over the shoulder of the boy who was fucking her and into the eyes of Alison, her hostess.

"Shit Tricia, what do you think you're doing?"

Even as she spoke the boy on top if Tricia gave a grunt of pleasure as he unloaded his balls into the writhing youngster beneath him. Tricia gasped as she felt her cunt fill with hot semen, her breasts shaking as his climax continued.

"Are you giving these guys a gang-bang?" asked Alison in amazement. "Right here in my parents' bedroom?"

"I...I..."

Tricia couldn't find the words she needed as more and more faces appeared at the door. The boy had climbed off her now, and she lay, spreadeagled and naked in the bed, the spunk trickling from her cunt onto the bedspread. The boys, who had been laughing and shouting encouragement as they watched her ravishment had backed off now, zipping up their flies and gazing sheepishly at Alison.

Get out of here, you guys. As for you, Tricia, you dirty little whore, get off that bed."

Tricia, her cheeks burning, rose from the bed, only too aware of her nudity amongst all these clothed people. There were about fifteen people crowded about the doorway now, all craning for a look at the beautiful, naked youngster.

"Get the hell out of my house, you damned slut!" ordered Alison.

Tricia glanced about her. Her dress was nowhere to be seen.

"I... My dress," she protested.

"Just get out!"

Allison grabbed her by the hair and thrust her out onto the landing. Tricia stared about at the crowd gathered there. These were her friends and schoolmates, yet she could detect no sympathy in their eyes. The boys were eyeing her breasts and shaved cunt with undisguised interest, many of them laughing. In the eyes of the girls, Tricia saw nothing but contempt.

Slowly they parted as she made her way toward the stairs. Somebody spat at her, the saliva hitting her naked breast and tricking down over the nipple. Then a hand lashed out, striking her across the face, Another hit the soft flesh of her backside. A beer can hit her on her crutch, and a hand reached out and pinched her nipple viciously.

Tricia staggered down the stairs, dodging the blows and the gobs of spittle that kept on coming. Her eyes were blurred with tears now as she stared into the faces of her school companions, then looked away.

The youngster was pushed and jostled toward the back door of the house, then found herself in the garden. The door slammed behind her, and she was alone. She looked back at the many pairs of eyes gazing at her through the windows, then staggered off blindly across the garden.

Tricia had no idea where she was going, or what she could do. She was completely naked, her shaved cunt weeping spunk, her body covered in spittle and pinch marks. At the bottom of the garden was a gate that led into a park beyond. Beside it was a shed, and the naked girl went behind this, out of sight of prying eyes, and sat down on the grass.

Tricia's mind was empty of all emotion now. She just sat and stared blankly in front of her, the shame and humiliation numbing her mind. She couldn't believe that all of her classmates had seen her nude, and knew how she had given herself so freely. She knew she could never face them again, and that her life at school was over.

"Here she is. I told you she was still here."

"Shit, he's right. Look."

Tricia looked up in alarm. About a dozen of the boys from the party had followed her to the bottom of the garden, and were standing round, staring down at her. She wrapped an arm across her breasts and covered her pussy with her hand, staring round anxiously.

"Let's fuck her right here."

"Nah, Alison said we're not to touch her on her property."

"Let's take her into the park. We can do what we like there."

Tricia listened to their conversation without really taking it in. Now, as they grabbed her arms and forced her to her feet, she began to struggle.

"No, you mustn't," she protested. "Just leave me alone."

"Shit, Tricia, we already know what a slut you are. You gotta share it about."

"Sure. C'mon boys, get her over to those trees."

They dragged the protesting youngster across a stretch of grass and into a small copse. Then they pulled her to the ground. Tricia tried to break free, but they grasped her wrists and ankles, spreading her legs wide, allowing the boys to ogle her open sex.

"I'm first."

One of the boys had already opened his jeans, his cock stiff and erect. He knelt down between the legs of the struggling girl.

"C'mon Pete, give her what she wants."

"Fuck the bitch."

"Give it to her."

The boy fell onto Tricia's naked body. Moments later she felt his thick cock invade her cunt.

Tricia had stopped struggling now, resigned to the rape and gang-bang she knew she faced. After all, what did it matter? They were right, she was a slut. Just a cunt, only good for fucking. Someone was waving a half-erect cock in her face and, raising her head, she took it into her mouth.

"See. I told you she was up for it."

"Dirty little cocksucker."

"Get a move on Pete. We all want a piece."

For the next hour, Tricia's mind was a blur of cocks and spunk. They came in her mouth, her vagina and her ass, laughing and jeering as she complied with their every demand, sucking and fucking each of them, occasionally groaning as another orgasm ran through her lovely, ravished body. She didn't know how many of the young men fucked her. At one point she thought that a group of passing strangers had joined in, fucking her hard to the cheers of the other boys, but she wasn't sure. She was also aware of flashguns going off, but she was beyond caring now, offering her ass, mouth and cunt for the boys' usage and coming again and again.

At last she had satisfied all of them, and she found herself alone, lying on her back in the grass, her legs spread, spunk seeping from her cunt and ass. She felt totally violated, her tits swollen, her hair matted with dirt and semen, her sweaty body streaked with dirt. She watched the last of the boys walk away from her, giving her a final contemptuous glance. Then she was alone.

She must have passed out for a short time. Then she heard voices, seemingly far away, and she slowly opened her eyes. There, standing over her, staring down at her naked body, stood Bella, hand in hand with Steve.

Tricia felt her stomach churn as she gazed up into the eyes of the boy she so loved and admired. Now she could read nothing but scorn in his gaze as he surveyed her body.

"Been fucked enough yet, Cunt?" asked Bella. "Piece of luck that Steve

got to see what a slut you are before it was too late."

Steve shook his head." I thought you were a real nice girl, Tricia. Shit, you wouldn't even let me touch your tits. Yet you must have fucked with twenty guys this evening."

"Sure, she was always at it," smirked Bella. "There was the guy she picked up when she was walking the streets with no skirt or pants on, our black housekeeper, a gang of bikers, two hitchhikers she picked up. There's loads of them."

"C'mon, Bella," said Steve, putting his arm about her. "I've seen enough."

"Oh, one more thing," said Bella. "A couple of the guys brought digital cameras to the party. They're all inside now, loading the pictures onto the school's website, so everybody gets to see those pretty tits and cunt. Oh, and that video. It's gone to the Principal's office. We decided it'll be much more fun to get the Math professor, Mr Roberts sacked. I guess the Principal will have to show the tape to your parents. Bye now."

Tricia watched the pair depart, her mind numb. She knew she could never show her face at school again. She had lost everything. Her school, college, her boyfriend, her parents' respect and, most of all, her dignity.

Slowly she dragged herself to her feet and began walking. There were still some late strollers in the park, and they stared in surprise and disgust at the naked girl, coated with filth and spunk as she walked past them, apparently oblivious to their stares.

The path led to a fountain. and she climbed into the water and washed herself the best she could, once again ignoring the stares of the passers-by. When at last the worst of the dirt and semen was removed she walked to the entrance of the park, having no idea what she should do next. As she reached the road, she heard the sound of a powerful engine approaching. She turned to see a huge tractor-trailer unit bearing down upon her.

In a spur-of-the moment decision, she turned to face the truck. Then she spread her legs and held out her thumb. Moments later she heard the vehicle begin to slow.

Stu Peters stood at the club bar and looked about him. He was no stranger to this kind of club, and the decor and decorations were much like any other. The small stage with the pole in the center was bare at the moment, but he had to admit that a few minutes earlier he had witnessed one of the most erotic performances he had ever seen on that very stage. Even more extraordinary, the performer, who had been entirely nude throughout the performance, was now serving drinks to the customers, still naked.

He eyed the girl. She was not much more than eighteen years old, quite petite, but with a stunning figure. Her young breasts jutted forward enticingly with no hint of sag, the hard nipples dark and desirable. Her ass was pert and shapely, and it wiggled deliciously as she walked.

But it was her cunt that most caught his attention. It was devoid of hair, the mound large, the lips prominent and visible. He had never seen a girl with so visible a cunt, and so willing to let men see it. He watched as she bent forward over the table she was serving, her legs planted deliberately apart so that his view of her vagina and anus was unrestricted. She had a shamelessness he had never before encountered, and he found himself fascinated by her gorgeous body.

Yet her face displayed no emotion at all. It was a beautiful face, with large, almond eyes, a pert little nose and eminently kissable lips. But her expression was set, her gaze apparently fixed at a distance, almost as if her mind was in a different place entirely.

She handed the change to one of the men at the table, and he said something to her. She nodded her head, and Stu noticed that she widened her stance. Sitting down, the man must now have a perfect view of her bare sex, yet she showed no sign of embarrassment.

What happened next surprised even Stu. The man at the table took a ten dollar bill and folded it over and over on itself until it formed a thin taper in his hand. Then, reaching down between the girl's legs, he slipped the bill into her vagina. The naked beauty stood, unmoving, as he pressed the note far up her cunt, his fingers penetrating her all the way. His hand lingered where it was, frigging her whilst his friends looked on, laughing. At last he withdrew his fingers. There was no mistaking the fact that they were wet with the girl's juices as he held them up for his friends to see. Then he beckoned to the girl and she leant forward and licked them clean.

Stu felt his cock hardening in his pants. This was the most brazen display he had ever witnessed, yet still the girl's face was devoid of expression.

"She's quite something isn't she?"

Stu turned to see the club's owner standing at his side.

"She sure is. Where'd she come from?"

"A guy brought her in one day and she did a free strip. Then she waited on a private party and got fucked for her trouble. About a week later she turns up on my doorstep, naked as you see her now. She'd been dropped off by a truck, and had obviously paid for her ride with that pretty body."

"And she was naked?"

"That's right. Asked for a job. Who the hell would say no? I gave her a little room out back and she started next day. Turned up at the club without a stitch. I offered to get her some clothes, but she wasn't interested."

"Shit! So she walks about like that all the time?"

"Sure. Except once a month she puts on this little purple dress and takes the bus to town. She banks her money, goes to the beauty parlor to have her pussy waxed, then heads down the rough end of town and gets picked up by some low-life or other."

Stu shook his head. "Hell, that's weird."

He continued drinking and watching the young beauty as she made her way about the club, her firm breasts jiggling delightfully with every step. Then, suddenly, she was approaching him.

"Can I get you another beer?"

He looked at her. Her face was still without expression. He couldn't help letting his eyes drop down to her breasts, and he noted that the nipples were hard.

"Like what you see?"

The comment took him by surprise, and for a moment he was flustered.

"I'm sorry I..."

"No need to apologize. All the men look at me like that. I get used to it."

"I..."

"Listen, my break's just starting. Would you like to come outside with me?"

"Come outside?"

"Sure. Your pants are bulging. I can relieve that. That's what I do. It's all I'm good for. Don't worry, there's no charge."

She took the beer from his hand and placed it on the bar. Then she took hold of his arm. Stu could scarcely believe this was happening as the lovely, naked teenager took him out into the sunlight.

She led him over to a line of parked cars.

"You don't mind doing it out here do you?" she asked. "I want people to watch. I want them to know what a slut I am."

At once she dropped to her knees and pulled down Stu's zipper. Moments later her lips were around his cock and she was sucking at it with vigor. She fellated him expertly, her tongue licking at his stiff shaft, making him groan aloud with arousal. Then she rose to her feet and leaned back against the hood of one of the cars. She spread her legs and immediately began rubbing her clit with her fingers. She looked into his eyes.

"Will you fuck me now, please?" she asked. "You know you want to."

THE END

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