

Erotic Stories

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Tying Mary
By Jane Parks

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Dedication

I hope Becca likes this one.

"Now you know I don't mind taking care of Karen for you at all," Mary said smilingly to her next door neighbor Lisa as she stroked Lisa's fourteen year old daughter's hair affectionately.

"I certainly understand about family emergencies and how you have to scramble around to find someone to take care of the kids when you suddenly have to travel out of town." Lisa said.

As she spoke, Mary continued stroking Karen's hair, reveling in the feel of the soft, silky strands against her fingers and the warmth of the girl's lithe body as she pressed against her own. Mary had no children of her own -- had never been married for that matter. So she had never been around children and young adolescents a great deal. Mary found herself strangely attracted to her neighbor's

adolescent daughter: attracted in a way that she knew was highly inappropriate but nearly irresistible none the less.

Karen's mother, Lisa, was so distracted with worry about her current family problems and uncertainties, over whether Mary would actually agree to take care of Karen while she was suddenly called away to notice Mary's sensual little smile as her daughter leaned even closer to her. Lisa's mind was focused upon getting through this latest family crisis, and not on the manner her neighbor and her daughter were comporting themselves.

Karen, who at fourteen really didn't need a baby-sitter any longer, did, however, require adult minding when her mother suddenly found herself compelled to be away for four whole days. The pert young girl smiled up winsomely at her mother's neighbor and friend, trying her best to lull Mary into as much serenity as she could be about the notion of minding her while her mother was away. Karen most certainly wished that Mary would take care of her while her mother was gone. Oh yes she did indeed. Karen wanted to be alone with her mother's adult friend for a sustained period of time. She knew full well that Mary was fascinated with her, and she had done everything she could to strengthen the erotic bond between them. Karen was taken with this older woman as much as Mary was with her. But for different reasons entirely. Karen wanted Mary to stay with her for the next four days. Karen had plans for Mary. Oh yes.

For her part, Mary had discovered herself often fantasizing about just what it might be like to be alone with this vivacious fourteen year old girl who held such an amorous attraction for her. She knew for certain that her secret little fantasies were way out of line with what a normal woman in her mid thirties should be thinking of with respect to a fourteen year old girl. But that didn't prevent her fantasies from persisting, and when she was physically close to Karen, as she was now, the fantasies sometimes became very powerful. She sensed deep inside herself from the special way Karen acted toward her when she was certain her mother wouldn't notice that, if she could find just the right opportunity to be alone with Karen, the young girl might well be willing to turn those salacious little fantasies of hers into reality.

"Sure, Lisa. I'll take care of Karen for you. I'll be more than glad to."

Both mother and daughter said, "thanks, Mary," at the same time.

Karen laughed at their simultaneous response. Mary and Lisa joined in

Karen's laughter as well. Mary continued to stroke Karen's hair, becoming oblivious to everything around her except for the closeness of Karen's body pressed against her as they stood on Lisa's front porch, talking. Thinking back, Mary had been attracted to the young girl ever since she and her mother had moved in next door a couple years ago. Karen was always, proper, polite, and well behaved toward Mary when Lisa was anywhere around. But any time her mother was distracted by something or other, Karen would do some little something that made it clear to Mary that she mightn't reject the older woman's erotic attention: a touch, a secret smile, something. Karen's furtive acts of teasing encouragement gave the older woman hope that her fantasies might just be realized.

As it turned out, Mary's next door neighbor Lisa was a single parent who had had the good fortune of being hired as a senior accountant for a large company that paid her well and provided significant fringe benefits. Plus, Lisa's late husband had left her a tidy little nest egg. Mary, who was herself a partner in a local law firm, also earned enough money to afford to live in their upper middle neighborhood. The two women had gotten on well from the very first. They visited each other often, shopped together, often went out to eat together, and Lisa was over at Mary and Karen's house almost as much as she was at home. Truth to tell, by now, Mary had become much more fascinated by the daughter than with the mother.

Lisa offered her neighbor a sincere look of gratitude when she heard that Mary was more than willing to watch Karen for her while she was away helping other family members with an aging aunt who was being moved to a personal care facility. She was so grateful not to have to disrupt Karen's life by taking her daughter along with her on what was going to be anything but a pleasure trip. And besides, Karen had made it quite plain to her mother, as only a teenage girl can, that she didn't want to go with her and be stuck dealing with all those yucky family issues. As an alternative, Karen had slyly broached the idea of Mary staying with her instead. At first, Lisa was trepedatious over the idea of Mary staying with her daughter, but she had finally, though reluctantly, gone along with her daughter's suggestion. She was running out of alternatives, and though she had her little suspicions about just what Karen and Mary might do together if left alone, she was in no place to refuse Mary's offer to mind Karen if she would agree. And so Lisa was very relieved when Mary had consented to mind Karen for her.

"That's great, Mary. Would it be too much trouble for you to stay at our house during the time I'm gone? That way Karen wouldn't have to leave her stuff and familiar surroundings." Lisa Suggested.

Although Mary flashed to herself that she would much rather keep Karen in her own house rather than Lisa's, she could think up no reasonable excuse not to move in at Lisa's place for the duration of her stay. And Karen had looked up at her so pleadingly, and had snuggled against her so suggestively. If there was any possibility at all that this young girl shared Mary's erotic fantasies about the two of them, then it probably would be better to leave her in her own, familiar surroundings. Mary certainly entertained hopes along that line once they were alone together without Lisa to hinder them. Could she sway Karen into joining her in some sort of secret and erotic tryst? Karen was quite a desirable little yummy. Wasn't she? And she seemed to be willing. Didn't she?

Mary decided that she would agree to practically any arrangement that provided her an opportunity to spend time alone with Karen.

"Sure, Lisa. I'll just pack a few things and come over to your place after work tomorrow. Karen can let me in and give me a key then."

Mary didn't notice the furtive, anxious side glance that passed from Lisa to her daughter. Had she done so, she might have wondered why Karen let a little smirk of triumph cross her face and why Lisa seemed so anxious all of a sudden. But Mary was oblivious, consumed as she was with her own incipient fantasies about Karen, and the furtive exchange between mother and daughter went unnoticed.

As the two neighbors finalized arrangements for Mary taking care of Karen, the young teenager stepped back out of the way of the logistical planning going on and began pondering all the interesting possibilities that lay in store for her starting the very next day. Karen, who was a most observant child, had long ago noted something about her mother's friend that Mary hadn't even noticed about herself. While Mary gave every outward impression that she thought of herself as a strong-willed woman, thoroughly professional, decisive, and replete with will power, Karen had closely observed Mary and her mother as they carried on their friendship over the past couple years. And what the sly young girl had deduced from her observations was a strong tendency within Mary to sublimate her own wishes to anything either she or her mother suggested. Whether it be where to eat out, or where to go to shop, or what movie to rent from the video store, Mary almost always acquiesced to Lisa's expressed preferences. And increasingly, when Karen had voiced a predilection of her own that was at variance with Mary's, She gave in and did it Karen's way.

This wasn't strange to Karen at all. Not at all. In fact, Karen had discovered the same thing about her own mother right after her father had died a little over two and a half years ago. It was as if Lisa had somehow transferred to her young daughter a range of those powerful feelings of dependence and acquiescence she had lavished upon her husband before his death. At first, Karen didn't know just exactly how to react to her mother's desire for her to make more of the decisions around the house. After all, wasn't Lisa the mother and Karen the daughter? But soon, Karen got more used to being responsible for making her share of family decisions about how she and her mother would live at home. In fact, it had been Karen's bright idea to move from their old, intown neighborhood to this upscale suburban one where they could live in a much nicer house than before and she could attend a much more prestigious middle school.

Then, one day soon after the move, when she was feeling especially avaricious, Karen decided to take as much advantage of this peculiar role reversal situation with her mother as she could. Thereafter, whenever she wanted something such as new clothes or perhaps a new music CD, Karen would just tell her mother straight out to buy it for her. And Lisa almost always just did as she was told. This almost total acquisitiveness on Lisa's part continued till the girl finally got bored with having whatever material thing she wanted handed to her on a silver platter by her mother. It had been fun for a while impressing her young mallrat friends with the things she could get her mother to buy her. But the bloom had worn off that particular rose about a year ago. Karen then determined to spice up her life by adding a purely psychological dimension to her relationship with her mother's friend, Mary. She began playing sordid little games with Mary's mind, making her feel erotically stimulated when they were together. Karen never indulged in her little mind games with Mary unless she and her mother's friend were alone together. Therefore, Karen believed that no one else even suspected what was going on between them. Karen discovered during that period that she really liked the power trip associated with messing with Mary's mind. And truth to tell, as they got deeper and deeper into their divertissement of role reversal, Mary began to revel in it as well. And it wasn't long before Mary got hot and bothered every time Karen was in her vicinity.

When Karen became sensitive to those first stirrings of sexuality that beset girls in their early teens, she began playing even more captivating little games with Mary's mind.

Despite herself, Mary acquiesced in this new and sordid twist on her role reversal with Karen. She knew it was so very, very wrong, even as she surrendered

to all the little teasing torments Karen thought up for her. After a time, Mary had no alternative but to admit to herself that she actually looked forward to her Lisa's daughter's salacious and wanton attentions.

Karen's recent understanding about her mother's friend Mary and her willingness to acquiesce got the young girl to thinking some really deep dark thoughts. What if she could exercise true erotic control over Mary? Karen was getting bored bossing her mother around again: she began to wonder how far she could push Mary into doing things her way, particularly if her mother weren't around to distract her. Over the past couple weeks, Karen's speculations had grown into a strong fixation, until she became determined to discover just exactly what Mary's limits were at her earliest opportunity. And now, here it was: her mother out of the way for four whole days and Mary dropped into her lap on a silver plate. Over the next four days, Karen would put her plan into action. She wouldn't give Mary any choice in the matter. The young girl concluded that as long as she just did what she wanted and did not ask Mary, or allow Mary's assumed protests to stop her, then she had a very good chance of succeeding in her scheme. Karen was determined to have Mary doing things to her she knew were wrong by bedtime the next night.

All the next day at school, Karen speculated on just how she would take control of Mary, and what she would do to her, and force her to do once she had her under control. She had hit upon a scheme for accomplishing Mary's downfall right away and she would begin putting it into practice as soon as her mother's friend came by that afternoon.

Karen had been home for almost three hours getting everything ready when Mary finally came knocking on her front door. Mary had packed the night before, and her suitcase was full of casual clothes since she had decided to take the rest of the week off. She wanted to make certain that she was always around if Karen needed her for anything. And she hoped that Karen would need her.

Karen let Mary in and gave the older woman a big, welcoming hug. Though mildly taken aback by Karen's preemptive demonstration of affection, Mary hugged back, joyful in the feeling that this little girl really did like her after all, and wanted her, too. For Mary it was so important that Karen like her, since she and her mother were among Mary's very few friends. Mary had never made friends easily because she was usually too diffident to be proactive in her friendships. If it hadn't been for Lisa and Karen taking the initiative, Mary might not now be their friend, either. And Mary valued the friendship of Lisa and Karen very, very much. Karen

and her mother held a special place in Mary's heart: especially Karen.

As for Karen, she was much more interested in finding out just what she could get away with so far as playing with Mary was concerned. She hugged the older woman to her and thrilled as Mary's ample breasts pressed against her own smaller, pert ones. Unlike her mother, who had rather petite breasts, Mary had large ones, which gave Karen all sorts of lewd ideas about what could be done with them. If only she could get Mary to cooperate in her own downfall. From the way Mary returned her hug, Karen thought she would be most cooperative.

Mary and Karen reluctantly let go of each other and Karen patted Mary lightly on the bottom. Before Mary could respond to Karen's impudence, however, the young girl suggested that they go into the kitchen and get dinner started. Mary suddenly felt an overwhelming desire to throw caution to the winds and make her wanton move on the young girl who seemed to be egging her on so tantalizingly. Despite flashing a hot erotic thrill at Karen's forwardness at touching her booty, however, Mary willingly complied with Karen's suggestion. Mary didn't want to do anything to make the young girl shy away now that she was sooooo close to fulfilling all of the older woman's fantasies.

For the next hour she and her charge prepared and ate a tasty meal as if nothing torrid had ever happened between them. After the dinner things were washed and set to dry, Karen coyly took Mary's hand and led her into the living room. When they arrived, Karen let go of Mary's hand and once more patted her bottom. This time the young girl was rewarded with the sound of Mary's sharp intake of breath. Karen smiled to herself. She had Mary right where she wanted her.

Mary tried to cover up her nervousness.

"Well, Karen, what do you want to do now?" she asked with a hysterical little lilt to her voice. She could feel the itching and burning deep inside her. The wanton thrill of taking such an inappropriate risk with this young girl was making her so hungry to get on with it.

Karen decided that now was the time to press fully ahead. She could see the bright, hot, hunger in the older woman's eyes. She knew that there would never be a better time to spring her trap.

Karen put her arms around Mary's neck and pulled her down to eye level.

"Why don't you kiss me, Marypoos. You've been wanting to ever since you got here."

Mary blinked in astonishment but felt her lips parting hungrily as the young girl kissed her full on the mouth. Mary shivered and moaned as Karen's searching tongue slid between her teeth to probe and explore. Little flashes of sex hunger crashed inside the older woman. Yes. This is what she wanted. This was her fantasy coming true.

Suddenly, Karen broke the kiss and stood away from her panting partner.

"Gee, Marypoos. That was fun. Do you want more?"

Mary wanted to continue kissing the girl more than she had ever wanted anything before.

"Yessssss, Karen. Please let me kiss you again."

It was almost a whimper.

Karen giggled.

"Why don't you sit on the couch and let me tie you up, then?"

Mary blinked in astonishment. Had she heard correctly?

"What, honey?"

Karen giggled again. She could see the confusion in Mary's eyes; and the growing hunger.

"I said, why don't you let me tie you up. It's really fun."

Mary suddenly felt weak in the knees and sank down onto the couch. She stared unblinkingly at Karen as if she were from another planet.

"Wait, Karen. You want me to let you tie me up? You really do?"

Mary was absolutely incredulous at the thought of actually allowing this girl to tie her up, but still she tried her best to make sense of Karen's words. And she

did want more of Karen's kisses. And other things, too. Karen giggled and sat down right beside the older woman; their flanks pressed tightly together. Mary sucked in her breath as she felt Karen's warm hip press against her own.

"I sure do. I bet we'll have just whole lots of fun together when I tie you up."

Mary turned her head to stare at Karen sitting so close beside her. She felt extremely wanton sitting so near to this young girl, and could not for the life of her bring herself to move away.

"You do, Karen?"

Karen looked up at Mary, nonchalantly placed her hand upon the older woman's skirt right on her thigh, and gave it a little squeeze. Mary flinched, but still could not force herself to move away. She was suddenly and surprisedly transfixed by Karen's erotic words and actions.

"Sure, Mary. I know we'll have funnnnnnnnnnn when I tie you up. You'll be so helpless when I tie you up. And I bet you'll really like that part a whole lot. I can do anything I want to you, then. And I mean 'anything'. You do want me to play with you, don't you, Mary?"

Karen giggled again and squeezed Mary's thigh through the material of her skirt for emphasis.

"Don't you want to have funnnnnnnnnnn with me, Mary? Don't you want to be helpless? Don't you want me to do anything I want to you, too?"

Something deep within Mary's brain screamed for her to get up off the couch right that second and slap this little hellion's face for even suggesting such a lewd thing. But another part of her brain began to wriggle and twitch with a never before felt kind of excitement. She had wanted to be intimate with this young girl. This must be the way Karen wanted to be intimate. What would really happen to her if she didn't get up off the couch? What if she just sat there? What if she actually let Karen go ahead and tie her up? What if she allowed herself to be completely helpless for Karen? What would happen then? What would happen to her? What?

Mary shivered once all over her body, then slumped back against the couch waiting anxiously for Karen to make the next move. But just as Karen began

sliding her exploring hand up the older woman's thigh, a powerful blast of hysterical fear came roaring out of the site of Mary's deepest brain and her fear began to struggle to win the battle against Mary's burgeoning erotic feelings. She tried with all her might to order her body to get up from the couch right that second, and her leg muscles began to tense to do just that.

But Karen didn't want the anxiety side of Mary's mind to win. She wanted the erotic wriggling side to win.

"Mary, now you just be quite and let me tie you up," Karen instructed as if she were talking to a recalcitrant pet.

The young girl suited her actions to her words by pressing down on Mary's thigh so it became almost impossible for the older woman to rise from her seat on the couch. Mary struggled against Karen's restraining hand, but finally had to give up. Her breathing was now coming in quick little pants as she struggled not to give in to this sudden craving to obey this young girl's wanton directives. But her struggles proved to be in vain.

Karen smiled as she began to stroke Mary's thigh through the material of her skirt once more. The older woman began to calm down, and her eyes began to sparkle with anticipation. Oh yes, Karen knew the signs very well. She had seen them before, many times with Mary when her mother was somewhere else.

"You're sooooo easy," Karen giggled.

Mary lowered her head. She could not bring herself to look at her tormentor. She had fantasized for months about being alone with Karen and playing wanton games with her. If this was the game Karen wanted to play, Mary could do nothing now but play along and hope for the best.

Karen began unbuttoning Mary's blouse, and Mary just could not find it within herself to stop this young girl. Her sex was spasming and she could feel the wetness making her panties stick to her slit. God, Mary prayed that Karen would be gentle with her.

When the blouse was completely undone, Karen made Mary lean forward so she could remove it completely. Then Karen unceremoniously unfastened Mary's bra and pulled it off. Mary sat stark still as Karen critically inspected the older woman's large, firm breasts, all the while humming contentedly to herself.

"Now, Mary. I want you to wait here while I get the ties. We're going to have so much fun together."

"What are you going to do to me." Mary asked barely above a whisper, her eyes directed to her knees to keep from looking at Karen. She knew that if she made eye contact with the young girl, the erotic spell Karen was weaving would be broken and she would run screaming from the house, barechested and hysterical. So long as she didn't meet Karen's gaze, Mary could pretend that this was not really happening; that she was having some kind of weird, erotic dream. Mary had no intentions of moving.

"Please..." Mary begged, putting a hand against Karen's shoulder. But even she didn't know whether she was begging the young girl to stop or to continue.

Karen giggled as she got off the couch. She let her hand trail across Mary's naked breasts, and she giggled again. This was just so much fun.

"Now while I'm getting the ties, I want you to take off that stupid skirt you're wearing. But leave your pantiepoos on. I want to take them off all by myself after I've tied you up."

Mary just nodded her head in agreement. She had already allowed this young girl to take incredible liberties with her body, and she had been rewarded by hot, itchy feelings of desire and sex hunger deep within her. Mary knew that if she continued to obey, the reward would grow and grow. She just knew it. And she suddenly wanted her reward more than she had ever wanted anything in the whole world.

So when Karen returned a few minutes later with her bag of ties, she found Mary sitting docilely on the couch, completely naked and blushing, save for a pair of white cotton panties. Karen put her bag on the floor, reached out her hand, and pinched Mary's left nipple until the older woman squealed in pain.

"Karen, please don't do that. Please don't hurt me. I'll let you tie me up, I'll let you play with me, but please don't hurt me."

Karen pinched even harder.

"Do you think I care about what you want or don't want. I'm going to tie you up and I'm going to hurt you, 'cause that's how I want to have fun with you. You

wanted to be this way with me. You're hungry for me. I know it. Now, either agree to what I want right now, or take your clothes and get out. We both know you want me to tie you up, and I know you want me to play with your big girl body after I do. We both know that you're going to get off by feeling helpless and unable to stop me tormenting you. You want to feel helpless, and you want me to torment you. Otherwise you would have left a long time ago."

Mary began to sob. She knew Karen was right about her. She didn't know why she suddenly wanted so desperately to be helpless and vulnerable in front of this young girl, but she knew that she did want to be.

Mary made one final move to elicit some mercy from Karen.

"Please, honey. Don't hurt me any more tonight. Please, Karen. Don't"

"But I want to hurt you some more, little Mary girl," Karen said. "You should know by now from what I've said that I'm just going to love to make my Mary girl squeal just like the little piggyslut she is when I tie her up and play with her. The more pain, the more piggysqueals. And I want to do all that to you. And if you squeal really pretty for me, I just might let you lick my little snizzypoo till I cum and cum, and cum. You'd like that. Wouldn't you, baby?"

Mary moaned deep within her throat. For she suddenly wanted exactly what Karen wanted.

Karen, seeing that she had won the final battle, reached in her bag and withdrew a small bungee cord.

"Now raise your arms way over your head like a good little slutty girl so I can tie you to the couch."

Mary diffidently did as she was told, raising her arms over her head. Karen walked behind the couch and encased Mary's two wrists in the bungee cord. Then she attached another, much longer cord to the bottom of the back of the couch and tautened the other end until she hooked it over Mary's wrist restraint. The tension of the bungee cords kept Mary's wrists together and pulled up above her head.

Karen giggled again when she confirmed that her victim was securely fastened.

Now, I can get at those big old floppy boobies of yours, Mary. You're going to make some of the most interesting noises before I give you your reward."

Without any further pleas for mercy, Mary held perfectly still and awaited the torment to come in desperate hope of the erotic reward to come after if she was a good girl for Karen.

"You better sit perfectly still now, Mary, while I play around with your big old boobies. You just don't know how long I've waited to get my hands on your boobs."

Mary sat silently as the cruel young girl roved her exploring hands all around her sensitive breastflesh.

"God, Mary. This is such a turn on; playing with your while you just sit there and let me do it to you. You're such a subby little grown up girl slut."

Karen retrieved a thick bungee cord out of the package. Then she extracted another one.

"Now remember Mary, you better sit perfectly still while I play with you. Or else, I'll get a wooden paddle I keep under my bed and get after these udders of yours so I can really listen to you squeal."

Mary nodded her head quickly to let her tormentor know that she had understood the threat.

Karen extended her bungee cord under Mary's left breast and hooked it together right next to her cleavage. Then she did the same to the right breast. When they were finished, Mary looked just like she had two pale party balloons attached to her chest.

As the free flow of blood into her breasts was restricted by the tight bungee cords, Mary's breasts began to swell. Then they began to throb with pain and turn colors; first a kind of pale rose, then an angry red, then a deep purple. Mary began to moan and writhe a little from the growing pain she was feeling.

Karen pawed Mary's distended breasts and exposed underarms. She put her groping hands all over her; fondling, pinching, squeezing, tweezing; while her submissive victim just sat there and endured it. Occasionally, when Karen did

something that truly hurt, Mary would reward her with a high pitched squeal.

"I wanna see how the Mary pussy juice factory is doing," Karen chuckled as she slid her index finger inside the leghole of Mary's panties and up into her neighbor's vagina.

Not surprisingly, Mary's slit was beginning to get all squishy. Karen's fingers were literally covered with Mary's secretions when she removed them and took a hard, appraising look.

"Mary, I just knew you were going to be such a subby little grown up girl, and so turned on by pain. You really love to be tied up and tormented. Your pussy is dripping like a faucet. You have to be about the sickest little horndog I've ever known."

Mary blushed bright red, even as her distended breasts turned a deeper purple.

"If I'd known what a bad little nastygirl you were, I'd have been playing sexgames with you long before this. But I can still make up for lost time, can't I, Mary slut?"

Mary nodded her head in certain resignation that, from now on, she was truly the owned plaything of her next door neighbor's daughter.

Mary moaned loudly and nodded her head again and again in lewd admission of her subservience as her tormented breasts began to really pain her.

"I'm going to lift one of those balloonie boobies of yours up to your slut mouth and you're going to suck on it for me, Marykins."

Karen put her words into practice. and Mary immediately began sucking her own turgid nipple, thereby placing extra strain on the bungee cord that was so tightly knotted around the base of her swollen breast. The submissive woman really didn't notice the extra pain, so busy was she at the salacious task of sucking her own turgid nipple into her hungry mouth as Karen looked on approvingly.

"Now the other one, Mary," said Karen as she allowed the one breast to fall back and grabbed the other, pressing it firmly against Mary's lips.

Mary complied immediately.

"Mary, you're not sucking on that nipnip of yours nearly hard enough to suit me. Where's my paddle?"

Mary, hearing Karen threaten her with the paddle, redoubled her nipple sucking, but to no avail. She cried out and pleaded not to be subjected to Karen's wooden paddle, but Karen left her on the couch and almost immediately returned with the instrument of torment in her hand and a gleeful smile on her face. Mary tried to pull against the bungee cords that had her trapped against the couch, but she could not free herself.

Karen was in a mood to hear some squealing from the older woman, and nothing was going to get in her way that evening.

"OK, Mary. Spit out that nipple. I don't want you to get hit in the face by this paddle when I start swinging."

Mary reluctantly did as she was told.

"Now, Mary," Karen said in her sweetest, sexiest voice. "You know you want to make me happy, don't you, girl."

Mary shuddered, "Yes, Karen."

"Well, it would make me very happy if my little Mary would ask me pretty please to swat her ballonie boobies for her with this paddle until she squealed just like a little piggyslut."

Karen punctuated her words by lancing two of her fingers in and out of her neighbor's drippy slit.

"You know you want it, don't you, nastygirl."

Mary shook her head 'no,' but her oozing quim told Karen the truth for her.

"Come on, Babygirl. Ask me nice. Ask Karen to swat your bad old udders for you."

Mary fought to hold back the words, but her craving for erotic attention won

out.

"Please, Karen. Please swat my udders with your paddle for me. Please."

Karen smiled her sweetest smile, "That's my good little Mary slut."

"I'm back!" Karen cheered as she swung the paddle away from Mary's constricted breasts, then brought it around with a solid SMACK.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA." Mary almost passed out from the intense suffering caused by Karen's viscous paddleswat, but somehow kept enough control of herself to remain conscious.

SMACK.

Karen struck the other tender breast a truly malicious blow with the sharp edge of the little wooden paddle.

Mary, unable to hold back the high pitched squeal of agony that escaped her lips, fell back against the couch and writhed around, screaming her lungs out. Mary wriggled around on the couch, totally absorbed in her agony, until Karen touched her up a little with the paddle. Then the forlorn neighbor slumped against her restraints.

"You know you can't cover yourself with your arms the way you're tied, Mary. But I know you want to keep me from swatting you any more."

Mary's whole body trembled in fear and pain.

SMACK, SMACK.

Mary jerked her knees up to try to protect her breasts, wracked by the sheerest pain she had ever felt. She screamed hoarsely into her own ankles as the paroxysm of agony washed over her. Seeing how Mary was covering herself, Karen began to yell.

"Straighten up right this minute you big babyslut. Right this minute, do you hear me."

Mary reluctantly straightened up slowly.

She didn't want any more of Karen's paddle. But the young girl's yelling scared the wits out of her.

Karen reached out her hand and softly petted Mary's abused breast.

"Do you still like being tied up, Mary. Well, do you?"

Mary cried big tears of pain and humiliation. Karen fondled and stroked.

"Well, Mary. Do you still like being tied?"

"Yes, Karen," Mary sobbed. "I love being tied up by you so much. I need you. Please don't ever let me go."

"That's my good little Babygirl," Karen said quietly as she ran her long fingers comfortingly through her weeping neighbor's hair.

"You know you want it, don't you babyslut."

"Yes, Karen. I know I want it."

Mary shuddered all over her body, but finally nodded her head 'yes.'

Karen's insistent fingers had found her neighbor's drooling slit once again, and it was now very, very wet.

Mary was ashamed that Karen could feel how wet the breast torment was making her. But there was no denying that it was.

Now the flow of blood was almost completely cut off from Mary's breasts as the tight, constricting bungee cords bit terribly into her tender breastflesh. Karen was in a paroxysm of erotic lust, tormenting this adult woman the way she was.

Mary's moans and little squeals grew ever louder and more high pitched as she rocked back and forth in front of her tormentor. She sounded more and more just like a small, scared, trapped animal that knew its time was short.

Karen moved her fingers all around inside Mary's spasming vagina and they were immediately soaked in hot cyprienne fluid secretions.

Karen reached her head over to Mary's ear and began whispering her demonic litany. "Pleasure and pain, Mary. Pleasure and pain. That's how this works, Babygirl. I won't let you have one without the other. You know it's true, Mary. If you want to experience the pleasure, you must surrender to the pain I inflict on you."

Then, as Mary was really starting to get off on the probing fingers inside her, Karen took up the paddle again and administered two more stinging blows to Mary's throbbing breasts.

SPLAT, SPLAT.

The tormented neighbor squalled like a baby and fell back against the couch, nearly unconscious.

Karen squeezed each breast until Mary began to screech out like a stuck pig as the pure hellish agony took possession of her body and mind, and she fell to writhing and wriggling in a combination of pain and ecstasy. Her bladder control let go and a dribble of golden nectar escaped to drip down her leg.

Mary rocked back and forth all scrunched up into a naked pain racked ball on the couch. She made incoherent little mewling noises deep in her throat and drooled out of the corner of her mouth.

Karen put the paddle down and began slapping her neighbor's turgid breasts.

Mary tried instinctively to roll away from Karen's stinging hands, but that only made Karen more frustrated and her slaps harder.

Mary screeched and screeched, far beyond any coherent thought. Karen had driven the older woman almost mad. She had finally regressed to the primal level of her being in reaction to the pain. Karen watched Mary lose it big time as she continued to slap her big purple breasts.

Mary was definitely fading from consciousness when Karen finally stopped spanking her and reached over and unhooked the tight and tormenting bungee cords.

Suddenly the blood flow that had been so thoroughly restricted from Mary's breasts was now released with predictable results.

Mary went screaming over the edge of consciousness and passed out completely.

And Karen just kept exploring her unconscious captive's body with her hands. As Mary finally drifted back to consciousness, Karen let her mind wander to scenes of Mary tied, being tormented by her. As she stroked her victim into a blazing orgasm, Karen whispered all of her fantasies into Mary's ear. And for all her pain and suffering, Mary didn't argue with her new girl owner one little bit. Not one bit. And later that night, when Karen finally allowed Mary to take her well deserved reward, Mary had almost completely forgotten the pain. Almost.

But the little bungee cord that Karen had left tying her wrists reminded her. And she shuddered even as she tasted her new mistress for the very first time. And as she came, Karen wondered just how Mary was going to help her when it came time to tie her mother.

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Milk Money
by Philip Harris

The Internet "Encounters" ad said: Share Your Milk. Thirsty man is looking for a lactating single mom who needs a little help paying bills.

20-year-old Karen certainly did need help with paying bills. And lord knows there was enough milk in her to take care of a man and take care of the baby too. But no, this would be prostitution. Once a man enjoyed her breasts he would want more enjoyment from her.

Not that Karen couldn't use some of that too. All the men she knew had stayed far away from her ever since her pregnancy started showing. Now it was just a lonely world of two--Karen and the baby.

"How much will you pay?" Karen's email reply asked.

After all, it would only be a one-time thing. Okay, so now Karen's mom was taking care of the baby while Karen was "on a job interview," and here was the motel room and Karen was about to go in alone and probably be raped and everything. Those worries troubled Karen's mind, but that \$100 would really come in handy.

"Hi, are you Karen?" a pleasant-looking man asked when she knocked on the motel room door. He was a good-looking, well-dressed white man, maybe 35-years old.

"Uh, yes," Karen answered. "Are you the guy who . . . ?"

"Yes, please come right in. I don't want the motel owner seeing us discussing things here."

Karen entered the motel room, and the man closed and locked the door quickly behind her. She looked around and didn't see any ropes on the bed or anything.

"What should I . . . ?" Karen asked, not finishing her sentence.

"Oh, I suppose . . . sitting on the bed? Would that be okay?" he asked.

Karen sat nervously on the bedside and started unbuttoning her red blouse, but then stopped. "Oh, I should ask you for the money first," she said.

"Okay, it's right here." He took out his wallet and counted five twenties onto the bed.

Oh, damn he's got a lot of money, Karen thought, noticing how full his wallet was. She could really use some more of that money. Karen took the hundred, folded it once, and placed it in her jeans pocket.

"Okay," Karen said. Unbuttoning her blouse down to her waist, she opened up the cups of her nursing bra, exposing her brown breasts and dark, engorged nipples.

"MMmm! Those look very nice," the guy said, his eyes shining. He licked his lips in anticipation. "I wonder, would you mind taking your top off entirely? And the bra?"

"Uh, okay," Karen answered. She removed her blouse and bra, and sat before him, naked from the waist up, her breasts ready.

"Oh, wow, they feel great!" he said, his white hands grasping Karen's breasts and squeezing them gently, rolling them. "They feel full; are they sore or anything? I love feeling them, but I don't want to hurt you."

"Oh no, that feels good," Karen said. "This is about my baby's usually feeding time, so I feel full of milk, but it doesn't hurt me or anything."

He pinched at Karen's nipples gently, and pulled on them.

"Uh, like this," Karen said, "If you want to get it started." She cupped her left hand beneath her left breast, and plucked at her left nipple with the thumb and forefinger of her right hand, pinching down near her dark areola. She pulled much harder and faster than he had, and in just a moment her white milk made its appearance at the tip of her nipple. "I used to have to start them for the baby," she said, "but now he knows to suck hard until it starts."

The man licked Karen's wet nipple, tasting her with his tongue.

"Oh that's good!" he said. "You can't believe how long I've wanted to do this."

His mouth closed hungrily upon Karen's breast and he sucked her with passion. Soon she felt herself flowing freely. Wow, having a man do it was different! He sucked her hard, and seemed to be really enjoying himself with what she was giving.

Karen felt very horny doing this. Nursing her baby always aroused her, but of course she ignored that because she was busy with mommy business. But being a half-naked whore in a strange man's motel room made Karen feel very horny.

"Oh, oh," Karen started moaning. Her pussy ached for attention. It felt almost like she was playing with it. Hearing her, he stopped sucking, and took his mouth from her nipple. "Does it make you horny to give milk?" he asked.

"A little," Karen admitted.

"This is making me wicked horny too," he said.

Then he hugged Karen, passionately, holding the naked part of her body against his, pressing her breasts against his white business shirt and reaching around to feel the nakedness of her back.

"Do you mind if I hold you a bit?" he asked. "I haven't been with a woman for a while, and with you so close, so naked and giving, well I just want to hold you for a bit." He kissed her bare shoulder.

Karen didn't say anything. She put her arms around him and held him too. She knew that she was beginning to surrender to him. Damn, why could men always get away with things with her? Karen knew now for sure that he was going to want to fuck her, and she knew that she needed the money.

She wondered how much she should ask for. One side of his shirtfront was wet with Karen's milk when he released her from his hug. His hand found her left breast again, touched and tugged, and then his mouth closed upon her left nipple again.

Karen started getting her right breast ready, but he took over the job while still milking from her left breast. For several minutes he suckled in moist silence

while Karen squirmed in embarrassed arousal. She eased her hand down and unbuttoned her jeans at the waist, discreetly trying to slide her hand inside her jeans for some relief.

"Do you want to take your pants off?" he asked, after a hard, emptying suck on her left breast.

"Yeah," Karen admitted. She quickly removed her shoes and jeans, leaving herself naked except for her white panties.

"Your milk is really good," he told her. "Have you ever tasted it yourself?"

"A little," Karen said, "when I've pumped it for the baby to have later." "Ooh, could you pump some for me to have later too?" he asked.

"The way you're going I don't think there's going to be any left, for now," she said.

Karen felt guilty about saying no. She also thought about the money she saw in his wallet.

"Maybe I could pump some for you later, you know, a small bottle, for some money."

"Do you think you could make me a half pint a day?" he asked, feeling her breasts as if judging their capacity.

"Well, yes," Karen said. "Do you mean like, every day?"

"Yes," he said, "a half pint, fresh from you every day. But I'd want to see you make it."

"Maybe," Karen said, doubtfully.

"Excellent," he said. "Now let me finish today's milk. Is it easier for you to give sitting up, or lying down?"

"I've only tried it sitting up."

"Would you like to lie down on the bed?"

"Okay," Karen said. She didn't really want to, but she was starting to feel like she was in his control. She felt really horny, and was anxious about when he was going to ask her to fuck.

Once Karen lay down, he caressed her whole body with his hands, even sliding a hand inside her panties and feeling her bush.

"We only talked about, you know, me giving milk," Karen prompted.

Without answering her, he pulled back the elastic on Karen's panties and looked at her pussy. She spread her legs, letting him see what he wanted to see.

"You're nice everywhere," he said, letting her panties snap back into place. Unexpectedly, he kissed Karen lightly on the mouth.

He sucked on Karen's left breast again, finding a little more milk there. Then he started on her right breast. He held her breast with one hand while he suckled. His other hand played with Karen's other breast for a while, and then began exploring downward.

Soon he stroked Karen's pussy through her panties, something that she was dying to do herself.

"Does this feel good?" he asked between sucks.

"Yes," Karen said, almost in a moan. She reached down and directed his hand to the right place, because he wasn't quite finding the spot.

For the next ten minutes Karen moaned and sighed. His fingers soon forced their way past the barrier of her panties and entered her pussy. Karen orgasmed while giving milk, something she'd craved doing ever since she started lactating.

When Karen's second breast was empty, he slid her now-soaked panties down her hips and off her legs, and began undressing himself.

"Uh, a hundred dollars," Karen said. "I mean a hundred more to . . . uh, what you want to do." Damn, she wished she'd thought of bringing a condom.

"How late can you stay?" he asked.

"Just another hour," Karen said.

"I'll pay you \$50 more for this," he said, making it clear that he set the prices.

It felt wonderful when he plunged his firmly erect cock into Karen; it was the first cock Karen had inside her in months. Karen felt very good when he came inside her, very good. She came too.

He lay on top of Karen afterward, still inside her, resting himself, caressing her bare shoulders. He kissed Karen on the forehead.

"How would you like to live in my house?" he asked. "I'm a bachelor and I need a housekeeper. That way you can provide me with milk, and this," he pressed his cock into her more tightly. "I'll provide a private room for you and your baby, but you'll sleep in my bed at night."

"You mean, and just keep making milk?" Karen asked. "But what about when . . . ?"

"I've heard that as long as a women keeps nursing, she can keep producing."

"I don't know about that," Karen said.

"I'll pay you a thousand dollars a week," he offered, "less if you stop producing. But you'll have to keep house too and provide services as a woman."

With him lying on top of her, his semen and manhood inside her, Karen felt as if she had no choice in the matter. He was offering to solve her money problems and give her a place to live with her baby--in return for milk and pussy.

Karen wrapped her arms around him, surrendering. He held her tightly in return. She'd only meant to sell him the milk, Karen realized, but he'd bought the whole dairy.

-end-

The author appreciates comments at pharris_online@yahoo.com

20 New Year Terms of Engagement
By Martinmac2002@yahoo.co.uk

It was going to be a busy week; As soon as I had eaten breakfast I would be meeting Dick and Liam at the workshop to meet the new apprentices. I had got up with Nick and Becky when they woke Mandy and Jim up. I listened to them dressing for their riding practice and then quickly leave the house. I got up, showered, made a cup of coffee and took it across to the milking parlour with me to see how the herd was settling down. I could hear the cows before I saw them. It was a new site for me, the collecting area full of milling cows. I went into the parlour and all the bays were full of cows being milked, standing there chewing on their dairy nuts.

"Morning Dave, how is it going? Are we getting good yields?"

"The output is picking back up. I had the records which came with the new beasts and the records of the original herd and all of them dropped markedly in output."

"I nearly missed it as I just entered the figures on the new sheet and it was when I looked back I picked it up."

"What you need is a program to monitor trends, especially now the herd has tripled in size."

"I will have a look to see if anything is available commercially and then get you a laptop to use." "Anyway I have to go as I have 6 apprentices starting this morning and I want to be there when they start."

I picked up my mug and headed back to the house. Natalie was in the kitchen cooking our breakfasts. I looked at her skirt; it was 6 inches above the knee. It still made her legs look lovely. Mandy's skirt had also been lengthened over the weekend.

"Thank you for sorting out your skirts, it would have been embarrassing for me if you had been disciplined for your skirts, especially as I helped the head write the letter you brought home on Friday. I would have been most upset if you had been sat on the chair in the hall during assembly with your knees against the wall having your skirt length measured from the wall to your hem over the top of the

thigh. I think you would have found it very embarrassing as the length was called out.

"Did you say sat on the stage against the wall and measured during assembly?"

"Yes Mandy I did say that." If it were too short you would have been brought home to have it changed.

"Oh dad I would have died of shame."

"Well you had until Wednesday to get it sorted. You have done it so you have no worries." "If your friends haven't done it they have until Wednesday morning."

"Breakfast's ready." Natalie had served out our breakfasts and we carried our plates through to the dining room. Kate as usual had sat herself beside me Natalie was on the other side. "I rang the taxi company this morning when I got up, they are sending theminibus, I will take Kate in and pick her up tonight."

"Thanks Nat, it makes it easier for me as I have the new apprentices starting today."

We cleared the table and loaded the dishwasher. It would be run after Gill had her breakfast. With 8 people having a meal the dishwasher had to be run after each family meal. What a change from the start of the year when it only used to be run every other day. I watched them all get in the taxi and waved them off. I then picked up my file on the new apprentices and walked down to the workshop. Liam was waiting for me and we went through the files again. They were due to start at 8:30 and it had just turned 8:25 when a car pulled up with Steve and Jodi. Steve told me the others were just on the path from the gate. As he said that I saw them turn into the workshop area. I saw their lunch boxes and showed them the fridge to keep them fresh. Jerry and Liam had built a small office with drawing machines, a rest room with fridge, kettle and table and chairs. In the corner alongside a changing room had been built complete with toilets and shower. Most importantly all the machine tools had been installed. A lean to had been built on at the back, which housed the forge and a covered inspection pit to work underneath the tractors.

The pit had washout facilities built in so the first task of the day after the

paperwork had been sorted was to move the engines over the pit and wash out the ploughing engines, the roller and the showman's engine. Liam had arranged for the boiler inspector to visit this afternoon to check out and pass, we hoped, the one ploughing engine and ascertain what repairs were needed to the other engines. Both the ploughing engines looked good from our inspection but the inspector's was the important one. The showman's needed a complete re-tube and possibly a new firebox. It took a while to scoop out all the sludge from this boiler and then wash the barrel clear but finally it too was ready for inspection. The roller certainly needed some new tubes. The six apprentices had joined in the work with a will. Liam was telling them what to do and why and they were doing it. It would take them all morning. I had left after the first engine was washed out and went to the dairy to see how things were progressing.

Dawn and Gill were busy making cheese; they had just got to the first cutting stage when I interrupted. Dawn and Gill carried on working as Dawn spoke with me. Our cheese production has increased hugely as has the butter making, We are still putting out about the same amount of milk but the increased supply has gone into butter and cheese.

"I have started making some test batches of yoghurt to see how it goes. I am taking the pots up to the shop and the computer company to try them out on our staff. The general consensus is when will you stock them in the shop. Go over to the fridge and get some out and we will try them out for our elevenses. I pulled out samples of the full and low fat yoghurts, Strawberry, raspberry and honey flavours. I spooned them out into bowls and got the teaspoons. Dawn and Gill left the cheese to drain and taking off their hats and gloves sat down beside me. I picked up the tasting sheets and took my first spoonful.

They were gorgeous, the flavour of fresh strawberries cutting through the yoghurt. The strawberries still had some bite left and the flavour; well it was 10 out of 10.

" Roy, I can't see us being able to sell these at more than cost price in the village."

"What happens if we don't make the yoghurt?"

"We will increase the amount of cheese we make."

"In that case how about we try some bulk batches and sell it loose with the

fruit of choice?" "That way we sell it at our cheapest price and don't have to buy the pots or fill them. We just get a refrigerated dispenser, which serves a measured shot of yoghurt and then put in the required fruits or even supply them separately."

"It's worth a try Roy. If Lucy could do some samples and try selling it by using the dipper for measuring. We can then see if it is worth getting a dispenser. If it doesn't sell then we won't have made a huge investment in it Roy." Dawn said.

"Any way it is time for lunch." "Are you coming Gill?"

"Yes Roy I will,"

"I will have to think about my hours as doing 4 to 8 in the morning on picking and then 9:00 to 5:00 in the dairy is just too much."

"When you put it like that it is too much, my intention was for you to do the morning picking and then a half day in the dairy."

"Not a whole day in the dairy"

"The thing is Angus is on the picking Team and I also want to work in the dairy, Dawn says there is enough work to keep me busy all day."

"When does Angus start back at college Gill?"

"Oh, I had forgotten that, he wouldn't be on the picking Team much longer will he? Can I just work with Dawn please?"

"Of course you can if that is what you want."

"Oh yes, I am glad I have been with the pickers because I met Angus, but it is very hard getting up at that time of the morning."

"Especially when you haven't been to bed." "Dawn you now have a vacancy on the picking Team and a full time member of staff for the dairy and curing room."

"That's no problem Roy. Gill, I think you had better take the rest of the day off. Then start with me tomorrow morning."

Gill and I walked back up to the house for an early lunch. Rachel had done a

mutton salad, using up the rest of the mutton joint along with some cold beef. It was as ever delicious. We had just finished our fresh fruit salad when the phone rang. It was Liam.

"I know we weren't expecting him until 3:00 but the boiler inspector has arrived 2 ½ hours early and would like to get started."

"Ok that's no problem, just make sure he is aware that I need to be there to hear any results. I will be with you in 10 minutes. Can you get a brew of coffee on as I was just about to have mine when you rang."

"Sorry Roy."

"Stop apologising it was not your fault."

I told Gill I would be back shortly, and for her to rest.

"Can I ring Angus Roy to tell him I am not working with the picking team?"

"Gill apart from your mobile phone have I ever made any comment about you using the phone."

"No Roy."

"Well I had hoped you knew that so long as someone else wasn't already on the phone you could use it."

"I know Roy but it was just me working for you, do you understand?"

"Yes love and thanks for your thoughts but you are in many ways another daughter for me. Even though you are older than my wife."

"Come here." She came over to me and I gave her a hug and a kiss.

I left the house and returned to the workshop. Jodi was standing there with a big smile on her face and a mug of coffee in her hands.

"I am the youngest apprentice so it fell to me to give you this." I looked at the mug and it had a picture of a man washing up and a big woman sitting at the table. There was a speech balloon and he was saying. "I am the boss in this house, my

wife has given me permission to say so." I looked at Jodi and burst out laughing. Liam came across to me.

"I hope you like the mug, I saw it when I was buying mugs for the workshop and couldn't resist it."

"It's great Liam, it will foster a good atmosphere here which is important. I want all my staff to feel that they can ask their bosses anything and more importantly that the bosses listen. Jerry should have been here this morning to do the welcome speech as I forgot all about my open door, open phone policy." "I'll try and get him down this afternoon." I dialled Jerry's mobile.

"Jerry I forgot to organise you to do your welcome aboard speech for the apprentices, and I forgot half of what I should have said. Can you be her for 3:00?"

"No problem Roy, see you later."

I walked into the wash out shed and saw the inspector on the boiler of Sampson his arm and head apparently in the wash out hole. I could hear him tapping on the inside of the boiler. I stood there drinking my coffee. I wouldn't disturb him. I could see all the other engines were standing ready for him. We left the inspector working on the boilers and returned to the workshop. In the pile of odds and ends was an engine; well the cylinders pistons and valve gear all in bits. Liam had made a stand for them and cleaned and oiled all the parts. He was talking them through the workings of the external combustion engine. Then they set too and working as a Team they assembled the engine. Then they turned to an old injector. That was taken apart to show them how that worked. I could see the rapt look on their faces. This morning had been wet and dirty cleaning the boilers ready for inspection. They had all showered and changed before lunch into another set of overalls. I could see the wet overalls hanging up outside the workshop to dry. I looked into the washout bay and saw the inspector on the last engine. We would soon find out what work needs to be done to the boilers.

I went out the barn doors and looked across the valley. Down in the bottom I could see the builders at work on the trout farm, a couple of the farm hands were grubbing up the trees that would have been in the new lake. The trunks and branches were being cut into fire sized pieces ready for my wood stove. Looking further round away from the house the site of the new vineyard was covered in rough cover. After the lake had been finished the men would move onto the vineyard. There was a lot of clearance work on this side of the estate. Beyond the

vineyard I could see the roof of the new dairy shining in the afternoon sun.

I saw Jerry walk up the lane. He brought with him the welcome packs he had designed; it gave all the information that new staff would need. Phone numbers, passwords for farmnet and their e-mail accounts. Details of holiday entitlement and how to book. Details of pension fund membership. Where the first aiders were and all the other odds and ends. On the back page were my personal mobile phone and my home number, along with a message. "If you need help or advice beyond that which can be given by your line manager then my office is always open, please ring me in advance so that I can arrange to meet you. I went out into the wash out shed as I could see the inspector climb down from the boiler. I went with him into Liam's office and the three of us sat down.

"I have some good news and some bad news." "The good news is the boilers on Sampson and Delilah are fine. My only worry is on Delilah, the safety valve looks suspect. With a new safety valve it will be fine, I would suggest you swap it with the one from the showman's engine as that is fine but won't be needed at present. If you can remove both safety valves and then have both boilers filled right up I will get the hydraulic pressure test done this afternoon. If those are satisfactory I will come back tomorrow for the steam test. "The bad news though is the Showman's engine, it will need all the tubes replacing and a new firebox. The firebox tube plate will have to be renewed within the next 3 years and I would suggest you do it now as so much else is being renewed. The roller is between the two, that just need retubing."

"On the whole they are not bad. The water tender on Delilah is very flaky, it certainly needs some major repairs, It looks like it will hold water but not for much longer. The engines both turn over on the ploughs as I have no doubt you have already found out."

We had.

"The showman's looks as if the generator will have to be rebuilt. The rest looks to be cosmetic. If the ploughs pass their steam test tomorrow you could run steam lines into the engines of the others to check they are working properly and see what has to be repaired.

Liam went into the workshop and took the apprentices out to Sampson and Delilah to fill their boilers. Liam started the pump and they were filling the engines through the inspection plate holes with a 2-inch hose. Once the boilers were filled

to that level the plate would be bolted back on and the rest of the filling would be done through the safety valve tapping. Once they were filled to the brim the inspector would fit his rig into the safety valve tapping and pressurise each boiler in turn to its test pressure. A fragmentation mat would be placed over the boiler and tied in place to cut down the speed of flying shrapnel if the boiler should burst. The first part of the pressure test would be done remotely as the pressure built up and was held for half an hour. Then would come the visual inspection. The smoke box door and the firebox door were both open. My video camera had been set up to watch the test rig, Liam's was looking into the firebox and Jerry's was looking into the smokebox. The pictures were being displayed on a TV in the office. The test on Sampson proceeded smoothly then came Delilah. The test pressure was reached and a weep could be seen on the front tubeplate. It was only to be expected. After the 30 minutes was up Liam went through with the tube expander and worked on the offending tube. Round and round went the expander and the weep stopped. The inspector wanted a further 30 minutes to double-check. Finally he gave the nod and released the pressure. The water levels on both were then reduced by draining and they were left ready for firing tomorrow.

"I will be back by 11:00 tomorrow for the steam test. The roller and the showman's engine were both moved into the barn and chocked in place. I looked at my watch, it was 4:00 the apprentices were flagging, and they had worked harder today than they ever had. Liam asked if there were any volunteers to come in at 6:00 tomorrow to help get the engines ready. They all wanted to come in. I let them all go and arranged with Liam that I would come in and bring breakfast with me for the apprentices to cook in the firebox. I left Liam to clear up and went up to the house via the stables. I spoke to Nick and told him about Friday.

"Do you and Becky want to come with us, neither of you are being called as witnesses so if you want to go off to your riding that will be fine. Please don't discuss this with anyone as I do not intend to tell them until Wednesday afternoon. Dawn and Jerry will stay in the house with you on the Thursday night and you will be off with Lisa on Friday.

"Ok dad, no problems."

I went into Lisa's office and looked up hotels in Dorchester I rang the grand and asked about a family suite for 6. The nearest they had was a double room and a family room for 3 adjoining with a connecting door and en-suite and a second double room next to that. I booked from Thursday evening to Sunday morning. They would set us a table for 8 in the restaurant in case anyone joined us for meals.

I thanked Lisa for the use of her office and walked back to the house.

I walked in to a quiet house. Natalie was working in the study and I joined her.

"Hello love, missed me?"

"Yes darling, where have you been?"

"Down with Liam and the boiler inspector.

"Well I have nearly finished my homework, Kate is in the lounge, she did have the TV on but she fell asleep and I switched it off. Jim and Mandy are upstairs doing homework and Nick and Becky are riding and I am not sure about Gill."

"Whilst you are finishing I will check on the rest of them." I went into the lounge and Kate was sleeping on the sofa. I left her and went upstairs. I walked along to Jim's room. I could hear Gill speaking on her phone. I put my head into Jim's room. They were both working at Jim's desk. They heard me come in and Mandy jumped up to kiss me.

"How are you doing?"

"Oh Jim and I are nearly finished, 10 more minutes will see us done."

"That's good, I will be going downstairs in a few minutes to the study."

I went on to Gill's room and knocked on the door.

"Come in." I went in and Gill said into the phone, "I will speak to you later" and hung up.

You didn't need to hang up." "How are you anyway?"

I had a good sleep this afternoon and I feel refreshed. I am going out with Angus after dinner." "What's happening about Friday?"

"I have booked us into the grand in Dorchester on Thursday night and we

leave on Sunday morning. Nick and Becky aren't coming as Becky has another important competition. It is a preliminary for the Olympic selection competitions."

I went down to my study. The paperwork for the 6 apprentices was there. I re-read their CV's. Having watched them work I could match up their photographs with the real person. They all looked promising. They would be registering at the college for their NVQ courses. I took out the summary of each CV, which had been prepared for me. Liam had a similar copy only his was on the front of an assessment book, which would be completed as they progressed through their apprenticeship. I heard Rachel come into the kitchen; then there was the waft of hot rich gravy coming through the house. Rachel came through to the study.

"Dinner will be ready in 30 minutes."

"That's fine, everyone will be back by then." I filed the summaries and put the CV's into Dick's tray. I then set to completing my paperwork. I heard Nick and Becky return and go upstairs so I went to the lounge to wake Kate up. I bent down over the sleeping girl and kissed her.

"Time to wake up sleeping beauty."

I kissed her again lightly on the lips. Her arms shot round my neck and pulled me into her mouth. Her tongue bored into my mouth reaching for the tonsils I would have had if they hadn't been removed when I was a teenager. I returned the favour kissing her deeply.

"Time for dinner little one. Have you had a good sleep?"

"Oh yes dad. I feel much better."

"Good because after dinner the scout leader is coming to see Natalie and I about being involved as leaders. We spoke briefly about it when we got engaged and decided to wait till after the wedding."

"Can I rejoin cubs dad?"

"And scouts," Mandy added.

"I should think that was possible. Do you have uniforms?"

"I have but Kate doesn't she was only able to go a few times."

"I will ask Keri when she comes tonight."

"Thanks dad."

We went through into the dining room for dinner. It was a very tasty beef casserole with jacket potatoes and veg. After we had eaten Jim went up to his room to do homework, Nick and Becky went up to their suite to do homework, Mandy and Kate went to play outside and Natalie and I went in to the study, homework for Natalie and paperwork for me. It seemed to be only a short while when the doorbell rang and Keri was there.

"Hello Keri." "Come on in." We went through into the lounge and Natalie joined us with the tray of coffee. We sat and talked about the scout unit, all the changes that had taken place since I was a leader in my 20's. Finally we agreed that we would come down on Friday week, as we would be busy next Friday. Natalie looked at me with a puzzled look on her face. I went into the study and picked up Natalie's envelope and brought it in to her.

"This came this morning after you had left for school. I was going to tell you about it on Wednesday as you will only go in for Thursday morning."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't want you worrying about it all week."

"What am I going to say?"

You can only tell the truth about what you discovered. How you got soaked in a downpour in a storm and you offered Gill a hot shower. You saw the scars and asked her about it. She broke down in tears and told you what had happened."

"Gill knows about it and knows why I am keeping it secret, she is also over 18 so legally I had to pass her letter on without delay. Nick knows because I had to check whether he wanted to come with us or go riding, It is an important competition for Becky this weekend; so they will be riding. We are booked into a hotel in Dorchester, a double room and a double and tripleroom family suite. Officially it will be you and I in the double room part of the suite, Jim in the other double room and Gill, Mandy and Kate in the triple room."

"Ok Roy I understand why you kept it quiet. Sorry about this Keri but we have to go to court on Friday about my foster children."

"Foster children? But you have only just got married."

"It's like this Keri. Did you read about the father who whipped his children and abused others?"

"Yes Roy," "well I am looking after the two girls and two cousins who were his victims." "The two most abused victims want to rejoin cubs and scouts respectively. The 12 year old has a uniform the 8 year old doesn't but that is no problem as if you have room I can get her a uniform."

"Well I have room for them both, will they need any special care?"

"Kate will possibly still be wearing her body protector as her back is very sore, very being the operative word." "The whip cuts are still healing, they only took off the Nu-skin on Thursday. A lot of your cubs probably know about it if they go to central primary."

"About you becoming leaders you will both need to be interviewed by the district commissioner and you will have to have training. The DC had pencilled in Friday evening but of course that will have to change, if I give you his phone number can you ring him and make your arrangements. I will ring him tonight."

"The phone is here or you can use the kitchen phone if you want some privacy. Then I could speak to him afterwards and arrange a date."

"Stuart, Keri here, Roy and Natalie won't be able to make Friday they are tied up in Dorset," "Wednesday, I'll just ask." "Would Wednesday of next week be all right?"

"Yes that will be fine."

"Yes that's fine, they will meet with you on Wednesday at cubs."

She hung up and said, "If you bring Kate to cubs on Wednesday night at 5:30 then you can meet Stuart at the same time. I had better check if any of the cubs don't know Kate through school."

She opened her briefcase and got out the records. "That's good only 1 boy doesn't go to central primary so the chances are all the rest know, or at least have seen her in her protector." "I'll ring his mum when I get home."

"You can ring from here if you want."

"Oh thanks." Keri dialled the number and was soon speaking with the mother.

"I'm glad you rang Keri, Jason came home from the church parade with a crazy story about a girl at central primary who had been badly beaten and had to wear body armour. It seems some of the kids from central were talking about her. I didn't think it was very good for cubs to be telling stories like that. I thought cubs were supposed to be truthful"

"Actually the cubs were telling the truth. Her name is Kate and she is joining our cub pack. Her foster parents are concerned that every parent should know what happened to her as she has a very painful back and does have to wear a horse riders body protector. She has been taken from her parents by social services as she and her sister were badly whipped by her father."

"Is that the little girl from Dorset who was in the papers?"

"Yes that's the one."

"Oh the poor mite."

"You understand why we have to make sure all the parents know because if their children saw her back and tried to explain to you what they have seen you would be horrified. The whip cuts are still healing and her bruising is only just fading. If you want further information Roy will be at cubs on Wednesday, he told all her classmates parents about it when she started school. Keri then hung up.

"She had heard from her son about Kate, it seems children from Kate's class were talking at the church parade and then Jason told his mum and his mum wondered what on earth. I'll see you on Wednesday then." We saw Keri out and returned to the lounge.

"Natalie I'm sorry if I hurt you by not telling you about Friday. I just didn't want you to spend all week worrying about it."

"

It's alright Roy, I do understand and thank you for being so caring, it just hurt a little finding out the way I did." "If you had told me as planned it would have been alright. Come here you Group scout leader, I want a cuddle."

I drew her into my arms and as we kissed I heard the back door open, it was Mandy and Kate.

"Can we go to scouts dad?"

"Yes there is no problem, both of you can start next week. We will see about the uniform after you have been to your first meetings and then if you enjoy yourselves I will get your uniforms. Mandy said she was going up to see Jim; I looked at Natalie and smiled. Kate came over and joined us on the sofa; She put her arms around us and kissed us both. Her right hand went to Natalie's tit and her left hand to my cock. It was so erotic as she played with my cock through my trousers.

"I think it is time we went up and had a shower and then got you ready for bed."

"I'm not tired daddy, I had a nap this afternoon."

I put on my evil grin and asked her if sleep was the only thing we could do in bed.

"Come on daddy," she jumped off the sofa and grabbed both of us by the hand and pulled us to the stairs.

Natalie and I laughed and followed behind meekly. Natalie and I then undressed Kate and then each other. I turned on all the showerheads as Natalie put shower caps on her and Kate. We could feel the warmth of the floor as we walked into the torrent of hot spray. I picked up the shower gel and started to wash every inch of Kate. I knelt down to wash her feet, I picked up each one in turn to wash between the toes and all over, then washed my way up the leg. Kate was gripping my head to hold herself upright. I then washed her other leg. I took the hand spray and washed the soap off before turning my attention to her bum. I took her oil to wash her bum; I could feel the individual ridges from her whipping. I felt her wince rather than heard her then Natalie started to kiss her and washed her cunt with shower gel. She massaged her to draw her attention away from what I was doing to her bum and then to her back. I very gently washed her back and as she

became more accustomed to my contact I increased the pressure as I had been told to massage the oil well in to her ravaged back. The surgeon had got a plastic surgeon in to advise on Kate's back and the best treatment was start massaging her back today after the removal of the Nu-skin on Thursday. This would help the skin to grow and reduce the effects of scarring. Her back would have scars permanently but the scars from her last whipping would not be so visible. I knew what I was doing was hurting Kate, we had both been told what it would be like but the more scrupulous we were in massaging her back the better the results would be. I moved us back out of the shower spray and finished massaging the oil into her back. When I stopped and stood up Kate gave a huge sigh of relief.

"I'm glad that's over for today. It hurts."

"I'm sorry love but this is what the doctors told me to do."

"I know it is dad, I am not complaining."

I rubbed the last of the oil in and washed my hands. Kate's back glistened in the bright lights of the bathroom. The network of cuts shone redly against the white skin of her back.

"Can I have a look dad?"

Natalie went through to our room and picked up the large hand mirror and carefully angling it showed Kate her back.

"I could never see properly what he did to me." she turned away and kissed me. Then taking me by the hand she pulled me through to her bed. "Love me daddy, love me."

"Of course we will darling."

I started to kiss Kate and Natalie started to work on her nipples. We soon had her panting with pleasure. I saw Natalie go down on Kate and lick her nude pubes. She was sucking on where her clit was and then licking through her slit. I nuzzled on her nipples. I felt them harden between my lips. Kate was starting to buck as her orgasm started. I felt her shuddering with pleasure. I rolled onto my back and lifted Kate onto my lap. She was facing my feet. Natalie helped me to position her on my cock and she slid down me until I was fully in her. Kate folded her knees under her so she was kneeling on me and started bouncing on my lap, my

cock sliding in and out of her hot tight cunt. Natalie moved between my legs and bent down to suck on Kate's clit. Kate was rapidly brought back to the peak of pleasure. I moved myself back on the bed until I was resting against the bed board. Kate untangled her feet from the sheets and Natalie shuffled forward to remain in contact with Kate's clit.

I was able to bring my hands around Kate and gently massage her nipples. I could feel Natalie's tongue sliding along my cock as I slid in and out of Kate's cunt. Finally I could hold back no more and my cock started jerking as I pumped my cum into her tight cunt. Natalie sucked harder on Kate's clit. Suddenly Kate gave a scream of pleasure and slumped back against my body.

"Roy look at this." Natalie picked up the mirror and angled it so I could see Kate's cunt with my cock piercing it. Natalie then pointed to Kate's clit. It had come unhooded as Natalie sucked it. That was why Kate had so much sensation. We watched as the clit slowly shrunk back into its sheath. Kate's breathing slowed down and she passed into normal sleep. Natalie helped me to lift her off my shrinking cock and between us we laid her down in her bed and drew the quilt over her. Her hair spilled over the pillow and she was sound asleep. I turned off the main light and went through to our own room. We put on our robes and went down to have a nighttime drink.

"Roy, I was ever so surprised when Kate's clit popped out like that, I was sucking away and suddenly there it was between my lips."

"Well she certainly enjoyed herself, I could feel the pressure on my cock as she orgasmed." We finished our drinks and went back upstairs. I popped my head into Jim's room and he and Mandy were fast asleep on the bed. He was still inside Mandy; sleep had evidently overtaken them. I went along to Nick's room and disturbed their kissing. Nick looked at me and asked.

"What was that shriek about 15 minutes ago?"

"That was Kate cumming. I was fucking her and Natalie was sucking on her clit when it suddenly popped free of its sheath and received direct stimulation for the first time. She had the most massive orgasm I have seen in a long time. She fell back against me and has been asleep ever since."

"Lucky Kate, it certainly sounded impressive."

"We are going to bed now, I have to be up early tomorrow as we are steaming the ploughing engines for the boiler inspector. I went along to our room and reset my alarm for 5:00. I then joined Natalie in bed. She drew me to her and kissed me.

"Just fuck me, I'm sopping wet already." She bent her legs and took her ankles in her hands, exposing her cunt for my attention. I moved forward between her legs and slid my cock into her cunt. I pushed all the way until I could feel her cervix in contact with my cock. I put my arms around her legs until I was hugging her completely, I was squashing her legs into her body and as I leant back my cock slid another inch into her as her cervix dilated. I dropped the remaining distance into her womb. Her breath rushed out. I started sliding in and out of her cunt my cock forcing its way into her womb. It was only minutes before her excitement was raised to orgasmic pitch. I could feel her cunt trying to milk my cock and it brought me to my orgasm, I slammed forward and pumped my semen into her womb. I could feel the cervix spasming around the head of my cock as she continued to cum. Suddenly I was too sensitive and I started to withdraw, I felt the cervix closing as my cock head pulled free.

"Can you get me a pillow to put under my bum Roy?" "I want to keep your cum in my womb. I don't know if you are producing sperm but when you do I want to save it all."

I fetched 2 spare pillows and as Natalie raised her bum I pushed them under. I turned the light out and cuddled up to her. We were soon fast asleep.

The alarm woke we and I quickly switched it off before it woke Natalie, I reset it to 6:30 to wake her up for school. I put on my overalls and picked up my work boots. They didn't often get an airing these days. I went down to the kitchen and put the coffee on and switched the grill on. I went out to the bread store and got the new bread. I quickly cooked

The Happy Cuckhold

By
Nuj Baf

My story is one of happiness and fulfillment. It is a life without regrets encompassed largely by a completely satisfied sex life. I apologize if this disappoints many of you but sometimes life can be wonderful.

I got married in my second year of college. My parents were and still are extremely conservative expounding very strict Indian moral values. With just the handing of a picture, I was told that my marriage had been arranged. Thankfully the girl in the picture looked attractive. Four months, three phone calls and a handful of letters later, I landed in Delhi with a whole entourage of family and relatives. Two weeks after that I was back on a plane to San Francisco with my new bride in tow. She wore the traditional red clothing of a newlywed. Once we were at cruising altitude, she changed into a short denim skirt and a knit top and that in it self changed the course of my life going forward.

We got a little apartment and I started my junior year in college. My wife, Sonya, got a job as an office assistant in a large company. Very early on she confided that she would not be sexually satisfied with just one partner and that I should also be open to explore the possibilities.

Wasting no time, that first revelation came sooner than later. "I had a great day today," she declared.

"Well, what happened?" I asked while shuffling through thick books for my term paper.

"You know Michael my boss has been flirting with me all this time. They weren't many people today and I told him flatly that I would suck him right here right now if he doubled my salary and promoted me," Sonya chirped away.

"What happened?" I prodded her.

"He said that was too high a price for a single blow job," Sonya said.

"Smart guy," I retorted.

"So I asked him what would it cost and he said that I should be willing to service him whenever he needed me. I told him basically that it would not be possible as I have commitments to my husband. However I suggested to him that I would make myself available to his needs to warrant my salary increase and promotion. He agreed to that and I crawled underneath his desk for my first introduction to a white dick," my wife said.

"I love sucking cock," she added with apparent enthusiasm.

Sonya knew that I should never be neglected and her forays with other men only came with my acquiescence. It came to a point that I actively encouraged her especially if her activities garnered financial gain. She accused me of being insensitive sometimes. That exemplified the irony of the situation.

When Sonya returned from a business trip with her boss, she was eager to show me the new clothes Michael had bestowed upon her. She quickly sensed my lack of enthusiasm as my comments on her very short black dress she had put on was not adequate.

"What's wrong, honey," she queried.

"I'm going to get a 'C' in sociology and that's gonna kill my scholarship," I said. I had to admit that the sight of her high heels and her well tone olive legs that went all the way to the hem of her dress was stirring my loins.

"How could that be? You are studying so hard," Sonya said. She tossed her brown shoulder length hair unconsciously. That innocent motion with her hair would immediately distract my thoughts.

"Every effort I make just doesn't impress Professor Roberts. I just don't know how to tackle this professor. Everything is so subjective," I lamented.

I pulled my beautiful and sexy wife onto my lap and planted kisses on her neck. She could notice the bulge in my pants.

I led her to our cramped bedroom. My wife removed her newly given black dress in one swift motion and as usual she wore nothing else underneath. "Just keep trying," Sonya advised as she impaled herself over my rigid member.

I forgot about Professor Roberts for while as I watched my pretty wife's face and her perfectly shaped breasts. She was sitting on me riding my organ jiggling her bouncy but firm breasts. "Michael asked me to strip in front of him and the customer in our hotel suite," Sonya disclosed.

"Really," I replied.

"I don't know why, but I get really turned on when I strip in front of men. The more of them, the more turned on I get. I think I am an exhibitionist. I love the thought of men looking at my naked body," Sonya said. She was just sitting not riding my cock up and down.

I didn't mind. My cock was happily enveloped in the warm folds of her pussy. "I think it is the wickedness of it all. Doing something most women would never do," I said.

Sonya said, "White men are so fascinated by my body. I just got totally naked, served them their drinks and sat right between them on the sofa. The customer's name was Duane. He was like this forty-five years old guy with glasses, three kids and an unappealing wife. The guy never cheated on his wife. Michael told him that my husband allowed me to fuck around and he couldn't believe it. His poor pecker was being strained in his pants."

Sonya kept still with my dick still buried inside her. "Duane nervously called his wife saying that he would be home very late. Michael was calmly asking him about his kids as I sat my naked self on his lap. His daughter is older than me. Michael was telling him to go feel my breasts. His hands were clammy and he just mauled my sensitive nipples."

"I wish I could have been there to see it," I said.

"Yeah," Sonya said. "Anyway, I don't know what made me do this but I figured Duane would have done anything. I asked if he wanted to taste Indian honey. He nodded right away. So I got on top of the coffee table on my knees and placed my butt right to his face. I knew Michael was enjoying this. I spread my cheeks and asked him if he saw a little brown hole. He said yes. I asked him what he would like to do with that hole. He said that he would very much like to taste it. I told him that he was very definitely my kind of guy. The next moment his tongue was slithering into my little asshole. I just love that feeling especially when I can make someone do it so eagerly.

"Michael must have been enjoying this," I commented.

"Most definitely," Sonya said. "He keeps telling me that he is the luckiest guy to have met me. Anyway Duane did everything to me and Michael watched most of the time. I just sat on the sofa for a long time and Duane had his head buried between my legs. I had these long shuddering orgasm after a long build up."

"You were treated like a queen," I said.

"Yeah, it was nice," Sonia said. She remained quiet for a while. Then she smiled at me and went up and down with her torso getting my dick feeling good. She gyrated well over and over until my pecker got its satisfaction and lined her insides with my gooey stuff.

After I recovered I went back to my term paper. I must have still looked troubled as Sonia asked me, "Professor Roberts still getting you down?"

"Yeah," I admitted.

"You know what," my wife blurted. "I'll let him have my body in exchange for your grades."

My face beamed. "Thanks, honey. You're the best."

I wasn't very good at approaching anyone to offer my wife's body. It wasn't something that anyone was trained to do. I meekly asked Professor Roberts for a conference at his office.

He hesitated momentarily. "Yes, come see me today!" he roared. "Your work is very mediocre."

"That is the reason I asked for this conference, Professor Roberts. Is there anything I could do to make a 'B' for this course?" I asked.

His office was cramped, but neat.

"Ha! At this late stage I doubt there is anything that can be done," the professor said with a glint in his eyes. He began looking at his papers hoping I'd disappear. A minute later he looked up clearly disappointed that I was still occupying the seat in front of his desk.

"Sir, I have a - a proposition," I said.

"Look here! I don't know what are you trying to pull," Professor Roberts blurted.

I placed two polaroids on his desk. Sonya was smiling on both the pictures, one in the bathroom and the other in the kitchen. She was without any clothes in both of the pictures. "My wife agreed to sleep with you if you would give me a 'A'," I said.

I told myself to stop fidgeting on the chair.

The professor was quiet for a while. He let out a sheepish smile. "Sure," he said. "This is clearly a big compromise for me that will come only with some concerted efforts from you and your wife."

"Definitely," I said. I was relaxed now as the cat was out of the bag.

"For the next three weeks till the semester is over, I will come over to your domicile whenever I wish. Is that understood and acceptable?" the professor said.

"That would be OK," I said.

That very same evening the middle-aged balding professor with horn rimmed glasses walked into our little apartment. My wife immediately made him feel welcomed by hugging him. It was not very often that I get to see my wife in action and I was hoping they would let me watch. His erection was clearly visible inside his gray dress pants.

"Would you like a beer, Bill?" Sonya said in her sultry way.

She was already on a first name basis with my professor.

"Yes, please," he said looking around the apartment. "Nice little place you've got here."

He was trying to make small talk taking away the awkwardness of the situation.

"Are you married?" my wife asked the professor."

"Divorced," he answered curtly. It looked like he wanted to bang her bones right away. I knew my wife was going to tease him.

Sonia wore a sleeveless top that accentuated her perky breasts. Her silky brown hair rested on her bare shoulders. "Let me get into something more comfortable," she said and walked into the room, leaving my professor and I alone.

"Please come by anytime you want," I said.

"Yes, thank you," he replied. He wasn't talking down to me anymore. Strangely I was pleased with that.

Sonia came out wearing just a sports bra and a thong. They were both in black contrasting well with her olive skin. Professor Roberts enjoyed the sight of her twin cheeks, perfectly round. Sonia handed him the beer. "Are you in a rush?" Sonia asked the professor. "I hope you are not. I enjoy taking it slow," she added talking to the professor in her thong and bra.

"Take your time. I plan to be here all night," the professor said.

I got myself a beer. I asked the professor, "Do you mind if we all are on the bed. I don't sleep well on the couch. I won't be a bother."

"Sure," he said.

My wife was preparing dinner, a typical Indian meal. As a good Indian host, she also prepared for the guest. When the table was set, the professor and I sat across each other. Sonia sat between us. The professor seemed to enjoy the flavored chicken and curry dishes eaten with our ethnic bread. It seemed he was pleasantly surprised with the hospitality. His initial expectations were that he would only be given a quicky with my wife. When Sonia fucked around she gave the men everything a good meal included.

After dinner Professor Roberts was eager to get things rolling. My wife removed her bra and cleaned up just wearing a thong. He helped in the kitchen and left me alone on the sofa nursing my third beer. Any opportunity he could get, he grabbed her breasts. Sonia kept on working getting everything in order before bedtime. "I'm going to bed," I declared.

Outside the bedroom, I could hear my wife and the professor getting animated. "I got a little more to clean, then I'm all yours," she said. Later on she said, "OK, take off my thong if you wish." When they had finally entered the bedroom, the professor had also removed his clothes. The streetlight outside the bedroom window showered its yellow glow inside. I could see his middle-aged body with graying chest hairs coinciding with the youthful curvaceous body belonging to my wife. She gently removed herself from his probing hands and went to brush her teeth. As usual she would bend over the sink vigorously manipulating the toothbrush in her frothy mouth. She would complete her regiment by gargling on her minted mouthwash.

The naked professor sat on the edge of our bed. She returned with a smile. She embraced the sitting professor, his mouth hungrily sucking on her breasts. My professor crawled on the bed next to me. My wife buried herself between his legs. She cradled his drooping balls as her mouth gently planted loving kisses to his bulging oozing head. "Oh! That is good," he mumbled. As she seemed to be good at it, she kept playing with his tool probably giving him something he never had before.

"Now it's your turn," my wife said. With her legs towards the head of the bed, she spread them apart. With lust and hunger, he lapped up her pussy tonguing

all over her bare genitalia. As my wife squirmed from the pleasure given to her, I knew that she had notched in her mind another person going down on her. In privacy she would very frequently by order list out all the men who had licked her pussy and the list was getting longer. The professor got her to climaxed very soon and he would be aptly rewarded for it.

"Enter me now," she said lying flat on her back.

The professor, on his feet, was enjoying the scene in front of him, a husband lying on the side of the bed while the naked wife beckoning for his taking. The pleasure of taking another man's wife was sweet in itself but to take it in the husband's presence and with the husband's acquiescence must surely have been sweeter still.

Professor Roberts got back on the bed carefully, his penis strong as ever never wavering from its target. Sonia as always loved every moment of this. When he immersed himself all the way inside my wife, I heard that unmistakable grunt of achieving the ultimate in sexual conquest. As he slid in and out, he alternatively stared into Sonia's face and my face. He moved in and out with great force. My wife seemed pinned under his assault. "Yeah, fuck me all night," she said barely above a whisper.

Seeing your wife with another man had always sent a thrill down my spine and this time it was no different. Under my sheets, my libido had sprung to life and my hands automatically went to stroke it. The professor increased his pace and shuddered as he exploded inside my wife's warm pussy. I had also spilled my seed, but inside my underwear.

They kissed long and passionately, tongues dancing with each other. They were in cuddle mode and soon slept in each other's arms. In the wee hours, they went at it again. This time I didn't watch the action but felt it through the bed while being in the state of semi-sleep.

It was Friday morning. I didn't have class but I went to the library to work on my term paper. The professor showered and left for his work. Sonia had to go with her boss Michael to Carmel to entertain a customer. When evening came, Professor Roberts was back. Sonia tired from a day of entertaining still managed to smile and provide my professor with the services he required. His sexual energy was tireless and he stayed the whole weekend in our apartment, most of the time naked with my wife. I was glad when the three weeks were over. I got pretty

familiar with his anatomy and his upward curving cock. Well, at least I got an "A" in Sociology.

Generally things went well with our lifestyle. We had a few hiccups along the way, though. Sonia wanted to approach the landlord of our apartment. The guy was always lusting after the women in the apartment complex hinting rent abatement for sexual favors. He was a short Persian guy whose real name was Mohammed. He had a pock marked face and a thick moustache. I knew from experience that he couldn't be trusted. He could not part with money. It wasn't in his blood.

"I don't trust Moe," I told my wife. "He doesn't play by the rules."

Sonia was getting aggressive to cut a deal with the landlord. "I don't think anyone had ever exchanged sex for the rent in this apartment and for good reasons," I added.

"Honey, I had already approached him and I was going to tell you about it. You don't trust him so I was going to surprise you with paying only half the rent and then I would have told you," Sonia said.

"Big big mistake," I said. "I can't believe you did this. I told you he is a big fucking liar. He just took advantage of you and it hurts. I just can't imagine you opening your legs for him."

"He wasn't too bad actually. A lot of groping but he came fast," she said.

"I can't believe you let him on our bed," I said clearly pained by the news.

"Let's see what happens, OK," she said and finished off her glass of orange juice.

As I had expected we were told to pay our rent in full. "What about the agreement?" I asked Moe handing him the check.

"I told your wife that if I can get a chance to fuck her in front of you, all tied up and shit, then I'll give that half rent deal," Moe said easily

I was shocked at his audacity although I tried not to show it.

"What makes you think anyone is going to trust you," I said. "Show me good faith. Give me back half the money right now and I'll see what we can do."

"No can do. Me fuck first, then pay," he mouthed.

"You did fuck first and didn't pay. We are not stupid," I said and left the office. It was no use to discuss the matter further. It took awhile, but the anger of my wife giving this man her goodies for nothing subsided.

Moe still taunted me. "Your wife was the best fuck I ever had," he would say quite loudly whenever we crossed paths. In a few months we moved out of the apartment to a better place, a little townhouse we rented for the same money.

As the years passed, Sonia had sex with many men for many different reasons and occasions. We were both happy as we got more than we wanted.

The End.

For more of my stories, please visit
www.asstr.org/~nujbaf

Comments? E-mail me at nujbaf@yahoo.com

Allison's next step

By
Fred

Synopsis - In one afternoon a man goes from 'normal' to full toilet slave when he meets a remarkable young woman able to overpower him both mentally and physically. Heavy on humiliation and female superiority.

Comments greatly appreciated at femdom_fred@yahoo.com .
Thanks!

Chapter 1

Last June I thought that I had slid right into hell. The recession had really taken its toll and I had not earned a dime in over a year. I was already spending my 401Ks to say nothing of my kid's college funds. So, with my career on hold I had somehow found myself taking a position as a temporary house cleaner. A maid, lets face it.

One sunny Monday I went to my assignment in Redwood Hills, the most expensive neighborhood in the city. The house was an absolute mansion. Cleaning it was going to be a chore but hopefully the people would tip well. I sure needed the money.

I rang the bell and was blown away by the sight of the woman who answered the door. She appeared to be in her late 30's but was still perfect. She had luxurious blonde hair, tight flawless skin, perfect features including radiant blue eyes and the sleek toned athletic body of a woman whose work is limited to hours of Pilates or yoga or aerobics every day. She was born beautiful and apparently had the time and money to make the most out of her natural gifts. She smiled lightly but confidently as she spoke.

"Hello, I assume that you are Greg the cleaning worker?" she asked.

Her voice was rich, confident with a no nonsense tone. This was a woman who knew her place in life and was proud of it. I noticed her choice of words,

instantly classifying me as a "cleaning worker". Most of my "clients" avoided the type of language in favor of more respectful terms but this woman apparently had no problem addressing me as a lowly "cleaning worker".

"Let me show you what you will be cleaning for us today" she said, by passing the small talk that usually occurs.

She strode through the house with me following behind. She was wearing very stylish thin white jeans and her toned butt was a true sight to behold. Somehow I think she already knew that. She showed me the kitchen (where she reminded me that I would be scrubbing the floors), the living room, and the incredible master bedroom suite (which was bigger in itself than any home I had ever lived in). All though the house were pictures of herself and a good looking guy I assumed to be her husband. There were also pictures of a beautiful young girl, obviously her daughter.

I quickly realized that her condescending tone was quite real and not imagined on my part. She pointedly informed me that I would be hand scrubbing "her toilet" and that she wanted it to be really clean. I couldn't ignore the clear arrogance in her tone. It was another humiliating turn, the fact that this rich beautiful trophy wife could treat me like that because I needed the money. But I did.

Chapter 2

"Come along" was her crisp order as she led me down a long beautiful hallway to another large bedroom, this one her daughter's. The room was also incredible with a huge bed, tons of books, a violin was set up on a beautiful music stand by the window. There were also trophies and ribbons all over the place. Some were for tennis, one was for running, and I saw another that I believed was for soccer. There were also ribbons for equestrian competitions. On the walls were several framed diplomas and merit awards from school. Many of the books were in foreign languages and even the ones in English had titles that I couldn't understand. It seemed that the girl was a jock and also a very good student. And judging by her pictures (and by her mom) she was also great looking. I was hoping that she was home and that I would get a chance to see her.

"Allison is just back from her first semester at Harvard" the mother explained with obvious pride. As you can see she is a very special young woman so you need to make an exceptional effort to make sure that her room is taken care of in a

suitable manner. Her bathroom as well, of course. She is practicing the piano for an upcoming recital right now in the music room and later on she will be working out in the gym. You will be meeting her later" she added curiously.

I must admit that I was interested in seeing this young superwoman. I followed the mom back to the kitchen where my cleaning chores were to begin. She stayed close by and made me a bit nervous by constantly observing and commenting on my work. She seemed to just enjoy watching me clean her kitchen. When it came time for me to clean the floor I definitely got the impression that it was some type of power trip for her to stand over a man who was on his knees cleaning all the dirty spots that she pointed out. I must admit that it was strangely exciting for me as well, to have this blonde suburban goddess above me directing my menial work. I didn't know why it was exciting but it was, perhaps it was some psychological attempt to make the best of a bad situation.

She left me alone to do the bedroom suite and I was finishing the bathroom when she returned to check on my work. Her tone worsened to one of mild disgust, claiming that I had not done a good enough job cleaning the floor, particularly around "her toilet". I wound up on my knees cleaning her toilet while she barked increasingly rude orders at me. Her attitude was really starting to cross the line from demanding customer to mean bitch and it was starting to get to me but I kept reminding myself how badly I needed the money. Besides, she was incredibly hot and her agitated state was a real turn on despite it all. Finally, after about 10 minutes of abuse she decided that her throne was suitably clean and informed me that we would be moving on to new rooms.

She led me down yet another long elaborate hallway. I could hear classical music being played on the piano. We entered a large airy room with windows opening onto the rear garden. In the center of the room, playing the piano (I had assumed that it was a recording because it was so good) was the daughter. She stopped playing and turned to greet us as we approached. She was even better looking in real life than in her pictures. She was a cross between Britney Spears and Anna Kournikova, but classier and with better facial features than either. Her face was absolutely captivating and her athletic body was sexual perfection. She had the beautiful blonde hair, brilliant eyes and great features from her mom, but I immediately noticed that her smile was different. It was genuine, warm, accepting and she seemed truly happy to meet me.

"Nice to meet you, Greg" she beamed as she extended her hand. "Thank you for helping out today".

I was taken aback because I could never imagine the words "thank you" coming out of her mother's mouth. She got off the piano bench, stood up and I couldn't help but be blown away. She was a concert pianist who looked like she could win Wimbledon and Miss USA on the way home. She was wearing a simple T shirt (which probably cost \$100), and white shorts. Beautiful breasts, an absolutely flat stomach and toned legs that were amazing. I couldn't find an imperfection anywhere. She must be driving the guys at Harvard wild with desire, I thought.

"I trust that my Mozart wasn't too distracting to you" she added with an elegant smile before her mother cut in.

"I'm sure that it wasn't, Allison" her mother cut in. "Its time to begin our workout now, dear. He will be cleaning the music room." She then turned to me. "Try to do a better job in here and then come down to the gym to clean up after our workout."

I think I heard Allison wince a bit after witnessing the degrading attitude of her mother towards me but she said nothing and the two of them went to their workout room, leaving me to clean the music room by myself. I didn't think that I would miss the mother's supervision of my work but I was looking forward to seeing Allison again. Her music was still playing in my head.

Chapter 3

The music room was already pretty clean so I finished it quickly and followed the mother's instructions to move onto the workout room. The two of them were in the middle of the room doing some stretching. Again, the room was awesome. It was large and well lit, there were two stairmasters and a stationary bike in one corner and a set of free weights in another. But most of the room was open with mats on the floor. I noticed a punching bag and a heavy bag mounted in one corner. As with most of the house there were pictures of the family members performing various sports pasted all over the walls above the mirrors. There was an entire wall devoted to martial arts with pictures of all three family members competing in tournaments and breaking boards. There were multiple sets of framed black belts above the pictures, a total of ten in all. Four of the belts were above Allison's picture and three were over each of her parent's images. I felt a momentary unease when I realized that the mother, my tormentor, was a triple black belt. But I also found it pretty exciting for some reason to realize that sweet Allison, the beautiful Harvard educated pianist, was also a major butt kicker on the

side.

The mom saw me looking at the belts but continued stretching. I set my cleaning materials down and looked around the room to figure out how I could clean it without getting further berated by the mom, especially in front of Allison. As it turned out, I never did get to clean the room that day.

"I see that you've noticed our martial arts wall, Gregory." It was the first time that she addressed me by name and it made me nervous for some reason. "The fighting arts are very important to all of us" she continued. Allison, John and I have all studied Wah Lum Kung Fu, Yoshin Ryu Jujitsu and Aikido. Alison continued on to study Combat San-Jitsu so she has a total of four black belts. She currently studies Hapkido and is already a brown belt after 8 months which is remarkable."

"Oh mom, I'm sure that Gregory isn't interested in all of these boring details" Allison was nice enough to interject.

Actually I was interested in knowing why all of this martial arts stuff was the first thing that the mom had seen fit to talk to me about. Was she trying to intimidate me or something?

"Have you trained in any martial arts, Greg?" Allison asked, trying to draw me into the conversation.

"Well, I boxed a bit in college but don't really have any formal training" I answered, trying to maintain my best manly pose.

"I'm sure that you are a very good boxer, Greg. I bet you won a lot of matches" Allison said while I continued to be amazed at her kindness which was the exact opposite of her mother's bitchiness. Speaking of which, Mom was about to stir things up a bit.

"While Gregory is here helping us perhaps you should engage him as a sparring partner, Allison." The suggestion came as a complete surprise to the two of us.

Allison tried to tell her mother that I wouldn't be interested and that it wouldn't work anyway because I hadn't trained in the martial arts. She was trying to be nice but her mother would have none of it.

"It would be good practice for you, Allison. If you are attacked in the street it will more likely be by someone like Gregory than it will be by one of your black belt friends. He won't do what you expect him to do. He's here to work for us today, I think it is a good idea and you should do it, Allison."

Her words seemed to be making sense to Allison, or perhaps she was just brought up to do whatever her mother asked. I noticed that no one was asking me if I thought it was okay. Actually, I had mixed emotions. I knew something about martial arts training, enough to realize that in a streetfight Allison would probably kick me in the nuts incredibly hard and then dial 911 on her cell while I was rolling on the floor in agony. But she wouldn't do that here. I figured that she would wind up winning but maybe I could impress her and shut up her awful mom for a few minutes.

"Yes, Mama" Allison said obediently. She flicked her flowing blonde hair forward, then back and pulled it through a small band to create a ponytail. It was girlish, feminine act but it said that the fight was on. She walked up to me with that great smile radiating full power.

"Well, if you feel like sparring for a few minutes Greg, perhaps it would be fun. If you don't mind, of course. You know what they say, you really don't get to know someone until you fight them" she giggled delightfully.

Chapter 4

I knew that I really didn't have much of a choice. I managed a weak smile and put up my hands in a defensive stance. Allison bowed quickly and when she came up she looked completely different. Gone was the sweet smile, replaced by a look of sheer determination. She was now in total competitive mode.

I tried circling around, hoping to grab her in some type of hug, overpower her, laugh the whole thing off and move on. She didn't make any aggressive moves and I was hoping that she would let me start things off on my terms. Big mistake on my part. As I moved towards her she evaded me by stepping to my left side, quickly tucked my left hand under her right arm and clamped down really hard. She used this as leverage to turn me around so that she was able to put her entire weight on my back and wrap my neck with her right arm. I fell face forward to the mat. She kept my left arm pinned down, hooked my right arm with her right arm, snaked her left arm around my neck and pulled back. I couldn't move. She said "Oopsie!, you better give up or things will only get worse from here".

I hesitated, she pulled back further and the pain was so great that I screamed out my submission to her. It had taken her about 45 seconds to render me helpless. Her movements had been lightning fast, graceful, skilled, precise, efficient, intelligent and incredibly strong.

She helped me up and seemed mildly embarrassed at how easily she had defeated me, saying something about beginners luck. She probably would have spared me from further humiliation but, of course, mom was not done.

"Well now that he knows what to expect we should try it again. That was over much too quick."

Allison turned and obediently squared off, the sweet look again replaced by the competitive determined one that was starting to scare me. The next few falls were no different than the first, with the exception that Allison was so at ease by this point that she was able to narrate as she kicked my ass. I learned that the reason I was losing consciousness during the second fall was that she was applying a hold against my 'superior carotid triangle'. After I submitted she let go, stood over me and offered the information that I would have blacked out in another 5 seconds. Another fall ended as I succumbed to the extreme pain caused by an elbow pressing against the 'dorsal motor nucleus of the vagus nerve'. I submitted the final time when a radial motion was about to shatter "both the radius and ulna, leaving your forearm hanging like a limp sock."

I was defenseless against her. She seemed to know what I was going to do before I did it. I could never get enough leverage to try to defend myself, let alone go on the offensive. No matter what I tried she would turn it against me and wind up putting me in a painful hold effortlessly and at a point where she could seriously injure me if she wanted to.

After the last fall it was obvious to all, even her mother, that there was nothing to gain from continuing. Allison looked at me and smiled, seemingly concerned that my male ego had been crushed by the knowledge that a young college girl had just proven that she could kick my ass any number of ways without even breaking a sweat. But mostly she seemed pleased with herself.

But mom was still not done. "Allison, we shouldn't be rude. We should give Gregory a chance to compete at his sport, boxing. After all, he was kind enough to face you in a martial arts match, it's the least that you can do." Her voice was dripping in sarcasm.

Allison tried hard to defer, saying that she had worked out enough for the day, she wasn't prepared for boxing and that they had imposed on me enough. I thought that she would get me off the hook until mom upped the ante.

"Well of course I understand Allison. But I was hoping that I could offer both of you a reason to try the exercise. Gregory, you must be looking to earn some extra money, being a cleaning servant. I am prepared to offer you \$10,000 if you can box with my daughter for 3 minutes."

I really needed the money, I had no doubt that there was plenty of cash in the house and that she was dead serious. I was willing to do it, even if Allison was going to smack me around for three minutes it would be worth it for ten grand.

Allison seemed conflicted. I think that she wanted me to get the money but didn't want to put me through any further humiliation.

"And Allison, if you can stop him within three minutes I will make some calls and get you tickets to the Coldplay concert."

"OHMIGOSH, REALLY???" Allison squealed with excitement, the reserved Harvard scholar temporarily becoming an excitable child for a few seconds.

"Well, don't get so excited yet" mom warned her. "I said 'boxing', not 'kickboxing'. You've been trained but you can't use your legs. This is upper body strength only and Gregory here says that he is an experienced boxer. So he may walk away with the money and there will be no Coldplay for you."

Allison just walked over to the wall and confidently came back with two sets of boxing gloves and headgear. Gone was the compassion; she wanted to see Coldplay and I was in the way, at least for the moment anyway.

Chapter 5

Ten grand was more money than I had seen in a long time. I put on the gloves and headgear that Allison brought and prepared my strategy. I assumed that Allison had been trained in fisticuffs by at least one of her martial arts masters and I already knew that she was fast, smart and strong. But the rules that her mother laid out only stated that I had to last 3 minutes, which I was determined to do. I

really needed that money. Allison was doing some light jumping and shadow boxing to loosen up. She really looked like she knew what she was doing. I tried to do the same but I got the feeling that I was not intimidating her.

"We'll go by the clock on the wall" mom announced. "Lets go, you've had enough time to warm up already".

Allison came to face me in the middle of the room. There was no bowing this time but her face looked more determined than ever. I sensed that she was not quite as confident in her boxing skills as she was in her martial arts grappling, which was a good thing for me.

"Ding!" Mom announced. "Lets go!"

Allison staked out the middle of the room first and I was slowly circling around her. I knew that I had to protect my face and felt no need to throw the first blow. I didn't have to wait long for Allison to act. She began by pummeling my sides with really sharp, biting blows. I realized with a sinking feeling that she was able to use her knowledge of the body's weak spots, even in boxing. I didn't see her punches as much as I heard them whoosh. She zeroed in with three consecutive rights to the side of my stomach that were so painful that I needed to lower my guard to stop her. I knew that this made me vulnerable so I figured that I would try to hit her with a left to keep her away long enough for me to recover.

In doing so I left my face totally open for a split second, which was more than enough time for her. She hit me in the chin, which made my teeth rattle even through the mouth guard. I stepped back, temporarily dazed but she came after me with two more shots to the side of the head and I thought that I was going down already. For some reason, she stopped the assault and backed away.

"Oh, let me see..." I heard her thinking out loud. "Whats the best way for me to do this..."

She obviously felt that the Coldplay tickets were already hers, and all that was left was for her to devise a way to mercifully deprive me of the \$10,000 without hurting me too badly. Not surprisingly, she came up with a good strategy that I could not counter, a flurry of super hard, super fast punches to my mid section followed by shots to my head that seemed to come out of nowhere. Blocking her was impossible. She kept this up for a few seconds and I got so groggy from the assault that I went down on my back. I heard her mother begin to

count me out but I knew that I had to get back up and last long enough to get the money. I desperately needed it. I forced myself to my feet and stood there, dazed but looking eye to eye with Allison again.

She had a strange look in her face now. For the first time she seemed almost angry. I realized that she felt that she had made a real effort to knock me down without really hurting me and she was actually pissed at me for getting up. But I really needed the money a lot more than she needed Coldplay.

She came at me again with a incredible flurry of punches to the mid section and I tried to protect myself and hold on as best I could but she seemed to be more determined than ever. When I let my guard down for a split second she came at my head with a combo of punches that were much harder than anything she had hit me with before. She was using everything she knew about body leverage. They felt like Mike Tyson blows; snapping my head way back and I don't even remember hitting the floor. But I do remember lying there and hearing Allison say "Lets see you get up now".

For once she sounded a lot like her mother. Then she pulled her hair out of the ponytail and once again it flowed around her shoulders. She knew that she was done fighting for the day.

I vaguely remember her mother counting and then announcing with pride that I had lasted only 1 minute and 45 seconds against her daughter. It had seemed like hours to me. Allison was jumping up and down, overjoyed with her winning of the tickets. At one point she put her foot on my chest and held her hands over her head and started yelling "Yes, I am the champ and I am going to see Coldplay". Then she looked down at me and changed her tone to briefly apologize.

"Oh, I'm sorry. That was really rude of me. I'm sorry you lost out but thanks for the fight!". Then she started jumping around in joy again, the brief moment of compassion for her defeated foe forgotten.

I lay there on the ground, trying to recover. I saw the mom giving Allison a congratulatory hug.

"See what you can do, Allison? That is a grown man and he never had the slightest chance against you. He was at your mercy from the start. Also, I could tell that you were taking it easy on him."

"Well, maybe just a little bit" agreed my beautiful young conqueror with a sheepish grin.

Then the mother began a new aspect of what she obviously regarded as an important lesson for her daughter.

"And you, Gregory. Tell us a bit about what it is like to have to face off against my daughter in direct competition."

I struggled to my feet, tried my best to regain a shred of dignity and made an effort to be magnanimous to the girl who had just kicked my ass and cost me ten grand so that she could go to a rock concert.

"She won fair and square" I admitted. "She is very skilled, I'm sure glad that it's over with now."

"That is inadequate, you fool!" The mother moved towards me quickly and I thought that she was going to slap me. I raised my arm slightly. But instead of slapping me she quickly raised her leg and kicked me in the gut with her shin in a vicious swiping motion. I went down in a heap, gasping for air.

"Mom!" Allison protested. "Why did you do that? Muay Thai? He is already defeated, you didn't have to do that!" Allison didn't wait for an answer but instead knelt over me.

"Are you okay? I'm sorry about that. But you better do whatever you can to not piss her off. She is an extremely skilled fighter. I can't beat her. And I was taking it easy on you but she won't. She'll hurt you. Just do whatever she says, okay?"

"Allison, come here" her mother used the tone that seemed to compel Allison to comply and she did.

"I did it because I can, okay? I did it because I have my position in life and he has his. And you need to learn about your position in life which is miles above ordinary riff raff like him. They won't tell you this at Harvard so I am telling you."

She then turned her attention to me as I lay on the floor still trying to recover from the kick.

"You're not getting up until you crawl over, kiss Allison's feet and properly acknowledge her place as your superior. Or do you need a little more convincing?"

Chapter 6

I was terrified that she would kick me again and almost as scared that she would instruct Allison to continue beating me. I remembered Allison's words about not pissing off her mom so I began obediently crawling over to Allison who was standing mute with a perplexed look on her face. She apparently didn't know what to do either.

Nobody said a word as I continued with my humiliating crawl. When I got there I gently kissed the top of each one of Allison's K-Swiss workout shoes. Mom took a step closer and I knew that I had to make my speech convincing or else.

"I am here... I acknowledge you as my ...superior, Allison. The beatings that you administered to me made it totally obvious." I looked up at her, her eyes were now wide with wonderment at what was happening and the pleased smile was returning. "You are beautiful, highly intelligent, talented and you can defeat me in every way possible. You are my superior and I hope that you accept my submission to your superiority."

She hesitated only briefly. "Thank you Gregory, that was very sweet. Yes, I do accept you." Allison then shot a furtive glance at her mom.

"You accept him as what?" Mom was still drilling her daughter.

Allison turned down to look at my pleading face. "I accept you as my...my inferior, my subordinate. I am your superior to you in every way and it was totally appropriate of you to crawl over and kiss my feet." She seemed to be getting into it just a bit and becoming more comfortable.

"Well, that was better. At least you didn't thank him again for doing what he should have been doing in the first place. You shouldn't even have had to expend the energy needed to beat him up although with a stupid male like him there is nothing like a good physical beating to demonstrate superiority. How do you feel now, Allison?"

"I feel pretty well. I guess you are right mom, as always. I am what I am, he

is what he is and I am comfortable with that. Why should I hide my gifts after working so hard to develop them."

"Well, that's much better. Congratulations sweetheart" mom said as she exchanged an affectionate hug with Allison. I remained on my knees, hoping that my ordeal was finally coming to an end.

"There is just one more exercise today Allison, but it is a big one and it may seem a bit bizarre but it will truly cement today's lesson in your mind. His, too, although I don't really care about that. What I want to is reinforce your position in your mind in a way that will help you always."

I felt my body tense up once again. What could possibly be more bizarre than what had happened already?

"Allison, its been awhile since you had breakfast. You are now going to take a shit into Greg's mouth, he will be your afternoon toilet."

I could not believe what I had just heard. Allison tried to take charge of the situation but I was terrified that her mother would prevail once again.

"Mama, that is really bizarre, I can't believe that you even suggested that. Really, perhaps this is going overboard. We've made our point already. He has kissed my feet and acknowledged me as his superior..."

"All just words, Allison" mom cut in. "Just words and all to easy to forget. After you take a shit in his mouth you will have learned something about yourself that will stay with you forever. It will make you even more stable and balanced in everything else you do, in all of your interactions with the public."

"But Mama, why are we doing this to him?"

"Him? Him? That's what I mean, you still don't get it and you won't until you do what I ask of you. You are going to do this to him because you can, because it is the natural order of things for a woman like you. Ask yourself, why do you have power to do so much and he doesn't have even the power to stop you from using him as a toilet? What is he going to do? Try to run away? He knows that isn't going to work. Or maybe he'll report us to the 'authorities' afterward. That would be a great hoot for everyone. Can you imagine how hard the police would laugh when he tells them that two women beat him up and used his mouth

as a toilet? He'd wind up a public laughing stock unable even to get a cleaning job in the future."

"Or maybe he'll just refuse to accept his role." Mom stopped her diatribe to look down at me menacingly.

"Well, let me just say that I would become really angry at him if he refused this kind offer. So, Greg, just so you know, you can't refuse. Because if you do I am going to beat you senseless. You can tell whatever story you like when you wake up in the hospital but no one will believe you. My friends at the District Attorney's office will already have been told that you tried to attack my daughter and that we used our training to defend ourselves and you got hurt in the process, like anyone will care. I'll have my lawyers take whatever pitiful assets you have and make sure that you can't work anywhere with your new criminal record."

"Oh wait.." mom continued, mockingly stroking her chin.

"Maybe he's thinking that he can grab some type of impromptu weapon and effect his getaway. Well let me be a good host and see if I can help him out." She walked over to a large closet, rummaged for a second and came out with a huge baseball bat. She looked at the label as she continued towards me with the bat.

"Matt Williams model. Autographed and everything. We got it when we stayed with the Diamondback's owners on our last Arizona trip. Here, Gregory, get up and take it. Maybe it will help you out."

I got up as she said but I wouldn't take the bat. I figured that it wasn't in the closet to be used for the family softball game. It was probably there so the family could practice taking it away from an assailant and then most likely use it against him. If I tried to use it she would probably take it away from me in an instant and then I would be in even more trouble. To say nothing of the fact that Allison would come up behind me and choke me into unconsciousness.

"No thanks..." I muttered despondently as I looked down. "Oh, but I insist!" she said as she thrust the handle towards me. I reluctantly took it but held it loosely. She stood there with her hands up. "Go ahead, Gregory. Take your best shot. You won't get a better opportunity than this. I'm about to make you eat my daughter's shit. You have the bat, go ahead, get even with me. Go ahead, you're a man with a bat and I'm a woman. Whats the matter, are you still scared? Even

now you won't try to do something to avoid becoming my daughter's toilet?"

I knew better and just stood there motionless. She held out her hand and I handed her the bat with relief. "Now, I'm getting tired of all this talk. Prepare for Allison's afternoon defecation. Take your clothes off so that you are naked before us."

An hour ago her request would have seemed absurd but at this point it was just another unbelievable event. Without saying a word I began to remove my clothes. Before long I was standing naked before my tormentor and her beautiful genius daughter. I heard Allison giggle nervously.

"Well, there's a clue for you Allison. If he had any genetics worth passing on he wouldn't have been given such a tiny penis."

Chapter 7

Allison began laughing uncontrollably while I stood there naked. She would occasionally try to slip in an "I'm sorry,I'm sorry." Finally she composed herself and mom continued.

"Okay, do you feel better now? Are you ready to go? I'll get the camping toilet from the closet, he can just stick his head underneath it. I have an old shower curtain for him to lie on. The good thing is that after he becomes your toilet he goes back to being the cleaning servant so he can clean up any mess. A perfect arrangement."

"But Mama, really, is this good for him?"

"Please, Allison, with your diet I'm sure that there is more nutrition in your shit than in anything that he might happen to eat by chance. If anything you'll be giving him his vitamins for the day." Mom was heading for the closet now for the camping toilet and shower curtain.

"It looks like this is going to happen, Greg" Allison said to me quietly. "I'm sorry."

I tried to mumble to her that it was okay. After all, what choice did I have. I also genuinely liked her despite the fact that she had beaten the crap out of me and

cost me ten grand. If I wasn't so scared I would probably have a raging hard on just from being naked in front of her.

Mom came back with the camping toilet which was a toilet seat mounted on a piece of strong Plexiglas. Four other solid Plexiglas panels were designed to slide into slots under the toilet seat to form a bottomless box. Mom slid in three of the panels but left the front open, apparently to leave space for my head. She spread the shower curtain out and placed the three sided toilet on top of it. She tested it for stability and announced that it was perfect. Allison was still not convinced.

"But mom, why?"

"You shouldn't even be asking, Allison. It should be obvious to you. You are miles above him and have nothing to be ashamed about. You are bred from better genetics that have given you superior intelligence, discipline and incredible physical ability. Men can't take their eyes off of you AND you have an IQ that they can't even fathom. You shouldn't even be asking why Allison. You are a top student at Harvard, you speak four languages fluently, you get offered summer internships for more money than he makes in five years. I won't even get into your physical superiority over him; you saw what happened when you faced him mano a mano in boxing. You destroyed him with ease."

"You need to shit in a man's mouth to reinforce your position and capabilities in your own mind. Are you ready to 'go' now?"

"Yes, Mama" Allison said in her obedient tone and I knew that my fate was sealed.

Chapter 8

Mom ordered me into the toilet seat, picking up the baseball bat for emphasis. I had no intention of disobeying her. I resigned myself to the fact that the way out of this mess was through that toilet and this bizarre ritual.

I lay there on my back looking up at the ceiling. The two of them came over to look down at me and I got a toilet eye view of the two of them. Allison was trying to hide her smile but mom was not.

"Okay, this is it, lets go" mom said.

Allison backed up to the toilet and I was looking up at the back of her shorts as she unzipped and pulled them down, exposing her panties which came off next, sliding down to her ankles. I couldn't believe the view of her perfect tight butt that I was getting from the toilet seat. She was sheer perfection.

Suddenly the two of them burst out laughing and Allison exclaimed, "Look at that!! Why???" I realized all fear had left my body and the sight of Allison was giving me a major erection at the strangest possible time.

Mom stopped laughing long enough to explain. "That's because it is exciting for him just to be used by a female like you in any way. He has no complaints about what is happening, trust me. This is the most exciting thing that has happened to him in years." She was starting to make sense, even to me.

Allison lowered herself down slowly. The box darkened but enough light came through the panels to let me see the perfect ass now just a few inches from my face.

"Look at that little thing standing straight up" mom commented.

"Finally a show of respect for you" narrated Mom.

Allison laughed slightly and the toilet shook. She leaned forward a bit and I prepared myself. But suddenly she stood up and began pulling up her panties. Had she changed her mind?

"I can never do this without having something to read" she announced. "Let me get something."

She quickly left the room leaving me alone with mom, who bent over the toilet seat, cleared her throat and spat the result as a large glob of saliva right onto my face. I instinctively tried to get my hand into the box to wipe it off when she put the bat handle down hard on my balls. I froze.

"Don't try to wipe it off. When one of us spits in your face we're not doing it so that you can wipe it off. You better not fuck this up for me now. When she comes back I want to see you be the perfect toilet. As soon as you see her I want your mouth wide open and waiting, understand?" She pressed down a bit on the

bat for emphasis. "And it stays wide open the whole time. Whatever she puts in it stays there. Then I want her to see you chew on it and swallow and love it. Now spread your legs apart so that your balls will be a wide open target for me. You won't know where I will be with this bat and your balls will be totally vulnerable so I will know that your cooperation will be assured."

She began tapping on my thighs with the bat and I obediently spread my legs apart. She was right, I was now totally vulnerable and I really had no idea what she would do with the bat if I did anything to piss her off. She tapped lightly on my exposed balls with the end of the bat. I got the message.

Allison came back with her book. I noticed that it wasn't in English and I could make out the name 'Dostoevsky' written in Cyrillic characters. So the beautiful girl who kicked my ass was reading a book in Russian, a book that I could not get through in English. The thought of becoming her toilet seemed more natural to me with every passing minute. I followed her mother's instructions and opened wide when I saw her. At this point it seemed like the right thing to do.

She looked down on me, smiled, and announced a cheerful "I got my book! Here goes nothing!"

She turned around and began removing her shorts again, commenting that this was the point where "his little penis stood up" last time. Then she sat down and I was alone in the box just staring up at her bottom.

"This may take a while" she announced to no one in particular.

"Well, he's certainly not going anywhere. I'll do some stretching." Mom said.

Allison opened her book. I felt strangely peaceful and resigned lying beneath her about to become her toilet. There was nothing that I could do about it anyway and she had proven herself to be such a remarkable girl that I don't know that I would have left even if I could have. I felt like I was floating, not too high and not too low. Lying flat on my back beneath her seemed like the right place for me to be. I was convinced that she deserved to use me in this manner.

"Oh...I have to pee first" Allison said.

"Then you are in the right place" mom answered without stopping her

stretching. "Wide, Gregory. Keep it wide open."

Allison sighed. I felt her lean forward just a bit and a steady stream of her piss started to cover my face. I did keep my mouth wide open and a fairly good amount got into my mouth. I let it build up there but was afraid to let it overflow. With a huge 'gulp' I swallowed it all down. It didn't taste as bad as I had anticipated. In fact it was warm and mildly flavor able. All in all, it wasn't too bad and it was exciting to think that I was drinking something that had been inside this superwoman just a few seconds ago.

"He just gulped down a big mouthful of my piss. I heard it. I think that I can..."

I looked up at her buttohole which was now the center of my universe. Her cheeks were wide opened and her hole was puckering slightly. Then it relaxed.

"Almost" she remarked with just a bit of frustration in her voice. "I'm going to meditate. That relaxes me and helps me go."

She put the book down and sat up straight. A few seconds later she blew a fart right into my face.

"Oops! Perhaps I should have mentioned that sometimes I break wind when I meditate."

Mom was laughing. "He doesn't mind. He's just happy that you aren't beating the shit out of him right now." There was some truth to that. I was aware and comforted by the fact that the person pissing and farting and about to shit on me was truly special. A girl who could best me mentally and physically by a wide margin.

She leaned forward again and seemed to be straining. I could see her cheeks open and her butt whole puckering again. I vaguely heard her mom clear her throat again and tap lightly on the floor with the baseball bat. She seemed close by. I kept my mouth wide open.

I saw the turd emerge from her butt and I closed my eyes to help me get through this. Sure enough it landed right in my mouth, as Allison was precise in all things. It hit my tongue and the side of my cheek. It was warm and smelled...well it smelled like shit. I was afraid to move. Suddenly Allison grunted

and another turd fell out, partly on top of the first one but now sticking out of my mouth and partly on my nose and upper lip. Now I could really smell it. As shit went it didn't smell too bad but it definitely reeked. To top things off she let out with a final huge fart and I was almost intoxicated by the mixture of her shit and her intestinal gas.

Allison stood up and turned around to look at me. Her eyes were wide with amazement when she saw her shit filling and hanging out of my mouth.

"Is he chewing?" mom asked. She tapped the bat on the ground. "If he isn't chewing here I can use this 'plunger' here to get a good flush out of him."

I knew what I had to do. I slowly moved my jaw and felt Allison's shit begin to squish between my teeth. Pieces were hitting the back of my throat and I swallowed involuntarily. I was eating her shit. I opened my eyes and could see the two of them staring down at me intently through the toilet seat.

"Mom he is eating my shit. That man is eating my shit. Unbelievable."

"Totally believable to me. You earned it, you did it to him. But he isn't finished yet." With the end in sight I gulped down as much as I could. After awhile it didn't get any worse and I got almost all of it down.

"There is some left on your lip" Allison pointed out. I swiped the remaining piece into my mouth with my tongue, much to their delight, and swallowed it. "You know," Allison observed, "it does have a certain permanence to it. He ate my shit. He can never forget that. For the rest of his life when he thinks of me he will think of the girl who kicked his ass and then took a shit in his open mouth. Forever."

"Exactly" mom said proudly. "But more importantly, how do YOU feel?"

Allison thought about it for a second. "Empowered. Empowered and uplifted and unbeatable. I liked it. Thanks mom" she said before hugging her. "Um...I have to go get some toilet paper if you'll excuse me."

"Okay" mom laughed. "He would probably be happy to lick the rest out of your ass but you are better off just getting some toilet paper."

While Allison was out mom shocked me by telling me my full name, address and phone number. She had apparently gone through my wallet while I was in the

toilet box. She explained that she wanted the full info on me just in case I left the cleaning company. In the meantime she said that she would call them if she needed my 'services' again. Then she told me to get up and clean everything off, starting with the floor and the toilet box. I was to clean my face and mouth last.

I had just finished cleaning my face when Allison walked in. She had changed into dark slacks and a light blue sweater. She looked great. I was filled with a sense of admiration and lust for my conqueror.

"Greg, I know that whole thing must have been extreme to you, but I've been thinking about it and I believe that my mom was right about the whole thing. You are you and I am me; we are at two different levels. I don't...I don't clean other people's houses. I'm getting a degree from Harvard, I have skills that everyone admires and I have worked hard to make myself a strong person in all ways. You haven't, Greg. Which is why what just happened happened. Like I said, mom was right...I was right for using you as my toilet. And Greg, I plan on using you again when and if I need to. And I don't expect to have to physically beat you beforehand from now on."

There was such confidence in her voice and such beautiful sincerity in her eyes that I could only nod my head in agreement. She stood up slowly.

"I have to go now; I volunteer teach at the local after-school center. But we'll be in touch, okay?"

She didn't offer her hand, she just left the room. I couldn't help but admire the beautiful butt that had just delivered my lunch to me.

Mom then came in, pointed out some spots that needed additional cleaning and told me to get ready to leave. She also told me that they would contact me through the cleaning agency and reminded me that she had all of my home info.

"You don't want me coming to your home and humiliating you in front of your family" she advised wisely.

Epilogue

Allison did contact me again through the agency and then started going directly to my cell phone. She would call me whenever she wanted to be

'enervated'. I came to not only tolerate the toilet sessions but actually came to enjoy and look forward to them. They seemed so right. If it was anyone else other than Allison, even if it was another beautiful woman, I don't think that I would have felt the same way. But she was beautiful and nice and so smart and capable.

She would always explain why she was going to shit into my mouth. One time it was because a Harvard faculty member was coming to interview her for a special program and she wanted to be as sharp as possible. Other times she was preparing for tennis or martial arts tournaments. There was one bittersweet time when she told me that she was going out on a date with a congressman's son and thought that shitting in my mouth would set her at ease first. Her cell phone rang right in the middle of the session and I heard her laughing with the guy while she was shitting in her mouth. I'm sure that the guy had no idea what was happening or what type of woman he was getting. But he was one lucky bastard.

END!

A World for the Taking
by Couture
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I watched my mother rub the fuzzy fabric between her fingers. Not looking at the cashmere sweater, just feeling it. Her eyes were directed elsewhere. At someone I didn't want them directed at.

"You want me to distract the saleslady?" I asked, trying to get her mind on her 'shopping'.

"No," she said, still looking out of the corner of her eye.

I knew who she was looking at without even turning my head. I had noticed the group of girls earlier, the way they looked around to see if anyone was watching, but not even noticing Mother or me . . . amateurs. They whispered to their small friend with glasses. They were trying to get her to take something. She was obviously scared, and didn't want to do it, but it was obvious her resolve was weakening. The worst part was, judging from the look of the other girls, they probably wouldn't even let her keep it.

"You want her?" mother asked.

"No thanks."

"Maybe I should take her then?"

"Mother. . ." I let it hang. She could be so exasperating sometimes - downright embarrassing.

Her nostrils flared. I looked over and watched the girl put a brightly colored blouse in an empty shopping bag. My mom went around the other side of the clothing rack stalking the poor girl.

"Come on Mom, why are you even bothering with her?" I caught her by her sleeve. "She's nothing - not even enough to take."

I was scared. Not of the girl getting taken, but scared because the girls went

to my school. What in the world would I do if they found out what kind of person mother really was?

"You know when I was your age, I had taken dozens," mother said.

"But Mom," I said. "That was a long time ago and things have changed. Besides, I'm going to school so I can have a real job."

Mother ran her fingers through my hair and looked down at me with a disappointed glare. "I see that I've done a 'real job' of spoiling you. Do you think we could afford the lifestyle we lead, without mummy's work?"

"I know that's what you do mom, and there's nothing wrong with it. It's just that maybe I don't want to do it. I'm not like you."

"You're more like me than you know." That damned knowing smirk again.

"No I'm not."

"Yes you are."

"Am not."

"Okay sweetie, let's not argue," Mother said, as she reached over and rolled a silk blouse through her fingers. "And they call this silk? This is crap. I'm going to go see if I can find a store that doesn't have seconds."

"The shirt is fine Mother."

"Maybe for you," she said patronizingly. "Surely they have something of quality in this mall. Really, I wouldn't even come in here if it wasn't for THEM. Tell you what, I'll meet you in the food court in an hour. "

To tell the truth, I was glad to leave her. It wasn't the clothes that she didn't like. Mother liked clothes. But there was one thing she loved more than clothes and that was taking. It was obvious what her mind was on today. She would probably take someone today and I didn't want to be around when she did it.

I shopped for awhile and tried on a new pair of shoes. The saleswoman wasn't very helpful or attentive, so I put my old shoes back in the box and left. An hour

later I met mom at the food court. We ordered sushi and sat down to eat at one of the small tables with an umbrella on top. Why people put umbrellas on tables that are indoors, I'll never know.

"You Take?" Mother asked.

"Just a pair of shoes." I showed them to her and she was her usual critical self.

"Want to see what I took?" she asked, beaming proudly.

"Sure."

She showed me the contents of her bag, a very younglooking brightly colored shirt. Not mother's style at all, but the look in her eyes said she was pleased as a peach. She was smiling like the cat that ate the canary.

I thought it was for me at first, but then my stomach lurched as I recognized where I had last seen the blouse. "Mother, you didn't."

Her eyes twinkled. "Oh but I did. I'm sorry sweetie, but I couldn't resist. She was just too easy. It was like finding fifty dollars on the ground and no one was looking. Oh, and you were right, she does go to your school. Isn't that nice?"

Damn, it was all my fault. I should have never left Mother alone. Not when she had that look in her eye. Now, what was I going to do? Yes, get out of there as quickly as possible. "That's it then mother. Okay, we're leaving right now. Quick, before she sees us together. I don't want to have to move again."

Mother's smile grew wider. Sometimes I hated her. She could be so infuriating.

"Oh, I don't think she'd like that very much sweetie," she said.

"This is serious mother. I have to go to school with these people. It's bad enough I've had to move around all my life. But this, this is totally and completely unforgivable," I said, being as forceful as I dared without being noticed by the other diners. "Tell me what you did."

"I did the old undercover security officer routine. I gave her a good searching

and then I took everything. I've put all the new purchases I bought with her credit card and checks in the car already."

"Damn it mother," I said. "She was just a girl. *I* could have taken her. Why couldn't you have taken someone else? Someone more worthwhile."

"Like who?" Mother smirked.

"Oh, I don't know," I said. It was so exasperating talking to her sometimes. The point wasn't, who it was, just that she shouldn't cause me problems by picking people I might know. "Someone like that woman there," I said, nodding at a young woman passing by. Mother would never have chosen someone like her though. The woman obviously had money, judging from the clothes she was wearing, but she had an aloofness that suggested she was better than everyone else. It's hard to take from someone who won't even look at you.

"Take her then," mother said.

"No!" I wasn't taking anyone. "We're leaving."

"If not for yourself or for me, then do it for Penny."

"Penny who?"

"Your little friend from school," she said. "I didn't just Take her money. . . I Took *everything*. She's in a restroom stall, naked as the day she was born. I told her I would send someone back later with her clothes."

"Where is she?" I demanded. "We're giving them back - - right now."

"I'm not telling," she said smugly. "I'm not telling unless you Take . . . her." She nodded at the retreating form of the woman I had noticed earlier.

Damn it - damn it - what was I going to do? "Someone else mother. Someone easy." Why did I pick her anyway? Why couldn't I have chosen a young boy or an old man.

She just smiled and shook her head. The bitch!

"What do I do?" I asked.

"Figure it out."

"Fine," I said as I got up. I refused to let mother know she had gotten the better of me.

"You're really going to do it?" Mother asked.

"Yes," I said. "Do I have a choice."

"I was just teasing you honey," she said. "Sit back down and finish your drink. Then we can go home or maybe Take someone together. Someone easy."

"But, what about Penny?"

"Fuck Penny," she said. "What's she to *us*?"

"She goes to my school," I said. "But I'm not just doing this for Penny . . .I'm going to take that woman, because you don't think I can."

"Sit down Lisa," she said. "Think it over. You know better."

"I'm Taking her." I knew I was being stupidly prideful, but I couldn't help it. Mother thought she was better than me because I went to school and had bigger plans in live. . She thought I would end up just like her . . .a Taker, lifting things here and there and hustling people to make a living.

"Do it then," she said, shrugging her shoulders. "I'll be waiting in the car and ready to go in an instant. Do you remember where we parked?"

"Yes, mother."

"Then do it. Take her."

"Fine." I was already beginning to regret my decision. Why hadn't I agreed with her and just went home? Now she was safely in the car and I had to try to Take that rich woman. Well, I would show her. I got up, taking my diet Pepsi with me, and casually followed the woman. I still had no idea what to do. How to Take her? The shoplifting trick wouldn't work, not for someone like her, not even if I could plant something on her. No, she would just buy her way out of it with a laugh. I followed her to a few stores, watching, but not letting anyone know I was

watching, from a safe distance.

Mother would probably have known what to do, but I didn't have a clue. Maybe I could pretend to be a salesgirl and offer her a real good deal -- cash money for whatever she wanted. Nah, she'd never go for it. What I needed, was to get inside the woman's mind. What made Miss Stuckup tick?

It was amusing to watch the sales woman fell all over herself to help Miss Stuckup. But finally, Miss Stuckup found something she liked and went to the dressing room. This was my big chance; it was now or never. I picked up a shirt I didn't even like and followed her.

I was still clueless on how I was going to Take her. While she had her pants down, I could easily snatch her purse and run. Only problem was, security would be after me and I couldn't give Penny her clothes afterwards. That damned stupid girl! I wouldn't even be doing this if it wasn't for that fucking Penny, who just had to go and shoplift in front of my mother. I pictured Penny naked, nervous, alone, and waiting for someone to bring her some clothes. I must admit the thought of her - naked and alone - aroused me. It also gave me an idea. I went to the next dressing room over from Miss Stuckup and quickly shed my clothes. I was naked as Penny, but I wasn't Penny. I was smarter - a Taker. My heart sped and I prayed my plan would work, but was what I was doing right? It didn't matter. I had to do it to help my classmate and to teach my mother a lesson. But, this wasn't like taking a pair of shoes from a company that pays its executive millions of dollars a year. This was a living breathing person.

I imagined Miss Stuckup vainly preening in front of the mirror. I imagined her being cruel to the people who waited on her. The people she treated like dirt. Yes, Miss Stuckup deserved it. She deserved to be Taken. It was only fair. I was doing the world a favor.

I summoned up my nerve, pushed my purse underneath the small space beneath the dressing room stall and the floor, and then rolled under myself.

Miss Stuckup sputtered and spat, her eyes wide at the sight of my naked body. "Wh-what- get out - oh my god- get out."

I put my hand over her mouth. "If someone comes in, I'll say you tried to rape me. Do you want that to happen?" I said it all serious like, no smile or giggle - one hundred percent pure business. I was no longer a high school senior but a full

fledged Taker. Her face grew pale. She closed her eyes and shook her head.

"Good, cause I'm only fourteen," I lied. I'm eighteen, but what was she gonna do, check my license?

"And if you get caught with me, then that would make you one of them - like - sex offenders or something wouldn't it? You know, even when you get out of prison, they are gonna make you register with your state and the city you live in." Miss Stuckup looked like she was going to faint and I warmed to the role and the power I felt. "Not to mention the women in prison. I think they would be hard on a someone who messed with a child, much less a rich bitch like you, ya know?"

Tears streamed from her eyes as she nodded her head. She was mine. I had Taken her. Sure as shit, I had Taken her. Now, I only had to keep her off balance and not let her think.

"Did you just look at me, like you think you're better than me, stuck up bitch?" I asked angrily. She didn't, but that wasn't the point. She shook her head.

"You think your clothes make you better than me, Miss Stuckup?"

"no," she managed to squeak.

"Then take 'em off. Hurry," I urged. "I'm not fucking playing. Do I look like I'm playing?"

"No," she said, her eyes pleading. Her top was off already, and soon her skirt lay in a puddle at her feet.

She stood in front of me blushing and I stared at her in disbelief. She was wearing garters and stockings, panties on outside the garters. I knew in that instant it was her husband who had the money.

I fingered one of her garters, sweat had broken out on her brow, as she vainly tried move away from me. "Are you some kind of whore Miss Stuckup?"

"No," she whispered. "I'm ahh- married . . . and my husband."

"Likes you to slut for him?"

"Please," she begged. "What do you want?"

"I want you to take off your bra and panties bitch. Now do it, or I'll scream rape, I swear it!"

She took off her bra first. Her breasts were large, but fake. A nice Beverly Hills job though. She slid her panties off, and hid her sex behind her hand.

"Not so much better than me now, are you Miss Fake Boobies?"

She shook her head again. "Please what do you want?" she begged, her cheeks burned a bright crimson, as tears welled in her eyes.

Instead of feeling guilty, I honestly felt like laughing and had to do my best to give her a mean angry look. "Move your hand. What are you hiding, you don't think I haven't seen a pussy before?"

She moved her hand and I was momentarily speechless. Her sex was a smooth as silk. Damn, what women will do to keep a rich husband.

"Wow, it's smooth," I said in awe. "I reached down to touch her, to see if it was really as smooth and soft as it looked. She moved to stop me.

"You know better," I warned and she withdrew her hand. I touched her and met no resistance. Her pussy was amazingly soft, without a hint of stubble. I also discovered that she was also . . . growing quite wet.

"Amazing," I said, still rubbing her. "Do you wax it?"

"No, oh, I ah - it was ah - laser."

"I'm turning you on, huh? You fuck an old guy I bet, but you like girls, don't you? Huh, Miss Stuck-up, you like girls?"

"No-ah!" she gasped.

"Little girls? Is that it, you like young girls?"

"No, oh God, please stop," she begged. Though she shook her head no, her she opened her legs wider. Her pussy was positively gushing and her nipples grew

erect.

I heard the outside door to the dressing room open and there was a knock on the door to our stall. "Is everything okay?" the saleswoman asked.

I could feel Miss Stuckup tense in my hands. I could smell her arousal and I could almost hear her thinking. This could be her last chance for help, but what could she do, with me behind her, my finger delving into her sex. How could she explain it?

"No," Miss Stuckup said. "I'm fine. I ah I ah need tough- be left alone ah - while I'm changing if you don't mind."

As soon as the door closed again, my fingers sped. Her pussy made wet smacking sounds as I fucked three fingers into her sex, rubbing her clit with my thumb.

"Please stop- ah- oh -please don't do this," she gasped. And yet, she spread her legs, making herself all the more available to me, bracing herself on the wall with her hands for support.

"Now let's get back to business," I said, as I pushed a finger in her ass. "Do you like young girls, baby, is that it?" I had my hands full now, filling her from the front and back.

"No- ugh - no, oh God," she gasped. "Please stop."

So I did, but I kept my fingers inside her to keep her manageable, but I didn't move them. Then inspiration hit. "You don't like young girls, you want to *be* a young girl, don't you? That's why you have a bald puss, isn't it?"

She shook her head, tossing tears left and right.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Diana - ahhhh- Diana."

"Well, Daina-ahh Diana, that's an awfully big name for such a little girl, I think I'm gonna call you Dee-Dee for short, is that okay with you?"

"Yes - ugh," she whimpered.

"Yes, Miss Lisa," I corrected.

"Ahh, yes Miss Lisahhh,"

"Dee-Dee, what are you doing out here in this big-ol' mall all by your lonesome?"

"Ah, I ah don't know." She moved back against my fingers.

"Poor Dee-Dee, alone in such a big mall all by her little self. Did mommy leave you? Are you lost? Do you want Miss Lisa to take care of you little girl?"

"Yes, Miss," she said in the cutest little voice you could imagine.

"Good girl," I cooed. "Okay Dee-Dee, do you want to play a game? I know, let's play the horsy game. Do you want to play the horsy game?"

She nodded her head, actively moving up and down on my fingers - riding me. It was what gave me the idea in the first place.

"Good girl, it looks like you already know how to play. Go on girl, ride the horsy."

Her hips moved up and down faster and faster. Her moisture was soaking my whole hand and I could feel my own puddling beneath me on the hard seat. It wasn't a young girl's ass bobbing up and down on my arm, but a woman's ass. Full and thick, bucking and thrusting with years of experience. It she was doing it because I was making her. Fuck if I wasn't getting turned on.

"Ah-ah-ah," Diane cried a little too loudly.

"Shush," I urged. "Be a good girl."

"B-but-ugh- my ass is burning."

"So?" What? Like it was my problem or something. "You want to ride or not Dee-Dee?"

She gave a plaintive whine, her hips bucked faster.

"Look in the mirror," I ordered. "Look at yourself."

She looked at herself in the mirror and gave a long moan. It set her off, and her body shook when she orgasmed. When she stopped, her body squeaked as she slid down the mirror, until she sat next to me.

I wiped my hand clean on her clothes and rummaged through her purse while she recovered.

"What are you doing?" she asked, but the fight had long since gone out of her.

"Getting a few things, Dee-Dee" I replied.

I held up a few of her credit cards. "Which has the smallest limit?"

Puzzled, she pointed to her Discover card. I took her money, the discover credit card, and her license. "Which is the key to your house?"

She hesitated and then pointed.

"I don't think you will like what happens if I find you've lied. I've got your license, so I know where you live."

Tears welled and she pointed to another key. The little bitch had lied to me.

"That's a good girl, Dee-Dee," I said, patting her knee. "Now tell Miss Lisa what you will do to keep this quiet."

"Anything," the tears were flowing now, and if I wasn't feeling so horny, I probably would have felt a little guilty.

"How much is it worth?"

"It's not my money, it's my husband's."

"How much?"

"Ten thousand." She saw my look and quickly amended.

"Okay, maybe fifteen, but I don't even know how I'll get it without him getting suspicious."

I reached between her legs and stroked her sex. She made no effort to stop me. "It's okay Dee-Dee, I don't want you to get in trouble," I said. "Now think real hard and tell Miss Lisa how much you think you can get each month without getting caught."

"Ah, two hundred," she said. She was responding to my fingers again. I had her right where I wanted her.

"Miss Lisa." I corrected.

"Two hundred Miss Lisa."

I diddled her clit, and the poor thing was gushing again. What a pervert. "Only two hundred Dee-Dee? A pretty and smart girl like you is only worth two hundred dollars?"

"Four hundred. I think I can get four hundred Miss Lisa."

"I want you to think real hard Dee-Dee. Maybe we could even play little girl games again. And I'm not going to be able to play little girl games if you are in prison. I think when they see your pretty boobies and bald little girly puss, those hard prison women are gonna want to play big girl games -- *rough games*. So tell me Dee, how much is it worth hmmm? Hhow much to play little girl games."

"A thousand, Miss Lisa" she gasped.

She gasped even louder when I stuck my wet finger in her ass. "That sounds like a very good number from a very smart and pretty little girl. Now here's what I want you to do. . ."

I gave Dee-Dee instructions on what was going to happen. When she left, I had her write me two checks for five hundred a piece. I would meet her in a month for the thousand in cash. In return, I would play a little girl game with her. She didn't realize it yet, but she would be playing big girl games before long - rough games. Oh yes, I had a lot of ideas for Dee-Dee.

I told her to get as far away from the store as quickly as possible and not to come back because I was going to file a rape report when she left. As long as the checks kept coming in, she was safe. She was crying when she left, but she also seemed relieved. It could have been much worse. I had Taken her, but she could live with it, and I wasn't greedy.

I left right after she did. I never filed a report; I had no intention to. My mother was waiting for me in the car. I guess the smile on my face told the story.

"You Took her," she said, hugging me. "I'm so proud of you. Now, let's get out of here and you can tell me all about it."

"It's okay," I said. "No one will be coming out."

She looked at me as if she didn't quite trust me. "How much did you Take?"

I gave her the check for five hundred, along with the three hundred in cash I lifted, and beamed proudly.

"Three hundred?" she winced. "And what the hell where you thinking? A check! She'll stop payment before we can cash it. Did you get any cards?"

"She won't stop payment," I said, and showed her the credit card.

"Not a bad Take," she said, handing me the cash back. "You've earned it. The rest will go to your room and board. It's high time you started pulling your own weight around here. Why I was paying my own way by the time I was sixteen. You've just turned eighteen and you haven't even started."

"Yes, mother," I groaned. "And mother, what about the girl in the bathroom?"

She tossed me a bag. "To hell with her, Lisa. I would have thought your first take would have straightened you out."

Maybe it did. I felt different inside. More powerful. Strong. Yet, in a way, I owed it all to Penny. If it wasn't for her, I would never have had the courage to take Diana as successfully as I did.

"The clothes mother," I repeated. "You promised."

"You are too obstinate to be my child. Oh, well, here's her damned clothes. She's in the lower restroom by Talheimer's, but I don't even know why you want to bother. I've already Taken her. There's nothing left."

"She goes to my school," I said. "Besides, I may even be able to work out a deal where she can do my homework." Mother could be so one dimensional sometimes, but she began to catch on when I mentioned homework. I had learned with Diana, there were things you could take that didn't come out of a wallet.

"That's good, now you're thinking like a Taker, but with money, you don't need homework or school" Mother hugged me again. "How's it feel?"

"It feels good. Real good," I said. "And don't worry about me mother. I'll catch a ride home. If I can't, I'll call you, okay?"

"Sure thing sweetie, you've earned it. But don't let this one Take go to your head. Stick with mummy and everything will be just grand."

"Thanks mom."

I tossed Penny's clothes in the trash, bought some new ones along the way. I also stopped at Walgreens and bought a disposable camera, and made my way to the restroom. I knocked on the locked door.

"Who is it?" she asked, timidly.

"Someone asked me to take this bag to a girl that was in here."

"Thank God," she said. "Toss the bag under."

"Unlock the door," I said.

"No - I ah can't."

"Fine. See you later." I walked back to the door, but I knew she wouldn't let me leave.

"Wait," she called. I heard the latch slide open. When I opened the door, she was on the commode, an arm over her breast and a hand over her crotch.

"My God," I exclaimed, feigning surprise. "You're naked!"

"Please give me the bag," she pleaded.

"No fucking way!" I said, pretending to recognize her for the first time. "You go to my school don't you. Oh shit, you're Penny Hudson!"

She started crying. I coerced her with the bag of clothes and eventually got the whole story out of her of what happened with Mother, even though I already knew.

"Wow, what a story," I said. "What was it like? Were you scared?"

"It was horrible. I don't know when I was scared most. When I thought I was going to be arrested for shoplifting or when I was robbed and she skipped out with my clothes."

"God, could you have imagined if that woman made you do things? What if she made you do sex things. I mean she had you naked. Did she like touch you? Did she make you kiss her?"

"No, no she didn't," she begged, clearly growing uncomfortable with my new line of questioning. "Please, can I have my clothes now?"

"Oh I don't know. Maybe I'll go find some students from our school and tell them you are in here doing sex things for strange women."

"Oh no," she cried. "You wouldn't."

"Oh yes, I would," I said. "But, not as long as you do what I want."

"What do you want?" Her voice trembled, but she was no longer crying.

"I want you to take your hands and put them on top of your head, and then I want you to lean back and spread your legs."

"Please no," she begged.

"It's me or them," I said.

"Oh, God, I can't believe I'm doing this," she said, as she closed her eyes and obeyed me. Her hard nipples were stiff and pointing and the moist pink folds of her sex peaked out from her nether lips.

I fished out the disposable camera and took a quick picture.

"What are you doing?" she squealed, covering her nakedness back up.

"Call it insurance," I said. "Move your hands. It's too late now. Or do you want me to pass out copies of this around the school?"

"No, please don't. I'll do what you want," she said, resigning herself to her fate.

"I know you will. Now put your hands underneath you breasts and offer them to me. Flash. Good girl. So shy. Now, spread your legs. Come on Penny. What will everyone think if they see this? Flash. Good girl. Blow me a kiss. Oh that's it. So sexy. Lick your lips for me. That's my girl. Now, spread your lips for me. No, your lower lips. You know the ones I mean. I want to see all your naughty parts. You better do it. I'm not playing games with you. Yeah, that's it. Spread them for me. Oh yes, hold that pose. You're getting wet. Can't hide from me. That's it, give me a pretty blush. Wow, people would pay good money for pictures like these."

"Please stop," she whimpered.

"It's too late to stop. You know that and I know that. We've gone too far to stop," I chided. "Now, tilt your hips and spread wide for me. I want to see everything. Even your dirty hole." I snapped a few more pictures, and to her dismay took a few close-ups, before putting the camera back in my bag.

"Don't worry Penny," I said. "No one will ever see these as long as you are my special friend. And you do want to be my special friend, don't you?"

"Yes . . ." she said. She really didn't want to be my friend, but she *had* to. It was the only way.

"Yes, Miss Lisa," I corrected. Time to get this relationship started on the right foot. "Now ask Miss Lisa if you can touch her pussy."

"I'm not like that Lis-I mean Miss Lisa," she whined. "I ah-like boys."

Whether she did or not was too fucking bad. Dee had left me in a bad state already and by now I was going to cum or bust wide open.

"You ever been with a girl?" I asked.

"no. . ." she replied meekly.

"Then you don't know then, do you?" I asked, and then leered down at her naked and very aroused body. "And I know I've aroused you. I mean, just look at you."

Penny blushed prettily as she glanced down at her sordid state. Her lean thighs pressed tightly together.

I turned to leave. "Maybe you want to take your chances with someone else. . ."

"Wait . . ." she said. She looked down at her naked and aroused state, and then at the bag in my hand. She nodded her head like a scared little bunny.

"Ask me." I said. "I want to hear you ask for it."

She hesitated, opened her mouth up to begin, but couldn't find the words. She tried again. "Uh-can I touch you . . . Miss Lisa. Can I touch your . . . pussy?" She said, clearly uncomfortable with saying Miss Lisa as well as pussy.

"Yes you may Penny," I said. "But gently now. Start at my calves and caress your way to my pussy." God, it was wonderful. I loved Taking.

Finally her fingers reached my hot sex. Her touch was electric. God, I wanted her.

"See, you've made me wet. Isn't that wonderful?"

She nodded. She didn't look quite as scared as she had before.

"I expect you to answer yes, Miss Lisa or No, Miss Lisa with every question."

"Yes, Miss Lisa."

"Would you like to see it Penny? After all, I've seen so much of you."

"Yes, Miss Lisa."

"Then ask me."

"Please Miss Lisa," Penny said, with her voice trembling. "May I see it? May I see your . . .pussy?"

"Good, girl," I said. "Lower my panties from beneath my skirt."

She obeyed mechanically and moved to raise my skirt. I grabbed her ear and twisted. "Did I say you could see it, bitch? Did I give you permission to look at my pussy?" I demanded.

"No," she yelped. "No Miss Lisa."

"Do you think you deserve to look at my pussy you stupid shit? After you let a grown woman steal your cloths and who knows what else? Well, do you?"

"No Miss Lisa," she begged.

Damn, she was crying again. "Don't cry Penny," I soothed. "Maybe there's something else you can do so you can still be my special friend."

She sniffed, and dried a few tears. "What?"

"Maybe if you promised to close your eyes, I would let you put your head underneath my skirt and give me a special kiss . . . a special kiss on my special place."

She hesitated a moment, her face was etched with the battle of indecision raging within. "Yes," she finally breathed.

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, I promise to close my eyes. May I give you a special kiss Miss Lisa . . . on your special place."

"Oh, I think that would be wonderful . . . friend," I said. "Now, close your eyes. That's good. And hold still while I put my leg on your shoulder. Don't be scared now, because I'm putting my skirt down over your head and it might be dark. Isn't that nice? All safe, like a bug in a rug."

"Mmmpppff," she grunted.

"You don't have to talk Penny, just give Miss Lisa a special kiss. Mmmmmm, that feels real nice," and it did, so soft and magical. But I wanted more. So much more. "But Penny, I was thinking about a French kiss. You've given them to boys before, haven't you? Just pretend that it's my mouth and you're giving your special friend a French kiss."

I grabbed the top of the stalls so I wouldn't fall, otherwise I surely would have. The sensation of her kiss, the way her mouth opened and sucked at my pussy while her tongue delved inside of me, turned my legs to jelly.

"Now stick that tongue in deep. Pretend you want to tickle my tonsils with it. . . Oh! That's it - oh fuck -you are gonna make me cum and I want you to lick up every drop," I gasped. "Oh fuck. Promise me. Ahh-promise to lick every drop."

"Yeth mith Litha," she murmured.

"Ugh, keep going bitch. Oh fuck, suck my clit you little queer. You better get used to this, because you're gonna be doing it a lot. Lot's of special kisses for your special friend. Yeah baby, cause I love it. I love your sweet mouth. I'm going to let you give me special kisses all the time. Oh -fuck - fuck -fuck I'm coming. Don't stop - don't stop - oh - don't stop. . ."

When I came down from my orgasm, I made her close her eyes while I got myself back together. "I want you to give me a ride home." I said. "Give me your car keys." And she did.

"Yes, Miss Lisa," she replied. She kept looking at her pussy, as if to say what about me? Well, what about you?

"Oh yeah, here's the bag, the lady wanted me to give you."

When she saw the contents, her look of disappointment was intense. "Where are my clothes?"

"That's what she gave me," I said, shrugging my shoulders. I knew what it was, I picked it out myself. I one piece tennis skirt I found at a hip hop store along the way. It was white with three red stripes down the side and an Adidas logo on the front. It was also a few sizes too small. "Go ahead, try it on. It should be fine."

"I can't wear this," she said, looking down at her body.

And what a body it was became obvious when she put the skirt on. It did nothing to hide any of her charms. It was stretched so much the pink of her nipples were displayed through the weave of the fabric. It went beyond a glove, it was a second skin. And her dorky glasses made her look even more attractive.

"Lisa - I mean Miss Lisa, do you have any money at all. Oh God, anything. Let me wear your panties at least."

"Look, I'm not the one who lost all her clothes. Now, I'm leaving and I have the keys to your car, so are we going or not?"

She shivered. The fear was causing her nipples to point out even more. "Yes, Miss Lisa," she said.

"Where are you parked?" I asked.

"By the front entrance Miss Lisa."

"I'll tell you what," I said. "I'll walk behind you and whistle if I see you showing off your dirty bits."

"But. . ." She started, then seeing that she didn't have much choice in the matter, eventually nodded.

"And I think you should thank me for my help and for being your special friend."

"T-thank you Miss Lisa for your help and being my special friend."

"You're very welcome Penny." I gave her a peck on the lips which obviously startled her. I could taste myself on her lips. Not bad. I gave her a little tongue, and she froze up at first but eventually responded to it.

We left the restroom and within fifty yards, her skirt had ridden up, exposing a good inch of her bottom and I could make out the tell-tell pubes of her mound and traces of moisture streaking down from her thighs. I whistled and smiled as everyone turned to look at her struggle to pull her skirt down in the back. God, she was making me hot again. I loved the look on her face when she turned back to look at me imploringly. I wondered if she would look at me the same way when we got back to her car and I rubbed her off. Or better yet, I would watch while she rubbed herself off. Maybe even take a few more pictures . . . I had a several exposures left.

God, I loved Taking. I was still pissed at Mother for manipulating me and not having faith in me. It was obvious she expected me to fail. Well, I had succeeded . . . in spades. She had no idea how well I had succeeded. Maybe she wasn't as smart as she thought she was. She didn't even know I had kept most of the Take for myself. I thought of her again and wondered if I could Take her - Take my own Mother. For a moment, I stopped looked at pretty Penny struggling to retain her modesty and glanced around me in the mall.

I saw them for the first time . . .a world full of people. . . just waiting to be Taken.

Then End

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Layla At Home
By
Jane Parks

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Dedication

Here's another one for Kimpuppy.

On the way home from school, Cloe decided to teach her submissive teacher a few new tricks. Cloe ordered Layla to drive to the local drugstore. There were a few items she needed in order to give Kathy her promised treat.

Cloe marched Layla right up to the pharmacist.

"Hi, Mrs. Reynolds. What may I get for you today."

"She wants a disposable catheter kit," Cloe interrupted before Layla could open her mouth. It was just as well, because Layla really didn't know what she was at the drugstore to get.

"Who is the catheter kit for, Mrs. Reynolds. Is Kathy having bladder problems or are you going to have surgery or something?"

"It's for her," Cloe snickered.

"She's going to let me catheter her, aren't you, Layla."

Layla, who as a science and health teacher knew all about catheterization, had had no idea that Cloe wanted to do this to her. Now she knew; and so did the pharmacist.

"Do you need help with the catheter, Mrs. Reynolds. Is your friend here going to help you administer the procedure."

Layla looked blank, then she answered, realizing that Cloe was staring at her silently; expecting her to answer for herself.

"Yes, Mr. Polly. My friend Cloe is going to help me. It's for a demonstration at school."

"Layla really, really likes it when I help her," Cloe said with a mischievous giggle in her throat. She patted her teacher's butt affectionately, then squeezed one of her butt cheeks in full view of Mr. Polly. Layla turned bright red.

"She does?" Mr. Polly asked incredulously. This conversation was bordering on the truly kinky.

"Yes, she likes it a whole lot when I cath her," Cloe said, her smile growing broader every second. Her possessive hand moved up and down along the line of Layla's butt, then up around her midriff and under her breast where it remained.

Layla was by now a very bright shade of red.

"She also likes it when people watch me cath her, Mr. Polly. Maybe we'll invite you over to watch some day."

Layla shuddered as she felt Cloe's hand caress her breast in full view of the pharmacist and heard her salacious invitation. Mr. Polly seemed more than a little flustered as he got a catheter kit down from the shelf and handed it to Layla.

"Great. Thanks," Cloe said with a broad smile on her face.

"Now, where can we find some nice soft cord. Do you carry any."

"Why yes. We have a fine selection of cord and clothesline as well. What

do you want it for."

"I use it to tie up Layla's big breasts so they get all balloonie, isn't that right, Layla."

The teacher was just so embarrassed by this time that she wanted to sink right through the floor of the pharmacy and disappear. For his part, Mr. Polly was downright flabbergasted.

"Well, Layla. Tell him."

"Yes, Mr. Polly. She uses it to tie up my breasts."

"The cord is on aisle 6," was all Mr. Polly could get out before retreating back into his rows of pharmacy shelves.

Cloe swatted her teacher toy firmly on the butt.

"What do you say to the nice man."

"Thanks Mr. Polley for all your help."

Cloe made Layla pay for the catheter kit and the cord at the checkout register. Then she and her teacher toy walked out of the pharmacy and got in Layla's car. Layla did not have to be told to rook up her skirt so that Cloe could get at her sex. But the 17-year-old sadistic Mistress was no longer satisfied with this only.

"Sit still, Layla while I unbutton this blouse of yours and untie it so that it is completely open for all the world to see that I own you."

"Please don't Mistress Cloe . Haven't you embarrassed me enough in public."

SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP.

"What did you say to me," Cloe screamed at her teacher as loud as she could. Other people in the parking lot turned around to stare at the teenage girl yelling at the obviously frightened older woman.

"Please, Mistress Cloe ," Layla whispered. "I'm sorry. I'll be good from now

on."

"Say it loud so the folks can hear you, and open that blouse while you are at it."

As Layla was unbuttoning and untying her blouse, she said in a loud voice "I'm sorry Mistress Cloe . I'll be good from now on."

Several of the people in the parking lot laughed; others turned their heads in disgust. A few of the younger ones waved or clapped their hands.

Layla was mortified. She prayed that no one had recognized her as she drove out of the parking lot and back toward the house.

Cloe acted as if nothing had happened. She just hummed happily to herself as she fondled her teacher's breasts, slid her hands possessively along her thighs, and plundered around in her crotch.

The sun was going down as Layla pulled up in front of her house. This meant that she could go walkees soon without embarrassment, and she really had to go.

Cloe paid her sextoy no attention but merely ordered the older woman to get the packages she had bought out of the car and bring them into the house with her.

Kathy met them at the door. She was wearing her short shorts and an elasticized halter top she had found while rummaging around in her mother's chest of drawers. The 15 year old looked good enough to eat. And that is exactly what Cloe told her once they were all inside and the door closed.

"Well, be my guest, Cloe ," Kathy giggled.

"Maybe after a while, but I want to give you your treat right now."

"Oh goodie, I've been waiting all day for this."

"Layla babygirl, get those clothes off your bod. We have an appointment in the bathroom."

Layla happily complied, thinking that perhaps Cloe was going to allow her to

use the toilet to urinate in and not have to suffer the ignominy of walkees. She was right, up to a point.

As Layla was stripping off her blouse and micromini skirt, Cloe was opening the catheter kit. It contained the red latex catheter, a small tube of lubricant disinfectant, and a plastic container with gradient lines marked along the inside. Kathy, who had never seen a catheter kit before, looked on in happy expectation. This was going to be so sick.

Layla was already seated on the toilet in high hopes that her Mistress would allow her to pee inside for a change. Cloe smiled down at her and said quietly, "Do you have to pee pee, Layla babygirl."

"Yes, Mistress Cloe, I have to go real bad."

"Well, get up from there and go sit on the side of the bathtub with your feet inside. We have a little treat for Kathy here that involves you and your need to go pee pee."

Layla began to wonder and worry, but she did as her Mistress ordered.

"I wanna do it, I wanna do it," Kathy cried out like a little girl begging to push the elevator button.

"Ok, Kathy honey. I promised you this morning that you could do it the first time, remember."

"Yeah, I remember."

Kathy grinned all over her face.

Now Layla really began to worry. What was this treat all about anyway; and how did it involve her and her desperate need to pee.

"Here, Kathy, take the catheter and smear some disinfect lube along it so it will go inside her without too much pain."

"But I want there to be too much pain, Cloe," Kathy whined as she took the offered catheter and the tube of lube from the 17 year old's hands. Then Cloe gave her young partner an affectionate peck on the cheek.

"Don't worry, honey, there will be plenty enough before we get through with her."

Layla became very agitated as the truth of her impending situation dawned on her. Cloe was actually going to make her submit to a catheterization administered by her own daughter. Layla was going to be looking forward to no part of this whatsoever.

While Kathy was getting the catheter prepared to insert in her mother's urethra, Cloe was getting Layla spread and ready. Reflexively, the older woman squeezed her Keegle muscles together in a vain hope of preventing the insertion. She should have known better.

"Ok Cloe , I'm ready to stick it in her. I get to fuck Mommy up her peehole. I get to fuck Mommy up her peehole."

Cloe stood on one side of her teacher toy and Kathy stood on the other side. Layla tried to close her legs but a few stinging slaps across her face from her Mistress convinced her otherwise. Cloe did not even bother to order her teacher to keep her legs spread. Layla knew better than to do anything else after her Mistress finished slapping her.

Kathy leaned right over her mother's crotch and ran her enquiring finger long the slick strip of mucus membrane between Layla's clit and the top of her vaginal slit. She finally felt the tiniest little detent and that is where she placed the slit head of the rubber catheter. Then she pushed.

"Relax your peehole, Layla babygirl, or I'll slap you silly. You had better get used to the fact that Kathy and I are going to cath you whether you like it or not. And this won't be the last time, either, young lady."

Layla whimpered deep in her throat, but she relaxed enough for Kathy to push the red rubber cathsnake the least little bit inside her.

"Uuuuummmmmmmmm, uuuuuuummmmmmmmmhthhhhh," Layla whined as she felt the invasive rubber catheter slither up along her hypersensitive urethra.

"Mistress Cloe , please. Uuuuummmmmmmmm, pleeeeeease." I don't like this. Please, please stop. It huuuurrrrtsssss."

Cloe stroked her submissive's hair softly and whispered in her ear, "You don't want to disappoint me. Now do you, Babygirl. I WANT you to be cathed. Don't you love me enough to let me play with you this way, hmmmmmmmm. Even if it hurts my little Babygirl some."

Layla shuddered and big, hot tears came to her eyes as her daughter continued the degrading and humiliating procedure. The catheter burned and itched as it slid along the inside of her urethra. Layla wanted it to stop. She wanted the catheter out of her body. She wanted the pain to go away. She wanted so many things she was not going to have.

"Well now, don't you want me to be happy, Layla. Don't you want me to play with my nasty little teacherslut's peehole."

"It huuuuuurrrrrrrrttttts."

Layla wriggled like a fresh caught fish. She shook her head from side to side and made little whimpering noises high in her throat. The burning pain was consuming her.

"It huuurrrtttsss."

"Ok, Kathy. Stop for a minute and let your mom get used to it."

Kathy frowned unhappily at Cloe's order to stop what she was doing, but she did it anyway, knowing that Cloe would take over the procedure altogether if Kathy balked at her orders.

Layla breathed in little panting gasps and waited for the terrible burning and itching to subside. But the pain continued unabated while Layla could do nothing other than bear it as best she could. Her urethra spasmed in a vain attempt to expel this horrid invader. Then, after about five minutes, the burning and itching began to subside just a little as Layla's tormented body began to accommodate itself to the catheter,

"Now. Isn't that better, Babygirl."

Layla lowered her eyes to look at the catheter sticking obscenely out of her peehole.

"Yes, Mistress Cloe . But this is so sick. It's so bad. You're making me be such a bad little girl."

"Yes, Layla babygirl. I know I'm making you be such a bad girl," Cloe licked inside the rim of her teacher's ear.

"I know I'm making you be a bad little girl for me. But I really like making you be my bad little girl. I love making you prove to me over and over again just how very much you want me, and need me, and love me; and how you'll do just anything to please me."

Layla continued to squirm, but said no more, so absorbed was she in her suffering.

"Here, Babygirl. I'll let you nurse on my sweet little tits and that will make you feel better. Won't it."

Layla looked up to meet her Mistress's eyes, smiling gratefully at Cloe 's generosity.

"Yes, Mistress Cloe ."

Cloe slid her hand under her breast and offered it to her teacher to nurse on. Layla immediately latched onto the erect young nipple and began contentedly to nurse, just as if she were a little baby. Oh how she wished that Cloe had milk in her breast so she could really, truly nurse.

Cloe stroked her teacher's hair and hummed softly to her, comforting the older woman with her breast while she nodded for Kathy to continue to snake the red rubber catheter into her teacher's defenseless body.

After a while, the nose of the catheter pressed up against Layla's clenched bladder and would go no further.

"Cloe, I can't make it go in any more. It must be stuck."

"No it isn't, Kathy. Just push on the end a little harder and it will pop right into her bladder. But hold that container close to this end 'cause when you bust into her bladder, she's going to spray like a kittycat."

Layla tried to remain oblivious to what her daughter was doing to her. She concentrated on her mouth and its happy task and just continued to nurse her Mistress while big, hot tears flowed down her face. She was so scared and she hurt so badly, but she could not do anything at all to stop her Mistress and her daughter from completing their diabolical task. And she knew it.

Kathy held the plastic measuring container close to the tulip-shaped outside end of the catheter that protruded obscenely from her mother's peehole. Then she pushed on the rubber tube until she could feel it pop out past the constricted bladder opening.

Suddenly a strong surge of hot Layla urine began spraying out the end of the catheter and into the container. Layla immediately spat out her Mistress's nipple and looked up at her with dire pleading in her eyes. The catheter hurt worse than anything in the world. Couldn't Mistress Cloe make it stop.

"Omigod Mistress Cloe ,," Layla cried out. "It stings, it stings. Omigod. Omigod. Omigod."

"Of course it stings, Layla babygirl. That's just the reason why I like doing this to all my toy girls. It stings soooooo goooooood. And you make such cool noises when I give you pain."

The golden flow continued out of Layla's bladder and gushed into the plastic container as Kathy and Cloe looked on in happy accomplishment. Layla continued to whine piteously.

"Now Kathy, do you want to see something that's really fun."

"Sure."

Smiling over at her 15 year old lover, Cloe reached in front of the girl's hand and pinched off the belled out latex tip of the catheter now stickling so obscenely out of Layla's body. Then she applied a spring clip to the end of the catheter tube, thereby preventing even one more drop of Layla's golden nectar to flow out of her through it.

Layla suddenly felt as if an entire mound of fire ants had just invaded her nether regions. The stinging, burning pain that resulted was completely beyond anything she had ever known before in her life.

"Aaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhggggggggghhhh. No, no, nooooo. Omigod, omigod, omigoddddddd. OMIGOD. OMIGOD. OMIGOD. OOOOWWWWWHHHHHHHH. No more, pleeeeeease. Please take it ooouuuuut, Oh please take it out. Pleeeeeeeasssssse."

Layla was now literally beside herself with pain, thrashing about on the side of the bathtub as if she were having a seizure. The tormented teacher wailed so demonically that Cloe and Kathy thought she would wake up the neighborhood. It was everything they could both do to hold her down. Kathy was compelled to set down the quarter full plastic container so she didn't spill any.

There was a horrible acid burning pressure building way deep within Layla's pelvis as the pinched off catheter moved around inside her, scraping inside her bladder. But there was also the sharp stinging fire and anguish all the way along her highly sensitive urethra as her dammed up hot urine leaked out of her bladder around the outside of the catheter and coursed along its normal route out of her body, now severely constricted by the invasive catheter.

As the horrid pressure to expel her urine increased inside her bladder and the acid stinging pain inside her urethra grew exponentially, the poor teacher flailed around even more energetically, screaming out nonsense syllables at the top of her voice. It was as though she were possessed by devils; and, of course, she was. Their names were Cloe and Kathy, and they possessed her just as surely as the fact of her pain.

"Wow; that is so cool," Kathy said to Cloe as the 17 year old Mistress proceeded to torture her teacher. "I bet that really, really hurts," Kathy laughed out loud. Her mother's obvious searing pain a powerful aphrodisiac for her.

"Hold that pose, Cloe, while I play around with her clit," Kathy shouted above her mother's desperate screams.

"Let's see if I can get her off while she has that catheter stuck up her peehole. She's such a pain slut; I bet I can do it."

Cloe kept the catheter pinched off and held Layla tightly down on the side of the bathtub while Kathy toyed with her fully engorged clitoris.

At the sight of her mother flailing around, Kathy got into a giggle fit, that she just let roll over her.

"Ok Layla," Cloe suddenly yelled. "Lose the noise. You better stop screaming and start acting right. Kathycat is trying to make you cum, and the least you can do for her is be quiet."

Layla did not hear a word. She just kept on screaming until her Mistress got her attention by slapping her a few times.

"I mean it, bitch. I'm going to keep you plugged up and hurting until you shut completely up and let Kathy get you off."

Layla tried to stop screaming, but the pain was just too intense. She rode out an especially painful spell, then clenched her jaws tight shut, attempting to block out the noise she was making. Calling on every last ounce of strength she possessed, Layla managed to stay absolutely silent for a full two minutes despite the excruciating pain. Kathy used the time to pinch and tweeze her mother's sensitive clitty button, then to frig her into near orgasm.

"Wow, Cloe . Even with Mr. Cath shoved up her peehole, Mommy is still so horny that she's about to cum all over my fingers."

Cloe leaned over and softly whisperlicked into her tormented teacher's ear.

"Now, Layla babygirl. Before you started making so much noise, you were using that nasty mouth of yours to nurse me. Get back to it right this minute, 'cause I want to feel those sweet lips of yours sucking my tit and that long, wet tongue licking that hard nipple of mine."

Layla did not know whether she had enough self control remaining to endure the pain and nurse her Mistress at the same time. But Cloe's stern expression left little doubt in her teacher's mind that she better come up with whatever was needed to get the job done right away.

The distracted teacher summoned up her willpower and once again fastened her lips around Cloe's engorged nipple. The older woman sucked, and licked for all she was worth, even while she endured the agony.

Cloe was so impressed by Layla's fortitude that she eventually released the constricting clamp that held the catheter shut, and allowed her teacher to empty her bladder through it unobstructed. Kathy quickly left off frigging her mother's sappy slit and put the measuring container back under the end of the catheter to catch

most of Layla's golden flow. Layla, relieved of the searing pain, redoubled her Mistress sucking and licking.

Despite the utter embarrassment she was feeling, there was acute relief in Layla's eyes as she felt the hot urine gush out of her through the latex pipe and splash loudly into the plastic container. This satisfying purging of her piss continued till she was completely empty.

"Do you want me to take the bad old catheter out of your slutty peehole now, little girl."

Once again, Layla spat out Cloe's crinkled nipple.

"Yes, yes, yes, yes. Take it ouuuuuut; take it out, please."

"What will you do for Kathy and me if I do."

"Whatever you say, Mistress Cloe; only please, please take it ooooouuuuuttt."

Layla was crying again; her flushed cheeks streaming with big hot tears.

"No Layla. You don't understand," Cloe quietly coaxed her submissive teacher. "You must think up things to do yourself; things that sound sexy and kinky enough to make me take the catheter out and allow you to pee for me the regular way. 'Cause if you don't think of something else, I'm going to use the catheter on you next time we go walkees outside. I bet your screams will draw a nice crowd."

Layla was dumbfounded. But it was clear from Cloe's words that it was up to her to think of a list of degrading things that she could do to convince her two tormentresses to take the catheter out of her urethra. The longer it stayed inside her, the more painful it would be to get it out, until finally, she might even have to have surgery to remove it. All this she knew full well, being a health and science teacher. She had to think of some really nasty things to do to impress Cloe enough to take the catheter out of her right away. And the sooner the better.

Layla allowed her mind to roam through all the lewd fantasies that she had indulged in over the years and written in her secret journals, trying as hard as she could to come up with a roster of totally degrading things that she had thought would be sexually exciting for her to do. The problem was, she had already been

compelled to do many of those things already over the past three days while in Cloe's captivity.

Despite her best efforts , Layla wasn't coming up with very much that she could be certain enough would be humiliating enough to suit Cloe's jaded taste.

"Well, Layla babygirl. Since you don't have any ideas of your own. I guess we'll leave the catheter in you for awhile longer. Maybe it will motivate you to be just the least bit creative."

"Please, Mistress Cloe . Don't do that. I just can't think on my own right now."

"Well then, maybe you'll be willing to listen to some of MY ideas on the subject."

Layla felt relieved. Her Mistress would think of something she could do.

"Yes, Mistress Cloe."

Cloe leaned back against the wall.

"Well, isn't it true that the last six weeks period of class this year is supposed to be devoted to women's health issues."

"Yes , Mistress Cloe," Layla said with a tinge of apprehension.

"So how about you give the girls in class some real life demonstrations, using yourself as the model."

Layla was becoming even more afraid as Cloe continued to talk.

"If I remember correctly from the course outline you gave us, you have to prepare lesson plans for teaching units on breast self examination, genital self examination, mammograms, menstruation, urinary and vaginal infections, and some other topics I can't remember right now. Isn't that right, Babygirl."

"Yes, Mistress Cloe," Layla said quietly. She could see where this was going and she didn't like it one bit. Even so, a part of her mind, the overriding part, began painting lewd pictures.

"Well Layla; up till now, you have been using a mannequin to demonstrate the various techniques associated with the units in the book we have already covered; first aid, diseases, trauma, and so on. But what if you used yourself instead from now on, with a little help from me, of course. After all, I am your Mistress. It's the least I can do for you."

Layla began to tremble.

"What do you mean, Mistress Cloe."

"What I mean, Layla babygirl is that I am going to leave our little latex friend snug up your pee pipe unless you agree right now to let me use you as a live model in class when we talk about such interesting things as giving ourselves a breast or genital exam; or having a mammogram or a Pap smear; or a pelvic exam; or what our physical reactions are like during menstruation; or when we get 'female infections'."

"You mean in front of the whole class," Layla was now shaking uncontrollably with fear.

"Of course, Laylababygirl. Live demonstration is by far the best instruction. Why should the girls in class look at some dumb old mannequin when they can look at you. And touch you too for that matter. You're a teacher, after all. Don't you want to teach them as well as you can."

Layla cringed away from her Mistress.

"Please, Mistress Cloe. I would be too embarrassed to do anything like that in front of the class."

"Look Layla babygirl, after Gracie gets through telling the other girls about you and how you acted at the pet store, your reputation as a goody two shoes teacher is going to be shot all to Hell anyway. And another thing. I'm perfectly willing to suggest to Headmistress Margaret that this kind of live demonstration teaching is just the sort of thing she should be ordering you to do, anyway. I am sure she'll go for the idea, and I am certain the girls in class will think it's a great teaching method. They will all have such a good time feeling up their teacher all in the name of sound educational practice; giving you breast exams, putting those big udders of yours in the mammogram machine, learning how to administer a Pap smear, giving enemas, the whole bit."

Cloe reached out her hand and began petting her teacher's slit.

"And you know that you'll just love being their willing model. Won't you cutie pie."

Layla shuddered and whimpered. She did not want to agree to this final degradation. But she knew that she would, anyway.

"Now, make up your tiny mind. It's either agree willingly to being a live model for the last six weeks of class or I leave Mr. Catheter alone, and you have to peepee through a tube until I finally decide to take him out. And that I guarantee will hurt far worse than anything you have endured so far. I promise you."

Layla saw clearly that her life was totally out of control. The teacher was in a tailspin of despair and degradation. How had she come to this.

She put her face in her hands and cried aloud, shedding hot tears of shame. She had brought all this on herself. She knew her addiction to submissive sex had conquered her, and there was no escape. She knew that she now had no choice in the matter whatsoever other than to obey her Mistress fully. So, after a time, Layla decided that she might as well become resigned to that fact and move on. Layla lifted up her head and looked at her Mistress.

"Mistress Cloe , I agree to be a live model in my class for all the girls to use, but only if Headmistress Margaret tells me to."

"That can be arranged, I'm sure."

"Then I will do it," Layla said resignedly.

"Good girl. Now, why don't you drink a toast to your new teaching role. Prove to me just what a good little nastyslut you are."

"Yeah, Mommiekins. Here; drink this."

Kathy handed her mother the measuring container with her recently expelled urine still in it.

"It's still all nice and warm for you."

Layla looked over pleadingly at Cloe . Did she really have to drink her own piss.

"Drink it, bitch. Drink it all down, or I leave the catheter in for twenty-four hours, and I'll pinch it off so you can't piss. I guarantee it will really hurt you like crazy before I'm done."

Layla grabbed the measuring container and tilted it to her lips as if it contained the finest wine. Closing her mind to everything, the submissive teacher drained the container in swallow after swallow of her own acrid urine.

Just as she finished the last degrading swallow, Cloe cruelly yanked the catheter completely out of her body in one quick jerk.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaagggggggggggghhhhhhhh."

"I love you too, pet," Cloe giggled.

Layla fell backwards onto the bathroom floor where she wriggled and writhed in pain. Her legs scissored against each other as she tried her best to endure the shock of sudden pain. Her ample breasts swayed from one side of her chest to the other.

As the demented teacher sobbed out her heart and soul, Cloe signaled Kathy to return with her back into the living room.

Once away from their sobbing toy, Cloe showed Kathy the package of cord she had brought home for her to play with.

"Can I tie up her tits with it."

"Sure you can, Kathycat. As tight as you want to."

"Can I whip her butt with it."

"Why not. It'll be so kewl to watch her dance around with her tits bouncing all around while you whip the tar out of her."

"Can I tie her up real tight so she can't move and then beat her tits and ass with the paddle until she faints."

"Of course you can, lover."

"Do you want to watch?"

"Hell yes."

"We'll make her love it, won't we, Cloe."

"Yes, Kathy. We'll make her love every second of it. We'll make her beg us to keep doing it to her all night long. We'll turn your mother into a perfect pain slut. She won't be able to live without it once we get through with her."

The two teen girls kissed passionately, then set about making plans for the remainder of the evening.

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ANAL INTENTIONS

By Pee J

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This is a tribute to my friend Sam Cornell and her uninhibited stories. It is both parody and tongue-in-cheek, and you probably already know how much Sam likes tongues in cheeks.

Within 24 hours of reading my story on SEWG Sam added her own brief story, Banal Intentions which is appended at the end.

To appreciate the connection to my story, if you've not already done so, you might first want to read Sam's "Entente Cordiale" posted on ASSM recently. The link is:

<http://www.asstr.org/files/Collections/Alt.Sex.Stories.Moderated/Year2003/42519>

Samantha Cornell found herself gently easing from sleep into semi-consciousness. That delightful feeling when you instinctively know that it is the weekend and no alarm is going to shatter the warm reverie.

She had partly thrown off the continental duvet, a sort of comforter adopted by the Brits, and was lying half face down, half on her side, the soft, duck-down duvet clasped to her body like a lover. She felt warm and cosy as she snuggled closer.

Slowly the events of the previous night began to creep into her consciousness. She'd decided a week was long enough to be celibate and had phoned that young, very young French girl, Therese, and persuaded her to come out for a meal though Sam being Sam had more than just a meal in mind.

To Sam's surprise Therese had quickly agreed providing it was just the two of them. She made it clear that she wanted Sam to herself, not with Sam's somewhat older friend Sandy, who had been with them when they last met. Therese was young, skinny and blonde and had that Gallic air of apparent indifference. Sam took her out for a really nice dinner and then brought her back to her apartment.

Sam was a fortunate young American woman. She'd made something of a name for herself on Wall Street and had been invited to work in London. Not London Ontario, not London Arkansas, Kentucky, Ohio, Texas or West Virginia, but London, England. She was a high earner, had a smart penthouse apartment overlooking the River Thames, a flash European sports car neatly stashed in the apartment's basement car park, the complex all fenced in and controlled by security guards. She called herself the Yank at the Court of King James, King James Court being the name of the block where she lived.

She'd even gotten used to the weather. It was not nearly as bad as she'd been led to believe. Firstly, in winter there was hardly ever any snow, and it hardly ever got stinking hot in summer. Nor did it rain that often either. The other myth that London was always shrouded in fog was unfounded. True, sometimes on early fall mornings, mist would form over the river, but generally that burnt off pretty quickly.

Not surprisingly there were some downsides. The apartment did not have air con. It seems the Brits did not go in for such niceties. Considering such things a necessity Sam had installed a couple of portable AC units, but she found she only used them occasionally as the weather rarely warranted it. Probably, that was why the Brits didn't bother either, though almost all modern cars now had it.

Sam enjoyed working in the Square Mile, the City, London's financial centre, dominated on one side by St Paul's Cathedral and on the other by the formidable Tower of London, known for its Crown Jewels (behind bars), being incarcerated in (in times past), beheading (not that now either), Beefeaters (very curious garb for a soldier) and ravens (the so-called guardians of The Tower).

At first she had been intrigued by the odd sounding names of some of the streets: Cheapside, Barbican, Poultry, St Mary's Axe and Threadneedle Street. Even pubs known as Dirty Dicks and Cheshire Cheese. She had soon discovered that there was even an Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, and when she enquired someone enlightened her that it was a name given to The Bank of England, located in that street.

In the eighties and early nineties, the City had been severely car bombed by the IRA, causing massive destruction and disruption, but the financial institutions had soon made alternative arrangements for temporary offices outside the City. At the same time a 'Ring of Steel' had been set up around the City, and all vehicles

were police checked on entering the Square Mile. After 9/11 these were reassuring precautions.

There were other downers in London, first the traffic and then public transport, both horrendous, with the authorities bringing in Bob Kylie who sorted out New York's transport problems, but in true Brit fashion they had tied one hand behind his back making an impossible task, well, more impossible.

For all that London had lots of compensations. Just like New York there was a big ethnic mix. Not Hispanics and African-Americans, but Asians (East Indians to you) and an occasional black person, and yes, that is the politically correct way they're referred to. If you felt out of place or homesick there was always McDonalds or Starbucks, so at last the Brits were learning something about fast food and coffee.

Of course, there was the massive selection of cultural opportunities, but what Sam like most was the huge choice of pretty young things who swarmed into the City every morning to do the bidding of their more lofty male and, these days, female financial masters.

That meant availability and choice - and that was very much to Sam's American liking. She had contrived all sorts of ways of first luring then snaring these fresh-faced girls. Sam had soon realised that the peaches-and-cream complexion was very much to her liking. There was even one occasion when she had deliberately crashed into a bike-riding girl so she could get to know her, well, seduce, actually. The incident has cost her an expensive Mont Blanc pen, but that's another story. Generally she found the English girls and their continental and Asian counterparts, not too averse to being persuaded that girl on girl sex, even when coupled to her own perverse peculiarities, could be really quite irresistible. Irresistible when Sam was doing the persuading, at least.

One thing that stood out with these young girls was their almost total lack of inhibitions. The younger they were, the less inhibited. And that suited Sam nicely, very nicely, thank you.

Last night, though, things had not gone according to plan. They'd come back from the restaurant and to ensure Therese was fully compliant, she had plied her with more drink and just as Sam was about to make her move, Therese had passed out.

When it became clear that she was out for the count, Sam, with great disappointment, realised that her night of passion had gone down the tube and fetched a blanket. It was going to be too much effort to try and get Therese into the guest room, or into her own bed for that matter. She would have to stay on the couch. Just as she was about to cover her up she thought she should remove Therese's tight jeans. Typically French, Therese always dressed well. She had designer hipster jeans and a very pretty crop top, leaving a delicious gap between top and jeans, exposing a navel pierced with an emerald-stone pin.

She wondered how old Therese really was. She'd told Sam she was eighteen, but Sam was doubtful. Still, this was England where the age of consent, for both heterosexual couples and gay men was sixteen. As for sex between girls there was no law at all. There was an apocryphal story that in the 19th century a statute had been placed before Queen Victoria as head of state, to sign her assent regarding the age of consent for all types of couples, but the Queen had sent it back saying that sex between women was impossible and did not exist, and the clause was supposedly removed. Since then there had been no legal minimum age of consent between females. Of course, if an older woman exploited or abused any young person she could be had up for sexual assault, but such cases were extremely rare.

The minimum age for consuming and buying alcohol in the UK is eighteen, but Sam was far from convinced Therese was even that old. Still, in restaurants no one seemed to care, never asked for ID, and in any case there is no such thing as official ID in the UK. Therese had consumed at least two-thirds of their expensive bottle of Chateau something-or-other. Her usual bored attitude had given way to exaggerated French expressiveness.

Sam undid the silver-link belt, popped the button on the jeans and pulled down the zip. The exposed pale-pink bikini panties looked so inviting. With considerable difficulty she pulled down the jeans and removed them. She looked longingly at the vee nestling at the junction of Therese's legs. It was irresistible. She stroked her way down between the thighs and was rewarded by a barely audible moan. The material was partly transparent and the outline of Therese's trimmed pubes was clearly evident.

Reluctantly, Sam dismissed any thoughts of any further sexual play with the girl. In this state, it would be no fun in it at all. It was the chase and the seduction that were the thrill, getting them to do things they would normally find horrifying, things they would normally never even consider. But then most of the girls she

brought back would never have even considered going with another girl - until they met Sam that is.

In the end Sam had given up on any idea of sex and had crawled into her own bed and in spite of her frustration quickly fell asleep.

Now, in the morning, in her semi-conscious state, eyes firmly shut and without having any intention of even trying to prise them open, she thought she heard a noise outside her bedroom door. She vaguely remembered last night and assumed that Therese was going to the bathroom and with that lapsed back into a doze.

As usual, Sam was sleeping in the nude, and with the duvet partly pushed away she could feel gentle wafts of air over her back and particularly over her bottom. Sam loved bottoms, she loved her own and she loved the pert bottoms of pretty girls. She adored what she could do to them and what she could get them to do to her and even to her friends like Sandy. Things, that before they met Sam, they would have considered disgustingly obscene and dirty.

As her doze slowly stirred into what passed for consciousness, the soft air she felt flowing over her was delightfully sensuous. She became aware of a feather touch on one of the cheeks of her bottom. Then another and another. She had no idea what was making these sensations. What she did know was that she liked them. There was a second kind of touch different to the first, soft but slightly firmer. At that moment she realised that it was Therese and she was being given both butterfly and lip kisses. For Sam, in her drowsy torpor, the feeling was exquisite.

Silky hands were caressing her waist and then the outside of her bottom. For Sam there could be no better way to be woken. She just lay and luxuriated in the heavenly sensations.

The hands pushed her shoulder so she was now lying on her front with her hands above her head. She felt the hands on her wrists and before she even thought to resist, they'd been tied to the headboard. Not that Sam minded, for once in her barely wakeful state she was enjoying being passive instead of her usual role of predator.

She wondered what would come next. In anticipation she spread her legs slightly. After all, she thought, as the dregs of sleep began to disappear, I want to make it easy for her - whatever she has in mind.

The caressing of her bottom became more persistent. The hands were all over the cheeks of her ass. She widened her legs more. She could feel wetness beginning to form. She wondered if it would be visible to Therese, she hoped so. She kept her eyes tightly shut to enhance the blending of reality and fantasy that was rapidly accruing in a corner of her sexually-charged brain.

She felt two fingers of one hand on each side of her labia, then form a single entity as it reached the crack of her ass. She wriggled in expectation, but the finger just slid up the crease never coming in contact with her rosebud quivering in anticipation. Just for once Sam was not in control. Someone else, Therese, was dictating both the action and the pace. Something Sam was not used to at all.

Three more times the action was repeated. Each time, Sam began to realize, Therese's fingers were getting nearer to her asshole - that little brown ring that led her into so much trouble and, at the same time, gave her so much pleasure.

Then, with her frustration bubbling over, she felt the fingers on her slit. They slipped between the engorged lips by now slicked with juices. To Sam's utter disappointment they failed to contact her clit, instead they paused at the entrance to her tunnel and one finger slowly began to enter. Then, maddeningly, before it got beyond the first knuckle it was withdrawn, continuing its journey into her ass crack, even more maddeningly stopping just short of her little rosebud.

Dragging out the agony Therese kept repeating the procedure, building up the frustration to almost unbearable limits. Just when Sam had about reached screaming pitch, Therese just brushed Sam's clit. It was barely a touch at all, but it sent jolts charging through Sam. Not only was her clit now being included, but this time, not one but two fingers were fractionally pressed inside her hole. Then the finger reached the very edge of her anal ring.

This was enough to set her hips bucking as she sought to get the close contact she craved. Therese was having none of it. She repeated her actions several more times until Sam was pleading for relief. Sam could hear moans and groans and it took her awhile to appreciate they were sounds being made by herself. She could also hear chuckles. It was clear that Therese was thoroughly enjoying Sam's discomfort.

Evidently Therese was getting her own back for when she was here last, and Sandy, old enough to be her mother, had been here too. It had taken barely half-an-hour of their first meeting for Sam to get them both licking each other's assholes. Then, to crown it, Sam had peed on Sandy's ass as Therese was licking it. Sam had really gotten off on it but after such humiliation it would be hardly surprising if Therese, now at least, wanted to make Sam agonise.

Finally taking pity on Sam, on her next pass she circled and brushed her clit and when her fingers went further, she plunged two fingers in hard and then thrust repeatedly. Sam screamed, at last the teasing was over - or so she thought. Then the thrusting stopped and the fingers slowly crept to that puckered ring, bringing with it lubrication.

Sam was sure that Therese would penetrate her now. But Therese was not ready. Her middle finger poised on the very entrance to her anus and just rested there. Then Sam began to feel a very light pressure. Then it stopped. Then began again. Gradually it established a rhythm, and although the frequency increased the pressure didn't. No matter how hard Sam thrust back at Therese's fingers, she permitted no penetration at all, the pad of the finger giving minimal pressure, not even entering a millimetre.

With Therese's repeated pressure, Sam began to relax more. No longer was she clenching her anal sphincter. She knew it would soon begin, Therese would ass fuck her with her finger. She knew that was what this was all about.

Finally she was not disappointed. The finger began probing and soon that tight little juiced-up muscle had been invaded.

This was what Sam had been waiting for. It had been a long time coming, but she knew she wouldn't last long. Then when a second finger joined the first, Sam knew the final slide down the slippery slope that ended with heavenly bliss was beginning. She felt the kisses and licks around her cheeks always getting closer to those pervading fingers languidly pumping against the hips thrusting back at her.

Then, at the split moment before the point of no return, Therese withdrew her fingers. Blind, screaming frustration seized Sam and she strained at her bonds but that only served to tighten them. She became aware that Therese was still kissing and licking her bottom, but this time they were on the edge of the crack, then her

hands were forcing her cheeks apart.

Heaven in heaven, she felt Therese's tongue rimming her rosebud, not only that but she was trying to force her tongue inside. The moment she succeeded the dam burst and Sam convulsed into massive orgasm, making her thrash about on the bed while poor Therese tried to remain in contact.

Sam sensed that Therese had lost the battle to continue tonguing her, but she also sensed that maybe there was more to come. With the final embers of her fiery climax subsiding she again felt pressure on that little anal ring. Whatever was there had obviously been already lubricated. The pressure grew and something was forced inside. It felt quite big, it was in deep and it felt very good. She expected to be ass fucked with it, but instead she heard an odd noise, one she should could not quite place. At the same time whatever was inside her was swelling and with each of the sounds she heard, the thing got bigger and bigger. She wished she could turn round to see what it was, but she was too securely tied.

It was now so big that Sam thought it would split her. Then, this enormous thing inside her stopped swelling. She realised that what she had heard was a hand pump working. It was hardly the first time she'd been ass fucked by men as well as women, but never had she felt anything like this. It brought an incredible, filled-up feeling. She wondered if it was a strap-on but she was not sure that pump up ones existed. She realized that it had to be an inflatable anal plug, the sort that can't be removed until the air is let out.

During these couple of moments of inactivity, various thoughts careered through her over-stimulated brain. Then, so briefly that she could not be sure she actually felt anything, it seemed to buzz inside her. Just as she was thinking that it had been her imagination, it happened again, a slightly longer duration this time, but definitely a buzz, a low-frequency vibration.

Sam didn't care for strap-ons; she thought them faintly embarrassing to use on her conquests, but now some sort of toy was being used on her and she could do nothing about it. The little bursts of vibration became more frequent and as they did so they became more and more pronounced, carrying on until they reached a level of high intensity.

For Sam this was turning out to be an outstanding session of lust. Entirely out of character she found having all control removed was proving to be an indescribable turn-on.

Therese, sliding her fingers onto Sam's clit proved to be the final straw and she lurched into the inevitable climax.

Her orgasm finally abated, Sam, exhausted and sated, collapsed mentally and physically. Sam the predator from across the Big Pond had finally been snared by a European kid and had found out what it was like to be the victim.

She had discovered something about herself too - she'd actually liked being on the receiving end as much as she liked dishing it out, well, for this time, at least. It also proved beyond doubt that you can never entirely trust the French!

Still, this was Britain and the last time the French had invaded was 1066. Now here she was, an American in England being invaded up the ass by a French butt plug. She doubted if the next French invasion would take so long.

She certainly hoped not, at least not with this particular Frenchie.

FINIS

With apologies to Sam Cornell.

Pee J

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Any comments would be much appreciated, but, just to be safe, better not tell Sam.

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The following short story was Sam's repost just 24 hours after reading my story. If mine is a parody of her work then hers is a pastiche.

Banal Intentions

By Sam Cornell

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Sam walked into the crowded bar. Tall, slim, rich, American, with a perfect bottom, heads turned. Sam looked around for any tall, slim, poor English women with perfect bottoms.

Then Sam saw her. Perfect. With a perfect bottom.

Sam kicked the poor English girl's ankle. The girl turned angrily, ready for a fight but seeing that Sam was such a hard-working Armani-dressing money-making power-bitch, and also an American, she let Sam buy her a drink instead.

The girl was very shy, really quite inexperienced, despite having such a nice bottom. Sam bought them both Champagne.

"This is boring," said Sam. "Let's go back to my apartment."

The girl looked confused. She was out with her friends. They all thought she was straight. She thought she was straight. Yet this hard-working Armani-dressing etc American was asking her home. But, she did have a perfect bottom. "Ok."

In the cab the girl was very nervous, and reflected that it was only because Sam was such an impressive and American person that she had even agreed to be there at all.

"Would you like a drink?" asked Sam when they were tucked safely away in her gorgeous penthouse apartment with its river view, "or shall we get straight on with the bottom sex?"

The girl blinked nervously. It was one thing agreeing to mindless sex with a strange woman, quite another to mindless bottom sex.

"Ok," she said.

Despite being so shy and inexperienced the young girl did everything Sam said, and any faintly astute geopolitical observer of the two horny young women coupling might have found something of the Bush-Blair in their relationship.

The girl had a mind-blowing, bottom-loving orgasm, despite or maybe

because of being so shy and inexperienced.

Sam didn't bother.

The End - until another perfect bottom comes along.

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Sam Cornell's stories can be found at www.asstr.org/~samcornell
including 'Streets of London', the one with the cyclist and a
Mont Blanc pen.

Estranged Flesh

by Cobalt Jade 6/03

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With rough hands she was pulled out of the darkness.

She emerged from the neoamniotic gel naked and hairless, coughing like a cripple as birth-fluids drained from her nose and mouth. Lashless eyelids blinked spasmodically, trying to focus. Her new world was cold and bright, edged with steel: a medical facility or biological lab, that much she knew. But how she came to be there, she did not know. Her past was a void, her present, only slightly less so.

She was stood on her feet. One of her attendants shone a bright light in her eyes: weakly, she struggled, unable to make sense of the situation, or of herself. More hands opened her mouth, seeking her tongue. Mortification washed over her as she felt a flexible tube enter her mouth and snake down her trachea, suctioning up the last of the fluid. Another attendant hosed her down with warm jets of water, rinsing away the last of the gel. At the same time she felt her wrists and ankles being flexed and rotated. The treatment was brusque, businesslike; not rough, but not really gentle, either. She shivered as they towed her dry, the rough fabric burring across her exposed nipples, her naked sex. With a final swab they cleared her eyes, so she was able to fully see her handlers... and herself, as she stood reflected in a steel cabinet across the aisle. A sturdily built female in her early twenties, pale skin flushed pink from the scrubbing.

Me? It was the first conscious thought she had. She was nude and hairless, her naked skull as large and vulnerable as a baby's. Her eyes looked dark and bruised. *This is who I am?*

A sense of wrongness stabbed her. *This isn't right. This can't be right.* But her handlers were turning her now, making pleased noises and running their white-gloved hands over her soft newborn's skin.

"Perfect."

"Bit uncoordinated."

"They always are, after they're detanked."

Detanked. A vision came to her, a semitransparent pink vat, a dim human figure entombed within, tubes and wires trailing. *It will be fully mature when you return,* an oily voice had whispered. *Ready and waiting for your use.* The smell of pink gel, antiseptic and sexual at the same time, a pungent mixture of medicine and musk.

"Did the neural transfer take?"

"We'll know soon enough." Fingers snapped in front of her face, a male voice demanding, "You there. Do you know your name?"

Ghost-thoughts spun away as she tried to grasp them, mocking her: a starship, a binary sun, a raptor's cruelty, a captain's pride... and yet also a nagging worry, as if she was supposed to remember something vitally important, and failed. She eyed the empty vat as if it would give her some clue. But she remembered nothing before her detankment.

A palm struck her roughly across the cheek. "Your name, bitch. Don't you understand me?"

Tears filled her eyes. They should not have called her that. The voice had been sharp, disrespectful. She did not remember much, but she knew she should not be spoken to in that tone of voice, by that class of people. But her name. She wracked her brain, not sure why she felt compelled to obey the sharp inquiry. Memory dug deep, coming up with a first letter and a fumbling series of sounds: A - Arsenae - Alisebeta - Alanys... She opened her mouth, motor skills taking over conscious thought, and with a shaky voice pronounced, "Aleeta."

They laughed, like she had told an amusing joke. They were propelling her forward now in their starched white arms, her own feet pattering uselessly against the tiles. Unbidden, a second sentence escaped her mouth. "Unhand me, scum."

More laughter. She dug her heels in, but her struggles were nothing to them, though she grew stronger and more coordinated by the second. Naked, she was

marched down the catwalk, the sharp edges of the grid digging into the tender soles of her feet. "Why are you doing this to me?" she said. "Am I your prisoner?"

"She doesn't know," the hindmost handler said, voice touched with amazement.

"She'll remember soon enough," said another.

"Remember WHAT?" she shouted, her voice rising. She jerked an arm free, her fingers forming a fist.

Black lightning arced through her, and she found herself lying on the floor. Roughly they hauled her up. The tips of her fingers and toes, as well as her scalp, tingled with pain. "Misbehave, and you'll get another dose," the male voice whispered in her ear. "Got it?" She tried to nod, but could only roll her eyes. At the edge of her vision she saw a red-tipped rod approach her throat; before she could protest it discharged over her larynx, flooding it with a sharp, flashing warmth. Her mouth stretched in a shriek but no sound came out.

"Don't bother. I've paralyzed your vocal cords." With a poke in her back he pushed her on. "You're not a starship captain anymore. Remember it."

Tears stung her eyes, but another piece of the puzzle had flashed into place: I am -- was? -- a starship captain. Memory sparked again... an asteroid field, a dance through rock, her ship's twin fusion scoops open wide. Ambition and ruthlessness, cruelty and skill. Behind her trailed a chain of refined ores -- gold and iron, carbon ingots, icebergs of water and ammonia -- while below her, kneeling at the juncture of her thighs, bobbed a dirty-blond shock of hair, its warm, well-trained mouth servicing her sex with its tongue.

I am Captain Aleeta Dawnsnade. The fact came out of nowhere, striking her with its intensity, fanning a stubborn, unburnt pride within her. But why had she been captured, been the victim of these experiments?

And why did this place feel so familiar? Had she been here before?

Her handlers frog-marched her out of the laboratory and into a darkened room. Spotlights shone down on an oval-shaped dais, and on it, a low reclining chair... which was actually more of a frame, with strategically placed pads of black leather and many buckled straps. Again, it looked familiar, but she could not place

it. Was it from a former visit to this place? Whether it was for bad or good she could not remember, but her struggles became more energetic as she realized they meant to put her in it.

Her panic rose, and for the first time she felt real fear. Roughly they forced her into the metal frame, strapping her cruciform with her arms stretched to each side. If she hadn't been sure of her status before, she was now. She was a prisoner, put into this strange device to be tortured or executed, with no chance to either defend or exculpate herself. Her mouth worked, but no sound came out; she could only thrust and bounce against the straps. Her back arched, nipples pointing at the ceiling, as her thighs were cranked apart, exposing the wet pinkness of her sex.

"If this is torture, at least let me know what I'm being tortured for." Her eyes flashed left and right, looking for a clue from her handlers, but they had disappeared, save for one who went to speak to a stranger who stood at the left edge of the dais. She growled at them, baring her teeth.

"Be quiet." Another stun, applied to her belly this time. Her body jerked upwards and sank down, a pain like burning nettles blooming over her flesh.

The stranger laughed softly. He or she was garbed in black leather, a dark red scarf wound over its head and the lower part of its face. But the eyes gleamed with the intensity of a wolf's.

"Strong. A fighter." The voice was a confidant, musical contralto; it could have been either a man's or a woman's. But there was steel in it, too, and an unpleasant echo of the cold recesses of space. It was also familiar, striking sparks against something deep inside her.

"You would know," said the other.

"Yes, I would know. I still have the scars from the last one." The stranger took a step closer, stretching a gloved hand towards her firm, taut belly.

"Oh god, what does this person mean to do to me?" She gritted her teeth, but the smooth leather fingers only stroked, tracing a circle around the pink mark where the handler's weapon had struck her. "She's perfect. The temperament, the fire... you've outdone yourselves again." The thumb traced a line towards her mons. She felt the hint of a sharpened fingernail within the leather, and her hips jerked spasmodically.

The stranger laughed, and the hand lifted. "I will take great pleasure in breaking her." The fingers curled in a lazy gesture. "Let's finish the job."

She barely had time to gasp before two halves of a wide metal collar clamped themselves against the sides of her throat, snapping shut with a click. Red-tipped heatpens appeared to solder it shut, the tiny hot sparks hitting the underside of her chin. Four cuffs of a similar metal snapped around her wrists and ankles, the spidery robot arms likewise sealing them shut. The feel of them was solid and cold against her skin. She didn't have to guess what they were for.

She was being enslaved.

She would have howled in rage, if she was able. Slavery had been outlawed for decades in the Alliance; only on outsystem planets, rogue worlds and brigand moons, could slaves be bought and sold. Had she been drugged, kidnapped for this purpose? That could be why she couldn't remember. But it didn't account for the horrible familiarity she felt for this place, or the mingled outrage and indignation that throbbed like poison in her blood.

"I'm a starship captain. I can't be made into a slave. There must be some mistake." With horror she saw that each of the dull silver cuffs had a ring attached to it, so she could be coffled or chained... raw human ore, a piece of anonymous slave-meat destined for the markets. Panic hit her again as a new pair of spidery robot arms hovered into view, a pincers-like apparatus on one, a needle on the other. "No! This can't be real! It can't!"

Before she knew what was happening the septum of her nose had been pierced and a metal ring run through the bleeding hole. She shrieked, but only a squeak came out, and a string of drool that stretched towards the metal grid of the floor, and dropped through it.

"Hurts, doesn't it," the stranger commented.

"Bastard," she whispered as the ring was soldered shut. At least her voice was returning to her.

The stranger's eyes, hazel-green like her own, crinkled slightly, as if he or she was smiling beneath the silk. "You hate me already, don't you. Good."

She glared back defiantly, feeling a trickle of blood worm down her upper lip.

It struck her that the stranger was her captor, the one responsible for all this. Yet a current also passed between them, an almost erotic sense of conspiracy, and for a brief second she felt as if they had switched places, so that she was now the one looking down on her strapped, helpless body. And that she was getting not a little aroused by it...

A pair of silver cups suddenly clamped themselves over her nipples, a strong vacuum pulling them erect. At the same time another device gripped her clit, stretching it with modulations of suction. She gave a startled wheeze of pleasure at the violation, hips jerking on the leather cushion. Something gentle yet firm pinched each labia, teasing it from its soft, wet nest, opening her wide. Her breathing quickened, face flushing beet-red. "They can't mean to...!"

The quintuple stab of pain sent her over the edge. Crimson waves lapped the edges of her vision before the five points of fire were mitigated by a tingling coolness. She opened her eyes to see her nipples, too, had been pierced, the thick metal rings resting heavily on her flesh. And though she could not see it, she knew similar rings now pierced her clit, and the lips of her labia.

Pierced. She felt like weeping with the shame of it. Like a common whore-slave, the ones she had...

"Who are you," she demanded in the loudest voice she could muster. "Why are you doing this to me?"

"Don't you know?" the stranger said. A woman's voice, she was sure of it now. "Look at you, lying there helpless and naked, pierced and collared. Can you tell me you do not remember this?"

Memories kaleidoscoped before her: hijacked cargoes, battles and blood, explosions like flowers in the velvet depths of space... as she, Aleeta Dawnslade, pirate captain, brigand, and outsystem freebooter, stood in command on the bridge of her own ship, a whip of thin leather in her hand. Then came a scene outside of time, seeing herself, strapped in this same chair, writhing in the same artificially induced orgasm, knowing that the money, the bribes, had been worth it, because how else could she could possess this piece of delectable, familiar, and most trustworthy flesh. Twenty years she spent making her solitary circuit, and even with longevity drugs that was too long, too lonely, and simustims got stale fast. No, what she needed was a companion, a nubile bedmate suited to her tastes, tastes developed and nurtured over many long years...

“No, this is wrong. It can't be!”

The stranger smiled and unwound her veil. And looked down on her, as she looked up at herself: they were the same. "You are my clone," she explained. "Aleeta-6. But you knew that, didn't you?"

Slaves were illegal in the Alliance, but clones were not. A high-end clone, modified in certain ways, was as good as a slave, as she'd found out long ago with Aleeta-2. Clones had no rights; they were the property of those who made them. Her same-cell genetic daughters were known qualities, bright, malleable, and above all, loyal... once they had been properly trained, of course.

She moaned. She knew what that training entailed, for she had full access to the memories of her maker. And she knew that she had been destined to replace Aleeta-5... as the new group of rapidly divided cells, now called Aleeta-7, was destined to replace her, to be detanked and likewise enslaved in twenty years' time, when the original Aleeta revisited this system when her cycle of plunder was complete.

She glared at her maker. “You will never train me, bitch. I will fight you every inch of the way. If I can, I will kill you. I don't know how, but I will.”

Her maker laughed. And Aleeta-6 knew what she was laughing at, the defiance on her face, because she, like her, had seen it all before, and knew that it was useless.

"Ah, my sweet, sweet daughter. I know what you are thinking. Don't you remember how we trained your predecessors? How they fought so hard, and were broken in the end?" The gloved hand stroked her naked pate, sending shudders through her flesh.

It was all coming back to her now, the chains, the positions, the varied punishments, the mental and sexual conditioning, the whole designed to create a completely submissive, yet intelligent, combination sex toy and second-in-command, one who could switch from total compliance in the bedroom to handling the ship in a crisis if need be... all the while retaining ultimate loyalty to her maker, to die for her, if circumstances called for it. Bored and isolated on her solitary runs, she'd developed the techniques herself, remaining ageless on black market longevity drugs as the years rolled by.

"Is it masturbation, or sadism?" her maker asked idly, fingers now playing with her nipple. Aleeta-6 gasped as they tugged the ring, sharply, stretching the pink organ like a piece of rubber. "Self-hatred, or self-discipline? Remember how we had that debate with Aleeta-4?"

"I remember," Aleeta-6 said in a strangled tone.

"I prefer now to think of it as self-discipline. One part of me subjugated to serve another."

"I am not you!"

"True," her maker laughed. "I am biologically older than you, after all. But in other particulars we are the same. We decided on that long ago, remember? We are pirates, outlaws. How can you serve me, be part of me, without my skills and ambitions?"

Aleeta-6 ground her teeth as her maker finished with her nipples and moved on to her clit, teasing the tiny protrusion between her thumb and forefinger.

"Of course, the part of my mind that they transferred over will make you that much harder to break... but you, out of all us, should know how we enjoy a challenge."

It was true. Each fresh soul had been a virgin world for her to conquer, a way to occupy her time through long years of transit. Each clone she had trained had only added to her skills, while each trip brought out more of her deviancies... because, in the isolation of space, she had no one to turn to but her latest creation. Her clones were at once an outlet for perversion, and the source of it.

And she had only herself to blame.

Her maker's face glowed with obscene joy. "Oh, how I am looking forward to this!"

Aleeta-6 grunted as a ribbed, cone-shaped object rose between her knees, the tip of it lubricating as it slowly rotated, making the glistening liquid flow down its shaft. Fixedly she stared as it moved slowly forward, aiming at the helpless shaft between her legs. Mewling, she tried to inch her hips away, but there was no purchase to be found. The tip of it bumped her pubic lips, the feel of it surprisingly

warm and rubbery. She groaned as it entered her, stretching her vaginal walls uncomfortably. Something tore within her as it continued to drill her, flushing her with a dull pain. Grown in a tank, she'd remained a virgin until this moment. The pain continued to grow as the phallus forced its full length inside her, filling her completely.

"God help me," she thought, as a trickle of blood oozed out of her pussy. Tears flowing, she felt her two labial rings lock themselves together, keeping the monster sealed inside her. A training tool, she realized now. One to give pleasure as well as pain.

"There," her maker said brightly. "A gift to remind you of me. And another --" Aleeta-6 squealed as a hot object pressed itself to her left buttock, and withdrew -- "...to remind me of you, everytime I do business. It's our personal seal."

Sobs came again when she realized she'd been branded. She hadn't thought to do that to any of her former clones. Thankfully, anesthetic followed, or else she would have been unable to walk. Still, she was wobbly on her feet as the handler unstrapped her and fastened her wrist cuffs together behind her back. It didn't occur to her to resist. Why bother? Her maker had the power; she was a clone, nothing and no one. The monster waggled inside her as she stumbled forward, pressing against her insides with a disconcerting finality. She knew that it could come to life in an instant, sending her thrashing to the floor, moaning in orgasm or screaming in pain.

Her maker brusquely clipped a chain-link leash to the ring in her nose. The wound there, left untreated, was a humiliating reminder of her status. Unbidden, fresh tears began to pour down her flushed, reddened face.

"Come along, Cunt," her maker said gaily, leading her to the airlock where her -- her former -- ship waited. "That's what you'll be called now. You know I am not so sentimental anymore to let my clones use my name. You'll be staying hairless too. You look so much more submissive that way."

Dully Cunt stumbled up the ramp. Twenty years she was to serve as this woman's -- her own -- sex slave. Twenty years before...Remembering how she had disposed of Aleeta-5, she screamed.

But her maker pulled her on. The ship's hatch sealed with a hiss. Shortly after that, her training began.

END

Morgan's Gold
by Ann Douglas

Written for the Summer 2003 Pirate Challenge.

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Constance Norwood looked over the worn wooden railing and out onto the calm empty sea. Watching the myriad stars reflected on it, she wondered if she would ever again see the shores of home, or for that matter, even the next dawn.

Had it only been four days since her nightmare had begun? No, she answered herself as she drank deeply of the night air; her ordeal had begun two months before. Her current set of circumstances, horrendous as they seemed, were but the latest tragedy to take hold of her young life.

Seven weeks ago, only days before her seventeenth birthday, a messenger had appeared at the Convent to which she had been sent when she was ten. In his pouch he carried written instructions to the Nuns into whose care she had been placed upon her entry into young womanhood. Instructions that forever shattered the peaceful, if mundane, existence Constance had been living.

The seventh and youngest daughter of Edmund Norwood, a prominent British merchant, Constance had learned that day that she had been promised in marriage to Rowland Torrington, a business associate of her father's. That this day would someday come was hardly a surprise to the young woman. After all, it was no secret that her father had little use for the daughters that three wives had bestowed upon him. It had been cruel fate that had let his only son die hours after his birth, despite his mother haven given her life for his.

What had shocked Constance was that she had been betrothed to a man her father had never even met face to face, as well as nearly two score older than she was. Rowland Torrington lived in far off Jamaica, His Majesty's colony in the Caribbean, some three thousand miles distant. A decades-long trading partner, the older man had mentioned in one of his correspondences to her father of his desire to take a bride in order to produce an heir to his fortunes. Quite sympathetic to his desire, Edmund had wasted no time in offering him the youngest of his offspring. An offer that Rowland accepted just as quickly as he knew that despite his wealth, few women that young would ever be interested in sharing his bed. Edmund's

reasons for the match were twofold. It would make their profitable business relationship one of blood, and ever more secure. Also, if he couldn't have a son, perhaps he could have a grandson that could inherit both mercantile empires. It was a thought to warm an old man's bones. That Constance hadn't been informed of the negotiations until long after they had been finalized bothered neither man. After all, even in the year of our Lord, 1724, what were women but just another commodity to be used to serve the interests of men.

So without much fanfare, Constance had been bundled off on the transport, Esmerelda, just one more piece of cargo on its way to the colony. She hadn't even been granted the luxury of a companion, as neither her father nor her betrothed saw the need to waste the cost of another passage.

Instead, the young woman had been entrusted to the care of the ship's doctor, a disreputable looking man who Constantly entered her cabin unannounced to, as he always said, check on her welfare. When Constance had pointed out to him that a gentleman would give a lady time to make sure she was presentable, the doctor, and that was a title she soon grew suspicious of the validity of, would insist that as a man of medicine, he was hardly a stranger to women in a state of undress. The result of his unwanted visits was that Constance soon learned to make sure her door was locked at all times.

In was behind that lock that, four nights before, Constance had awakened in the early hours to the sounds of screams and gunshots. Fearing the worse, but afraid more of not knowing, she opened her door just in time to see the blood covered body of the doctor tumble down the stairs that led to the upper deck. Her hand had covered her mouth in horror as she looked away from the body and up the stairwell, only to see a half naked man carrying a pistol and cutlass appear on it. One word screamed in her mind before she mercifully blacked out - Pirates!

Much to her astonishment, Constance awoke the next day, alive and unmolested. Two Contradictions the stories she had heard of pirates seem to Contradict. Especially after she had pieced together what had happened to the Esmerelda after she had lost Consciousness. Aside from her, there had been no survivors. Quarter had been offered and accepted, she had been told, only to have the truce broken by men who foolishly valued their cargo more than their lives. The ship itself had been set afire, after being stripped of valuables.

She was no longer bound for Jamaica of course, but for some island she had never heard of, San Cristobal. Despite the opinion of her father, Constance was a

highly intelligent woman and had been well educated by the Nuns. She had even read books that dealt with many non-religious matters, giving her a vast knowledge of the world beyond the Convent walls.

It was soon apparent to her that she was being held for ransom, as the papers in her cabin readily identified her as the fiancée of a rich and powerful man. One that might pay a handsome sum for the return of his bride in one piece. Aside from leaving her in peace as well, they had given her a cabin of her own, one that had belonged to the second mate. In size and comfort, it surpassed the one she'd had on the cargo ship. If they expected to make a profit on the merchandise, it stood to reason that they make sure it stayed healthy.

That sounded logical to the young woman, but she well knew that life was seldom logical. It was true that she had never met her future husband, yet just the same she had little reason to think that his reaction would be any different than her fathers. Mainly that Edmund Norwood had six other daughters, four of which were still looking for husbands. No, she told herself honestly, there was little chance that she might be ransomed.

As an additional, unexpected courtesy, the first mate of the Falcon's Claw had informed her that the Captain, whom she had not met, had granted her the privilege of the poopdeck during the night watch as to get some air. With most of the crew asleep, it would be the least disruptive time for her to be above decks. He warned her, however, not to venture out of the small area. On the last two nights that she had accepted the offer, she had been too nervous to move more than a few feet.

But tonight, with the certainty that there wouldn't be many more beautiful nights for her to enjoy, she didn't pay as careful attention to his words. Watching the moon drift in and out of the clouds, Constance strolled past the small passageway along the quarter-deck and onto the large expanse around the main masts. Scattered across the deck were the bodies of a number of crewmen, driven from their hammocks below deck by the early summer heat.

Paying little heed to the sleeping men, Constance's eyes wandered up to the mainmast where the ship's colors flew. There, in place of the black jolly roger she had read about in forbidden books, flew a blood red flag adorned with a bright blue falcon. It was the symbol of the infamous pirate, Morgan the Red, of whom it had been whispered that no man had ever seen the face of and lived. Not for the first time, the young woman wondered what kind of man could be to both the bearer of

such brutality towards the crew of the Esmerelda and yet kindness towards her.

Intent on her thoughts, the long haired blonde didn't notice that her passage had awakened two of the crewmen she passed. Half naked men who silently rose from their makeshift bedding and followed her steps. They were upon her before she realized they were there, trapping her in a small dark alcove that was hidden from the eyes of the second mate who had the watch back on the quarter-deck.

One, a tall, skinny man wearing only a torn pair of trousers, grabbed her from behind, his hand over her mouth and a deadly edged cutlass resting against her neck. The other, clad in little more, moved in front of her. His hands were empty, but just his appearance was enough to fill her with dread. The stench of both men was overpowering.

"Cry out and it'll be the last sound yer pretty throat ever makes," the man behind her, whose name was Rourke, warned as he slowly removed his hand from her mouth, applying the slightest of pressure with his blade to reinforce his words.

He need not have bothered as the young woman was far too terrified to even gasp. Feeling no resistance on her part, Rourke brought his hand to her left breast and squeezed it roughly. The feel of her flesh, even beneath the layers of her dress, was enough to cause a stirring between his legs. He pressed up against her from behind, until she could feel his manliness hard against the cheeks of her ass. At the same time, he dropped his hand lower, until it rested between Constance's legs, groping her there as well. It was the first time any man had touched her, much less than in that manner.

"Don't hog it all to yeself, Rourke," the second man, Griff by name, insisted as he produced a dagger seemingly out of nowhere and moved closer to the two of them.

For a heartbeat, Constance thought he intended to kill her with the knife, then realized that he had a far worse fate in mind. Griff reached out with the tip of the dagger and quickly cut the laces that held the top of her dress together. Once gone, the material fell away quickly, exposing her ample breasts to the night air.

Rourke relaxed his hold on Constance, lowering his cutlass as to get a better look at her bounty. In the moonlight, both men could see the bright pink nipples that capped each breast. Each compared them in their minds to the mounds of the native women found on the surrounding islands and quickly decided that there was

no comparison.

The lust in his eyes reached other parts of Griff's body and he responded by reaching down into his cut off pants and pulling out his erect cock. Looking at it only a foot or so away, Constance loudly gasped as it was the first time she had ever seen such a thing. It bore little resemblance to the crude drawings that some of the girls in school had secretly passed around. What he intended to do with the enlarged organ in his hand required little imagination.

"Griff, Rourke, have the two of ye been at the grog?" a third man, who had been awakened by the rising of the first two cried out in a low voice as he moved close to them. "Or have you simply gone mad? You know the Captain gave orders that no man was to come near this woman. Do you have a death wish?" he added.

"This is none of your Concern, Jeffers," the man who had exposed himself spit back in anger as he pushed his cock back inside his pants. "The Captain isn't here and no one is ever going to know if no one opens their mouth."

Jeffers shifted his gaze towards Constance, then back to Griff, asking the unspoken question what was to prevent the woman from saying what happened. His answer, also unspoken, was found in both of the other men's eyes. It would be too easy for the woman to have an accident after they were done. Many a land-lover had misjudged the sway of a ship like this and fallen overboard.

"We've plenty of time before they change the watch, Jeffers," Griff suggested, thinking to involve his shipmate in their planned rape, "more than enough time for all three of us to have a go."

As beautiful as Constance was, and as much as her exposed breasts had hardened his cock, Jeffers wanted no part of the offer. His fear of the Captain far outweighed his desire for a woman. Not saying another word, he began to back away from the two men and their prize.

As he took a few steps back toward where he had been sleeping, Griff turned away from Constance and Rourke for a moment and made a cutting motion with the knife in his hand. The meaning was crystal clear. If Jeffers so much as breathed a word to any of the officers, he might not wake up one morning. Even if something happened to Griff and Rourke, they had mates that would be happy to make Jeffers pay the price of betrayal

Jeffers had barely gone a dozen feet when the thunderclap of a gunshot broke the still of the night. The echoing boom instantly awoke the other half dozen or so crewman who had been sleeping, each of them reaching for weapons that were never far from their grasp.

Griff just had time to look down at the tattered remains of what once had been a fine shirt taken on a previous raid, and watch as an expanding red stain quickly spread across it. His eyes then rolled back in his head as his fingers lost their grip on his prized knife. It dropped to the hard deck, hitting it only a half second before his now lifeless body.

Ignoring his corpse and the still expanding pool of blood beneath it, all eyes turned to the quarter deck from where the shot had come from. The sight that greeted them was enough to make the strongest man's blood run cold.

Standing on the edge of the upper deck was the Captain, holding a still smoking flintlock. A few feet away stood the first and second mates, the former holding a pistol and the latter a blunderbuss in the direction of the now awakened crew. A stern warning in case anyone else cared to question the Captain's orders. It was quickly apparent that no one else did.

"Captain, I..." Rourke stammered as he released what was left of his hold on Constance, realizing that there was nothing he could say that would save him from the Captain's wrath.

Images flooded his mind, graphic examples of the fate that now awaited him. A ruthless flogging and then keelhauling until he was a shattered husk was a particular example the first mate liked to set. Stepping away from Constance and moving closer to the railing, he made his choice in an instant.

Racing as fast as he could, Rourke tried to leap over the wooden barrier to the safety of the open sea. As unlikely as was the chance that he might make it to one of the nearby islands, it was still more of a prospect than he had if he remained.

It was a gamble that failed as, just before he made it over the side, his shaved head exploded in a bloody spray. Momentum carried his body forward and he dropped into the sea, food for the fishes.

Hudson, the first mate, who could put a pistol ball through the center of a doubloon, handed his just fired weapon to a bosun and ordered two of the men on

deck to pick up what remained of Griff. With a powerful heave, they tossed his remains over the side as well.

The brutal example of pirate justice should've totally unnerved Constance, yet it left her almost totally unaffected. Perhaps later it would all hit her, but for the moment, she was too stunned by what she had seen up on the quarter-deck. Never, in all the hours she had considered the matter over the last few days, had she ever imagined that Morgan the Red, one of the most feared marauders of the sea lanes, was a woman.

"If you men don't have a need for sleep," she called out as uncocked her own pistol and slipped it into her belt, "I'm sure Mr. Hudson can find something for you to do."

The price of disobeying her orders still staining the deck, the small group of men quickly dispersed and tried to make the most of the few hours of rest before they would be called to stations. Morgan the Red then turned her attention to Constance and said that she might want to cover herself up, unless she wanted to give any of the other men any ideas.

It was only then that Constance realized that her breasts were still hanging free and quickly pulled up her dress to cover them. It was doubtful that any man would care to repeat the actions of the late Griff and Rourke, but lust did strange things to a man. Or so the Nuns constantly admonished her and the other students.

Constance heard the Captain give Mr. Hudson instructions to return her to her cabin, and to see that she stayed there until the ship reached San Cristobal two days hence. The privilege of the deck was no longer hers.

As the door to her cabin closed and was locked behind her, Constance knew she would have trouble getting to sleep. The excitement of the last hour still caused her heart to race. That two men were dead didn't seem to bother her, even though she knew that it should. They were already fading into memory, just as the crew of the ill fated Esmerelda had.

Laying awake on the wooden bed, Constance's thoughts instead dwelled on the image of Morgan the Red. The woman was unlike any she had ever seen in her life. As tall as any man, the Captain had fiery red hair tied back in a style more appropriate for a boy than a woman. The physique beneath the half open blouse and tight fitting britches she had worn on deck, however, certainly belonged to a

woman. Even across the distance, she had been able to see the swell of breasts not much smaller than hers in the moonlight.

The Captain's face showed a mixed heritage, her skin a rich bronze. The seventeen year old guessed her to be in her late twenties or early thirties, and while many men had called Constance beautiful, she felt like an ungainly youth compared to the older woman.

Sleep finally came about an hour later, but until her eyes closed, Constance found herself able to think of nothing but the pirate Captain. An image that followed her into her dreams.

The Falcon's Claw made port two days later, and in that time Constance didn't see the Captain again. Nor did she see her during the next month while, after being transferred to a room in the pirate's onshore stronghold, she waited to be ransomed.

As captivities went, Constance found hers far from unpleasant. In fact, all in all it was a more agreeable experience than her early days in the Convent school. Her quarters were hardly the stone walled dungeon she might have imagined. In fact, they were quite comfortable.

In fact it was easy to forget she was a prisoner as she was free to come and go pretty much as she pleased. She was even allowed to venture into the small town beyond the compound, as long as she was accompanied by one of the native women who worked for Captain Morgan. Word quickly spread that she was the "guest" of the Captain and under her protection, after which the townspeople and crewmen from other ships gave her a wide berth.

There didn't even seem to be much Concern that she would use her freedom of access to try and escape. After all, where would she go? One end of the settlement was bordered by the open sea, the other three by a tropical jungle. As well educated as Constance had been, her years in the Convent school had ill prepared her for either environment.

One day soon blended into the next, until the morning of the twenty-eighth day when Constance awoke to find the weather to be even more glorious than usual. That was one thing she didn't miss about her native England, the sometimes harsh drops in temperature. Donning a simple one piece dress, one of many that she had been 'loaned' from among looted stores, the blonde haired woman decided to again

take a walk into town and explore the varied sights found there.

She quickly located, Maria, a friend among the servants who usually accompanied her on her walks. Luck would have it that the younger girl was headed into the market and said she would enjoy the company. Under a sunny sky, the two women set off down the half mile path to the village.

They had only gotten half way when a rider overtook them. The well dressed man, which set him apart from many of the men they encountered, was tall and exceedingly handsome. His black hair was cut short and his mustache and beard well trimmed. In short, he was the kind of man most women would easily swoon over. A feeling that Maria felt instantly. But when Constance looked into his cold blue eyes, she only felt fear. Those eyes belonged to Hudson, first mate of the Falcon's Claw.

His appearance was a surprise as the buccaneer had set out to sea two weeks past and was not expected back for at least a fortnight. That they had returned unexpectedly didn't bode well, Constance thought.

"The Captain wants to see you back at the compound," Hudson said, his tone carrying a mix of displeasure and impatience.

Sure that the news wasn't good, Constance Considered for a brief moment the possibility of escape. Her eyes flashed to the edge of the forest, only a few dozen paces to her left. Then reason returned to her thinking as she recalled how ill-prepared she was to act out such a plan. As much as she had put it out of her thoughts, the memory of that night aboard ship and the first mate's skill with a pistol were still there. If she did choose to run, she mused, it was doubtful that she would make half the distance before she met the same fate as the late, ill-fated Rourke.

Instead, Constance took a moment to give Maria what she thought might be a farewell hug, thanking her for all of her kindness during her stay. Hudson watched without comment, keeping a close eye on the blonde woman until she turned and began to retrace her path back. He followed behind her a ways, never offering to make her journey quicker or easier. Then, just as they reached the edge of the encampment, he turned his horse down another path and moved off to settle another matter.

Once she passed under the large archway, Constance was met by a small boy who seemed to have been waiting for her. He guided her to a part of the old fortress

that she had never seen before. They moved past a series of intersecting corridors and up several stairwells, until they reached a large set of wooden double doors. Standing aside the portal were two guards, leaving her to believe that beyond was the Captain's quarters.

Seeing her approach, the guard on the left opened his half of the door and motioned for her to step inside. Constance found her heart pulsing as she followed his instruction, knowing her worse fears lay within. She promised herself that she would face them with courage, as she had tried to face all else in her life, short as it had been.

She was slightly surprised when the door was closed behind her and both the guard and the boy remained outside. A large decorative screen, twice as wide as it was high blocked her view, so it wasn't until she stepped around it that she understood why they had done so.

The room was vast, equal to four times the largest room in her father's house. It was lavishly furnished, filled with the spoils of uncounted plundering. It was also filled with walls of books, more than she had seen in the Convent library, matched only by the equally high piles of what she could only guess were sea charts. There was so much to take in that Constance didn't really see at first the large metal tub situated on the far side of the room, its open end facing a large and equally open set of double windows. Beyond was an expansive panorama of the deep bottomed cove and the ships that filled it.

Even when she did take note of it, the high back of the tub prevented Constance from seeing the tub was occupied. That was until another serving girl appeared from an adjacent room with a small pile of clothing in her arms.

The apprehension in her heart was momentarily replaced by fascination as Constance watched Captain Morgan rise naked from the soapy water. With her back to her, the pirate leader rose to her full five foot nine height and brought her hands to the long red hair that stretched halfway down her back. She squeezed the water from it, sending steady streams down her back and across the compact cheeks of her ass to her equally firm legs.

The muscles of her arms and back flexed as she twisted her locks one more time, exhibiting a power equal to a man but still that of a woman. As she turned to take a drying cloth from the top of her servant's pile, Constance was able to look at her in profile, taking in the fullness of the rounded breasts she had only glimpsed in

the moonlight.

She quickly dried herself after stepping from the still warm water, wiping away the small droplets that were already fading in the warm morning sun that flooded the room. Dropping the towel to the floor, she reached next for a pair of long brown breeches she quickly donned, excluding the need for any undergarments. As she moved in the sunlight, Constance was able to see a number of small scars on her body. Not enough to mar her beauty, but enough to attest to a life not spent in comfort.

A cream colored linen shirt came next, one that she left the uppermost half undone just enough as to allow a significant amount of cleavage to be visible. A dark brown leather vest followed, its laces just tight enough to further enhance the bounty of her chest. Boots of a similar hue completed the ensemble, but she was still not completely dressed.

The Captain wrapped a thin dark belt, the buckle of which appeared to be solid gold, around her waist, into which she slipped a long, deadly looking sword, the handle of which was the work of a master craftsman. Several smaller blades followed, filling spaces on the right and back of her belt, as well as the sides of her boots and the inside of her vest.

Finally, Captain Morgan reached down next to the tub and picked up a loaded and fully cocked pistol. She carefully released the hammer and slid the weapon into a holder near her sword. Evidently, not even when bathing was the beautiful woman ever really unarmed.

Turning to face a tall, full length mirror that rested against the wall, the Captain took a few moments to check her appearance. Satisfied, only then did she turn and even acknowledge Constance's presence.

"Leave us," she said to the dark haired servant girl who, after quickly picking up the now wet towel, exited the room back the way she'd come.

The door to the other room closed with a small noise and then a loud click as it was locked from the other side. It was a symbolic action, but one that showed just how much the girl, respected her mistress's privacy.

"We seem to have a problem," Captain Morgan said without preamble as she moved over to a long table and poured herself a drink from a silver edged pitcher.

Constance didn't ask what kind of problem, sure that she already knew the answer. Instead she tried to project a look of innocence and Confusion, hoping that she could look equally surprised if it turned out to be what she dreaded it was.

The Captain paused to take a long drink of the cold liquid, glancing out the window at the pirate fleet that was hers. She took a Second taste, then Continued her statement.

"I have to Confess that I was somewhat surprised when Mister Torrington failed to immediately pay your freedom price when my agent Contacted him last month," she began. "I did not think it excessive for one of his means, especially for one of your beauty."

She paused again to drain the last of her glass, then set it on the table as she turned around.

"But knowing of his reputation as a man reluctant to needlessly part with his gold, I decided to grant him his request to first Contact your father in England for instructions. I suspected that in reality he was asking your father to shoulder half the burden, but that is none of my Concern. I care not from where my payment comes and I can afford to be a little patient for it."

She stepped closer to Constance, then added a more menacing corollary that particular decision wasn't popular with some of her associates.

"Then, just five days ago, the latest cargo ship from England reached Hamilton, escorted no less by a Frigate carrying thirty guns to ensure its safe passage," she went on. "Hearing that your intended had been there to meet the ship when it made port, I again sent my agent to his house. What he discovered was most unsettling."

The pirate woman paused once more, giving Constance a chance to comment on what she had said so far. The younger woman declined to do so, but suspected that her captor knew that the information she was imparting wasn't exactly unexpected.

There was a woman on that ship, whom I've been told is your older sister, Prudence. My agent initially reported that he believed that she might have been sent with the gold in order to make sure that it was used for your release. Then, much to his surprise, Torrington not only didn't make any arrangements to unload

any gold, he instead immediately set out to arrange a wedding ceremony. In less than forty-eight hours of her arrival, your fiancée instead took your sister to his marriage bed. Where I might add. he had reportedly remained since."

Unable to totally Control herself any longer, Constance let out an audible sigh. Not at the turn of events, which as she admitted to herself was surely a possibility, but over the fact that she would no longer act as if were not. That her ransom might

actually have been paid.

"If it's any small Conciliation," the tall woman offered, "it was the opinion of my agent, who has seen both you and your sister by the way, that Torrington has settled for an inferior bride."

The words brought her small comfort as Constance thought of her sister, Prudence. Fifteen months older than her, Prudence had the misfortune to have been caught in an inappropriate situation with a man who already had a wife. The scandal that had resulted had been muted due to their father's influence, but had been enough to make in near impossible for him to arrange a suitable pairing for her among the sons of his fellows who had heard the whispers. Evidently, Torrington hadn't heard them or didn't care. Constance's only real regret about it all was that her father didn't send him Prudence in the first place so that she would be standing here instead of her.

"Still, as I said in the beginning, this has left me with somewhat of a problem," Captain Morgan said, interrupting Constance's musings.

Constance banished any thought of her sister, now giving the woman now only a few feet in front of her full and undivided attention. Everything up to this point had been a preface. Now she would learn the reason she had been sent for.

"A Captain who fails to secure their crew their promised share of a bounty might soon find themselves in a precarious position," the Captain said. "There comes a point where fear of retribution might not be enough to stay certain elements."

Constance took that statement with the proverbial grain of salt. She wasn't so naive as to think that the infamous Morgan the Red was really worried that her crew might mutiny over a few lost pieces of eight. Even if her Contact with the Captain had been severely limited, she'd seen the way just about all of the people on

this island regarded her. It wasn't so much fear as awe.

No, the pirate leader was using the scenario to make a point. One that Constance couldn't figure out, but was sure she wasn't going to like.

"It's been suggested to me by Hudson, who aside from my agent is the only one who knows the ransom isn't forthcoming, that there is another way for us to recover our loss," Captain Morgan said as Constance hung on every word. "That we might turn you over to the slaver auction on San Marcos and be able to get an equal if not greater price for you."

Constance's mouth fell open in shock, her mind unable to form words.

"This, I assure you, is not a decision that I would make lightly," the other woman extended. "Cold hearted as I have been accused of being at times, I would take no pleasure in sending a woman such as yourself into a life like that. There are men who would eagerly bid on you there that would actually make your sister's new husband seem like a prize catch."

Constance still had trouble finding words to express what she was feeling. The image of Rourke and his filthy hands upon her filled her mind. A night that might just have been a harbinger of things to come.

"Yet, as I explained before, my men expect to be paid and I'm at somewhat of a loss as to what other options I have," the Captain said as she brought their discussion to a Conclusion. "Unless you have any suggestions?"

Obviously, she didn't, but Constance did decide to take the opportunity to ask if she might ask a question. One that she had been wondering about since that night on the Falcon's Claw. After all, even a Condemned prisoner usually got a last request, didn't they?

Evidently, the older woman felt that way as well, indicating that she could ask the question.

"How did you wind up as the leader of these people?" Constance asked.

The question seemed to take her captor by surprise, but nevertheless, she did seem to give it Considerable thought before answering. That she didn't dismiss it out of hand was a good sign Constance thought.

"Why don't you have a seat," the Captain as she offered Constance one of the cushioned chairs near the window. "That might take a little explaining."

Her curiosity aroused and eager to think about something else than being sold off like a prize cow, Constance accepted the offer. Sitting down, she got the impression that it wasn't a story that she shared with many people, or that it was one that the Captain preferred not be well known. The younger woman now wondered if it was a good thing that she might now be one of the few. It might save her from the auction block, but might it lead her to something worse. Then she asked herself if there was anything that might be worse?

"First of all," the red headed woman said as she took one of the seats next to Constance, "my given name is Rachel. My father was Morgan the Red, at least the original one."

"Is he dead?" Constance asked, thinking that was a logical Conclusion.

"No, he's alive and well, or at least he was the last time I saw him," Rachel corrected her.

"I don't understand."

"A few years ago, my father decided to retire, to live out his last years in comfort. Something that normally doesn't happen for men in his kind of life," she explained. "The problem was, his Majesty's Navy doesn't like to let men such as him just fade away, especially not after all the damage he'd done to their reputations in these waters."

It hadn't occurred to Constance that many of the stories she'd heard of Morgan were twenty years old or more and that they couldn't have applied to this woman who couldn't be much more than ten years older than her.

"So in order for him to simply disappear, there still had to be a Morgan."

"He just turned it all over to you and the men followed?" Constance asked.

"No, it wasn't that simple," she clarified. "True, he could've just given me the Falcon's Claw since it was his ship, but that didn't mean any of the other Captains would automatically follow me. I had to prove myself first."

"How did you do that?" Constance asked, thinking how little respect men had for women in most parts of the world, much less here in such an untamed land.

"By being better than they were."

The look on Constance's face said that she didn't understand how that could be. Weren't men normally superior to women?

"I guess I should start at the beginning," Rachel said as she leaned back in her chair, her thoughts drifting back to her childhood. "My father loved my mother as few men love a woman. Even now, he still mourns her death from the fever. Any way, next to his love for her, the one thing he wanted most in life was a son to carry on his name."

Constance nodded her understanding of that aspect, knowing that was an aspiration carried by most men, including her father.

"Fate, however, gave him a daughter instead, twins actually, myself and my sister, Elizabeth. A gift that they only let him keep a few weeks before she also died of the fever. His attitude toward a daughter changed after that. He now looked at me as his heir regardless of my gender. From that day on, what he knew, he endeavored to teach me as well, along with every bit of knowledge the rest of his Captains had. By the time I was fifteen, I could sail a ship to almost any point on a map, or hold my own against any man with a sword in my hand. He also made sure that I learned about other subjects as well, trading precious gold for the books you see around you, all of which I've read more than once."

Constance Considered Rachel's life against her own. How her father had seen the potential in her while her own had only seen shame to be hidden away. Morality aside, it was a life she almost wished she could have led.

"I worked my way up among his crew, starting from the orlop deck to the bridge, holding every position from loblolly boy to first mate. Finally, about five years ago, my father came to me and told me it was time for him to go. I haven't seen him since."

There was a sadness in Rachel's eyes as she finished her tale. Constance couldn't help but think that despite all that she found herself envying about her, the older woman was very much alone in her life. She wanted to say something, but was interrupted by a loud knock on the door.

"Captain!" a loud voice boomed from the other side of the wood, "the Sea Dog is coming into port."

Rachel rose from her chair and glanced out the window, her sharp eyes quickly focusing on the sails just past the horizon. Duty called.

"I'm afraid we'll have to cut our chat short," Rachel said as she reached for the that she had left hanging on a post. "A pity, I wanted to ask a few questions about your life as well. Maria had already told me much about it and I was curious about a few things."

"Maria told you?" Constance asked, thinking of the many hours she had spent walking and talking to the younger girl.

"Of course," Rachel smiled as she adjusted the hat in the mirror, "there is little that goes on here on my island that I don't know about."

Constance rose to her feet, realizing that the moment was over and that her problems had returned. A view reflected on her face.

"Perhaps we can talk again later," the tall woman said as she reasserted herself in the image of Morgan the Red.

"I'd like that," Constance said.

"One thing though," the Captain said as she headed for the door, "I've given orders that you no longer be allowed to visit outside the fortress. Until I decide what to do with you, I'd much prefer to know where you are. In fact, it might be better if you stayed in your room until I got back."

"Of course," Constance said dishearteningly.

With that, Morgan the Red was gone.

All through the long afternoon and into the evening hours, Constance sat in her room, now finally feeling like a prison, and Contemplated her future. A future that looked bleaker with each passing hour. Staring out the window at the setting sun, she wondered if she would have the strength to throw herself to the street far below. Death might be preferable to the sexual slavery that Captain Morgan had hinted might be her fate.

A loud knock at the door interrupted her musings. She turned away from the window, and possible death, just as the heavy door opened from the outside. In walked Maria, her ever present smile filling her face.

Putting aside her dark thoughts, Constance found herself returning the younger girl's smile. It was that infectious. The result, the blonde haired woman thought, of a simple life with not a care in the world.

"The Captain would like you to join her for dinner," Maria said, her tone reflecting what a great honor she held such an invitation. "I've been sent to help you get ready."

Constance glanced down at the simple dress that she had been wearing since the day she arrived and wanted to laugh. Getting ready for dinner Consisted of little more than washing her face and hands, a practice that seemed little practiced among most of the people she'd seen on this island.

Maria caught the look on Constance's face and actually did laugh. The girl might've lived a simple life, but she was hardly stupid. The joke was on Constance as Maria motioned to the guard who stood by the door and in response to her summons, two more men appeared at the entrance carrying a large, decorated, chest. One that the Englishwoman recognized immediately.

"My things!" she exclaimed as she rushed forward to inspect the Contents as they laid it down in the center of the room.

So surprised was she to find all of her most precious possessions still intact, Constance never noticed the leers of the two seaman as they looked her over before leaving. That at least one of them could see right down her dress as she bent over was the furthest thing from her mind.

"The Captain would like you to dress for dinner," Maria explained as the door closed behind them, "and thought you would prefer your own clothes to anything else."

The words hardly registered on Constance as she reached down deep into the trunk and pulled out an emerald green gown. Her eyes opened wide as she looked at it again, remembering how wonderful it had felt against her skin the first time she had tried it on at the dressmakers back in England. It was the finest thing that she had ever owned, and not even the fact that it was the dress she was to meet her

future husband in could diminish her love of it.

"Dinner you said," Constance said to Maria as the younger girl also admired the fine garment.

"Yes."

"Is there going to be anyone else there?" Constance asked, wondering if perhaps she was being asked to dress finely as to show off the merchandise to some prospective buyer."

"Not that the Captain mentioned to me," Maria answered, using words that told Constance nothing.

"Well, they say the Condemned should have a hearty meal," Constance mused out loud, much to Maria's Confusion.

Using a wooden tub far less grand than the one she had found the Captain using, Constance cleansed herself of several days grime. Previously, she had to make do with a washbasin and a rag. She'd almost forgotten what it felt like to be really clean.

Maria assisted her in dressing as well, and in short order, Constance found herself gazing at the young woman she had almost forgotten herself capable of being. The mirror, like the bathtub, had been quickly produced from somewhere in the pirate stores.

As she had watched the way the fearsome seaman quickly moved to carry out Maria's commands, Constance wondered if she might have underestimated the girl's place in this society. Or what it merely that they knew that she was carrying out the instructions of the Captain and any failure to assist her would quickly make its way back to Morgan the Red. From what she had already seen of the Captain's displeasure, Constance almost pitied anyone on the receiving end of it.

Finally, after making a dozen small alterations, Constance was satisfied with her appearance. Maria complimented her on how beautiful she looked and, taking one last look at her reflection, the blonde had to agree.

Maria led Constance out into the hall, where she was surprised to discover that the guard was now gone. In fact, as they walked down the passageway and up

the stairs to the Captain's quarters, they didn't pass a soul. Constance wasn't sure if that was a good thing or not.

Maria paused at the door, then gently tapped against the wood, signaling their presence. She waited another long moment before pulling the right half of the door open. As before, the inner partition prevented Constance from seeing inside. Also as in her previous visit, she was allowed to enter alone.

Stepping around the inner wall, Constance opened her eyes in amazement. In the few hours since she had been there, the room had undergone a total transformation. The floors and walls had been scrubbed spotless, with the stacks of books and maps carefully put away. A large table now sat in the center of the room, laid out for an extravagant dinner. To her relief, Constance saw that there were only two place settings.

Moving over to the table, Constance saw that several meat and fish dishes had already been laid out. Along with the food were several bottles of wine resting in, if all things, ice. She would've wondered where they ever managed to get ice in this climate, if she hadn't been startled by the sudden appearance of Captain Morgan from the other room.

"I wasn't sure exactly what you would like," the Captain said as she stepped into the main room, "So I had my cook prepare a little of ... my God, you are beautiful!" she blurted out as she got her first good look at her guest.

Constance was also stunned by the Captain's appearance, but couldn't find the words. Morgan the Red now wore a black pair of britches, a fine white silk shirt and a royal blue Captain's coat with real gold buttons and embroidery. Her long hair was again tied back in a matching ribbon, but this time in a style more flattering to a woman.

The two women sat down to dinner, and for a time, it was possible to forget the world outside these walls. They talked of everything but the situation at hand. The food and wine, of which both shared a capacious amount of, added to the enjoyment of their Conversation. A Conversation filled with questions about Constance's life. The answers, which Constance gave freely, seemed to fascinate the older woman.

They talked right up to the midnight hour, at which point the Captain changed both her tone and the subject matter. It was a change that told Constance

that the moment she had been dreading was now here.

"I promised my men that I'd make a decision about you today," she said, "and since the new day is upon us, I see no reason to wait any longer."

Constance took a deep breath and looked down at the remnants of the feast they had Consumed. It was a pity, she thought, that such a nice night had to come to such an ignoble end.

"I guess I should tell you that I've already had an offer from Captain Sontulli to pay your ransom and save me the trouble of shipping you off to San Marcos," she Continued without any sign of emotion in her voice.

"Captain Sontulli?" Constance asked.

"You saw him the day the Falcon's Claw made landfall," came the response. "He's the Captain of the Sea Dog and also the agent I sent to see Mr. Torrington. Which is why he already knows that no payment will be coming from that quarter."

Constance tried to picture the men she saw waiting for Morgan the Red on the landing that day. She had no real idea of which was Sontulli, but couldn't recall any man that day she would want to willingly give herself to.

"And what would he want me for?" she asked, hoping for an answer other than the one she knew to be true.

"He is a man, with a man's lusts," came the simple reply, giving no doubt that the outcome would be any different than if she was sent to the auction block.

"Then I don't seem to have any other choice," Constance said in resignation.

Whether it was by her father's hand, or this pirate Captain, her fate seemed to have been destined to be the same. To be the sexual plaything of a man she could never care for, to be used only for the pleasures her body might provide.

"I do have another choice, however," the dark haired woman said unexpectedly, "but one which I wasn't sure I wanted to Consider until tonight."

She now had Constance's full and undivided attention as the young woman hung on every word that might follow. "I could pay the price myself."

It was an unexpected answer indeed.

"But why would you do that?" Constance asked after considering the option for a few moments.

Now it was the Captain who hesitated a dozen heartbeats before giving an answer.

"Because it is not only the men in these waters who are in need of companionship."

"Oh," was all Constance could say in response.

Despite her sheltered upbringing, the convent-reared woman more than understood the nature of what the Captain alluded to by companionship. While her knowledge of the intimacies men and women shared in the darkness were limited and theoretical, those that girls might share together were more familiar.

It had not been uncommon, after the Sisters had locked their charges in their dormitory at night, for certain of the older girls to leave their own beds and slip under the sheets of another already occupied. Sometimes, this happened in beds close enough for Constance to lie away and listen to their soft moans as they rubbed their bodies together. Moans and quiet, yet excited cries that left the blonde haired girl with a sense of curiosity about what they were doing.

A curiosity that had been finally satisfied last summer when one of those girls, Charity Nelson, had unexpectedly climbed into her own bed. An action that both surprised and captivated Constance, as she had never before been considered part of their private circle. It would be a few days later that she learned that one of the group had been confined to the infirmary that night, leaving an odd number of participants in the weekly ritual. Rather than forgo her pleasures, Charity, who had noticed Constance more than once paying quite a bit of attention to her activities on other nights, decided to pay her an uninvited visit.

Before Constance could decide if she should complain or let events take their course, Charity was already rubbing their bodies together and placing her hands on places on the younger woman's body that no one save her had ever touched. Curiosity, then pleasure quickly replaced any sense of reluctance, and in no time at all, the redheaded girl had brought her to that happy place that she had only visited alone. It was a wondrous experience indeed, Constance remembered

thinking.

So wondrous, in fact, that Constance felt a deep measure of disappointment when Charity's usual bedmate returned to their quarters. With the circle complete once more, the blonde haired girl was once more left on the outside.

"So you would take me just as a man would." Constance said as a statement more than a question, surprising herself with her directness. Yet, then again, it was easy to be brave when you had nothing to lose.

"If that was what I wished, who is there on this island to tell me no?" came a quick reply.

Constance knew the answer to that was no one. In fact, she found herself wondering why the Captain hadn't simply taken her and then sold her to Sontulli as well. That did seem to be the kind of thing a pirate would do.

"But," the Pirate said as the tone of her voice again changed to that of Rachel rather than Morgan the Red, "I've long believed that the fruit of the vine is much sweeter when it's freely given, rather than ripped from a tree branch."

Constance wondered how it could be freely given when she was still a captive, but even that Consideration seemed to be overwhelmed by the fascination she felt for the woman now only a few feet away from her. Deep in her soul, however wrong it might be to wish it, the Englishwoman knew that she wanted to be in the arms of this Pirate Queen, if only for this night. What Rachel said next, only made Constance want her even more.

"So I've decided to pay your ransom myself and set you free," Rachel said. "Whatever you do from this point on is of your own accord. If you wish it, I will even give orders for a ship to set sail on the dawn to take you to Jamaica and the life you left behind."

It seemed like the answer to her every night's prayer, but not one that Constance was inclined to make this night. Instead she rose to her feet and walked the few steps to where Rachel was still sitting. Her fingers reached behind herself for the top lace of the six that held her tight fitting gown against her body. A body so close that the dark haired woman was only inches from the rich, creamy bounty beneath the emerald green.

"If it is my choice," Constance said as the first restraint came loose, "then my choice is to stay."

"In that case," Rachel countered with a beaming smile as she rose from her chair and stood behind Constance, "let me do that."

Deft fingers quickly worked the remaining laces, exposing Constance's back. Rachel ran an outstretched hand across the pale skin, leaving a faint impression to mark its passage. It was a touch that sent a shiver of excitement through Constance's body, especially between her legs.

The shiver quickly grew to a shudder as Rachel leaned forward and kissed, first the center of Constance's back, then the base of her neck. Constance let out a soft moan as the brunette brought her other hand up and tilted the shorter woman's head back. Realizing her intent, Constance leaned back even further and closed her eyes as their lips met.

The crush of Rachel's mouth against her own was as soft as Constance imagined it might be. Yet, at the same time, it was filled with a passion strong enough to warm her down to her toes. It made the playful kisses she had once shared with other students seem like child's play indeed.

Rachel kissed her again, this time her tongue pressed hard against the inexperienced woman's lips, forcing them apart. Constance instinctively responded, opened her mouth wide to accept the offering, then teasing it with her own. The exchange continued for the longest time as they became more comfortable and their passions grew.

As they continued to kiss, Rachel slid her hands across Constance's bare shoulders until they came to rest against the now loose folds of her dress. Gripping them tightly, she pulled down both the emerald gown and the white undergarment beneath it until Constance could feel the night breeze from the open window wash across her skin. The cool air caused her now bare nipples to grow hard.

Reluctantly letting their lips part, Rachel relaxed her embrace just enough to let Constance slip out of her outfit completely. She did so quickly, and with considerably less concern for the garment than when she had put it on. Before Rachel could take a dozen breaths, the blonde haired woman stood naked in the light of the many candles that filled the room.

Standing there as nude as the day she was born, Constance felt a surge of exhilarating freedom that she had never felt before. All of her life, even when she shared common quarters with several dozen other girls, she had been taught to hide her body in shame. She had even been admonished to always avert her eyes when one of the other girls changed or washed, lest she view their bodies. Even that night Charity had come to her bed, neither of them had completely disrobed.

The candlelight that bathed Constance's body also reflected in Rachel's eyes as the Pirate Captain took in the beauty of her prize. Never, she quickly decided, had she seen such a pleasing image.

Long silky hair, the color of sun-kissed honey, reached down to below her shoulders. Captivating blue eyes one couldn't help but be drawn deep into looked back at her as their eyes met for a brief moment. Her gaze dropped to the sweet pink lips that she had just drank deeply of. From there she moved further downward to breasts as full as her own, with large pink nipples hard and erect. Finally, Rachel focused on the lightly haired, almost translucent, triangle that covered as coveted a prize as any the Freebooter had ever plundered.

Even as her eyes never shifted from Constance's near perfect form, Rachel removed her Captain's coat, dropping it across her chair. Her hands reached up to the collar of her ruffled blouse where she began to undo its buttons.

"No, please let me," Constance implored, echoing Rachel's words of only a few minutes before.

A blissful smile filled Rachel's face as she removed her hands and gestured for Constance to take over. The shorter blonde closed the distance between them and picked up where the brunette left off.

Those blue eyes that Rachel had so admired filled with excitement as more of the bronzed skin beneath the silk blouse became visible, allowing Constance a much better view of that which she had only glimpsed during the Captain's bath. A gasp spilled from her lips as she exposed the second dark mound and saw a long deep scar that ran along one side and almost the length of the valley between. A stark reminder of the difference in their lives.

Rachel took note of the momentary distress on Constance's face. It reminded her of the day she had gotten that scar. Of how deep the wound had been and how lucky she had been to survive. The injury stood as a reminder of how fragile life

was and how she would never again let anyone keep her from that which she desired.

Dismissing the harsh half of that memory from her mind, Rachel took Constance's hands in her own and placed them against her rounded globes. She gave her the lightest of kisses and let her younger lover explore the warmth and softness of her mounds.

It was an exploration that caused Constance's heart to race and a feeling of lightheadedness to pass over her as she rubbed her fingers against Rachel's nipples, feeling them grow hard at her caress. Rachel's face filled with delight and a soft moan slipped from her lips, a long, pleasing cry that grew in intensity along with the flames of lust.

It heralded a rising need that Rachel could not long ignore. She had planned to let Constance take her time and ease herself into the situation. But it had only taken the press of their bodies against each other for her to realize that was a hopeless wish. She had been alone for far too long, her hunger too urgent.

She took Constance in her arms and kissed her once more, this time hard and passionately. Then, in a burst of strength fueled by eroticism, she lifted Constance into the air and carried her off in the direction of her bedroom.

Rather than be scared by the sudden movement, Constance felt strangely safe in her arms. Safe, and anxious to feel more of the fires that were also raging within her.

Only the light of the full moon spilling through the open window illuminated the small bedroom. In such low lighting, it was quite difficult for Constance to make out her surroundings as they stepped inside. A detail that mattered little at the moment as the only aspect of the room that concerned her was the large bed that occupied half of it. A bed that Rachel dropped her on, then took a few steps back.

Now it was Constance's turn to watch as Rachel divested herself of the open shirt that still hung from her shoulders. The rest of her clothing followed just as rapidly. Unlike the woman on the bed, the pirate leader never wore undergarments, so the largest portion of her time was spent just getting off her boots.

Constance felt like time stood still as she waited for Rachel to join her in

bed. For some reason, the words of advice given to her by the old woman her father had sent to her to prepare her for what she should expect on her wedding night came to mind. This wasn't exactly that, but it was the closest thing to it she thought. She found that somewhat strange as she really didn't think the advice to not complain and meekly submit to her husband's desires was really going to be of much use.

Rachel had the opposite reaction, as if time was racing and she had none to waste. Reaching the center of the bed where Constance lay, she reached out and ran her hand up the blonde's outstretched leg. She followed her fingers with her warm lips, planting kisses behind her caress. Both gentle touches sending escalating sparks of electricity through the prone woman.

Reaching the lightly haired mound between Constance's legs, Rachel brushed her fingers back and forth across it, turning those tiny sparks into bolts of lightning. Constance's body jumped as Rachel's fingers rubbed against her clit once, twice, then a third time. It took all Rachel's self-control to abandon that prize so near, but she knew she would return to it soon enough.

The dark haired woman continued upward, leaving a train of kisses across her stomach until she reached the large twin mounds so like her own. The inviting nipples drew her attention, first her hands, then her mouth.

Constance moaned loudly as Rachel's lips closed around her excited tips, her darting tongue adding to the most wonderful sensations she had ever felt. Her hands massaged the supple flesh around them, adding to the magic.

"Blessed Mother," the young woman cried out, "I've never felt so good!"

Letting the hard nub slip from her mouth, Rachel's lips formed into a wicked smile. She knew that even better things were ahead.

Constance writhed beneath her as Rachel returned to the task at hand, or mouth as the case might be. Gripping the soft firm breasts in her hands again, she once more lowered her mouth to one of Constance's areole and bit down on the plump nipple. The younger woman cried out in pleasure, reaching out with her own hands and grabbing the back of Rachel's head, pulling her even harder against her mound. Rachel repeated her action twice more, alternating the love bites with gentle thrusts of her tongue. Then she moved to the other breast and started all over.

"More, more!" Constance called out.

And more was exactly what Rachel had to give. Lifting herself even higher, she moved further up on the bed so that her own breasts now hung over Constance's face. The inexperienced lover quickly reached up and took one in each hand, massaging them with her fingers as she had a short time before. Rachel moved lower, bringing her breasts even closer, along with an invitation that Constance was all too eager to act upon.

Rachel's breasts felt so sweet in her mouth as Constance worked her tongue against the wide nipple, trying to duplicate the amazing things Rachel had done with hers. An effort that while not perfect, was more than good enough.

Even as the fever across her own chest grew in strength, Rachel shifted her body as to still allow Constance access to the bounty she now suckled at, but to also extend her reach. Her left hand moved down between the blonde's legs, quickly coming to rest on the lightly haired patch.

Riding a wave of pleasure, Rachel parted the folds with her fingers and slipped one between them. She was surprised at how wet it already was, but not at the reaction to its entry. It was one that she had already seen in other women who had shared her bed over the years.

Rubbing that finger back and forth, covering it with the juices of her efforts, Rachel was pleased as she felt Constance's body began to move in synch with hers. Responding to the thrusts of her hand with those of her body.

A second finger soon followed the first, adding to the power of her penetrations as Constance squirmed even more. Rachel worked the pair harder and deeper, finally adding a third to the mix bringing forth an even louder cry that surely could be heard by anyone on the streets below. Neither of them cared.

The fires in each of their bodies merged, forming a single soul shattering inferno. It was a summons that neither Rachel nor Constance could ignore. They were now one being, with only one goal.

Rachel pulled out her fingers and reversed her earlier movement. In the space of a single heartbeat, before Constance could even realize that she had moved, the dark haired woman's head was between her legs and had picked up with her tongue where her fingers had left off.

If Constance had been electrified by the press of Rachel's tongue against her nipple, that of it against her clit was enough to send her totally over the edge. Her body rocked with each wet thrust inside her, as oscillating ripples of delight tore through her frame.

"I...I.," Constance gasped as she tried to form words to express what she felt, but her breaths were coming too fast for even that.

But Rachel needed no words of encouragement, not when she was so close to the goal she had envisioned from the moment this prize had fell under her sway. She worked the inner walls of Constance's womanhood with the same enthusiasm that she led a boarding party onto a Spanish Galleon. Ravishing her innocence with a vengeance, she pulled the enlarged clit deep into her mouth, sucking it hard and rolling it against her.

Rachel's body quaked almost as hard as Constance's as the finest of wines fueled her fires. And still it wasn't enough. She wanted her lover to share in the sweet ambrosia as well. With the cat-like reflexes that had allowed her to move across a battle raged deck without harm, Rachel again shifted her body without missing a beat in the pleasures she was bringing Constance.

The movement was enough, however, to cause Constance to open the eyes she'd previously shut to enjoy the sensations Rachel's ministrations had produced. To her surprise, and delight, Rachel's dark covered sex was now only inches from her own mouth. As hard as it was to shift even part of her attention from what was happening between her own legs, it was a treasure that couldn't be ignored.

Constance reached up and closed the palms of her hands against the cheeks of Rachel's ass, drawing her even closer. Her tongue reached up and pressed against the saturated mound. It was the first time in her life she had ever seen a woman's sex, and that included her own. But as excited as she was, she wasn't about to let a little thing like that hold her back.

Opening the way to the pinkness within with both her hands, Constance first kissed the moist flesh, then extended her tongue as far as it would go, pressing it back and forth along the nectar covered walls. Never having tasted the fruits of a woman, not even her own, Constance wasn't sure what to expect. To her delight, it was like the sweetest of candies. Once she had a taste of it, she only wanted more.

Rachel's mouth was too occupied to give a verbal reaction to Constance's

actions, so she encouraged her the best way she knew. Namely by working her agile tongue even harder into Constance's dark recesses and bringing her even greater pleasures.

The effect was infectious as Constance tried to copy Rachel's action. Her results were mixed, but satisfying none the less. She drew deeper and deeper into the woman on top of her, her own eagerness growing in leaps and bounds as she felt Rachel respond to her touch.

Rachel could feel that Constance was so very close to orgasm and wanted to catch up. She pressed her wet mound even harder against the blonde's mouth, so that no matter what she did, any motion was immediately translated into pure joy. With no more room for even her hands, Constance reached above her head and tightly gripped the headboard, holding it tightly as a thunderstorm raged throughout her body.

A storm that had it's twin in Rachel as she felt her own orgasm racing up to meet her. The part of her ruled by logic told her that she should slow down a little, lest Constance reach her climax and be unable to bring her to hers. But it was the part of her ruled by passion was in control now and that simply wasn't an option. There was no force on Earth, not even the sudden appearance of a dozen of His Majesty's warships in the cove beyond her window, that would cause her pause.

As it turned out, it was a concern she need not have worried about. As important as the physical aspects of love were, the mental ones played an even greater role. The knowledge that she was Constance's first, and nothing would ever change that, was enough to bridge the gap and bring them both to fruition at almost the same time.

It was Constance that climaxed first, her body growing rigid as the dam within her that held a lifetime of denied pleasures crumbled with overwhelming force. Her body thundered as those erotic forces took hold of every aspect of her mind and body, bringing her the most enjoyable moments of her young life.

As the rational part of Rachel's mind had feared, the onset of Constance's orgasm had put an end to her efforts to bring the same to her lover. Thankfully, the forces set in motion could not be stopped. The rapture that gripped her a short time afterwards was as pleasing to her as the younger woman's had been for her.

By the time the light of the morning sun replaced that of the pale moonlight, the two women had made love twice more. Each time, Constance's performance had improved, until on her third attempt, she had even brought Rachel to her climax first. After that, they had just fallen asleep naked in each other's arms, enjoying the ambient heat of each other's body.

Rachel had awoken first and quietly slipped out of bed just long enough to send for Maria and order breakfast for the two of them. Before the smiling servant girl could even reach the end of the long corridor, Rachel had rejoined Constance in bed.

"Good morning," she said to the young blonde as she brushed aside the sweat matted hair that covered her eyes. "and how is my love this morning?"

"Your love is tired and very hungry," Constance smiled as she opened her eyes wide.

"I've sent Maria for food."

"It's not food that I'm hungry for," Constance laughed as she sat up, causing the thin sheet that had draped across her body to fall away, exposing her inviting breasts.

"My my, what happened to the shy, virginal girl who went to convent school?" Rachel laughed, even as her eyes were drawn to the bright pink nipples she knew to be so sweet.

"You're what happened," Constance replied as she leaned forward to kiss her. "and I hardly think I qualify as virginal anymore."

Rachel met her halfway, their mouths opening wide as they once more explored each other's depths with their tongues. It was a morning kiss that lasted a very long time. Interrupted only when Maria returned with a basket of fruits and other sweets.

Rachel was still stark naked when Constance, her own nudity covered by the sheet she had wrapped around her, stepped into the main room where Maria was laying out the meal she had brought for the Captain and her guest.

The clothes that Maria had helped her don the night before were still

scattered around the floor, leaving no doubt as to what had happened after dinner. Looking back at her when she turned to wish her a good morning, Constance wasn't sure what the younger girl made of it.

There was a look in the young girl's eyes that she couldn't really decipher. It made her wonder if, perhaps Maria had once spent time in the Captain's bed. That might help explain some of the men's deferment to her. If that was the case, the girl didn't seem to be the least upset at having been replaced. If anything, she seemed even happier than usual at the obvious improvement in her mistress's demeanor.

"Thank you, Maria," the Captain said as she dismissed her, adding in a lower voice that only she could hear, "for everything."

Rachel waited until the door closed behind Maria, picking up an appetizing piece of fruit from the bowl she had left. She took a small bite of it, savoring the taste.

"Now where were we?" she said to Constance who had joined her at the table.

"We were talking about hungers," she replied.

"Oh yes," Rachel laughed as she held out the piece of fruit and offered her guest a bite from the other side.

Constance tilted her head forward and took a bite, their eyes meeting as she did. The nectar was almost as sweet as that she had enjoyed the night before.

Rachel put down the fruit and kissed her again, this time the juices of the fruit mixed with the remnants of those from their lovemaking. It was an intoxicating combination.

"Perhaps we can take the breakfast back to bed with us," Rachel suggested.

"I think that's a lovely idea," Constance replied, "almost as lovely as you are in the morning."

As their lips met, each woman was sure of a new truth. One that would continue to prove as unshakable in the years to come as it did in this moment.

For Constance, she knew that her life had begun anew and that she would never leave this woman's side. Whatever had come before had been but a prelude to her destiny. A destiny she now wholeheartedly embraced.

For Rachel, whom the world would never know also carried the name of Morgan the Red, it was the knowledge that her decision to pay the ransom herself, and then setting Constance free had been the best decision she had ever made. Holding her lover in her arms, stroking her long, silky hair, she realized that gold came in many forms. Some more precious than others.

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The saga of Morgan the Red continued to grow in the years to follow, earning a place as one of the most feared Pirates of the Caribbean. It was a legend that remained long after the day he himself disappeared with his young bride and a fortune in plundered wealth.

It was also said that his disappearance had centered around his taking of a son and heir. An orphaned lad they took in in place of the child, it was rumored, that his wife could not give him. That was one aspect of the legend that men soon learned at peril to their life not to inquire too deeply into.

Long after other pirates of the era were largely forgotten, Morgan the Red was remembered. Nearly two centuries later, the islanders of San Cristobal were rewarded for the secrets they'd kept with the arrival of the descendant of Morgan's son. With Sean McMurphy, came the redemption of long ago promises. A redemption that was continued to this day by his granddaughter, Scarlett.

END

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Comments are the life blood of any amateur writer, the currency in which they are paid. It only takes a few minutes to send off a few lines, which is little to ask for in exchange for hours spent creating a story. So be sure to take those few minutes, it can only result in more and better stories in the future.

THE TEST
By
Xsummersboy

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Important Notes

This is a work of fiction that parodies characters created by Joss Whedon.

This story is NOT suitable for minors. Please do not place it in areas where younger people could potentially view the material.

If you do not have the legal right to view material involving acts of a sexual power exchange nature, then please leave this page.

All characters in the story are of a consensual age (16+) in English law. However, activities contained in the story may not be of a consensual nature.

I cannot state strongly enough that this story is a fantasy. I do not condone the activities contained within the story, and I do not support the use of corporal punishment in real life.

Please respect my wish to share this aspect of my sexuality with others of similar interest (who I hope will gain some small pleasure from my modest efforts).

This is my first attempt at a story, so feedback much appreciated.

Thanks.

Xsummersboy

"I know all about you and your time at Sunnydale High, Miss Summers. That's why I'd like to offer you a job here."

"Huh? Say what?" was all a startled Buffy could manage to say.

"Well, the School Board has decided that we need a behavioural mentor for

the students...to cope, you see, with the...aahhh....special nature of this school."

The pretty blonde carefully assessed the tall new Principal of Sunnydale High, her slayer instincts urging her to be cautious. However, despite her initial feeling, one thing was clear. Buffy needed some money - badly. She couldn't go back to dishing out hamburgers for a living, yet the bills kept piling up. And, she figured, looking after a teenager in the house was not cheap. Her mind strayed for a moment, as she wandered how her sister was coping with her new classmates. The principal's voice broke into her thoughts.

"Of course, we do value your unique skills, and are prepared to offer a generous package. How does \$20 per hour sound for 20 hours a week?"

Repressing an overwhelming desire to take the job without further debate, Buffy asked - as casually as she could manage - what exactly the role would entail. At this, the Principal's face grew serious.

"Perhaps we should move into my office. The corridor isn't perhaps the right place to discuss the finer details."

The diminutive slayer smiled, "The devil's always in the detail, isn't it?"

They had been in his office for close to an hour. The Principal took in all of Buffy's features. The watchful eyes, the delicate nose, the pouting lips. Thankfully, her cheeks were returning to their normal colour, as the elder Summers' embarrassment faded. Buffy turned her head and stared thoughtfully out of the window.

"Take your time" urged the principal, as he himself took time to enjoy Buffy's other features. He loved the way her breasts pushed against the constraints of her tight white blouse, the young woman's stringy bra clearly visible through the thin material. Meanwhile, Buffy was struggling with a dilemma. The role of the behavioural mentor was now clear. She was to administer corporal punishment to the unruliest students. So, that was the school board's new plan keep the school in order. They'd get the powerful slayer to deliver a sound thrashing to anyone who stepped out of line. Word would get round, and no one would want to risk a slayer spanking. Buffy had herself never been spanked, though she guessed she would often have preferred to receive a whipping instead of the long days of endless recriminations and groundings. Sure, spanking was painful, but so much less time was wasted...and time, Buffy knew well, was precious. She turned away from the

window, and looked directly at the principal.

"I'll take the job."

The drive home was a mix of emotions for Buffy. The euphoria from having acquired a well paid job that would cover her bills. The anticipation of the coming Monday when she would start her new duties. Pride that she would be the one to sort these youngsters out, and help them on their way to a better future. There was though a nagging doubt in the slayer's mind, which she couldn't quite explain. A couple of blocks from her house, Buffy suddenly realised what had been troubling her. She had to slam on the car's brakes to stop herself from driving straight across a busy intersection. She dragged her head onto the steering wheel and sighed loudly.

"Dawn!"

Monday came all too quickly. It had been arranged that Xander would take the Summers' girls into Sunnydale High, as Buffy had confided to her close friend that she was so nervous, she probably shouldn't drive there on her first day. There was silence during the journey, which was in Xander's view thankfully short. His attempts to lighten the atmosphere had not gone down well with either sister. Dawn was clearly as mad as she had been on Friday, when her older sister first revealed to her that she was the new punishment supremo at Dawn's school.

Her first day was pretty quiet. In the morning, she'd said goodbye to the still sulking Dawn and reported nice and early to the school secretary. The older woman greeted her with an amused smile, perhaps wondering how such a slender blonde could possibly deter any student from committing bad behaviour.

"Follow me, dear." The secretary took Buffy down a set of stairs and into her office. Typical, I'm stuck away in the basement, thought the slayer. She found her "office" was essentially a windowless room with two tables and a chair. The first table was positioned towards the rear of the room - a PC and a set of trays sat atop the heavy desk, whilst the chair was a comfortable leather type that swivelled around. Buffy knew her first task of the day would be to swivel around a few times in that lovely chair. Well, a slayer needs to have fun too...Her thoughts turned to the second table, situated in the centre of the room, without any items at all on top of it. Probably just a spare; there's nowhere else to store it, she thought.

It was only towards the end of the morning that she realised the significance of the second table. Having played with her chair, the PC, and shuffled some student

files, Buffy's natural curiosity took her to the center table, which was built with a large and wide set of drawers on one side. She gasped as she opened the top drawer - there she found what she would later refer to as her "tools". There was a thick leather belt, a paddle with a number of holes drilled into it, and a fearsome looking cane. She took the cane from the drawer with a curious smile, and whipped it fiercely through the air. The ensuing whistle of the wind was intoxicating to the slayer. I may enjoy this job after all, she thought. It was then she realised the positioning of the table - the students would bend over it so that she could get a good swing at their derrieres. Perfect. She opened the second drawer - handcuffs, rope and a note from the principal - "If you need any more supplies, the secretary can supply you with some petty cash."

"Nope", she said to herself. "I think I'm good - for now at least."

Buffy saw six students during that first week. She felt sorry for them, and didn't believe it was necessary to punish them. Their behaviour at school had been very foolhardy, but they all seemed contrite. The last boy she had seen had even hugged her. She has listened to the students' side of the argument, then explained why their actions weren't appropriate from the teacher's perspective. The students accepted the points she made. Good all round, she thought. No need to use the tools yet.

The next Monday also started quietly enough. Her thoughts were beginning to turn to lunch when the "You have mail" message popped up on her PC screen. Opening her inbox, she found a message from the Chairman of the school board, Mr Griffiths. The mail was very clear. Her current disciplinary methods were not wanted at Sunnydale High. If they'd wanted someone for the students to talk to, they'd have hired another qualified counsellor. Mr Griffiths final comment left her with no illusions.

"The next time a student is sent to you for punishment, I expect them to walk out of your office sobbing, with one very sore backside."

Buffy frowned. She was getting on with the kids, but work had to come first. Buffy knew she couldn't afford to lose her job, and was determined to make an impression on the next teenager that arrived in her office.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon and the slayer was anxious to prove she could do the job. The real job she was hired for. All of a sudden, there was a quite, timid knock on the door.

"Come in!" Buffy urged, putting on her most authoritarian voice. Best not to let the kid's hopes get too high. The door slowly opened.

"What the hell!"

"Mrs Robinson caught me..err..stealing this week's test. It wasn't a big deal! The whole class felt we didn't deserve a test. We hadn't covered the subject properly!"

Buffy glared at her sister. Beautiful Dawn - with her long dark hair and butter wouldn't melt expression - had been nothing but trouble all year. Buffy had hoped the younger girl would start to develop a real sense of maturity and responsibility, as the slayer had done when she was 16.

"I know you've got to be seen to be fair...because you're my sister....so maybe you could give me a detention..or maybe two this week."

Buffy looked her sister up and down. Dawn was wearing a tight pink, V-neck sweater and tight dark blue jeans. Her young breasts hadn't fully developed, but there was still sufficient shape in her firm body to make Buffy realise that womanhood was just round the corner for Dawn. Her sister would have to start dealing with real life real soon. Time for a valuable lesson. Buffy was determined to demonstrate that actions had consequences.

"Take your jeans off, Miss Summers."

"Buffy!" The teenager, reacting angrily to the order, stood up straight, and defiantly crossed her arms.

"You're here to be punished for stealing, Miss Summers. Please remove your jeans. Now!"

Dawn looked very uncomfortable. Her hands dropped to her front, her fingers playing nervously with themselves. There was a long pause. Dawn started to cry. Oh great! Here comes the water works, thought the slayer. She put on her most sympathetic voice possible.

"Look Dawn. You know I have a job to do." The slayer paused. "Please don't cry dawningie!" Her sister looked up at her hopefully.

Of course Buffy wouldn't spank her, she concluded, she's just trying to scare me. Her sister's next words filled her with dread.

"You've been reckless and naughty today Dawn, but then you've been that for some time. When you leave this office, you're gonna have one sore bottom. The sooner you realise that, the easier things will get." Dawn's outpouring of tears got even stronger. "Now, Miss Summers, please remove your jeans."

Somehow, Dawn managed to bring her hands down to the buttons of her tight blue jeans. She slowly undid the buttons, pulled the zip down, and pushed the jeans down her bare legs. Dawn stood there in her pink top and brief lime panties, with her jeans stuck half way down her legs

"I said take them off. All the way." Dawn looked pitifully at her.

"You'll have to take your sneakers off, won't you?"

Dawn untied the sneakers, stepped out of them, then removed her jeans and placed them over a nearby stool.

"Now bend over the desk." Dawn sniffled, but failed to move.

"Miss Summers, do you have any doubts that I can make you bend over that desk?"

Dawn began to realise that the situation was hopeless. Maybe a spanking wouldn't be that bad, she calculated. She bent over the wooden desk. Buffy made her hold onto one side of the desk with both arms, which pressed her breasts forward onto the hard wooden surface. Suddenly, she had bigger troubles. Buffy's hands were at her waist. She was pulling down her panties!

"Buffy, nooooooooooooo!" She tried to stand up, but the slayer firmly held her down.

"You didn't think we were going to do this over those panties? A good spanking is always on the bare!"

Where had she got that from, Buffy wondered to herself. She looked at her younger sister, naked from the waist down. Her perfect white bottom was sure gonna be a different colour soon. She paused, considering the situation for a

moment. This is tough, she thought. I don't ever want to do this again. This needs to be a sound, harsh punishment. Dawn continued to cry softly. She'll never accept this, Buffy thought. It'll be too difficult for her. She decided to restrain the teenager. She took the handcuffs out of the drawer and placed them on Dawn's hands. Dawn looked really terrified now, but she seemed to have lost her voice. Well, I'm sure she'll get that back soon enough, Buffy wryly smiled to herself. Next she had Dawn's legs tied to the sturdy legs of the table, so the slim teenager's slender legs wouldn't be able to kick out. Buffy went to the top drawer of the table. She felt her sister's eyes focus on her every move. Clearly, Dawn was anxious to see what implement the slayer would use to chastise her. Buffy pulled out the paddle and the long strap. Dawn's eyes widened.

"Buffy, I'll be good from now on. You know I will. Buffy, plleeeeeeeaaaaassssseee!" Dawn was sweating now.

The blonde placed the belt to one side, grasped the paddle firmly in her right hand, and walked behind her sister. There was a knock on the door. Buffy moved to the door, and opened it slightly, so that the unexpected visitor would not be able to view the half naked Dawn bent across the table. After all, there was no need to humiliate Dawn in front of her fellow students. But it wasn't a pupil - it was the Principal.

"Buffy, can I come in? I need to discuss some feedback I've had from the school board."

Buffy opened the door and gestured the Principal inside. He's not a fellow student, she reasoned, and he needs to be re-assured that I can handle an unruly pupil at his school.

"Ahhh!" the principal exclaimed as he saw bare bottomed Dawn. "I see Miss Summers is here to benefit from some mentoring. Very good. I hope you learn a lesson here today, Dawn."

"Uhh...Yes, sir." Dawn answered.

"You don't mind it I see you at work, Buffy?"

"Of course not." The slayer returned to her position behind her sister. Dawn closed her eyes, hoping to shut out some of the humiliation of this new and horrible experience.

Buffy raised the paddle and slammed it into her sister's pale young buttocks. The reaction was instant - Dawn yelled out in agony as the wood exploded onto her bottom. Buffy was unmoved. She was ready to give Dawn the thrashing she deserved. Even if she wanted to go easy, the Principal's attendance meant she would have to chastise the pretty brunette fully. She glanced over at the Principal. He was silent, but he did give an approving nod. Dawn started crying again. Buffy stared at the girl's bottom. The left side was reddening from the first blow. Time to redress the balance. With the power of a martial arts expert, Buffy struck the paddle into Dawn's right buttock.

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOwwwwwwwwww!" Dawn screamed out, and struggled against her bonds. Buffy delivered 10 more blows - 5 to each cheek. Dawn was hysterical. Her bottom was on fire, and she was promising all manner of things. More chores. Extra homework. Anything for Buffy to stop. Buffy did pause after those first dozen strikes. Dawn's bottom was bright red and beginning to bruise. Her sister had certainly learnt a lesson, but Buffy knew she would have to go further to make sure that Dawn never forgot this experience.

"Dawn, I think you'd say anything to stop me spanking you. I need to know I've really got through to you. I'm going to strap your bottom a dozen times. And it is really going to sting."

"Buffy. Nooo!"

"But if you count the strokes, and thank me for each one, then I'll know that you've accepted your punishment and we can stop. If not, then..."

Buffy let her words trail away. It was better to let Dawn imagine what would happen. "I'll leave it upto you."

The slayer picked up the strap and swished it through the air. Dawn jumped.

"Just a practice!. It's a tricky thing, this strap. Wouldn't want to miss your bottom...."

Buffy raised the strap again and whipped it across the very vulnerable - and already red - teenage bottom. Dawn yelped loudly as the strap tore into her buttocks, but she was quick to add, "One, thank you, Buffy."

There wasn't any resentment in her voice, just acceptance. Clearly, she

wanted the beating to end, and was prepared to toe the line. Buffy was a little surprised at her sister's acquiescence, particularly to the requirement to thank her. Gratitude was not one of Dawn's strengths. Well, let's see whether she'll thank me for this one, thought Buffy. Whoosh! The second blow landed almost exactly where the first had - doubling the intensity of the initial stripe. Dawn was sobbing at full intensity now. Buffy was about to land the third strike without hearing the obligatory count, when she heard a pitiful voice say, "Two, thank you, Buffy."

The principal glanced at this watch and sighed. "Alas. Must go to a meeting" He headed for the door, then turned back to face the elder Summers girl. "Buffy, I think you'll do a very good job for us"

Dawn wasn't sure how she got through the next few strokes. Buffy landed them on her real good, but she managed to thank her for every single one.

"Dawnie. This is your final stroke. Are you ready?"

"Yes Buffy" Thwack! This was the nastiest stroke of all. The belt had hit the inside of her thigh, the top of the vicious strap smacking against her private parts. This was almost too much for Dawn. She screamed, unable to consider anything other than the pain of the moment. Buffy gave her a moment. "Twelve, thank you Buffy" said Dawn finally, now trying to fight back her tears,

Buffy swelled with pride as she realised her Dawnie was finally trying to be brave and take responsibility for her actions. She untied her sister and gave her a huge hug. Dawn managed a smile.

"I'll try to be good, I really will."

"I know, Dawn, I know now. As soon as we get home, I'll get you some cooling lotion for that hot bottom of yours. It'll sting for a few days when you sit down, but you'll be ok. But, before that, I need you to really think about what happened today. For the next 30 minutes, I want you to stand in that corner with your bare red bottom on display to me. And, Dawn, I know your behind is scorching, but keep your hands away from it or you'll be in trouble"

Dawn moved over to the corner. She was feeling self-conscious now, half naked in front of her older sister, with a bright red and very sore bottom. Standing in the corner, she voluntarily placed her hands on her head for the next half hour, so she wouldn't be tempted to touch her burning behind.

Finally, the 30 minutes was up and Buffy let her pull her panties up and get dressed in her jeans. The tight cotton was sore on Dawn's bottom, but she was determined not to complain. Buffy noted this, but didn't say anything.

When they got home, Dawn changed into her pyjamas, as that was the loosest thing she could think of to wear. Buffy knocked on Dawn's bedroom door.

"Can I come in?"

"Sure." Buffy entered and handed Dawn the cooling lotion she'd promised.

"Thanks"

"Dinner will be in 10 minutes".

"Ok..err....Buffy?"

"Yeah?"

"I love you."

"I love you too Dawn"

Buffy went downstairs. Dawn removed the pyjama bottoms and went to the mirror. Her bottom was totally red and blue, there was no white to be seen, and the individual marks of the strap were still visible. The holes on the paddle had left their own special marks around her buttocks. Dawn began to rub the lotion into her bottom. The stinging was incredible.

"So that was my first spanking", she said to herself, then sighed, thinking back to events even earlier in the day.

"I wonder if we'll still have to take the test."

Feedback appreciated.

Art of Seduction
by
Ginny Walker

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Hi everyone!

Here is a DRAFT of a "micro-story" I am currently working on. It was inspired by letter I received in response from a reader. I haven't posted it to my website yet. I hope to do so within a few weeks.

SOME MAY FIND THIS STORY APPROACHES OR CROSSES A LINE -
CONSIDER THIS YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO AVOID EXPOSING YOURSELF
TO IT.

Please email or reply (I prefer email) and let me know what you think about it.

I hope you get wet reading it! Please email me if you do - sometimes being so familiar with a story I write, I find it more arousing to read the replies of other readers describing how they felt, what they did while or after reading it, or similar experiences they've had.

And if you cum, I'll feel I've done my job.

Luv, Ginny

WARNING: READ THE ENTIRE INTRO THOROUGHLY BEFORE
READING ANY OF MY STORIES SO THAT YOU WILL NOT BE OFFENDED
BY THE MATERIAL.

This story contains the graphical account of sex (sometimes coerced or even forced) between young girls. This story is based on a letter I received from a reader.

SOME MAY FIND THIS STORY APPROACHES OR CROSSES A LINE -
CONSIDER THIS YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO AVOID EXPOSING YOURSELF
TO IT.

I am grateful to those who have shared their experiences with me to serve as the basis for these stories and I am always looking for more true experiences from others to write about (so email me your experiences). The subject matter I find most interesting deals with first time experiences, innocence lost, lactation, reluctance, and tribadism.

In these stories I seek to share what I believe are beautiful, erotic and enlightening experiences of real women.

I welcome your feedback and encouragement (pro or con, but please be polite) at wcollege2001@yahoo.com

Future stories will appear on my web site www.geocities.com/wcollege2001

I don't care what all the so called experts say, for me lesbianism was a choice rather than some inborn desire for girls. Maybe my choice was influenced by circumstances; certainly it wasn't that I had some desire to be more "male like". For a young girl living in a home with two very strict parents, there really wasn't much opportunity to develop sexual intimacy with a boy. It was completely different for girls, there was no suspicion or caution on the part of my parents. We were allowed to hang out in my bedroom (even with the door closed), we could go out together and my folks didn't ask questions. As a teenager the only possibility I had to be intimate with anyone was with other girls. So mine was a choice driven by necessity.

While I have a dominant personality and am usually the sexual initiator, I'm not the butch type. Physically I'm 5'-4" and a size 4 petite, I dress like a girl (love to wear skirts), wear makeup, and have a feminine presence. Emotionally I'm all female too - probably no different than most heterosexual girls - certainly I'm as comfortable being a female as they are. I like that women are soft and gentle and feminine. But I also like to control things. And I like the feeling I get when I am able to manipulate a shy, reluctant girl into being the sexual leader. Seducing a girl gives me a thrill. There is something about the hunt and the conquest that feeds my libido. I don't condone rape and while I have forced myself on several girls, I don't think it ever got to a point where they resisted to their physical capability. In nearly every case they eventually came around to the point where they were willing - if not, they were at least resigned to what we were doing together. I might have have left a few emotional scars, but no more than most people out there have done. Just ask someone who's been dumped, or cheated on, or used. I'm not proud of this fact,

just owning up to my mistakes.

My hunger for girls began five years ago when I was 13 years old. Many of the kids in my class were already experimenting sexually. An opportunity tempted me and lust drove me. I was at a sleep-over party at one of my friend's house. Amy was there as well - she was only 12 but had skipped a grade so we were all in the same class. Everyone dozed off to sleep about 1 am. About a half hour later I was lying there awake in the darkness, when I noticed Amy got up and went to the bathroom down the hall. I waited a minute and then followed. I opened the door and Amy blurted "Oh shit! You scared me!" as she sat on the toilet with her nightgown bunched up in her lap.

"Sorry - Are you ok?", I asked.

"Yeah, can you find me some TP, the roll is empty", she replied.

I'll never be able to explain what made me do what I did, but I stepped forward and reached my hand in between Amy's legs and ran my hand over her dripping pussy and immediately removed it. Amy stared at me in shock while I stared at my fingers, now glistening from drops of urine collected from Amy's pussy. It was such a turn on that I put my hand back between her thighs. Just as my fingers brushed her slit, she grabbed my wrist and yelled at me,

"What are you doing!" My very matter-of-fact reply was simply,

"I'm cleaning you up."

With that I pressed my fingers between Amy's slit. She tried to push my hand away but I had a better angle than her and she could do nothing to stop my probing. Unable to overpower my arm, she pleaded for me to stop. I couldn't have even I had wanted to - I wanted this badly. With urgency, I worked my fingers deeper between her pussy lips and encountering her little entryway, managed to slip one inside her vagina. Her urine serving as lubrication, my digit glided smoothly inside her to its full length. Amy gasped as I penetrated her. I couldn't believe how good she felt - so warm and so smooth. The walls of her vagina surrounded and massaged all the way around my finger. She was really tight, but at the same time, very slick.

This was the first time I had touched another girl sexually. It was like a floodgate was opened. Controlled by lust now, I dropped to the floor and lifting her nightgown slightly, ducked my head under and between her skinny thighs. Her legs were too close together so I slid my finger out of her pussy and grabbed her ass with

both hands, forcefully pulling her towards my mouth. My face pressed against her inner thighs causing her legs to spread and her crotch to jut forward. I felt my mouth contact her pussy for the first time. Her lips were so soft and puffy - it felt so damn good. Oh god, her cunny was completely smooth, I didn't feel a single pubic hair! Though I really had no idea what I was doing, I began to lick at her twat. I could taste the bitterness of her pee as I lapped at her. While I licked her twat, it occurred to me that Amy was no longer fighting me - the pressure on my cheeks was minimal and it felt like Amy had spread her legs even farther. Soon the taste of bitterness was replaced by a sweeter flavor as Amy's pussy became wet from arousal. I licked at her diligently enjoying every taste, smell and texture. I explored every fold and undulation that constituted her pussy - learning what she responded to as I went and learning what I enjoyed as well (which was just about every part). Finally Amy began to shudder and her thighs clasped hard against my face. There was a new flavor now - a tangy, more substantial flavor. I swallowed Amy as she oozed into my mouth. It was the most erotic thing I had ever experienced - knowing a part of her was within me and would remain there. Maybe it was the sensuality of the act, or the exclusive and addicting flavor of a girl's pussy, but I would soon come to crave the taste of girl cum.

I stood up in front of Amy. She was too embarrassed to look at me. I pulled my pajama bottoms down and held Amy's head with both hands, drawing her to me. Horrified at what I was asking of her, she stated "I won't do that".

"Look", I told her, "you want everyone to know you had me eat your pussy?"

A look of defeat came over her and she seemed resolved to the situation. I pulled her head to me and pressed her face to my pussy.

"Lick me", I ordered.

She had terrible technique at first, so I started rubbing my pussy against her face. Eventually her tongue found my slit - or was it my slit that found her tongue - whatever, her tongue began to work magic on my little pussy. I yanked her face as hard as I could into my pussy as I came in her mouth telling her to "swallow me". I could barely stand after my orgasm and I told Amy "That was great!" as I left the bathroom.

That first encounter would define the next five years of my life. I became obsessed with girls. With each conquest, I desired more. I craved the unknown - what shape and color would her nipple be, what would her pussy look and feel like?

How would she react when I entered her vagina for the first time? What would she taste like when she came? There weren't any openly lesbian girls at my school so my prey was usually straight girls. Turns out, many were willing to "experiment". Some weren't, but I began to love the challenge - like braking a wild horse. I remember one girl I hit on - she came in the bathroom while I was just about to leave. I hung around and waited. After she finished up, she was exiting the stall and adjusting her belt - I quickly bumped into her and shoved my hand down inside her jeans. I missed the waistband of her panties and didn't make inside.

As she was yelling at me I slid my hand back up and worked my hand inside her panties. I felt her soft bush even as she groped at my arm with both her hands. I started working her slit and just had my fingers parting her lips when the door flew open. It startled me which gave her the edge and she was able to pull my hand out of her panties. She frantically rushed out of the ladies room. I don't think the girl that came in saw anything.

I eventually learned what worked and what didn't. I had much success at dances and parties. I found I was better able to seduce a girl if she felt comfortable and we were in a private place such as a bedroom or a secluded part of a backyard. I can tell early on how far I can get with a girl. If I can get my knee between a girl's thighs I know I will eventually be home free. A girl will often become comfortable with feeling pressure between her thighs - then it becomes a matter of gradually sliding my upper leg higher until my thigh contacts her pussy. At that point, like they say, "resistance is futile".

Actually, it's more like the strength of her resolve to resist becomes overwhelmed as her pussy starts making decisions for her. Before long she is humping her mound against my thigh until she cums.

When I seduce a girl for the first time, I can tell the difference between a girl who is just doing what I expect her to do versus one who is enjoying what she is doing. When I watch a girl suckle me and her mouth is wide open, covering all of my breast, I know she is more than obliging me - I know she likes the fullness of a girl's breast in her mouth and the taste and ntexture of a nipple on her tongue. Her moaning confesses it. Instead of just flicking her tongue over my nipple, her lips suckle like a baby and her mouth glides all around as she explores my entire breast. She will spend time gently suckling the under-slopes of my breast before moving to the soft sides and after dwelling a while, then returns to my nipple. I know she is enjoying making love to a girl - enjoying making love to me. It is one of the most fulfilling feelings when a girl reaches that defining moment where she crosses over

from merely doing what I asked her to do, to enjoying it and even farther, having a hunger for what she is doing

I find I can coerce a lot of girls into eating pussy, but few actually derive as much pleasure eating pussy as the one who is being eaten. For some, there comes a point when that changes - she becomes determined, more incessant in her effort - her tongue seeks to delve deeper. She will draw back more often - rather than just flicking wildly, she is drawing out and drinking down my pussy juice. That is what does it for me! When it evolves from me shoving her head down between my legs, to actually hearing her moan as she is feasting on my pussy - that sends electrical shocks throughout my body. And when I finally come, rather than stopping in relief that it is finished, she instead persists in licking, seeking and determined to bring out a second or a third orgasm - then I realize I have shown her something special, something that will remain a part of who she becomes.

For some, there will be doubts and regrets afterwards, but at that moment she is being true to herself - she is feeding her own desires, however deep and hidden she tries to repress them. For some, there is a guilt that will torment them - a guilt that is puny and weak compared to the memory of the pleasure she has experienced. For some, there is a release and freedom that will alter their being.

-THE END-

by Ginny Walker, 2003 wcollege2001@yahoo.com Future stories will appear on my web site www.geocities.com/wcollege2001