

Allene Blake

# Cherie



Allene Blake  
**Cherie**



*Glyphes Éditions*

*This high school girl falls in love with senior hunk but realizes only way she can keep him is by being totally submissive to anything he wants.*

## CHERIE

Mom and Dad were addicted to Cop shows on television. They were really amazed on domestic violence cases where the woman would not press charges. I was a total romantic, dreaming of loving someone so much I would endure anything for him, like a woman I saw in a movie that accepted torture rather than betray her lover. I could understand them, except I was disgusted that the men hit their faces, which could cause a lot of damage.

At seventeen, I fell in love with a senior boy. He dated me and was great, but unfortunately he also dated other girls that were as pretty as me.

I decided that the only way I could make him loyal only to me was by pleasing him more than any other girl.

When he admired a girl in a tiny micro skirt and half shirt that revealed her belly button and the dimples above her butt showing her legs up to the curve of her ass, I immediately remodeled a mini-skirt to be even shorter and cut off a t-shirt just below my bra.

I was rewarded by his comment that I looked beautiful and when he said it would even be sexier without my bra, I immediately went to a bathroom and took it off. My big boobs drooped just enough to show the bottom curves. He loved it.

Naturally, he could not resist fondling them and my butt, which led to my first sex. I loved it! I had never been so thrilled in my life. Best of all, he liked it too and began going steady with me.

He fucked me in every position and on anything imaginable, and I became addicted to the orgasms.

Unfortunately, he eventually became used to me and I would notice him looking at other girls.

In order to make him think only of me, I told him I would satisfy any of his sexual fantasies. This led to giving him blowjobs and being butt-fucked. It wasn't too bad because sometimes I only sucked him until he was excited enough to fuck me and when he butt-fucked me he would use his fingers on my pussy to let me get to orgasm.

We both had our houses to ourselves during the day, since both our parents worked. That allowed him to keep me naked or nearly naked all the time. Sometimes, just to be different, he would design little costumes for me. He first made little bikini bathing suits by tying string to little triangles first of cloth then of gauze and finally just plastic wrap. He would have me dance or do poses until he was horny enough to fuck me. Naturally, I tried to be as sexy as possible. Then he made a costume by just sticking shiny duct tape to my pussy and nipples. When he got horny and ripped off the tape, my pussy hair ripped out with it. I whimpered he had hurt me, but he liked the look of my pussy with most of the hair gone. That was my introduction to pain in our relationship. He insisted he put on more tape until every hair was gone. I told him it really hurt, but then said he could only because I loved him so much. He was really impressed I would suffer for him, but that didn't make him kinder, he put on the tape then pulled it off very slowly to make the pain last as long as possible. My only consolation was him saying, "God. You really do love me." as I whimpered and grimaced as the hair was slowly pulled out. Then he made it all worth it when my pussy was entirely bald by saying:

—You deserve a reward.

He began kissing my pussy and then flicked his tongue on my clit until I had a great orgasm.

I thanked him, saying that felt wonderful, but he said:

—I knew you would like it, but it does nothing for me. It will just be for rewards when you have really pleased me.

It was pretty plain I would only get that reward after I suffered, but it seemed worth it. The pain only lasted a short time, but having my clit licked seemed to give pleasure for a long time.

His next costume was just a couple of ropes. He wrapped a skinny rope around the bases of my boobs to make them into firm balls, then tied it around my neck to pull them up. He took a thicker hemp rope that had little strands like stickers coming out of it, which he pulled tight into the crack of my butt and between my pussy lips. It wasn't too bad at first, but then he had me dance for him and soon my boobs had turned maroon and were throbbing and my clit and asshole felt raw. I whimpered that it hurt awful, but that just seemed to make his dick harder as he said:

—Okay! We'll take it off as soon as you get me off with that great mouth.

He was cruel about that too, pulling his dick away to tell me to lick his balls or kiss his stomach, which made him last twice as long before his cum shot into my mouth. It earned me a reward. He took off the ropes to lick my clit, and it seemed even more exciting now that my clit was so tender.

He made sure I had multiple orgasms, then we both laid back on the couch to rest. He turned on the TV and began channel surfing until he found an exercise program. He thought it would be fun to watch me do the exercises naked. I had never thought watching them do aerobics was very sexy in their sweats, but I found that doing them naked was super sexy since the moves kept my boobs shaking and other moves had my legs so open my pussy lips opened up until the pink inner flesh showed.

When the time was up, I found I was not in great condition. I was exhausted, but horny. I was glad he fucked me missionary style since I didn't have to work so hard.

The next afternoon he found the program just as it started, so this time I had the whole thirty minutes. I just couldn't do it. I had to quit after about twenty minutes, panting and covered with sweat.

He said that I should be ashamed of myself for being a quitter. Then said:

—I know how to get you to try harder. Anytime you don't finish the program, you will be punished with a spanking.

I begged him not to do it, saying that I had really tried, but just asking him not to do it without threatening to leave encouraged him.

He had me lean over the back of the couch and spanked me with his belt. It really hurt and I blubbered I would try harder, which just made it plain I would expect to be punished again if I failed. I hoped he would lick my pussy to make up for my burning, tingling butt. He said there would be no reward after deserved punishment, but at least it made him horny enough to fuck me, which helped.

I began doing extra exercises at night to get in shape and I was able to do the whole half hour. It had a side benefit that made us both happy. My legs and butt got really firm and my tummy shrunk to make my boobs look bigger.

He began enjoying showing me off by walking around town or on the beach with my boobs moving unrestrained under my half shirt and my buns flashing at any breeze to lift my skirt since I began wearing thong panties he liked. It was embarrassing to have men staring at me, but at the same time I was proud that he thought I was beautiful and the staring men seemed to confirm it.

It was wonderful all through spring break, but then we had to go back to, which had a dress code and I had to be covered.

At first, he was satisfied knowing I was naked under my outer clothes, proving it by backing me into a corner in the halls to reach under my skirt to fondle my butt or pussy. It embarrassed me knowing other kids could tell what he was doing, but I thought it didn't matter since they couldn't see anything and it excited me.

At his suggestion, I began bringing my micro-skirts and half-shirts to school to change into in his car in the parking lot. There were times boys going to their cars would get a glimpse of my naked boobs when I changed, but he seemed delighted by their stares and it was exciting to me. Best of all, he rewarded me for being obedient by licking my pussy and clitoris. It brought wonderful orgasms which made any embarrassment worthwhile.

Rob came to me all excited saying one of his friend's father had bought a little farm to keep their horses, but his Mother didn't want to live there since it was so isolated in the boonies and they were just going to leave it vacant. He said it was an ideal place for parties because there were no neighbors to call the cops.

It wasn't until our first beer party that I knew how much he wanted to show me off. After a few beers, he said:

—This party is getting boring. I think you should liven it up by giving us a strip-tease.

I thought I had shown enough being embarrassed when he lifted my skirt to fondle my butt in front of other boys and the thought that I would be terribly naked since I had kept the hair shaved off my pussy when he told me he didn't like eating my pussy with hair in his mouth. I said:

—I couldn't. It would be too embarrassing and everyone at school would find out.

To my dismay, he just said:

—Okay. I thought you were as proud of your body as I am.

He just wandered off and then I saw him talking to another girl while fondling her butt. Her response was just excited giggles.

I couldn't have that, so I went to him and said meekly:

—I'll do a strip if that is what you want. You know I will do anything for you.

He made it plain that I was being submissive by announcing loudly:

—This party is getting boring. Cherie has agreed to do a strip-tease to please me. Would that please you?

There were cheers and applause and to my surprise even the girls giggled and clapped their hands.

I was a star! Everyone stared at me enthralled and the idea made me proud and excited.

I had seen strippers in "R" rated movies and tried to act like them. I stripped as slowly as possible, but since all I had on was my micro-skirt and shirt, I was naked right away. Some moves brought applause and I repeated them, such as raising my arms and shaking my boobs or doing the splits and back bends that opened my bald pussy lips.

The song ended to a burst of applause, but it was kind of an anti-climax, since I didn't know what to do then. I started to put my clothes back on, but Rob grabbed them to throw them in a corner to say:

—It is too late to put them on. Everyone has seen you naked.

—But it is embarrassing. I am the only one naked, which makes it worse.

—Yes, that is what makes it so special for me. I am the only guy whose girl will be naked to please me. I checked. The other guys couldn't

get their girls to do a strip. Just do this for me. You know it makes you excited.

He gave me a hug and I decided that he was right. They had all seen me and it was too late to worry about it, also it did make me feel special to make all of them excited.

A consolation was the fact that all of the boys who brought girls left to go to bedrooms, proving I had made them super excited.

I whispered to him that I wanted to go to a bedroom too, but he said:  
—In a little while. I want you to get really excited.

He wasn't through showing me off. He led me to his boy-friends and said:

— She is beautiful and in great shape. Feel how firm she is.

I was embarrassed, but couldn't avoid being excited as boys fondled my firm butt and tight tummy, even lifting my boobs to comment on their beautiful round shape with hardly any sag considering their weight. I kept getting more excited until I was breathing in little pants until suddenly I felt fear when one of the boys squeezed both of my butt-cheeks and said:

—God. It is so firm. It is perfect for spanking.

Rob said:

—Yeah, I had to spank her with my belt. It just shivered when hit, but she didn't like it much. I'll bet she wouldn't mind a birthday spanking with just your hands if you asked nice.

I was really embarrassed. I had never told anyone he had spanked me and the thought of guys I didn't even like doing it was too much.

I said:

—No! Never! Spankings hurt! I haven't done anything wrong and my birthday was months ago.

I realized they knew who had the power when they ignored me and begged Rob to let them spank me. The convinced was when one of the boys said:

—I have a couple of joints in the car. If you let us spank her, I'll give them to you.

I cringed when Rob said:

—Is it good?

And the boy answered:

—Primo!

Rob said:

—Great. Cherie. Let's go for it.

I pleaded:

—No Rob. Please don't make me do this.

I realized later that my statement just let them know I could be forced into it. Rob looked at me angrily and said:

—You know I hate it when you disobey. I may have to use a switch on you.

That scared me. My dad had just hit me once on my bare legs when I made him mad. It had stung for several minutes, and I Knew Rob would not be satisfied with just one.

I hung my head and said humbly:

—No. Not that. I'll do it.

I went over to bend over the back of the couch, but they didn't want that. One of them said:

—We might as well be comfy. Why don't we just sit on the couch while she crawls past us on her hands and knees?

That seemed worse. By lying over the couch passively, I could keep the illusion I was being forced. Their way meant I would be participating.

Rob loved the idea. He had me get on my hands and knees next to the first boy's legs. Then he told me to drop down on my elbows. This raised my ass, but worse, I knew being bent over so far would make my pussy pooch out behind me. I made a little gasp when my nipples made contact with the stickery nap of the rug.

Then the first boy said:

—How old is she?

Rob answered:

—Sixteen!

I cringed when he said:

—Oh wow. Thirty-nine spanks will have her butt as red as a cherry.

He began spanking me, but thankfully he was just hitting me with his fingers which just caused a sting and tingle, but then I found there would be more than just spanking. The boy sitting next to him grabbed my boobs and began rubbing my nipples on the nap. It created a fantastic feeling. Now I was getting tingles on my butt and nipples at the same time.

Then, it was the next boy's turn. The first boy had just alternated from one cheek to the other, but he changed the pattern from one cheek to the other with the third down the center to let his middle finger slap into my open slit. At the same time, the last boy was gripping my tits tightly to rub them on the rug. I began to wish they would hit harder because I was ashamed the spanking was exciting me.

Then, when I moved to the last boy, the first boy came around to my front and pushed down on my shoulders to mash my tits into the nap. This brought out my pussy further and the last boy put all his spanks on my pussy with the middle finger into the slit and the two next to it stinging the lips. In spite of myself, I went into orgasm.

At the end, Rob stuck his finger in my pussy and announced:

—She is really wet. It is time to fuck her brains out.

I blushed in embarrassment as he led me out while boys yelled that they could help out. He said:

—I can handle it.

But to my shame I realized if he had let them come with us, I would not have objected. The sex was great and when we returned I was relieved to see another naked girl and another in the middle of a strip-tease. Now I didn't feel so slutty and understood their excited looks as boys fondled them. I was relieved that no-one mentioned my spanking, but I should have known they wouldn't keep the secret long.

On the way home, he had me fold the half-shirt above my boobs and pull the micro-skirt up to my waist, warning me to pull down the shirt if we saw a cop. We didn't see any cops, but several men got to see my boobs and even possibly his fingers buried to his palm in my pussy.

We fucked one more time in my driveway, in spite of my fear my Mom might wake up and come out.

When I went to bed, I was still excited enough to fondle my nude body under the covers, but as I remembered the things I had done, I felt really sleazy. I remembered other girls had told me their boy-friends were jealous and got mad when they wore sexy clothes and began to wonder if Rob really loved me.

When he picked me up for school, I meekly asked:

—Rob. Do you love me?

—Sure! I think you are great. Why?

—Well! I just wasn't sure. Other boys are jealous and wouldn't want their girls to get naked in front of other boys like you did. I feel slutty and it is going to be embarrassing to see them at school knowing what I did.

—Get real! You and I both know it excited you. I am not just another boy. You make me proud that the other guys are jealous of me because you are so beautiful and will do what I want. The more they want you, the prouder I am. I wouldn't love you if you were a prude. You should be glad. I made you into a "Star" and the center of attraction.

That was true. No-one had paid that much attention to me before, but I still wanted him to know I had only done it for him.

—You know I love you. I did it for you even though it embarrassed me.

—I know that and I appreciate it. I may want you to do other things. Does that bother you?

—I guess not, as long as you know I am doing it to prove how much I love you.

I said that because the spanking had excited me and it gave me the excuse to agree to another adventure that may also be exciting.

I was rewarded by a hug and deep kiss. Then he said:

—You are really special. I have always wanted a love slave.

That seemed wonderfully romantic. It put me into the character of heroines in some of the romance novels I had read. I remembered how one had undergone torture rather than betray her lover.

I still dreaded going to school, afraid that everyone would treat me like a slut, but to my surprise and delight the entire day was filled with compliments on my bravery and my beauty. Rather than being embarrassed, I enjoyed the envious looks of girls and the hungry looks of the boys as they imagined my nude body under my clothes.

We had another beer party that Friday night. It was just four of the couples who had been at the party when I had stripped. I expected to be told

to do a strip and was looking forward to it. After we had drunk some beer, Mike said:

—Tammy has agreed to do a strip for us.

I was disappointed. I was used to being the center of attention, and now that was being taken from me. To make it worse, she was really good. She had been trained in acrobatic dancing and was very smooth as she did back-bends and the splits, showing off her tight pussy and big boobs. I was jealous when I felt Rob's dick and found she had made it hard. I volunteered to strip, only to have the other two girls say excitedly:

—Let's make it a threesome.

One of the boys put on music and we started our strip, but it wasn't as good for me since I had to share the attention and I was embarrassed when one of the girls stood in front of me after we were naked and swiveled her waist to slap her tits into mine. The boys loved that and the other two girls did it until we began swinging harder to make audible slaps as our tits collided. The boys cheered with Someone saying:

—Yeah! Spank those titties.

When the song ended, my boobs had turned a little red from the slapping and I was incredibly turned on.

They ran to their boy-friends and shoved them on their backs to drive in their dicks, but when I went to Rob and asked him to fuck me he said:

—Blow me first. It will make the fuck last longer on my second cum.

I looked around and saw that the girls perched on their boy-friends dicks could see us. I said:

—Let's go to a bedroom. They can see us.

—I want them to see it. None of them are doing it. Hurry up before I lose my hard-on.

I realized that every date with him was making me more of a slave, but this just seemed to be a small step. I got on my knees and started sucking him. It seemed worse somehow because he didn't get naked. He wasn't wearing shorts and just opened his pants to release his dick.

I don't know how he managed to last so long. He must have concentrated on something else. I was still sucking after the other boys had cum and they gathered around us to create more embarrassment. One of the girls said:

—If you yawn, you can get his dick in your throat.

Rob said:

—Do it!

And he pulled at the back of my head. I gagged a few times when it hit my throat, but then I did something right and my nose rubbed into his crotch hair as it slid into my throat. That was the last straw for Rob and his dick jumped in my mouth as his cum shot into my throat.

The girls giggled and clapped their hands, but this time it didn't make me feel proud. I just felt humiliated.

We drank some more beer, then just as I was about to remind Rob he owed me a fucking. He said:

—Your boobs are still pink from the titty spanking. Did that hurt?

—No... Not really. Just a little sting. My boobs aren't real sensitive until I am having my period.

I giggled and continued:

—It really excited you guys, didn't it?

—Yeah... I bet they would like to see it again. Hey guys. Would you like to see Cherie's boobs get spanked?

The boys yelled:

—Yeah! And Right on!

Even the girls giggled with Tammy saying:

—That would be wild.

Suddenly I was the center of attraction again. I stood up then said:

— Who is going to do it with me?

Rob said:

—I am going to do it with you. Go get my belt out of my pants.

—Oh no... That will hurt!

—I'll just use the end of the belt to get them pink again.

Tammy said:

—Do it, Cherie! It will be wild!

The others began to clap and cheer. I would be disappointing them and especially Rob if I refused. I decided it may not be too bad if he just slapped them with the end. But then I had another thought. What if it excited me like my birthday spanking? The boys had not realized it had brought me to orgasm, but I was sure girls would be able to tell. As I hesitated, Jane said:

—Come on! Get real! She is too chicken to agree to that much pain.

That convinced me that I would have to do it and I would have to be sure it really hurt so, I couldn't become excited by it to let them know I was some kind of pervert.

I said defiantly:

—I am not chicken. I am braver than any of you. I love Rob and he can do anything he wants to me. Rob, hit them like you did my butt. Give them a birthday spanking!

I went over to slide the wide belt out of his jeans to an awed silence.

When I came back to hand him the belt and put my hands behind my neck to push out my boobs, Rob said:

—God, she is going to make the rest of you girls look like cowards.

Jane retorted:

—Bullshit! She'll quit after the first lash.

—No, she won't. She has committed herself. She knows I will be angry if she quits.

That is when I realized there would be no mercy. I had hoped since I was cooperating he might stop after two or three, but now I knew I would get all sixteen and it was my fault. He had said he would just turn them pink, but I had to brag about my courage, so now I would really be hurt.

He came up by my side and I took a deep breath to brace myself. He caressed my boobs, saying:

—That's right, Baby. Push out your boobs for me and suck in your tummy to make the other girls jealous. This belt will really make your boobs dance. Are you ready for it?

I wasn't really, but I wanted to maintain my stance of courage so, I said:

—Yes! Spank them hard. Prove that none of them would do this for their boyfriends.

He stepped back and swung his belt across both nipples. I expected pain, but not that bad. The sting was horrendous and in spite of my resolve to be brave, tears sprang to my eyes and I brought down my hands to caress them to soothe the pain which seemed to travel deeply into my body. They just stared at me as I whimpered and caressed until the pain faded, then Jane said:

—See! I told you she would quit after one.

That made me angry and I put my hands back behind my neck and resolved to leave them there even if it killed me.

The next was not quite as bad since he hit below the nipples. He was right about the dancing. They jumped up almost to my neck then swayed as he thankfully let me assimilate the pain before the third just above my

nipples. I was suddenly reminded I had an audience when the girls squealed and someone made me proud by saying:

—God she is brave. She keeps pushing them out for more even though they are really red!

I looked down to confirm they were red as beets, but I also noticed my nipples had extended as if they wanted more. He allowed me to let the pain fade by waiting between lashes until I pushed them back out as it went on, with occasional cheers when the belt made them jump or twist.

Then on the fifth or sixth, my mind was too screwed up to count, they went numb or something. The stings were no longer just pain. Stings and tingles seemed to go down my stomach to stimulate my clit. Now I was able to keep them pushed out as lashes created shudders all through my body.

Suddenly he stepped behind me and I thought he must have taken pity on me and was just going to hit my butt. I didn't want that! I was looking down at my red and now swollen boobs with my nipples like little hard-ons about to tell him I could take more when the belt hit my armpit and the tip came around so fast it was just a blur as the tip dug into my cleavage and burned my right nipple. He jerked back the belt to pull my boob nearly into my armpit. I am sure it had to be the worst ever and if it had been one of the first I would have collapsed in sobs, but now tingles seemed to erupt although my body. My audience must have known how bad it was because they cheered and with their encouragement he backhanded my left boob the same way. Then again to the right and to the left as suddenly crashing orgasms shook my body.

I actually felt frustrated thinking it was all over when he moved around to my front, but then he said:

—Just two more, but these will be special.

I looked down at the belt swinging by his leg and saw that he was holding the tip and letting the heavy western buckle dangle menacingly.

Perversely, I had to know if that would bring me to the ultimate orgasm. I groaned then whimpered:

—Do it!

I pushed out my boobs now so swollen the skin was tight and the buckle hit the side of my left boob so hard it made a loud slap when it was driven into my right one. He quickly hit my right boob the same way, and I just collapsed to the floor from an orgasm so powerful I passed out.

When I woke up, the girls were slathering salve on my still swollen tits. Surprisingly, the pain was gone, replaced by throbbing that was not unpleasant.

When Rob saw I was awake and smiling from the pleasant caresses. He said:

—Jane. You were wrong. You owe her a reward. Eat her pussy.

Jane said:

—No... I can't do that especially with you all watching.

—Okay... Would you rather demonstrate your courage?

She looked stricken and said:

—No... I'll do it.

She went between my legs and pulled them open to begin licking first the lips and then my clit. Normally that would have quickly brought me to orgasm, but I guess I was exhausted because it just felt pleasant. It was great though. The other girls kept caressing my boobs and nipples so my most important erogenous zones were being stimulated, I finally sighed in pleasure and Jane took her mouth away assuming I had cum. That was alright though since I knew I couldn't get off again even if she did it for hours.

I told Rob I was exhausted and wanted to go home to bed.

He took me home and apologized for hurting me so much and promised never to hit me again with anything heavy. It didn't mean he would no longer hurt me, but I was relieved because after the fantastic orgasms from the belt I was afraid I may agree to something that might put me in a hospital. At least I was smart enough not to admit he had made me cum and just said:

—I guess it was worth it. Now you know no other girl would agree to suffer so much for you.

He agreed and hugged and kissed me at every stoplight. He even offered to lick my pussy, but I told him I was just too exhausted to appreciate it.

I really was tired, but that did not stop me from caressing my boobs in bed, remembering the stings, until I became excited enough to masturbate to get a little orgasm to put me to sleep.

The next morning, I got out of bed and immediately went to a mirror to see how badly my boobs were damaged. I was surprised to see all the redness had gone and the only proof of my ordeal was square bruises on the outside of each breast where the buckle had hit. I felt relieved not only because they weren't damaged, but also by the thought my ordeal could not have been as bad as it seemed which made me feel less perverse for getting to orgasm. I rationalized that any girl would get excited from having so much stimulation to their tits, especially since there was so much pride involved by the excitement I had given my audience and the fact they believed I was so courageous.

I was still a little worried on the way to school because I didn't know if they realized I had cum. If they did, they might treat me like some kind of freak.

I needn't have worried. They all greeted me with hugs and said they were proud to know anyone so courageous. They must have told a few of their friends because a senior girl named Linda said she had read a book about world war two where the Japs had whipped the American nurse prisoners breasts to get them to talk and they had taken it until they were unconscious without talking. She thought it was wonderful to have a girl in our school as brave as them. I protested that I was not really that brave, since the Japs had probably used real whips rather than just a belt. I couldn't help, but wonder if the nurses had gone numb like me and became excited from the terrific pain.

At class break they wanted to see my boobs so we went to the bathroom where I lifted my sweater to show my bra-less breasts. They were as amazed as I had been to see only the two square bruises from the buckle. They touched the bruises gently and asked if they hurt. I told them:

—Not now, but it was pretty terrible when they were hit.

That brought more compliments on my bravery to keep them out for the second lash. Tammy said to Linda:

—I know it was terrible, she fainted just like the nurses.

Linda said:

—That is the body's defense mechanism. You can only be hurt so much before you faint. Cherie must have a high tolerance for pain. I probably would have fainted long before absorbing all sixteen.

Jane was the only downer, saying:

—Okay, you might not have been hurt too badly this time, but you must know Rob will do worse things just to see how far he can go. You should dump him now!

—No! We love each other. He felt real bad about hurting me so much and said he would never hit me with anything heavy again. It is important to

me to prove I will do anything for him. He makes up for it with nice presents and taking me places. He will even lick my pussy to give me fabulous orgasms.

Jane said:

—Well, maybe he won't bruise you anymore, but he didn't promise to not hurt you.

—Well, no, but I don't mind a little pain because he knows he can't find another girl that will suffer for him.

Then I went on to say something stupid:

—Besides, it is exciting when he does it in front of you. I feel proud you think I am so brave and your cheers make me feel like a star.

Tammy said excitedly:

—Oh Good! I was feeling guilty that seeing you spanked got me so excited. Now I know it is alright. I was digging around in my brother's room and found a magazine with pictures of girls hung up and whipped. I thought it was terrible, but maybe they are like you and are excited by it. I'll bring the magazine to our next beer party. Maybe you might like some of the things in it.

That scared me and I said:

—God no! That would be completely different than spanking, where I can cover myself if it hurts too much.

She said disappointedly:

—Well, I'll still bring it. Maybe Rob will like the idea.

I was afraid he might and being tied and helpless seemed really frightening. I went out of my way to be totally submissive for the rest of the week. I even masturbated in a theater in spite of my embarrassment just to amuse Rob who enjoyed seeing the man next to me get so excited he had to leave no doubt to jerk off in the bathroom.

On the way to the beer party, he said:

—You have been a really good girl. I may never feel the need to punish you again.

I had mixed feelings about that. His spankings excited me, but his statement seemed to protect me from the possibility of being hung up and whipped at the party.

The party started normally. We began drinking the beer and wine coolers the boys had talked a bum into buying for us in exchange for a bottle of wine. After a few beers, the girls began doing strip-teases to giggle at the cheers and applause and I joined them. They were less inhibited now. Boys began taking off their clothes too and soon there were couples all around us making love not bothering to go to a bedroom. I asked Rob if he wanted to make love, but he said:

—Maybe later. I am enjoying watching them to see if anyone comes up with something new.

I just sat there getting hornier by the minute, especially by Tammy who was on top of her boyfriend gyrating like mad on his dick and squealing in pleasure. Finally, she collapsed in orgasm, then told her boyfriend to get them another beer. She went outside totally naked.

When she came back, there was a roped coiled around her shoulder with padded leather dog collars tied to the end. In her hands, she was carrying a magazine and a whip!

She handed the magazine to Rob and said:

—Doesn't this look exciting? I padded some dog collars to hold the wrists without chafing and I braided this whip. I tried it on myself. It just stings without causing damage. I know Cherie will really be excited by it.

Rob flipped through the pages and I knew it excited him by the growing bulge in his pants. I sat there resigned to the fact he would want

me to do it and knowing I wouldn't refuse.

By then others had crowded around us excitedly hoping Rob would make me do it.

Then he looked up and said:

—Yeah, it does look exciting, but Cherie has been real good all week. I have no excuse to punish her. I'll leave it up to her. If she wants to do it, it is fine with me.

I felt a rush of love. He was giving me an out even though I knew he would get terribly excited to see me hanging like the girls in the pictures. I was still afraid and decided on a proposition that may let me off the hook and still maintain my courageous reputation.

I looked at Tammy defiantly and said:

—If you think this will be so damn exciting, you do it first. I will take twice as many lashes as you.

Tammy looked crushed and said:

—Oh God. I don't think I could stand it. I have never even been spanked. I cry at a paper cut.

I said triumphantly:

—Just as I thought. You don't even want to test your courage. They know I am brave, so I don't need to do it either.

I should have been more gracious. I made her angry by implying she had no guts.

She said defiantly:

—I'll do it. At least being tied, I won't look ridiculous by running away. It won't just be from my boyfriend either. Everyone can give me two lashes as long as they aren't all on the same place.

God! She had just agreed to twenty-four lashes, which meant I would get forty-eight. More than I had ever had. Not only that she was making a

mistake. If she had asked for all of them on her butt, it would eventually get numb. This would make all of them as bad as the first.

She looked triumphant and excited as she followed the boy who had taken the rope from her shoulder and threw it over an open beam in the ceiling. Reality set in as her boyfriend, Bob, tightened the cuffs on her wrists. She became frightened and said:

—Bobby. Tie my scarf over my mouth, so I can't look bad by begging for mercy.

When it was in place, the other boy pulled down on the rope until she was on tip-toes. God... she looked gorgeous! Her tummy went concave and her boobs became taut, while her already tiny waist got even smaller.

Bobby kissed her and said:

—Jesus! Hanging like that makes your body look fantastic. If you want to call this off, I'll just fuck you while you hang.

She became defiant again and shook her head violently.

I think it pissed him off because he swung the whip across her butt-cheeks really hard. I knew then that the whip was not nearly as bad as Rob's thick belt. It covered a big area and her butt-cheeks just trembled and turned a light red rather than the dark red stripe caused by the belt. She just made a little gasp, then another as he hit slightly lower.

Then he handed the belt to the next girl in line, saying:

—Remember to just hit white areas.

The next five whippers followed his lead, hitting higher and lower until her skin was red from her knees to her shoulders. She began crying toward the end and I understood. Stings to the upper back and lower legs just hurt, without giving the excitement of stings to erogenous zones.

At Linda's turn, there were no longer any white areas on her back, so she hit across Tammy's belly button. Tammy's eyes widened, but from then

on the tears stopped as she jerked at lashes and made little moans as her mid-section reddened.

Her moans seemed to become more frantic as lashes now hit her breasts and dug into her sparse blonde pussy hair until she was red to the top of her boobs and down to mid-thigh.

Then the next whipper said:

—Her front is all red, but her ass is back to normal and began hitting it. The frantic shaking of her head was probably interpreted as a protest to the new pain, but I knew she simply wanted them to continue on the exciting areas of her breasts and pussy because she had begun pushing out her hips to meet the lash.

Then it was my turn and I said:

—Her inner thighs are still white. Two of you boys hold her legs open.

They pulled them open almost to a split and I gave her two at the top of her thighs so close to her pussy they grazed the lips. I realized she was near orgasm and told Rob to hit her pussy. To everyone's amazement, she nodded her head frantically and pushed out her pussy to meet the lash. The last girl hit her there as well, which put her into an orgasm that made her whole body pulsate.

They let her down and took off her gag she sat on the floor caressing her pussy and nipples, panting, until she finally said:

—Jesus! Cherie is right! After a while, there is no pain. Just fantastic excitement. But she won't have it so easy. Twenty-four brought me to the peak of orgasm. Forty-eight will be too much.

Rob said:

—Do you want to let her off the hook and only take what you did?

—No... She volunteered. I want to see what happens when she can't cum anymore. In that case, we agreed to your request to only hit white areas so we can let Cherie set some conditions.

I had already thought about that and knew I didn't want any lashes to my upper back and lower legs that only caused pain. I said:

—I think the only way I can take it without passing out is by working up to the bad pain. I want twelve to my butt and upper thighs, twelve to the front of my thighs and tummy, twelve to my breasts, and finally twelve to my inner thighs and pussy. I think it might help if I start a little excited. You can tie me with my legs open and play with my breasts and pussy for a while before starting the lashing.

They all agreed and seemed pleased when I meekly held out my hands for the cuffs and spread my legs so wide my lips opened.

They enjoyed my foreplay. Hands were all over my boobs and pussy, with fingers going inside and teeth nibbling at my nipples until I panted in excitement:

—Do It! Do it now!

They really hit hard and as usual the first few on a fresh area really hurt, but by the time they got to my boobs the excitement was building to a peak and after a couple directly across my nipples they began on my inner thighs all right next to my pussy and then on my pussy to rip open the lips. I went into orgasms that only got stronger as they began lashing up into my pussy to let the center thong actually go into the slit to sting my clit. I just went crazy! I was screaming and jerking my hips to meet the lash until I just kind of exploded and passed out.

When I came to, I was being caressed with salve. As soon as they saw I was awake, I was being kissed by boys and girls who said that I was

fantastic. Tammy said that I must have a great tolerance for pain because she would never want more than twenty-four.

I felt really proud. Even though Tammy had proven other girls could be excited by whipping, I was still the champion.

My high went down on the way home when Rob said:

—This night has kind of ruined things for me. It was really special when you let me spank you before you knew you might get excited by it, but now you can get off by anyone whipping you. I don't even know how I could punish you if you pissed me off.

—That isn't fair. I only did those things because I love you and wanted to please you. I was really afraid when you spanked me and I was terribly embarrassed when you wanted me to strip, but I did it for you. Even tonight, I tried to avoid the whipping by hoping Tammy would chicken out.

—Maybe, but I was watching you. It was obvious Tammy's whipping excited you and you were anxious for your turn.

He was right, which just made me feel guilty. I said lamely:

—Well, I guess that is true, but it was only because I could tell her little whip would not hurt nearly as bad as your belt.

—That just proves my point. You wanted the whipping to get you off, even though I only had a small part. What happened to your being my slave and suffering for me. From now on I won't even have to be there for you to volunteer to be whipped.

—No, that isn't true. I would never have let them if I hadn't thought it would excite you.

He didn't answer and I felt even more guilty because if for some reason I went to a party alone I might not be able to resist the thrill of them all whipping me.

We drove in silence until I realized that the only way I could save our relationship was to agree to something so horrendous I couldn't possibly enjoy it and he would know that I was truly suffering.

I worked up my courage and said:

—Do you remember I refused to let the boys give me a birthday spanking until you threatened to use a switch on me? My Dad hit my legs a couple of times with a switch and the pain was awful.

—Yeah, I know. My Dad used a switch on me. That was why I used that as a threat.

—I know that being hit with a switch will hurt way too much to let me get excited, but you can use one on me if it will convince you I am willing to suffer for you and you alone. My folks are gone for the weekend and we have a willow tree.

That brought him around. He said:

—Really! That would convince me, but I had purple stripes for three days. Do you really think you can stand it?

—No! That is the whole point. When you stop, I expect to be in terrible pain and crying. I want you to know for sure that I truly suffered.

—Okay, but I won't be easy on you. If you end up having orgasms, it won't prove anything.

—I know and no matter how much I scream and cry, I want you to keep it up until you know I can never be excited.

By that time, I was home and he led me to the kitchen and found a cleaver. He told me to go out and cut a switch. I realized that was part of my test and although I was tempted to just cut a little one, I screwed up my courage and found a straight one about five feet long. I walked back, slowly trimming off the leaves and branches, becoming more frightened as it turned into a really evil looking whip that I knew would leave terrible welts.

When I got back in the house he was sitting on the couch holding some neckties he had taken from my folk's bedroom listening to soft rock on the radio.

I knew what the neckties were for which frightened me more knowing I would not be able to escape if it was unbearable and said:

—You don't have to tie me. I'll try real hard to stay still.

—No, it will be tough enough without your having to force yourself to be still. The neckties are soft and won't make marks.

For a moment I thought that he was being kind until I realized chafe marks to my wrists would be nothing compared to other marks I would have.

Then he said:

—I found something else in their room to make a record of your courage or failure.

He pointed out my folk's camcorder all set up on a tripod. Strangely, I thought that was a great idea and said:

—Oh yes! If you ever doubt my love, you will only have to watch the tape. What part of me will you whip?

—I haven't made up my mind yet. Why don't you do a slow strip while I think about it?

He turned on the camera and I began stripping to the music hoping he would not choose my back or legs since in the back of my mind I thought even with the switch I may get excited enough to ignore some of the pain if he hit my butt or my stomach below my belly button where it had caused excitement. The camera made me feel like a star again, and I thought that he could watch the tape and I could make him wild with desire to make him hurry to be with me weeks from now. When I was naked, I wiggled my butt at him and moved my belly like a belly-dancer to entice him. I was glad to

see his dick was making a tent of his pants, thinking if he was excited enough, the whipping would be short because he would want to fuck me.

When the song ended, he said:

—I have made my decision. I love the way your boobs jump when hit.

I protested:

—Oh God. That will hurt awful. Wouldn't you rather hit my butt or tummy? They could take more lashes.

—Your protest just convinces me I made the right choice. You said it should hurt. Remember? If you want, I will leave. You don't need me anymore. You can get anyone to whip you.

I went to kneel in front of his chair and said softly:

—Spank my boobies, Rob. Make them hurt until I faint.

I knew I had made the right choice because he smiled and kissed me, but I also realized that now I was totally committed because the tape would prove I had agreed to terrible pain. He told me to put my hands behind my back and push out my chest.

My boobs seemed to tingle just from anticipation and he made me more excited when he caressed and tugged on them as he said:

—They are such pretty boobs and they will be more exciting when the welts have proven your love.

He tied my wrists together, then put another tie around my elbows to pull them together to force out my chest. That reminded me my boobs would soon be hurting and I said:

—Oh God! Please hurry and get it over with. I am losing my nerve.

—There is no hurry. We have all night. You won't need your nerve because you will be helpless.

He picked a pillow off the couch then lifted me up on our dining room table where I laid back on the pillow under my back, which pushed up my boobs. Then, he tied my wrists under the table to the center post. I let my head fall back and felt blood rushing into it. It suddenly occurred to me that you fainted when blood rushed out of your head. The idea that fainting would prevent me from suffering too badly was gone. I quickly brought my head back up to watch him pulling my knees widely apart to tie them to the legs. When he was done, the only movement I could do was flex my stomach muscles. I knew my lips had opened because he ran his fingers up and down the slit, with his middle finger rubbing my clit. It felt good and I got into it, hoping that the excitement would allow me to better accept the pain. Just as I was getting really excited, he stopped and began removing his shoelaces. When they were off he tied them around my hair to pull back my head and tie them to my elbows.

I panicked and whimpered:

—Don't do that. I won't be able to faint.

—I hadn't thought of that. I just wanted to make sure your face did not get in the way. That is better though because I probably couldn't tell if you faked a faint.

While he said that he played with my boobs, twiddling the nipples until they had hardened. Normally I would have enjoyed it, but now it just reminded me they would soon be hurting. My only hope was that he would become so excited he would have to stop to fuck me.

Then fear returned when he picked the switch off the floor and laid it across my boobs, saying:

—The end is really skinny. I remember that on my butt, the only place the skin broke was where the welts crossed over each other. We don't want that, but if I aim carefully, there will be room for a lot of skinny welts.

That was no consolation and I whimpered, knowing he wanted to hit me as much as possible. Then he increased my fear by saying:

—I guess I'll work out a pattern.

He pressed the switch into the creases where my boobs meet my chest and said:

—One!

Then he brought it to the upper part and said:

—Two!

Then back to the bottom just slightly above the first to say:

—Three!

And so on, slowly approaching my nipples. Finally, fourteen and fifteen were at the edge of my nipples, while on sixteen, he laid the switch directly on them and sawed it back and forth to move them.

I whimpered:

—Please don't hit them so many times and not on the nipples. Your belt hurts terribly on the nipples and this will be worse!

—This is a test. Remember? You said whipping hurt less as it went on. I want to see if you just sigh when your nipples are hit as you go into orgasm.

—No! This is different. With the whip, the same nerves were hit and became deadened. This will have fresh nerves every time. I don't think I can stand it.

—You have no choice. You committed yourself and I am not going to let you back out now.

He aimed carefully, then brought the switch down hard right at the crease. The pain was indescribable, at least five times worse than the belt. I shrieked and bucked and twisted trying to escape from the ropes. He just stood there grinning, enjoying watching my boobs jump and sway with my

efforts until I gave up and rested where he hit the top of my boobs to make me scream again and buck. Until I laid back sobbing to have the switch hit so hard my boobs jumped toward my neck. I shrieked again and bucked and as the tremors decreased I sobbed:

—No more! Please! I will do anything!

He just said:

—You are doing anything. I can't think of anything else I might want.

As it went on, I became hoarse and too tired to buck, but that didn't mean it was better. Then the hoarse shrieks returned as he quickly hit the edges of my nipples then directly across them.

I finally calmed to just sobs, while my tits felt as if they had been attacked by killer bees.

He said:

—You didn't cum. Did you?

—No! It hurt too much. No-one could get excited by that much pain.

—Okay! Then let's test your courage. Ask me for one more on your nipples.

—No! They feel like they have been stung by bees!

—In that case, I will punish you for cowardice by completing the checkerboard pattern.

He hit the outside then cleavage of my left breast and then the same to my right. I was going to get more than twice as many as the first set. My mind snapped and I just laid there and moaned at the prospect of unending pain. He didn't hit as hard evidently aware cross-overs could bring blood and incredibly I found the stings were much less and I felt excitement rising. When he got to the nipples I came! I began bucking again, but this time from crashing orgasms. He kept them coming by driving his dick into my wide open, sopping wet pussy.

He was so excited he came in moments then began untying me. I just laid there shuddering from aftershocks from the cataclysmic orgasm.

Then he kissed me and said:

—You are amazing. You came! Your pussy was dripping wet!

I was sorry he knew. It just meant he might want to go even further, but there was no use trying to lie. I sobbed:

—I know! I must be crazy! No-one should cum from that. It was terrible. Really!

—I believe you, but Linda was right! You are like the nurses.

That was no consolation. The nurse's courage had just made it worse. Linda told me that later the Japs had covered their tits with cigarette burn and in some cases had cut off the nipples with swords.

The pain didn't leave as fast as from the other whipping and at least he was nice enough to nurse me for hours with salve and cool wet cloths and then when it became bearable he licked my pussy and clit until I had a nice orgasm.

I still felt ashamed at my reaction and made him promise he wouldn't tell anyone.

The next day, my tits looked horrible. There was a checkerboard pattern of pink squares with purple edges. It took three days for them to return to normal. He kept his word. None of the girls asked to see my boobs and I was sure they would if they knew they had been switched. Best of all, Rob felt guilty when he saw them and promised that from then on I would only be whipped hard enough to make me cum. I felt relieved and hugged him, forgetting that the terrible switching had made me cum.

The next Saturday was my sixteenth birthday. My grandma and I had the same birthday, but she was too crippled by arthritis to come to my party, so Mom said she would have a birthday for me Saturday afternoon then her

and Dad would go to Seattle to celebrate hers. I agreed to end my party by midnight.

It was really nice. She made a bunch of cold-cuts with breads and crackers and bought a nice cake. As promised, Dad gave me an old Mustang convertible he had spent a year restoring until it looked new. I got a lot of presents, but the one I loved almost as much as the car was a gold chain Rob gave me with his name on it that fit around my waist. He said that it would remind me not to get fat. It seemed to fit in with being a love slave, since his name was now on me.

There was never any doubt in my mind that I would get a birthday spanking. I had even planned for it by just inviting four couples, so each could give me two spanks and as a finale, Rob could give me sixteen. I dwelled on it during the party, wondering if I should volunteer or just wait for Rob to set it up. By the time my folks were ready to go, I felt anxious and excited and the crotch of my panties were wet. There was no fear because I knew the boys and girls would not hit hard and I now had Rob's promise not to bruise me.

My folks were only gone a few minutes when the boys brought in a keg of beer Rob's older brother had bought for him.

We all began drinking and pretty soon girls started taking off clothes. I asked Rob if he wanted me to strip, but he said:

—We have something special planned for you. But first I have to get you another present we all shopped for.

He went out to his car and returned with a long flower box. When I opened it I saw a whip! It had a braided handle with six leather thongs about a half inch wide and about two feet long coming out of it. It was just like Tammy's except a little longer and with thicker thongs.

I felt a burst of excitement as Rob said:

—Every slave needs her own whip to make sure she stays in line.

I hugged him in delight, saying:

—Oh, this is mine. That must mean you won't use a switch!

—Yes. This should just sting without bruising you.

I kissed him, then he told me to take it out of the box. I took it out to caress the thongs and noticed it seemed heavier than Tammy's and felt oily.

Rob explained:

—I soaked it in olive oil all night so it would be nice and soft.

I kissed him again, not realizing that the oil would make it worse by being flexible enough for every inch to contact my skin with more weight.

I said:

—You won't need this to punish me. You know I will do anything you want.

I felt even better when he said:

—I know. This is just to excite you.

By that time Tammy was naked and took the whip from me saying:

—We found some soft leather and I braided the handle.

She held the thongs against her Stomach and said dreamily:

—Oh it is so soft! It almost feels alive.

At that she swung the whip around in front of her to let the thongs "Slap!" against her butt. She barely flinched and made a little squeal of excitement. She told me to try it, but since I was still in clothes I just lifted my skirt and hit my leg. It stung, but the sting left in seconds. I said shakily:

—I guess it wouldn't be too bad and it will remind me to be good.

I tried to keep the illusion of accepting the whipping only to please Rob, but I couldn't help imagining how it would feel against my boobs and crotch, causing a tingle to my clit.

—It will let you prove how brave you are. We will use it for your birthday spanking, then give you all the orgasms you can stand.

Everybody cheered and applauded!

I was the center of attention again. Rob suggested I do a strip-tease to get naked for it. I really teased them to get them and me excited. I used the whole song by very slowly inch by inch removing my sweater and skirt then just slipping the cups down to flash my boobs then covering them again and when the bra was off I slowly rolled down the panties until it was like a rope at the pubic bone then pulled the crotch to one side to flash it. Then I spread my legs wide and pulled up on the panties until the crotch slipped in to the slit and sawed it against my clit. By the time I jerked them down and off, I was shaking with excitement and my audience was cheering. I giggled and said:

—Okay! Should I lean over the couch?

Rob said:

—No! You saw the picture in our history book. Slaves were hung up by their arms for whipping.

Mike held out some horse hobbles lined with sheepskin to avoid chafing while Bob brought out a coil of rope.

The thought of being so helpless frightened me because it reminded me of the switching. I hesitated and Tammy must have noticed as she said:

—She is scared. She won't do it.

I said:

—No, I will do it. I am braver than you.

I was scared though. I wouldn't be able to get away if it got too bad and they were so excited, I was afraid they would have no restraint.

As I held out my hands for the hobbles, Bob climbed on a chair to thread the rope through the big hook holding our chandelier. I began to

think of myself as a martyr to love and decided to be brave even if it stung more than I expected. Fear was replaced by excitement, as I knew this could never be as bad as the switch.

They pulled on the rope until I was stretched with just my toes on the floor. I saw myself in the wall mirror and I looked fabulous. My tummy had sunk in until my ribs showed and my waist shrank to make my hips and boobs look bigger.

They stared at me awestruck and Mike said:

—Jesus! I have never seen anything so beautiful!

They agreed and couldn't resist fondling me while commenting on how firm my waist, boobies and butt were and how fabulous I looked. I felt proud and excited and actually began looking forward to the whipping to show how brave I would be, although I was sure sixteen spanks would not be bad. I didn't protest when ropes were tied to my ankles and my legs were pulled apart because that let them fondle my pussy, which I knew must be wet. Tammy made it plain that this would not be a traditional butt-spanking when she felt my tummy and said:

—Ooh, Your tummy is so tight the whip will just bounce off it.

Some guy said:

—Yeah her tits are tight too, They will just quiver.

That should have frightened me, but I thought that this soft whip should be less painful than Tammy's and certainly nothing compared to the switch.

Rob pushed them away then said:

—Are you ready for your birthday whipping?

I was more than ready. Their fondling and watching Rob gently swinging the whip with the ends sweeping the floor had me so excited I was trembling. I was sure only sixteen would not bring me to orgasm and

planned to tell them at the end that hey could all give me one too for an additional sixteen. I still wanted to maintain the lie that I only did it for love by saying:

—Yes, because I love you.

He shook out the whip to swing it against my butt. I gasped at the sting, surprised to find it was worse than Tammy's whip because of the extra weight and longer thongs that gave more leverage, but it was not terrible. I actually managed a smile when he said:

—Good girl! You are going to be brave.

He let the sting subside, then hit again a little lower. It was no worse and the next at the bottom of my butt caused a sting so close to my pussy I felt myself becoming excited.

He kept hitting my butt with just enough delay to let the sting seem to spread through my body with the excitement growing and then pride was added to the excitement as I was reminded of my audience by one girl saying:

—God... she is so brave! She only gasps when it hits her.

A boy answered excitedly:

—Yeah, and her butt is so firm it just trembles.

Then Rob said:

—Wait. This is a birthday whipping, not spanking.

He moved to my right side and hit across my tummy, just below my navel. The sting was no worse than on my butt and it was much more exciting as the sting seemed to go directly to my clit. I looked in the mirror to see a red band just above my pubic mound and continued to watch fascinated as the band grew larger as he hit below and above the first band to bring the redness down to my thighs and up my stomach. My thighs

protected my pussy, but the stings were so close, it was like ultimate masturbation.

It was strange. As I watched the redness move to cover my front, I not only felt the stings, but it seemed I was also in the audience marvelling at the courage of the girl who was making no effort to back away from the lash.

On his last two, he quickly hit across my nipples then diagonally across my pussy lips. The much sharper sting made me close my eyes to squeeze out tears and take a deep breath, but it also made a huge jump in excitement and when my breath returned I planned to make my offer to let them have one. I didn't get that chance.

I just moaned in excitement when he handed the whip to Mike and said:

—Your turn.

I was disappointed when he said:

—Her butt is getting pale.

And he began hitting it, but now it seemed more sensitive and the stings kept building excitement to jump even more when he started on my front to continue removing the last of my white skin. I saw a lash fall just below my breasts and was actually disappointed when he moved back down to darken the red on my stomach. He stopped at sixteen and now my body was sore from thirty-two lashes. He stepped back and dropped the whip on the floor to watch me moan and shudder. Even though I had not cum, I was relieved to know it was over. But it wasn't over. He watched me until I calmed enough to take deep breaths, then he handed the whip to Jo who said:

—She is still white in places.

I suddenly realized they all planned to give me sixteen. I couldn't multiply sixteen by seventeen people, but I knew it had to be hundreds and moaned:

—Oh no! You can't all hit me. It is too much!

Jo said:

—We won't hit hard. You don't want to cheat anyone. Do you?

That questioned my courage and I moaned:

—I guess not.

Even though I was frightened.

She stepped back and brought redness to the bottom of my boobs. I moaned, but it wasn't in protest. The new sensitive area just doubled my excitement.

She was encouraged by someone yelling:

—That is fantastic. Look at them bounce!

She hit them four more times, with the last across the center to cause a sharper sting on my nipples that nearly brought me to orgasm. The excitement dropped as she went back to my tummy, letting the ends snap against my back and then my butt.

The next girl returned to my boobs letting the ends hit the sides to make them slap together then in the cleavage to pull them apart. The last across my nipples brought me to that terrible maximum excitement just before orgasm then she hit down diagonally to let the tips hit my pussy. I watched in fascination as the girl in the mirror had her pussy lips rip apart and quiver. That did it. I let out a little scream as I went into orgasm and squeezed my thighs together to rub in the sting.

But the orgasms didn't continue, which I am sure would have brought me to unconsciousness. The next whipper found white places on my back and shoulders on unsexy areas that just brought pain. From then on I didn't

notice who was hitting me as waves of excitement went through me when my breasts, pussy and inner thighs were hit only to ebb as my back or butt was hit. It just seemed endless. They seemed to know exactly when to stop hitting my erogenous zones to stop me near climax to bring yips of pain to ones at my knees or armpits.

The girl in the mirror was all red with a sheen from being entirely covered with sweat. My entire body was stinging, but additional lashes didn't seem to add much more to the sting.

I was becoming exhausted when someone said:

—Jesus! How much more can she take?

I hazily heard Rob say:

—She will cry if she can't take anymore.

I didn't feel like crying, but my screams became louder When Tammy began hitting my boobs very hard to make them jerk and bounce. Then she said:

—You only have eight more. I'll make you cum.

I was watched as fascinated as my audience when she brought the whip around like a windmill to put all eight right on my pussy to make the lips jump and redden and the center thong sting my clit to bring on one orgasm followed by stronger ones to one so strong I must have fainted.

I woke up shivering to find they were dabbing my red body with cold wet cloths. Amazingly there was no residual pain and when I looked down at myself I saw the red had already begun to fade into a healthy pink like a light sunburn.

When Rob realized I was awake, he said:

—God... I am so proud of you. I didn't know you were so brave. You took it all with only a few small screams.

Obviously, he misinterpreted my orgasmic screams as reaction to pain rather than excitement. That seemed better than my real and perverse excitement. I said weakly:

—I did it for you, Rod. I tried to be brave. Now do you believe how much I love you?

He kissed me then said:

—Yes! No-one else could love me so much and I love you.

After a hug, he said:

—She deserves a reward. Tammy. Eat her pussy.

Tammy protested, but I said:

—Make her do it. She hurt me more than anyone.

I was sure I was too exhausted to get off on it, but I thought she should be humiliated by ruining my display of courage by bringing me to orgasm.

Rob said:

—You better do it unless you want the same whipping, only just on your tits and pussy.

That scared her and she slid between my legs to kiss and lick my pussy lips. I said:

—You are cheating!

I reached down with my left hand to spread the lips then used my right hand to grab her hair to push her nose into my clit. She began licking and sucking my clit frantically, probably to end her humiliation as soon as possible, but I was so exhausted I could have kept her there a long time until two other girls began nibbling my tingling nipples as Tammy let her tongue flutter on my clit

Having all my main erogenous zones stimulated at once made me ignore my exhaustion to have a great orgasm.

Rod carried me to my bed where I went to sleep almost instantly.

I woke up later dying of thirst. Evidently all my sweating from pain and orgasms had dehydrated me. I stopped at the mirror, amazed to see all the redness was gone to be replaced by just a healthy pink. I walked to the kitchen naked expecting to be alone, but they were all still there drinking beer. They cheered when they saw me as amazed as I was that the red had left and began fondling me while looking for bruises.

Rob said:

—I can't believe you are up. I thought you would sleep till noon.

—I probably would have, but I am dying of thirst.

Someone handed me a cold beer, which I chugged down, then I took another to sip as I was led to the couch for caresses and compliments.

Tammy said:

—Jesus! You are unbelievable. Do you realize you took two hundred and seventy-two lashes with only a few screams and no begging us to stop?

—Not really. There was no way I could count them.

—Well, you made Rob rich. We had agreed to stop whenever you begged us to let you go. We set up a pool. Only Rob picked 272. He won a hundred and sixty dollars.

I felt proud. I kissed him and said:

—Oh Rob. I am so happy. Now you know without doubt I will do anything for you.

—Yes! You are wonderful and every dime will be spent on you.

That just proved he had done it to show his faith in me and not for the money. I hugged and kissed him until he said:

—Hey guys! Why don't you go home and give us some privacy?

They began leaving as he carried me to my bedroom. He made love to me for hours, asking constantly if I liked what he was doing and for me to

suggest anything I wanted. I think he was surprised when I asked for gentle caresses and for him to lick and nibble on every inch of my front, ending with licking my clit. I think he may have thought I would want some pain, but I had all of that I needed from my ordeal. He even licked my ass-hole, which I found was full of sensitive nerves. I thought that was total proof of his love, since I would have been humiliated if he had asked me to do it.

I finally came enough to fall into a deep sleep.

I must have been really exhausted because Mom finally woke me at eleven to say:

—Get up, sleepy head. Rod called to say he wanted to take you to Sunday brunch and I brought you a present from Seattle.

She dropped a Nordstrom sack on my bed.

I was glad my covers were up to my chin because I was sure she would be shocked to know I slept nude now. As soon as she left, I got up to look in my full length mirror. I was amazed to see that my body had returned to its natural color. I began to wonder if it had just been a dream, until close examination revealed a few small bruises where the tips had hit the sides of my boobs and pussy. That made it easier to understand why the whipping had only brought on blinding excitement. I was suddenly embarrassed, realizing I was standing nude in front of the mirror with my legs spread just as they had been for the whipping while I fondled my boobs and pussy, since Mom could walk in at any moment.

I opened the sack and took out a white sweater with a matching skirt. The sweater was a soft Orlon and the skirt was made of some silky material. When I walked around, I found it was really sensuous. The soft material caressed my nipples and the skirt slipped against my butt cheeks. Unfortunately, I knew I would have to wear underwear at least around home because the caresses had hardened my nipples to make bumps and the skirt

was so thin you could tell I had no panties from the lack of panty lines. When I put on the underwear, the sensuous feeling was lost, but I still looked good because the sweater hugged my flat tummy and the skirt molded my round butt.

When Mom saw me she said:

—Oh! You have grown. I should have bought larger sizes.

I protested and Dad helped by saying:

—Leave her alone. She looks great.

—Well, maybe, but you better wear a slip. That skirt will be almost transparent with the sun behind you.

That idea appealed to me and I said:

—Oh Mom. Nobody wears slips anymore.

Dad helped by saying:

—She is perfectly respectable. Much better than the micro skirts other girls wear.

Rod met me with a hug and kiss, then took me to his car with no complaint that my sweater and skirt hid me from my neck to almost my knees. He kissed me again in the car, then said:

—You are wonderful. I can't believe how lucky I am to have you love me enough to agree to that whipping. It was just a test. We wanted to try, since you had told the girls and me you would do anything for me. No-one believed you would go that far.

I was relieved that I could have refused without making him angry, but was glad I had done it since he was so impressed with me.

We had a fabulous brunch which must have cost him a lot of money. When I felt guilty about it, he said:

—It is your money. We will spend the rest on presents for you.

We went shopping. He kept his arm around my waist the whole time with little hugs until we found a charm bracelet with gold letters to spell a name. I hooked on:

—I belong to Rob.

He loved it and bought it after the salesgirl pinched the hooks over to make the letters permanent. She said wistfully:

—It must be nice to love someone that much.

I said:

—Oh yes! I hope you find someone you would want to own you.

At that Rob kissed me in front of everyone at the store. I was thrilled that he was willing to let everyone know how he felt.

Back at the car he again told me how proud he was of me saying:

—You were incredibly brave. You took it all with no protest. Even the ones to your sensitive boobs and pussy only caused small squeals. I am sure the other girls would have been screaming and crying.

I began to feel guilty and said:

—It wasn't as bad as it looked. It didn't cause any permanent harm.

See?

I pulled my sweater up to my bra to show him my tummy was white again.

—I don't care. I remember my Dad using a belt on my butt. It hurt awful, but it only left small bruises. I was ten years old, but I still bawled like a baby, even though he only hit about twenty times. You took a lot more. Even though you weren't hit as hard, the total had to make it much worse than my spanking.

I had seen the thick western belt his Dad wore and knew that it had to be worse than my whip. I was glad he thought I had suffered more than him

and didn't try to explain that after a while my nerves became a little deadened and the excitement just made them bring on orgasms.

He said the skirt and sweater look great on you, but the underwear has to go.

I didn't bother to ask him to stop at a restroom. I just slid off the sweater to take off the bra, thrilled that men in oncoming cars might see me and left them bare to slide my skirt up to my waist to take off the panties.

He said excitedly:

—God, You aren't bashful at all anymore. I like that.

I took the opportunity to say:

—See what Tammy did to me.

And he showed him the little bruises on the sides of my boobs and on my pussy.

His dick made a lump in his pants and my excitement grew when he said:

—I'll kiss them and make them well.

He took me up to his parent's summer cabin by a lake and we made love until he just could not get hard anymore.

After resting a while, he said:

—Let's go outside so I can show you around. It is really pretty.

I reached for my skirt, but he said:

—No! Just put on your shoes. The sun and breeze feels good. I used to run around here naked every time I got a chance.

He was right, it really did feel good, with the gentle breeze feeling like a caress. It was beautiful with big trees and wild flowers. There was even a swimming hole with a little waterfall running into it. Truthfully, what really impressed me was all the branches on trees that could be used to whip me. There was even a bush with long straight limbs that had tiny thorns. I

almost asked him to try them on me when I remembered all his compliments and love based on the idea that I only submitted to lashes to please him. Even though he knew I could reach orgasm with lashes, he seemed to want to keep the illusion I only did it for him.

We saw two skinny trees about six feet apart. They would be ideal to tie me all spread apart to allow every inch of me to feel a lash. I stopped cold while he kept walking until he noticed me staring at the trees and trembling with excitement.

He stopped and looked at me puzzled and said:

—Why did you stop?

—In my history class, I had to write a paper on slavery. While browsing in the library, I saw a picture of a black woman with her arms and legs tied to two trees like this. A man was standing by her with a whip while a bunch of people looked at them. It wasn't especially sexy since her blouse was just torn open to show her back, but I imagined myself tied that way naked and facing the people and it made me excited to think of myself out in the open that way with all the people staring. I kind of ignored the fact she was tied that way for a terrible whipping.

—Yeah! That does sound exciting. Should we see if we can find something to tie you to them?

—Oh yes! I can imagine a crowd of people and it may excite you enough to get hard again.

We ran back to the cabin, but couldn't find anything. I felt frustrated until he said:

—The hell with it. I'll just rip strips out of a sheet.

He found a sheet for a single bed and my excitement grew as he ripped it into long strips. I forgot how much switches hurt only

remembering the fantastic orgasm I reached. I was sure once I was tied he would not be able to resist whipping me.

We hurried back to the trees and he threw the strips over branches about seven feet high. Then tied them to my wrist to pull down until I was on my toes, then tied the ends to the trunk. Then he put two other strips on my ankles and pulled my legs apart so far there was a little pain to the tendons in my inner thighs.

Then he stepped back to look at me and said excitedly:

—Oh God! You are totally open. Every inch of you could be whipped. I can even see the tender pink parts of your pussy.

Then he stepped behind me and I could feel his dick hardening between my butt cheeks as he said:

—Can you see them out there? They are really mean. You are totally helpless. No matter how hard you scream, no-one can hear to help you. You know they have no mercy, can you hear some of them yelling to make you bleed? They want you to be hit here and here and especially here.

As he said that he caressed my tummy, my boobs and my now wet pussy. It was almost like hypnosis. I could see them and hear them. Fright and excitement mingled as I imagined a searing lash on my boobs.

He moved away and I moaned:

—Oh God!

Sure that he was cutting a long switch to satisfy their thirst for blood.

He fooled me. Just the idea of my helplessness was enough to excite him. He came to my front and buried his hard dick into my open gash and grabbed my butt cheeks to pull him in and out of me. He lasted a long time and added a little pain by biting my nipples, but I think the only reason I got to orgasm was by imagining the crowd waiting impatiently for him to finish, so I could be whipped.

When he came, it so exhausted him, he sat on the ground watching my body pulsating from little after shocks.

—When he let me down, I hugged him and said:

—You are a wonderful lover. I had a great orgasm.

I knew though that it may have even been more fantastic if he had whipped me.

At least, he was happy. He put the lengths of sheet in the trunk of the car, saying we may want to do this again. It was fantastic.

He kept me mildly excited on the way home by having me pull my skirt up to my waist so he could fondle my pussy. I realized he was doing this just for my benefit when I looked at his crotch and saw no bulge in his pants.

He stopped at a rest stop and told me I should put on my underwear before I got home. Some truckers whistled at me. I just grinned and let my heels hit hard to make my boobs and butt-cheeks tremble under my clothes.

Putting on the underwear was a total let down. I could no longer feel anything and ignored the truckers on the way back to the car.

That night I masturbated as I imagined myself strung up and whipped by the man in the picture, but I had no concept of the way that whip would feel and finally gave up and went to sleep short of orgasm.

At school, the girls who had whipped me came over and apologized for whipping me. Tammy brought agreement by saying:

—I am sorry we hurt you, but it was so exciting to do it, I couldn't resist.

Jo said:

—Me too..., but I am most sorry because it made you so special. Now Bob is trying to convince me I should accept a whipping to prove I love him, but I am too scared.

Tammy said:

—You too? I let Mike spank me until my buns were red, but he wants more.

Beth and Liz joined in to agree with Liz saying I am afraid if I don't agree he will find a girl that will.

I said:

—It wasn't as bad as it looked. Follow me to the bathroom.

In the bathroom, I dropped my skirt and pulled up my sweater to show them my skin was normal. Jo touched the little bruises on my tits and said:

—Ooh! I caused those. Your poor boobs jumped like crazy.

I told them that they should make a soft whip like mine and let them whip them because after the first ten the stings only caused excitement and would be less painful than hand spanking with their callused hands.

Tammy agreed and lifted her skirt to show bruises from her spanking.

They still didn't believe it could be anything more than pain, so I explained:

—Just being naked and helpless is exciting and as it goes on either the nerves get deadened or the excitement makes you enjoy the stinging feeling that brings on more excitement. I know I wouldn't have believed it, but at the end I was having orgasms.

They were amazed agreeing that I just looked as if I was in great pain.

Tammy said:

—I still think you must have some special power, but if it only stings I will do it since it may be better than his hand spanking.

I told them to agree to thirty lashes or more if they wanted to get past the painful part since the first ten or fifteen really hurt.

A few days later, Tammy had me go to the bathroom with her and opened her backpack to show me a new whip. She said:

—I decided to make a whip I am sure will not bruise me no matter how many lashes I get. These are just leather boot laces and I oiled them to make them soft, but Mike is all excited about using it on me. I stalled it off by saying he could do it at our next beer party. I think you are right. It will be more exciting to have an audience.

I picked up the whip. The oil had made it heavy and I said:

—It might be worse than my whip. The wide leather doesn't let it sink in. These look like they might cause welts since they are skinny and the air won't slow them down. Have you tried it?

—Only once. I swung it around to hit my bare butt. It stings, but not as bad as his hand. I couldn't try another since it makes such a loud "Splat!" I was afraid my folks might hear it.

At our next beer party before we could offer to do a strip-tease to get us all excited for fucking Tammy announced:

—I want to see if I can be as brave as Cherie. I made a whip too. See?

She held out her whip which had turned black from the oil and looked absolutely evil then continued:

—I will be seventeen soon so I want you to give me seventeen apiece for a total of 119 and I want to be stretched tight with my legs spread so every inch of me will be available. Mike can be last to put all of his just on my boobs and pussy.

They hung her with her toes just touching the ground then began pulling her legs apart. To my amazement she moaned:

—More, more

Until she was nearly doing the splits. In spite of my fondness for pain, I shuddered as I saw her pussy had opened until you could see all the inner pink parts and her clitoris was fully exposed. I knew lashes upwards on her pussy would hit her sensitive clitoris. All her weight was now supported by

her arms and the stretch made her look beautiful. The waist became tiny to accentuated her round butt and her tummy sunk in until it was concave with all her ribs showing. I was jealous of all the compliments she received with fondling from both the girls and boys. The boys hardly noticed me and the other girls since we were wearing clothes. I offered to strip, but Rob said:

—No! Tammy deserves all the attention.

I couldn't tell if her whip was worse or better than mine. It looked worse because each lash caused red stripes that reminded me of the switch, but the lines were skinnier and not quite as red as the switch. Either the whip was not as bad as it looked or else she had learned to love the pain like me because her only reaction was small gasps and moans. It was different than my whipping where they just hit all over. The first guy started at her back below her shoulders to leave evenly spaced stripes down to her butt. They must have liked the effect because the next girl continued the striping down to mid-thigh then began back handing and forehanding her sides to stripe the outside of her breasts and down her sides. The next continued on down until her outside thighs were striped, then started up her inner thighs. The next completed the striping of her inner thighs then moved to her side to bring stripes over her pubic mound and on up her stomach. The next finished the stripes on up to the tops of her breasts.

The other thing that was different is the awed silence of the audience. It was easy to hear her small gasps and moans and soft voices saying:

—God! She is awesome.

—Oh! That one must have hurt bad when she winced...

Finally, an awed voice said:

—Jesus! She looks like she is wearing skin tight striped pajamas.

At my whipping there was cheers and applause at ones that hurt enough to make me squeal while she was just given respect.

The other thing different was when she was completely striped they moved to her and caressed the stripes while telling her she was wonderful. I knew that would just increase her excitement and was not as impressed as the others when Mike said:

—You have been really brave. You can stop now if you want.

And she moaned:

—No! I can take it. I want to prove I can be as brave as Jane.

They began again, but now didn't bother to hit straight across to let stripes cross the others to make her uniformly red, concentrating on her butt, breasts, and stomach. I noticed they were not hitting as hard because the lines were not as red and could tell by her panting and trembling that she was in or near orgasm.

I began getting jealous, which made me angry with her. I could see she was just being stimulated to great orgasms and when it was my turn I hit really hard hoping she would scream and ask for mercy. To my surprise, at about my tenth lash after she began screaming at each one, Rob grabbed my arm and said:

—That is enough. You are too mean.

Mike agreed saying:

—Jesus Christ. Were you trying to kill her?

Others said:

—Shit, she volunteered for this. She should have a break. Others just nodded and looked at me hatefully.

I said lamely:

—She wanted to prove she was brave. I just wanted to let her prove it.

Rob said:

—Bullshit. You were just jealous she was getting so much attention.

That was true and I felt guilty and just said lamely:

—I'm sorry.

Mike kissed her then said:

—I am the last one. Do you think you can stand the rest?

She was panting and trembling with tears running down her face as she gasped:

—Yes. I know you won't hurt me badly.

He didn't either. He just slapped her breasts and pussy lightly until she screamed:

—Yes! Yes! I am cumming.

She didn't need to tell us. It was obvious from the way her pussy juices were soaking the whip.

When he stopped, I was humiliated by Rob saying:

—Cherie to make up to her. You will lick her pussy to keep her orgasms coming until she tells you to stop.

I felt completely humiliated as I knelt between her spread legs and licked her clit and inner lips until she had soaked my face and neck with her juices before she finally screamed:

—Enough! I can't cum anymore.

They took her down to lie on the floor then dabbed her with cool towels, then Mike poured some lotion on her and they gathered around to caress her body. It was obvious it felt wonderful to her. She stretched up her arms and spread her legs to let all the hands caress her torso and thighs.

That turned everyone on and we stripped to make love. I was amazed that Tammy had recovered enough to sit on Mike's dick while he laid on his back and gyrated to have another orgasm.

We settled down to drink beer, but Tammy was still getting a lot of attention. I was jealous and went to her to say:

—I am sorry I was so mean. Would you like to whip me?

She made herself more heroic by saying:

—No! I don't blame you. You just wanted to be sure I was hurt as much as you.

I was crushed. I just came out looking like an ogre, while she was a martyr. I really felt stupid for letting them know the whip had excited me. If I had just kept my dumb mouth shut they would have continued to believe I had suffered and would have been awed by me, but now they thought Tammy was a hero for volunteering while I had been forced into it by my submission to Rob.

I ended up sitting alone while Rob showed his contempt for me by leaving me to talk to the other guys and girls complimenting the girls on their bodies which weren't as nice as mine.

Suddenly I remembered how excited Rob got when I told him how my older sister was mistreated at "Hell Night" at her sorority.

I was only about ten years old and was amazed when she came home at Christmas to tell me her story. She was proud that she was now an established member of her sorority, but said she went through Hell to get rid of her "Pledge" status.

I asked what she meant by going through Hell.

She said:

—I don't think you are old enough to understand.

That hurt my feelings and I said:

—Yes I am. I am almost a woman. I am getting boobs and everything. See.

I lifted my T-shirt to show her my budding boobies, still too small for a bra, but definitely boobs. I was fascinated by them and spent a lot of time caressing and pulling on them, hoping they would get as big as the girls in Dad's calendars in his shop.

She said:

—Wow... You are growing. I was twelve before mine were that big. I guess you are old enough besides you should know what will happen when you go to college. But you have to promise you won't tell our parents. They would shit.

I agreed, telling her I never told them anything.

She said:

—Well, when you are a pledge, you are hardly more than a slave. You have to wait on the "Sisters" to clean house and all the other chores, and when you make a mistake and break the rules, they swat your butt with a paddle.

I said:

—Ooh, that must hurt. I have never been swatted.

—Yeah, but it gets worse. At the end of the quarter, you go into Hell Week. That adds embarrassment. The sisters went through our underwear drawer and picked out our skimpiest bras and panties and that was all we were allowed to wear after classes. Unfortunately, I had a pair of silk lace bikini panties and matching bra my boyfriend had bought for me which I had never worn except one time to model for him since it seemed worse than naked. I was almost naked and it was especially embarrassing since the sisters were fully dressed. The worst part was there was a million rules and you couldn't help breaking one occasionally, which got you swats on the panties that really stung. It was worse for me because my panties just had a string going between my butt cheeks, so my ass was totally bare. I think they picked on me more than the other girls because they could see my buns turn red.

I was amazed. Why did you let them do that? I would have run away.

—I had no choice. The only way out was to quit and it was one of the best sororities. If you quit, no other sorority would want you. Besides, it would have been cowardly. The Sisters had all been through it and I was determined I could take anything they could.

—Gee. Is a sorority all that important?

—God Yes. We have great parties and all the best looking and richest boys only go out with sorority girls. But it got worse on Hell Night. First of all, they had us strip completely naked then Kay, the pledge mistress, said that to identify us all as Alpha Chi Omega sisters we would all wear a permanent marking. At that she lifted her skirt to show a capital A had been shaved on her pussy.

That interested me and I said:

—Oh wow... That is wild. Can I see it?

She pulled down her panties and lifted her skirt to show me a little “A” in stubble just above the slit of her pussy. Except for that her pussy was completely bald.

I said:

—That is neat and it couldn't have hurt you.

—Well some and it was embarrassing. They used clippers to cut the hair about a half inch long, then cut out the outer parts of the letter with a razor and all the rest of the hair. I had to lie on a table with my legs spread for them to do it. The worst part is that it was exciting for them to pull my lips around to get every hair and I am really sensual. I had to do math problems in my head to keep from embarrassing myself more by getting wet. Girls that couldn't do that were called sluts.

The razor was too big to cut out the center parts of the letter, so they plucked out the hair one by one with tweezers. That really hurt especially since they pulled each hair out slowly instead of just jerking it out.

Then we had to crawl through the “Gauntlet”. In that we crawled between the sister’s legs while they swatted our bare asses with big wood paddles.

I said:

—Oh Wow! I would have crawled a million miles per hour.

—They thought of that. Before we started they put handcuffs on our wrists and a short rope between our knees so we could only take short steps. If we lost our balance and fell they would keep hitting until we could get back on our knees. By the time we went through the twenty girls we were all crying and rubbing our stinging bruised butts.

Kay asked a stupid question. She asked:

—Are your butts sore?

It made me mad and I said:

—Of course! I won’t be able to sit on it for classes.

The other girls agreed and one sobbed:

—Is it over?

Kay said:

—It doesn’t end until Midnight with the candlelight ceremony when you officially become Sisters. However, from now on you can have a choice. Either the paddle or this.

From behind her back, she held out a leather strap about the size of a man’s belt. It looked puny next to the paddle, but there was more. She said:

—This doesn’t hurt as much as the paddle, so to make up for that it would be used on more sensitive places. While the paddle is just for your butt and thighs, this will be used on your entire torso. The choice is up to you.

It seemed an easy choice to me and I was sure I would choose the strap until another pledge asked:

—By our torso, do you mean it would be used on our tummies and even maybe our boobs.

Kay grinned and said:

—Yes! That and your back and your crotch.

The girl groaned and said:

—Ooh, I could never stand that! I'll take the paddle.

Some others agreed and paddles were hung around their necks by ribbons, but I had to think about that before making a quick decision. My butt was sore and throbbing. I didn't want it to hit anymore and I thought that the rest of my body was just skin too and the strap should only sting. I chose the strap along with the majority. I think we thought she was bluffing and would just use it on our backs.

Then new rules were added to the many we already had. We were told we were to obey all commands from our sisters. Anything refused would be punished with five swats. Then we were to serve them the rest of the night with the rules that we were to serve them by kneeling with our legs apart and to say, Mistress may I offer this martini, or other drink and the specific name of a canape. I knew I was in trouble since I had not worked in the kitchen when the canapes were prepared to know what they were and also only knew how to prepare the simplest drinks.

I was lucky at first because the sisters who waved me over only wanted beer or easy drinks like scotch and water.

The first girl that was hit broke a longstanding rule to keep good posture and keep her tummy tucked in. She must have forgotten in the effort to get into position to serve the drink without spilling it.

They had her stand sideways to the sister, who hit her tummy five times. It was real red, but she had only gasped, with no crying.

When we were at the bar, I whispered:

—How bad is it?

She whispered back:

—It just stings. It is much better than the paddle.

Unfortunately, we had broken the rule that we were not to talk to each other and had not noticed a sister was nearby.

I was given five lashes on my tummy to find she was right. It was only stings on my tight tummy with no deep bruising pain like the paddle.

Since they had already hit her tummy, they had her spread her legs to hit her inner thighs. I guessed that was a real sensitive area because it brought tears to her eyes.

Our lashing must have really impressed the other pledges because they made no mistakes for about an hour.

The sisters got bored and began ordering the girls to kiss their butts and even their pussies. Refusal brought five lashes, but I thought doing it was worse, since after a girl had kissed them they would call them wimps or cowards to do it rather than take their lashes. Even worse, the next time they would be told to stick their tongues into their ass or pussy, which was too much for even the girls that hated pain.

Then I was told to bring a sister a martini and a crab canape. I was lucky on the martini since someone had made a full pitcher, but when I went to the canape table I found that there were canapes of both white albacore tuna and crab. I couldn't tell which was which so just grabbed one thinking that I had a fifty fifty chance.

I guessed wrong. The sister spit it out in a napkin, saying :

—This is tuna. You idiot. Do you want your five lashes on your breasts or pussy?

I didn't really want to make a choice. It would have been better if she had picked a place. I finally mumbled:

—My breasts. I guess Mistress.

She made it worse by saying:

—Fine! Say please whip my tits five times Mistress.

It seemed even worse to have to ask for them, but I did, since I had seen a girl who had refused given ten lashes for disobedience. The really hard part was to have to put my hands behind my head and stand quietly for them. It took all my nerve.

Thankfully my boobs aren't real sensitive, only the ones that hit my nipples stung bad and even then there was a lasting tingle that seemed exciting. I later found out lashes to my pussy were no worse and surprisingly, the bad ones were to my inner thighs and across my shoulder blades since they felt they could hit that area extra hard.

For the rest of the night, when I made a mistake, I asked for them on my boobs or pussy since the tingle afterwards was exciting. I think if I had ever been hit twenty times in a row on my pussy, I might have had an orgasm.

That seemed incredible to me at the time, but now I knew she was right.

Rob loved the idea. But when he told the story, he was obviously impressed only with certain parts. He stood up and called for attention, then told them about my sister's initiation.

—Cherie reminded me about her sister's initiation in the sorority. She had to crawl between their legs while being swatted as they went through and this is the best part. They had to ask for five lashes anywhere the whipper wanted that wouldn't show with clothes on, assuming a position untied. If they didn't, they would be dropped from the sorority. We have a club. If the girls want to continue going to these parties, they should agree

to be pledges and accept lashes until midnight. How many of you girls want to be pledges?

I was disappointed. I had pictured Everything happening to just me and I planned to take it all with no complaint so all of them, especially the girls would know I was the bravest. At first only Tammy and I raised our hands, but finally the other two girls at the urging of their boyfriends reluctantly raised theirs.

One of the boys reminded Rob that they didn't have paddles and only two whips, but Rob said:

—No problem! Cherie's Dad has a wood shop and we can make paddles and we can have two more whips by cutting willow switches.

They scurried out the door and Joy came to me to say:

—Jesus! Cherie. What have you got us into? My boyfriend is not about to give up these parties, he told me if I didn't do it he would get a girl that would. I am telling him to hit you extra hard. Mary said:

—Me too. With them all on your tits and pussy. You'll be sorry you opened your big mouth. Our boyfriends said they would hit easy and make sure Mike and Rob did too.

I said:

—I'm sorry! I thought Rob would just want you to do all those things to me so you would know I am braver than Tammy. It isn't my fault.

—Well, you were stupid. The whole idea is based on a lot of sorority girls being punished. You should have known they would want all of us to be included.

I said defiantly:

—I don't care. I hope they hit hard! Then you will know I am the bravest girl here.

She looked at me as if I was crazy, then said:

—Well, you will get your chance. The boys will be mean. I can hardly wait to see you begging for mercy.

—I won't! I won't beg for mercy, no matter how bad it is. You'll see. You will all seem like wimps compared to me.

The boys came back in and Rob said:

—We only found one scrap of wood to make a paddle, but we found other things.

They held up their “Things” Only the paddle looked bearable as it was just a length of thin plywood. Mike was holding a willow switch about four feet long, Tom was holding a fan belt off a car, and Bill had a thick electric extension cord about six feet long he had doubled to hold on to the plug ins on the end.

Joy and Mary stared wide-eyed and kind of whimpered, while Tammy just stared with a sick look on her face. I also cringed at the thought of them hitting me, but at the same time I realized this was my chance to regain respect. I was sure the other girls would scream and cry. If I could just take it with dignity, they would have to be impressed by my bravery.

I screwed up my courage and said:

—Would you like me to be first?

Rob said:

—No! We want you all to do it at the same time, just like the sorority. You can be last in line so you can see how the other girls react to prove you have the most courage.

They tied our wrists together, then improved on the sorority by tying big weights from my father's bar-bell set to our ankles. Rob put the biggest weights on me saying you will be last because you will be moving the slowest.

I cringed, knowing that the slower we moved, the more swats we would get. It was obvious the boys knew that too because Joy had only ten pound weights, Mary twenty, Tammy thirty, while I would be dragging forty pounds on each ankle.

They lined us up at the end of the room then Rob moved away about six feet holding the paddle with his legs open, Tom got behind him with the fan belt. Bill got behind them with his cord and finally Mike with the switch.

They weren't going to do it just like the sorority. Instead of going through in a line, he decided to have us go through one at a time so we could see it happening. That was worse because my fear would build from seeing them suffer and knowing I would get it worst of all.

Joy was first and began whimpering as soon as she realized the bondage would force her to move slowly.

Rob had time to hit the sides of her breasts, the sides of her stomach two to her butt and two to her thighs before she was out of range only to have Tom leave horseshoe like welts on her back and butt with one between her legs to hit her pussy. Bill left bigger welts with his cord, then Mike left skinny welts the length of her back with four on her butt and a final one curling into her butt-crack.

Mary moved as fast as she could with a determined look on her face, but just as she got to the switch, her weights became entangled and she had to stretch out to drag up both legs at once. That gave Mike time to aim carefully to let the switch curl under to hit her nipples and two hit both ass-cheeks with a final terrible one down the crack of her butt that brought a scream. Joy and Mary howled all the way through then collapsed at the end to cry and rub their welts. Only Tammy was able to limit herself to sobs, although she moved slowly to get at least six lashes from each and

unbelievably stopped cold to let Mike stripe her butt and thighs with only an agonized yelp as the switch went down her ass-crack to be buried in her slit.

As soon as a girl got through the line, they came by me to watch the next girl. Joy said:

—That was awful. I am going to be bruised. I hope they fucking kill you!

By that time Tammy had started and as I saw her slow progress dragging the weights I said:

—They might... With these weights, I will get hit a lot.

Finally, the girls calmed down and Rob looked at me and said:

—It is your turn.

To my amazement he untied my wrists. I thought he realized how hard it would be to drag my weights and had taken pity on me. I said gratefully:

—Oh, thank you... This will help me move a little faster.

—No, it won't... This was your idea, so you get a handicap. You are going through on your back.

My resolve to be brave disappeared as I cried:

—No. That isn't fair. My boobs and pussy will be hit!

—Yeah! We decided that would make up for you being so mean to Tammy.

The girls jumped up to come closer not to miss anything while the boys grabbed their torture instruments and got into position.

When I sat down I found the only way I could move was to plant my butt then pull up my legs to drag the weight then lie back and slide pushing with my feet and hands. I began to sob, realizing I would be moving very slowly and also my legs would be open when I moved the weight.

When I got to Rob he hit the sides of my breasts then leaned over to bring the paddle down flat on both boobs, my stomach, my crotch, and then my tender inner thighs.

I was barely past him when the fan belt jerked at my breasts and left welts down my stomach and crotch only to get by him now sobbing loudly to have the cord completely flatten my breasts, make my tummy jump then an agonizing one right on my pussy.

By then I was almost exhausted from the pain and effort which slowed me enough to let Mike leave several stripes on my breasts and stomach then made me scream with one on each side of my pussy with a final burying it in my slit.

I laid there sobbing with my body drenched in sweat and tears as I was untied. Then Rob said:

—They deserve a reward. Let's go down on them.

The other girls began squealing in pleasure right away, but I hurt so much he spent a long time licking my welts and bruised clit before I could appreciate it and finally have a small orgasm.

They gave us a break to drink some beer, then we were reminded it was not over when Rob said:

—Hey, it is only eleven. We have a whole hour to test their obedience. We'll odd man to see which girl is ours. Nobody gets their steady girl, so there won't be any grudges later.

None of us girls liked that. They were all afraid they would get Rob and even if they got someone else they would not get the compassion they might get from their boyfriends. I didn't like it because I wanted to show Rob I would do anything for him. It would not be the same for anyone else. Rod said:

—From now until midnight, you will only be punished if you refuse to do as we ask.

Jo and Mary began whining and begging not to be hurt anymore, although by then their welts had faded, while I carried bruises. It made me mad and I said:

—Oh come on, you wimps! I was hurt a lot more than you!

Tammy agreed:

—Yeah! Try to be brave like Cherie.

That shut them up, although they looked at me with hate. I couldn't blame them, since my submissiveness had led them to this.

Rob consoled them further by saying:

—You won't be hurt as long as you obey.

I got Mike, which scared me since he had the switch. Tammy seemed pleased to get Rob. Mary and Joy were relieved they got guys who weren't mean.

Then the boys began swaggering around waving their whips or switches menacingly and giving us orders.

At first, they just made us do humiliating things like kissing their feet, their asses, licking their sweaty balls, and sucking their dicks. We agreed without hesitation, since that was certainly better than being whipped. Even what they thought was the ultimate humiliation of having us masturbate while they watched and then 69 each other actually provided enough pleasure to surpass the embarrassment.

Then Rob came up with something really gross. He said:

—Cherie! French kiss my asshole. Stick your tongue in as far as you can.

It made me gag to even think about it and I refused.

He had me kneel then put my hands behind my back making it plain my poor boobies were to be whipped even though they were still sore from the switch. I whimpered, with my only consolation the fact he was holding the thong whip. Then he said something strange.

—Okay, which boob?

I couldn't see what difference it made as to which one he started with and thought he just wanted to add humiliation by making me ask for them, but then got the hope he realized how sore they were and he may only give me one.

I gulped and said:

—The right one.

That wasn't good enough for him. He said:

—No. Say please hit my right boob for refusing you. Make it hurt.

I was right. He grinned at the others as they stared at my trembling body until I took a deep breath and sobbed out:

—Please hit my right boob for refusing you. Make it hurt.

He made it worse by prolonging my fear by having me pose with my head and shoulders back and with a deep breath to push it out as far as possible. Even that didn't satisfy him and he told Mike to hold my elbows together behind my back.

He hit the outside of my right boob so hard there was a terrible sting and he slapped violently into my left breast. I screamed, but that did not stop him from hitting it at the cleavage to send it into my armpit. Then another to the outside, another to the cleavage and a final one across the nipples that left me sobbing with tears running from my eyes.

Then he said something I thought was incredibly stupid. He said gently:

—Would you like to kiss my ass-hole now?

I said angrily:

—Are you crazy. Why would I do it now after suffering so much to avoid it?

He said:

—Then I guess I'll have to do the left one.

I couldn't take that. Five quick hard lashes did not allow me to get numb. It was just pure pain. I cried desperately:

—No! No! I'll do it!

He said:

—Too late! You had your chance.

I sobbed, resigning myself to it as I felt Mike's Hands tightening around my elbows. The girls asked me later why I hadn't tried to escape and hide, but I knew at the time I was not strong enough to get away from Mike and was sure if I didn't cooperate he would just make it worse.

In a way, he did make it worse and yet better. He told me to count when I was ready and at "One" he would hit it. It was worse because now I would be asking for each one, but that also gave me a chance to let the pain radiate through my body to allow excitement to build. When he hit my boob at "One" I let several seconds to go by as the pain moved to my crotch before saying "Two" to bring on more pain. By five, I was actually looking forward to the sting to my nipple I knew would bring me to orgasm.

When Mike let go of me I just fell back on the floor sobbing and caressed my sore, swollen and throbbing tits, but thrills were coursing through my body.

Mike thought that was a great idea and asked Tammy to do it. She also refused. I knew it would be awful since he was using the switch. From her screams when it dug into her boobs I knew it must be terrible, especially the last across her nipples and I had to give her credit for being able to hold her

pose standing with her legs apart and her hands behind her head. She also fell to the floor whimpering and caressing her boobs, but I also noticed she was rubbing her thighs together and I saw moisture at her slit.

Then Mary and Jo were told to do it. They were frightened by our screams and agreed.

The boys made them do it while they had Tammy and I suck their dicks until they came. Tammy and I like sucking dicks because it was fun to watch the boys make faces as they neared orgasm. In an unspoken agreement, Tammy and I did it slowly, since we knew the other girls would have to tongue their asses until the boys came.

Tammy and I felt superior to them, and I said:

—You girls are disgusting!

Tammy said:

—Yeah! You have shit around your lips.

Jo and Mary began crying as they frantically wiped their mouths and evidently Bill and Tom felt sorry for them and told us to suck their assholes sure we would not choose to be whipped again, but we were trapped. Since we had refused our boy-friends, we couldn't do it for them.

Tom had me kneel then lay back while he had Mary and Joy hold my legs open by my knees while he used the switch on my pussy. Fortunately, he let me count and since he never hit my clit, it didn't hurt nearly as much as my boobs. I just got very excited and it was all I could do to keep from continuing the count after five to get my orgasm. Fortunately, it turned out to see the welts form across my pussy lips so he fucked me to let me cum.

Then they did the same to Tammy, only with her whip. She screamed at each one, but I noticed that for the last two she raised her hips to meet the

lash. Her last scream ended with a shudder and moan that I knew meant she had cum.

That was the last time we were whipped. The boys were really impressed by our courage. From then on the boys just made love to us and told us they loved us and promised never to hurt us as much ever again until they could no longer get hard.

Rob was really nice to me for two weeks, taking me to dinner and movies and making love with no pain. I didn't cum and made a mistake. I told him that it was alright for him to hurt me and suggested he hit my tits with an eighteen-inch wood ruler while I sat on his dick and pumped.

I got so excited, I flooded his balls with my juices. He said:

—Jesus! That really turned you on. I wonder just how much you can take.

That frightened me and I said:

—I was only able to take it because of your fantastic dick in me.

He looked doubtful and I realized I would be tested. Although it frightened me I was also curious as to just how much pain I could take.

Then we got a chance for another beer party. Evidently the initiation was the last straw for Mary and Jo because Tom and Bill said they had been dumped and hadn't found new girls yet who would obey. They missed out. Tammy and I became completely satiated by having two boys at once fucking our pussies and asses and going down on us. We were only given light spanking to our butt while we blew them or having our breasts spanked lightly with a soft leather strap when we were on top. It hardly hurt at all.

It made me love him even more and I told him my fantasy of resisting torture rather than betraying him.

He seemed really impressed and said:

—Do you really think you would suffer that much for me?

—Oh yes! I would die for you!

That really made him happy and he hugged and kissed me then took me up to the woods where we could have privacy to make love in the sun. He did satisfy my fantasy of being whipped by a little switch from the thorny bush. It brought on a glorious orgasm, although there were a few drops of blood around my nipples.

He was nice to me for weeks, even passing up a beer party because he didn't want to share me. That convinced me that he really loved me and was jealous.

Then my folks said they were leaving on Friday for a weekend with Grandma. I told them I couldn't go because I had a test at school Monday, which was a lie.

I rushed to tell Rob that we would have three nights and two days together. He was happy, except that he was playing poker with some guys who got him marijuana on Friday night.

I begged him to let me go with him so we could make love after it was over. He said:

—Well, girls aren't normally allowed, but I guess I could tell them I brought you to be our barmaid.

I was happy he had relented. Friday night I dressed in just a half-shirt and micro-skirt, so Rob could reach under to fondle me and we drove to an old industrial section of town that looked totally deserted until we pulled up to a ramshackle garage surrounded by old cars and motorcycle parts with a dim light coming through a filthy window. Rob opened the door to reveal three big dirty guys in filthy T-shirts and motorcycle jackets sitting around a card table. The one facing us said nastily:

—It is about time. Did you bring lots of money?

—Enough to break you guys, and I also brought us a barmaid. Cherie meet Spike, Lucky and Slim.

I went over to shake their greasy hands. Spike the obvious leader said:

—Our barmaids are always topless.

To my surprise, Rob said:

—You haven't seen topless until you have seen her. Cherie, take off the shirt.

I hesitated. This seemed much more embarrassing than showing my boobs to our friends the same age. These guys were older, in their twenties and their staring eyes made me feel uncomfortable.

Rob said:

—Well! Come on.

I pulled the shirt off over my head and stood there nervously, but then I felt better when Rob said I was the prettiest girl in school to show he had only made me do it to show how proud he was of me. I even appreciated the biker's low whistles and compliments, thinking that they were old enough to get into topless bars and I must be special to be appreciated considering how many naked girls they had seen.

I relaxed a little when attention was diverted from me as Spike explained the rules of the game, then started selling poker chips. When everything was set, Spike held out his paper cup and told me to get everybody beers from the keg sitting in a tub of ice in the corner. I found a cup for Rob at the keg, but there was no tray, so I could only bring two at a time. As the game progressed, it was obvious I would be kept busy since the cups were so small, they drank them quickly. I began to relax a little more as I was ignored as they concentrated on the game, only ones who had folded their cards stared at my quivering boobs as I delivered cups over the rough dirt floor.

I brought a cup to Slim who had leaned back in his chair after throwing in his hand who shocked me by reaching under my skirt and squeezing my butt.

I pulled away then went to Rod and whispered:

—Slim squeezed my butt.

Hoping his jealousy would make him tell them to stop, but he just grumbled:

—They won't hurt you. Leave me alone. Can't you see I am losing here?

He said it loud enough for them to hear and when I looked at them, they were all grinning at me. From then on I was groped every time I brought a cup with them getting bolder and giving me painful pinches to my nipples or cunt lips to grin at my gasps and blushes. I knew I was being disloyal, but I was glad to see Rob's chips slowly recede, hoping he would soon be broke and we could leave.

He began winning. Soon his chips were as high as when he had started. He became real confident and said:

—Let's take off the limit on the last bets.

Spike said:

—Okay kid... Your luck can't last forever.

I was familiar with their game of seven card stud from penny ante poker with my family and later strip poker. You were dealt two cards face down that only you could see and one up all could see then you were dealt three more cards face up with bets on each card then a final card face down with more bets. I had been retreating behind Rob's chair whenever I didn't have to bring a beer and be groped. I saw Rob's luck had really changed when he was dealt two tens face down and another up. Rob bet ten dollars each time and others just called. Until the last card, when they all folded

except Spike. Rob bet another ten, but Spike called and raised forty. Rob looked at the four hearts in Spike's open cards and said:

—Shit, you have the flush, and folded.

Spike laughed and showed two aces in the hole and no flush. He had bluffed and won.

Spike ordered a beer and when I brought it he wrapped his arm around my waist to hold me while he jammed two fingers into my pussy, evidently to humiliate me as he had Rob. I was relieved when Rob said:

—Let her go, you bastard.

Spike just laughed and let me go to run behind Rob.

A few hands later, I came back from the bathroom to see Rob had two kings in the hole and another face up. It was obvious Rob had the best hand. Spike just had a pair of sevens and the others just had mixed cards. Rob just bet five dollars to keep the others from folding. The next card Rob got an ace and bet five dollars again, Spike raised it to ten with three spades for possible flush. Slim and Lucky dropped out. On the last card, Rob was dealt another Ace face down. He now had a full house with three kings and two aces. He was no longer wary of Spikes flush and pushed out all his chips. Spike calmly called and raised a hundred. We stared at his card, showing three spades that wouldn't make a straight flush. Rob grinned and showed his cards to me and said:

—Should we call him, Hon?

I said excitedly:

—Go for it!

Anxious to see the disappointment on Spike's smirking face.

Rob said:

—I call!

And turned over his hole cards to show his full house. Spike laughed and showed two more sevens. He had four sevens in the first four cards. He said:

—Cough up the hundred.

Rob gulped, then said in a frightened voice:

—I don't have it. But I'll pay you. It will just take a little time.

Spike erupted in anger. He grabbed the front of Rob's shirt to jerk him to his feet and said:

—You son of a bitch! You heard the rules. This is a cash game only. You should have folded. I am not waiting, I'll just take it out in blood!

He pulled back his hand to hit Rob who looked terribly frightened. I grabbed Spike's arm and cried:

—Don't hurt him! It was my fault! I told him to call! Take it out on me.

Spike looked at me then released his grasp on Rod's shirt to let him fall back in his chair. He said:

—That might be alright. I haven't had any teenybopper pussy for a while. Take off the skirt, so I can see if your cunt is tight enough to make it worthwhile.

Fucking him would be gross, but it was a hundred times better than having him beat up Rob or me. I took off the skirt, humiliated and frightened that he may have a huge dick. I stood there shaking in fear with my thighs clenched together, but he humiliated me more by coming over to me and telling me to spread my legs, then rammed two fingers into my dry pussy. I whimpered as he turned to Lucky and Slim and said:

—She seems pretty tight. What do you guys think?

Lucky said:

—Yeah... We ought to get a hundred bucks worth.

Slim agreed saying:

—Hell, I can get a hundred worth all by myself.

Spike looked at Rob and said:

—We don't want you to interfere.

Lucky and Slim jumped up to get rope and a shop rag. They tied him to the chair, then tied the rag around his mouth. I was glad he was tied because he might try to save me and he wouldn't have a chance against the three of them.

Spike came over to me and pushed down on my shoulders to make me kneel in front of him. He unbuttoned his jeans and slid them down his legs saying:

—Suck this until it is good and hard for your fuck.

That was ridiculous. It was already as hard as it could get. It was big, but not the monster I had feared. It was gross! He must not have washed it for weeks. It tasted awful and he made it worse by telling me I was a shitty cocksucker and to use my tongue. Just as I thought he may cum and it would be over he had me lick his balls which also had an acrid, salty taste then he had me lie back in a puddle of oil to jam in his dick. He crushed my boobs in his hands to make them ache as he pumped, then said loudly:

—That's better. She is getting in to it. Her pussy is wet!

I was ashamed my body had betrayed me in spite of my hate for him, the pain to my tits, and the gritty feeling of the dirt and oil on my back, but there was no denying it because his dick was no longer causing the friction in my pussy tunnel. Finally, he came and Slim rolled me over to jam his dick into my ass-hole, causing screams until my blood from tearing the tissues made it finally he came and Slim.

Lucky pulled my head up and forced his dick into my mouth then into my throat, making me gag. Slim came with a grunt, then Lucky jerked out

his dick to humiliate me by shooting his cum into my eyes and nose.

I just laid in the puddle of dirty oil whimpering feeling burns from my skin abraded by the dirt floor until Spike said:

—She is a mess. Let's clean her up.

They picked me up by my arms then tied my wrists to a chain hoist hook hanging from the ceiling. Then rolled over a car axle to tie my legs widely apart to the brake drums.

There was a clicking sound as they raised the hoist until it felt like my joints were being pulled apart and my vertebrae separated.

They just stared at me a moment while I moaned:

—Oh God! I hurt! I hurt!

Then Lucky picked up a can of gasoline and splashed it on my back and front. It burned awful on my skin abraded by the dirt, but they just ignored my screams as they took shop rags and dipped them in gas to scrub off the dirt and oil.

I became totally frightened when they stepped back to watch me and listen to my hoarse cries and lit cigarettes. I was sure I would be set on fire, but then they put them out in a can of water and picked up a hose with a spray nozzle and began spraying me with cold water. I was shivering from the cold, but at least the burning had stopped.

Then Lucky said:

—She isn't totally clean.

He jammed the nozzle into my pussy for an icy douche then jammed it in my ass-hole, laughing when he took it out and I shot brown water while making farting noises.

I hung there sobbing from the humiliation and pain from my stretched bowel. Spike said:

—Shit! She enjoyed the fucking. She still owes us. Her tits look good, but I'll bet they would look better if they were swollen.

He took off his big western belt and began whipping them so hard I was sure they would be torn. It hurt so bad I passed out, only to be awakened by a spray of cold water from the hose to see Lucky standing by my side with a pool cue. He hit my sore tits so hard it buried itself to hit the bones and with only a few I passed out again.

I don't know how long I was out. I came around to see them drinking beer while looking at me. Spike said:

—She is one tough bitch!

Then he came forward to jam his dick in my pussy while Lucky jammed his in my ass-hole. I was so hoarse from screaming, I could only gasp and grunt as their dicks dragged on my dry holes.

They finally came and Spike said:

—Your turn Slim.

Slim said:

—Not yet! You guys have loosened her up, but I can get her tight again.

He had Spike and lucky grab my upper arms then pull my legs up and out, so my pussy was totally exposed.

He picked up a short length of chain and began beating my pussy! I screamed hoarsely as my pussy squirmed under the terrible deep bruising pain until he quit to feel it. I looked down to see it had turned maroon and had swollen so much the slit was nearly closed. I ached clear into my belly. But even that was not enough. He said:

—A little more.

And he hit even harder. That was the end of my endurance, I passed out, but it didn't do me any good. I came to sputtering from the icy water

hitting my face and soaking my body, then they began fucking me some more. But then Slim said:

—Shit! She is getting loose again.

He left for a moment and had them hold my legs open nearly to a split, then he came back with a length of barbed wire. I screamed:

—No! No!

But he began hitting my pussy with it. It was just awful and when a barb dug into my clit I passed out. I don't know if he fucked it because I didn't awaken until I found myself lying on a plastic tarp on my bed and Rob was caressing salve on my pussy.

He realized I was awake when I moaned:

—Oh God! Am I ruined?

—No, but you are bruised. Baby, I am so sorry. You shouldn't have come with me. Why didn't you just let them beat me up?

—I couldn't. I made you let me come with you and I told you to call his bet. I deserved it and now you know how much I love you.

He kissed me gently and said:

—I love you too and would do the same for you.

That almost made it worth all the pain. He kept on caressing on salve until the pain began to subside, then I asked him to turn on the overhead light and get my mirror off the dresser, so I could see myself.

,

It was horrible. My breasts were solid black and blue and were swollen so much it looked as if I had a boob operation.

My pussy was just as bruised and still so swollen, my slit was a tight line even though my legs were open. There were black scabs all over it from the barbed wire.

I was bruised for several days. My clit was scratched from the wire and so sensitive I couldn't stand to touch it. Rob didn't want to hurt me by

fucking me and was satisfied by blow-jobs then gently licked my clit which remained tender even later from the terrible abuse.

When I could walk normally, he took me to a really nice restaurant. I was surprised he could afford it since I knew the poker game had taken all his money.

I turned out to be a real heroine. Rob told them all about it. The other girls had to admit that though they loved their boyfriends, they doubted they would have the courage to save them from the nasty bikers.

Rob bragged that I had been able to take it with only grunts and small screams, which made me feel proud, but then afraid when Tammy said:

—I guess we won't have to use those wimpy whips on you. You must have a real high tolerance for pain.

I tried to explain that it took all my courage, but they didn't believe me. Tammy said:

—She would have screamed her guts out if it had been all that bad.

The others agreed with her.

A few weeks later, we had a chance to have another party. Tammy suggested we play strip poker, with the winner getting the cock sucked or pussy eaten by the loser.

I asked:

—What happens when one of us is naked. Do we just drop out of the game or what?

Tammy said:

—No. We play until we are all naked. Once you lose your clothes you play for chips with each chip being a lash.

A couple of girls said they had never played poker and I had played penny-ante a lot, so I was sure one of them would lose.

Rob passed out chips, noting the amount in a notebook.

The chips only counted after we were naked.

Actually, my penny-ante experience was no help. I had always played every hand to the end since there was little risk.

I was lucky at first, getting miracle cards that let me win. The game was really biased against us girls since all we were wearing was half-shirts and skirts while the boys had pants, shirts, t-shirts, shorts, socks and shoes. They even decided their wristwatches counted since they hid skin.

Rob said we would play until all, but one lost their clothes or until midnight.

In a few hands all of us girls were naked while the boys had only lost shoes and socks or nothing. As we got naked Rob handed out chips saying they could be used to buy back clothes. He gave me red chips, which I thought was appropriate since that is the way my skin would look if I lost.

The other girls realized that too and began to play very conservatively by dropping out unless they had good cards. Meanwhile, I got lucky and the girls chips began to pile up in front of me. I did a dumb thing, calling them cowards for not risking their chips. That made them hate me.

Then my luck changed. I lost the chips in front of me in one hand I thought I wouldn't lose.

I got more chips, thinking I could win them back. I noticed the girls were playing real conservatively, throwing away their hands until they had good cards. Rather than following their lead, I chided them for their lack of nerve and plunged on. I had lost about sixty chips when the beer got to me and I had to go to the bathroom. I suddenly realized why the girls were so careful when I saw that next to the cuffs hanging ominously from the ceiling was a willow switch nearly six feet long. I knew it would hurt awfully and that I would get little or no sympathy if I ended up the loser.

I began to play better, but it didn't seem to help. Now they recognized when I had a good hand and wouldn't call my bet, which left me with a small win. The boys had our chips in front of them, so they paid off with them rather than lose clothes. Finally, the boys began losing their clothes. I began winning their chips and began to think I may be able to whip one of them.

At midnight, everyone used the chips in front of them to pay off their debt by buying back their color of chips.

I was able to buy back a few of mine, but it was obvious I was the loser from all the red chips left in front of them. Rob was the big winner. I was glad he had won, since I was sure he would not hit hard.

To my surprise, Rob said:

—I don't want to hurt her.

And he gave his chips to the others, equally so after their debts were paid even the girl almost as unlucky as me had a few chips in front of her which could be used to give me lashes.

I didn't know what to think. I thought Rob was wonderful not to hurt me, but on the other hand he had done me no favor since the others had no reason to go easy. They counted my chips and I had lost a hundred and twenty.

I whimpered:

—Oh, that is too much. You won't hit hard, will you?

Jo grinned and said:

—Yes we will... You should be punished for betting so much. You could have dropped out more often when you had a loser.

They decided to let the guy with the most chips go first, but then Tammy said:

—That switch is nasty. We should only give her ten, then a rest.

That was no concession and she knew it. By getting a lot at once my skin would get numb and it would be over with quickly. This way every lash would hurt and it would last forever with twelve sessions.

—I said:

—No! I want to get it over with quickly.

Tammy said:

—Don't be silly. This will get you ten orgasms instead of one.

The others agreed and dragged me over to the ropes to pull up my arms. I clenched my thighs together, hoping to protect my tender inner thighs, but they would have none of that and pulled my legs so widely apart my slit opened.

I sobbed, knowing the switch would be terrible there.

They decided that the one with the most chips could be first. That was Mike. He came over to me and said:

—I have a lot of chips. I'll just give you a warm-up.

He put all ten across my butt. He didn't hit real hard and I was able to take it with just gasps, but it still really stung and I realized this was my least sensitive place. The switch dug in to make a terrible sting that seemed to go deep into my body. He said:

—That's just right. Great stripes and any harder would cut her.

It was time for my break and Tammy began caressing my ass, marvelling at the way the stripes caused ridges above the white skin between them. I was enjoying her caresses when she made me yelp in surprise when she spanked my butt-cheek with her hand. She said:

—Oh look... The spank makes the skin a pretty pink between the stripes.

They must have liked the effect because other hands joined her to spank, keeping my butt-cheeks in constant vibration. It wasn't fair. I knew

they would not count the spanks as lashes, but it was so much better than the switch, I didn't complain. Truthfully, I was enjoying it, especially the ones at the lower part of my butt that let the ends of their fingers hit my pussy.

I guess they considered the spanking my break because as soon as they were satisfied the skin was pink enough, Joy stepped up to say I have a lot of chips too so I'll continue the warm-up.

The excitement that had begun to build disappeared instantly to be replaced by pure pain as she gave me ten hard lashes across my back.

I just blubbered as pain and heat enveloped my body.

I guess they weren't interested in caressing my back because they just stood there watching fascinated as I sobbed. When I calmed a little, Mary stepped up and said:

—I only have ten, so I am going to make them count.

She brought back gasps and screams by alternating lashes on my boobs and pussy. It really hurt and when she quit both my boobs and pussy were throbbing with pain, but perversely I knew if she had gone on longer I may have reached orgasm.

At least they were interested in caressing those areas and the pain subsided as hands caressed me and lips and tongues caressed my extended nipples.

Then Bob stepped up to stroke the switch up and down my slit as he said:

—Any special requests?

I said breathlessly:

—Oh God! Just get it over with fast. Hit me more than ten.

Tammy said:

—Maybe you would like to get it over superfast by having three of us hit you at once. Bob is left-handed, so it would work out.

I knew that would be terrible, but on the other hand it would all be over in a third of the time. I said:

—Oh God. My body will be on fire, but at least it will be over. Give me all the rest of the lashes.

They left me hanging there as Mike rushed out to cut two more switches. Fear returned as I realized I had just asked for ninety in a row. I consoled myself by knowing that many would certainly bring the numbness and I may even get to orgasm in spite of the greater pain of switches.

They decided that since Mike, Joy and Jim had the most chips, they could give me thirty each.

They cut cards to see who would hit each area. Jim was disappointed to get my back and butt. He brightened when I pleaded:

—Please don't hit my back. It hurts with no thrill.

Tammy said incredulously:

—Jesus! Can you believe this? She thinks this will bring her thrills!

Rod grinned and said:

—It might. She is awesome!

Joy was told that she would hit from my belly-button up, while Mike was to hit from my belly-button down.

Fear returned when Joy squeezed my boob and said:

—When I am done with these, they will be so swollen it will look like you have had implants. Mike said:

—Yeah! And her pussy will look like she has grown balls.

I whimpered and tried to brace myself as they got into position. Then there was searing pain across my butt-cheeks, followed quickly by worse pain across my boobs then across my pubic mound. They timed it so at least

one switch was hitting me as the others pulled back, so the pain was constant. I cried and squealed because it seemed to get worse and worse, but then after about thirty I began getting numb and the pain began to be replaced by thrills, by about fifty my screams were replaced by just gasps and moans as I got closer and closer to climax. Finally, toward the end I began pumping my hips back and forth to meet the lashes on my butt and pussy as orgasms ripped through my body.

My mind had gone into a kind of stupor, but I heard Tammy scream:

—Shit! She is cumming!

I was still pumping when they quit. Rod yelled:

—Don't stop. She will pass out when she gets the ultimate orgasm!

Jim moved to my front and then two switches began hitting my pussy while Joy concentrated on my nipples. It only took a few before I let out a scream as this monster orgasm ripped through me and I passed out.

I must have slept for some time. When I woke the pain was gone replaced by throbbing. I was glad to see they all felt guilty and they all apologized, saying they would never hurt me that bad again as they caressed salve on my boobs and slit. It was obvious my clit and nipples had been hit because they were still tingling.

The girls began licking my nipples and pussy, but I weakly said:

—I can't cum anymore. Just let me sleep.

Two of the boys helped me up and led me to the bedroom. I stopped when I saw myself in a full length mirror. Now I knew why they felt so guilty. I must have slept for some time because the red was replaced by ugly black and blue bruises and my boobs and pussy had swollen to the point the skin was tight as a drum.

I whimpered and said:

—Oh Rod! How could you let them hurt me so much?

He kissed me and said:

—It was so bad at first, I didn't think you should be cheated of your ultimate orgasm.

I didn't know what to say. He was right. The only way I could stand it was the constant pain that let me get numb. If they had continued with ten at a time it would have been worse, so I just nodded.

I slept until noon, but even then I was still a little swollen and the bruises looked even worse. They lasted for days. I showed them to them at every opportunity to reinforce their promises to never hurt me that much again.

It was a good thing my folks were gone on a three-day weekend because I couldn't stand wearing clothes. Rob stayed with me to put on salve and make gentle love to me which made me forgive him for not stopping them.

The one I was really mad at was Tammy. She had been the one encouraging them to hit harder and all at once to keep me in constant pain. Somehow I had to get even with her.

At our next beer party, I suggested it was Tammy's turn to be whipped. No-one agreed with me saying there had to be a reason. In desperation, I took a chance on something I thought I could stand if I was unlucky and said:

—Okay! Tammy and I can have a contest. We'll cut cards. High card gives the other thirty lashes with the thong whip just on breasts and pussy.

Tammy protested:

—No. You are mean. You would hurt me bad.

I said:

—It is only fair. You hurt me bad.

She refused, but as we drank more beer while the others worked on her, saying she had an even chance and was being cowardly, she finally agreed.

She drew first and got a Jack. I moaned knowing I would have to get a queen or better to beat her. I said:

—You can back out if you want.

She sneered and said:

—Not a chance... This is your idea. Your tits and pussy are going to be black and blue for a week!

I hesitantly reached out to the deck sure that I would lose, but when I turned over the card, it was a king. I squealed in glee. I had not just won, but after what she said, I knew no-one would complain no matter how hard I hit her.

She knew it too. She began to cry as guys pulled off her half-shirt and skirt. I was already naked since everyone wanted to check out the small bruises still remaining on my tits and pussy.

They buckled her wrist, but as they started to tie her feet I said:

—No! Just grab her legs and hold her in a split. They did and her bald pussy opened wide.

She screamed and howled as I hit her tits twenty times as hard as I could, then I began bringing the whip up into her crotch like a soft ball pitcher. Amazingly, on the seventh one she screamed:

—I'm cumming!

I hit the last three as hard as I could, but she actually struggled to push her hips forward to meet the whip. They released her to lie on the floor, where her body convulsed in orgasms as she frantically dug at her pussy.

I felt totally frustrated. Rather than getting even, I had just given her ultimate orgasms and made her a heroine. Everyone gushed at how fantastic

she was and guys and girls licked her red boobs and pussy.

About a week later, I was putting gas in my car when I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned around to see Spike!

I was consumed by hate and yelled:

—Get away from me, you bastard! I should call the cops and have you arrested for what you did to me!

—Hey! Chill out! It wasn't my idea. Rob said you got off on pain if you had an excuse. We paid him a hundred each to do anything we wanted to you. We thought you were never going to take a piss, so we could stack the cards. If you want to bitch, bitch to him.

I was speechless. I just stood there shaking with rage as he got on his Harley and rode off.

I drove to Rob's place and beat him with my fists as I screamed:

—I know what you did, you bastard. I loved you! How could you let those bikers do that to me! I never want to see you again.

The son of a bitch didn't even apologize. He just said as he fended me off:

—Aw, come on... You were only sore for a few days. You know you enjoyed being a hero.

I have a new boyfriend now. He is really sweet. He thinks I am beautiful and can't do enough for me. He is even pretty good in bed, but to tell the truth, it isn't very exciting.

When I see Rob caressing his new girl's butt as she looks at him adoringly, I am tempted to go back to him. I am sure he would never hurt me that bad again.