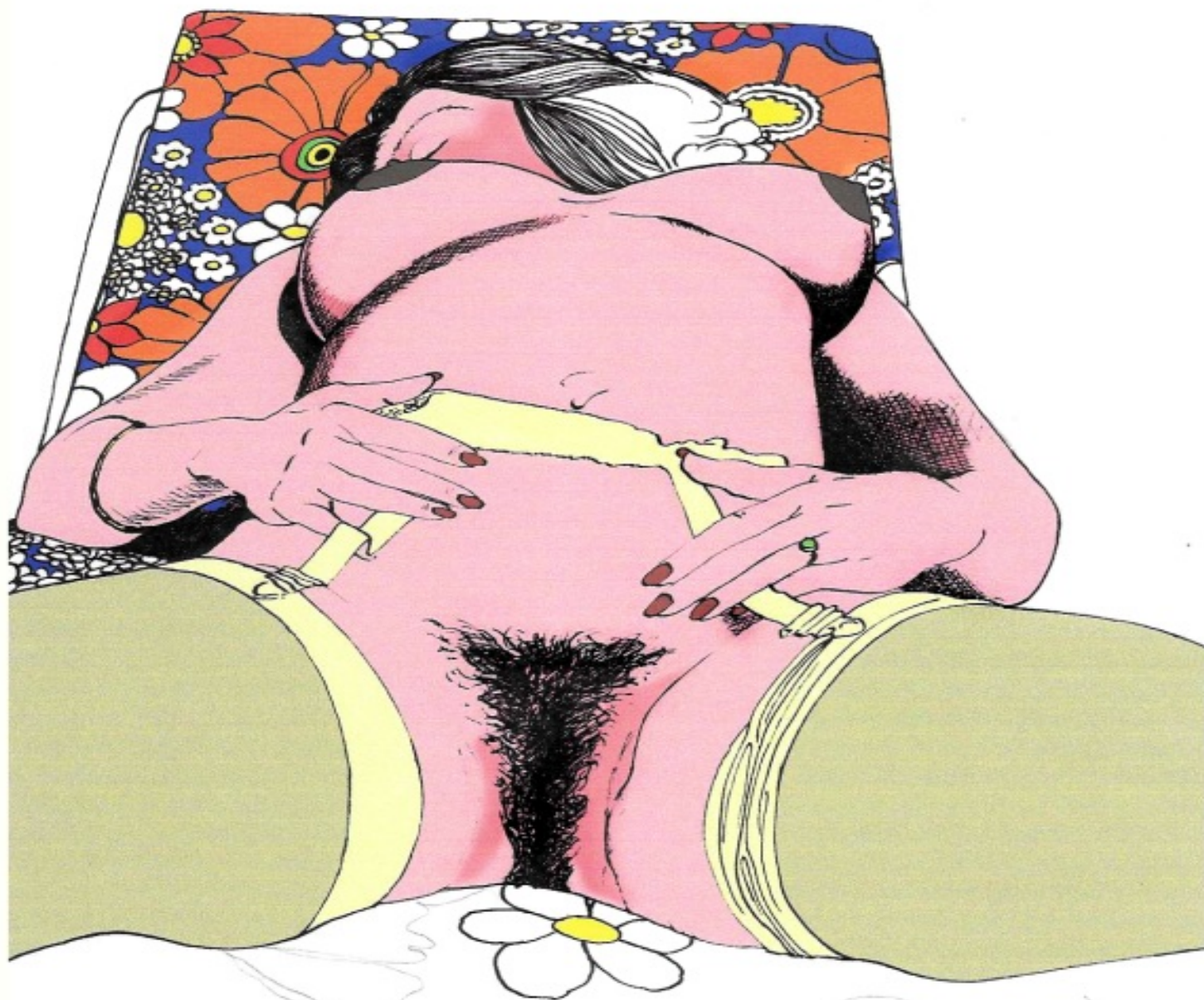


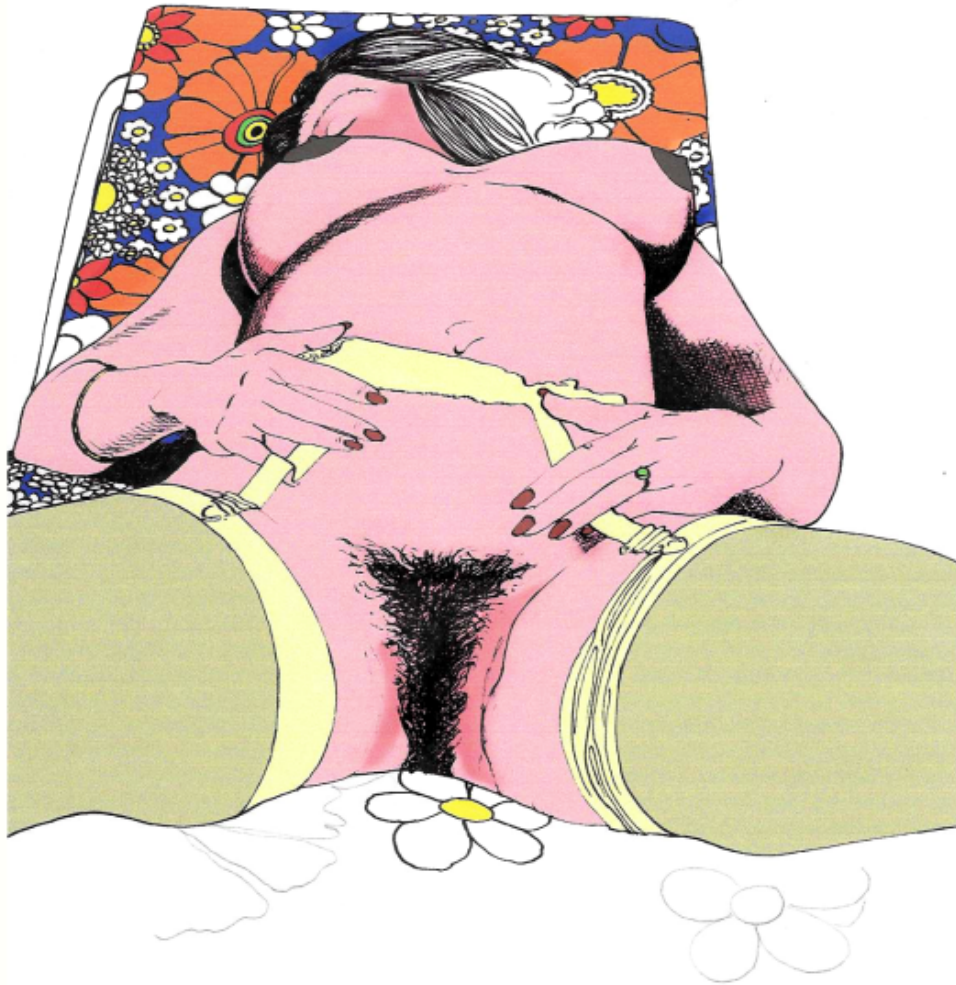
Allene Blake

Dee



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Mom insists daughter join her old sorority which has changed to a party house with severe hazing.

DEE

I was totally controlled as a child. My folks both worked, but still did not make very much money, so they were determined that I go to college to get a good job.

They made all the decisions from the clothes I wore to all my activities. They checked with my school counselor and found out that to make sure I was accepted by a college, I had to have good grades and would need to be in a lot of extracurricular activities. To be well-rounded, they insisted I become a cheerleader and to get on the school paper and join the computer club. With all my activities and, I didn't get a chance to date.

To give me incentive to study, I would get a spanking if any work I did or test was less than an "A". It worked, I hardly ever got more than one spanking per week with a strap over my clothes. It hurt, but the humiliation of having to get the strap to offer to my Dad and then bend over a chair to say:

—I have been bad. Please spank me.

Was even more of a deterrent and I never got less than a "B".

My mother had been working with my school counselor since I started high school. They picked my school and decided I should join my counselors old sorority as they would be able to provide supervision.

When I got to the college I immediately went to the sorority and gave the president letters from my Mom and the counselor.

She read them and then said:

—It sounds like you are going to be a pain in the ass. Both letters say you will need a lot of guidance and that your scholarship demands at least a

3.2 average. Since you couldn't get a 4.0 in high school that might be tough. I am intrigued by your Mom's statement that it was necessary to give you spankings to keep up your grades. Is that true?

I was embarrassed Mom had mentioned that since I had kept it secret knowing the other girls in my high school had been punished by with holding their allowance or being grounded. I blushed, but admitted that it was true and that it had helped.

—Good! You will have an advantage over the other pledges, because you are used to painful punishment. As pledges, you will all be subject to painful punishment, but that will be new to most of the others.

She then went on to explain that this was a small, but exclusive sorority with only twenty permanent members, so everyone could have their own room. They pledged eight girls, but by the end of the quarter only five at most would remain either by voluntary drop-out or by being blackballed. Requirements were a high grade average and to be attractive.

I had noticed all the girls I had seen were really pretty and also there had been some good-looking boys in the living room.

She went on to say that the girls all liked to party and that it was important not to cause trouble or to let grades slip, so the school administration would stay off their ass.

I was really happy that I might now have a chance to date and to go to parties. I knew with all girls being pretty a lot of great boys would be around.

She then explained that the pledges would be staying together in a sleeping porch and took me there to show me my closet, bed, and study desk. She introduced me to the other pledges who seemed as excited as I was then pointed out a list on the wall of our duties.

We would have to clean the rooms of the members, as well as the rest of the house and take turns serving meals with a warning in big print that improper cleaning or serving would bring on punishment.

When she left we huddled to talk excitedly. One girl said her mother had been a member and that most of the girls were engaged to rich boys before they graduated and that they had fabulous parties.

One of the girls said there was also bad things. An older girl she knew had dropped out because the punishments were terrible and that she did not know if she could stand it because her worst punishment had just been getting grounded for a week.

Another girl said that the fifteen upperclasswomen had gone through it, so it could not be too bad, and that even the shitty sororities paddled.

We agreed, and I was kind of glad my folks had spanked me because I had the knowledge that the pain did not last long.

At first, we were all sure we had made the right decision because we each had a member help us with registration which was a maze of decisions and also helped us get our books and supplies and show us where our classes were located.

The Friday after we were all registered we had a candlelit ceremony welcoming us to the house where we sang the school song and sorority song we had been instructed to memorize. When it was over, we were hugged and kissed and told that we were all sisters now and could count on each other's help. The only jarring note was when Sue the president reminded us that the members were older sisters who would make sure we did the right thing, no matter how much it might hurt us.

The honeymoon ended the next day. We were gathered in the living room and Kay the pledge-master shocked us by saying that we were a long way from being real Chi Delt sisters. She said we were all fat and homely

and would have to be taught everything about make-up, hair care, poise, posture, table manners and to lose weight. She said until we measured up to the house standard, we would be treated like the scummy slave sluts we were only good for.

She must have noticed my shocked expression because she picked me out to stand in front of her. I was embarrassed and let my head sink and kind of slumped. She said:

—You see what I mean. Her posture sucks! Her tits are sagging, and her stomach is pooching out. When we are finished you will stand proudly with your tits out, your stomach in and your butt tight. To make sure you don't forget, you will wear a costume you can't hide behind, Dee. Strip, so you can model it.

I hesitated in embarrassment then decided I was being silly. I had been naked in the girl's locker room every day in high school. I stopped when I was only wearing bra and panties. She laughed and asked me where I bought the old-fashioned cotton bra and grandma panties.

When I told her Mom had bought them for me, she laughed again and said:

—I hope the rest of you girls have enough pride to buy your own underwear.

She had me take them off and then tossed them into the fireplace then told me to go upstairs to bring down the rest of my underwear. When I gave them to her, she tossed them into the fireplace too. She set them on fire! I whimpered:

—What will I wear to school? I can't go naked under my clothes.

—You will until we get a chance to get you proper underwear. Now turn around, so I can put on your one size fits all costume.

I turned and then was embarrassed again by all the girls staring at my naked body while they were all completely clothed. She was not through with me. She said:

—Dee is thoroughly unkempt. There is no way you could stuff all that crotch hair into a bikini.

I started to protest that I didn't wear bikinis when I heard a buzzing noise and a tingle at my crotch as I realized she was running a hair clipper over my crotch. I tried to move away, but she slapped my tummy sharply with her hand and told me to stand still, then had two of the other girls hold my legs apart until I just had short stubble on my crotch. I had never felt so naked! I was so grateful when she put on the lower part of my costume I thanked her, although it was just a string around my waist with a two-inch strip of cloth hanging from it that hid my pussy lips. The top was just another string with two pieces of cloth to hide my nipples.

The costume worked! I found that without a conscious effort I had pulled back my shoulders to raise my breasts and had sucked in my tummy.

I felt better when the rest of the girls went up one by one to be dressed and had to admit Kay was right. The other girls had tiny sexy underwear and their pussies had already been trimmed for bikinis, so it only took seconds to cut the center closer.

One of the girls quit before her turn yelling that the sorority could get fucked because she was not about to look like a slutty stripper.

She ran upstairs to get her things, but Kay didn't try to stop her, saying the house had no use for wimpy quitters.

We felt sorry for her because we had been told that if a girl quite a sorority, she would never get accepted in another. She would end up in a dorm with all the nerds. Mom had been so proud when I called her to tell

her that I had been accepted in the house, I knew I would do anything to stay.

When we were all in costume we were told that we were to return to the house immediately after classes and would wear nothing, but the costume while doing our chores and studying. By that time we had become a little used to being so naked and some of us had stopped clenching our legs together. Kay had us walk around, and we found that the costume had another function. Unless we walked slowly and gracefully the strips of cloth would move to flash our pussies or nipples.

When Kay was satisfied, we could all walk around without flashing, she told us there was more to the costume. She brought over a crystal bowl with slips of paper in it and had us take one. Mine had the number six.

Kay said:

—We will see how lucky you are. The numbers are keyed to instruments for your punishment. You will have them tied onto your costume and if you need to be punished, you will offer your paddle or whatever to the sister who must punish you. Every week you will get a new draw, since some things are worse than others.

She began calling out numbers and when the girl offered her slip a leather paddle, strap, or whip would be tied to the side of her costume with a big bow. Number six was a whip with leather thongs. When it was tied on the ends were at my ankles. When we all had them Kay said the worst was whips four and seven which looked like leather snakes, one thicker and longer than the other.

The girl with the worst whip said:

—If we have to wear these costumes, we will be spanked on our bare butts. That will hurt awful. How many spanks will we get?

—That will vary depending on your crime. If you don't do anything wrong, you won't get any. They won't necessarily be on your butt. If you flash your pussy or nipples you will get five on whatever you flash. If you let your stomachs pooch out it will be punished and if your breasts sag they will be punished. Tomorrow you will be weighed. If you are over weight you will be weighed every Friday and will get five lashes for each pound over until you have reached ideal weight. Dee told our president that she made her high grades in high school because her father would spank her whenever she gave him a test or homework that was less than an "A". If it worked in high school it will work in college. Here you get number grades, so anything under a hundred will get one spank per point.

All of us immediately sucked in our tummies and pulled back our shoulders. I had never had anything other than my butt spanked and could not imagine how bad it may hurt to have them whipped.

The girls looked at me with hate on their faces, and one girl said:

—That does it. I am overweight and can't lose it no matter what I do, and I have never got a hundred since elementary school. I am also unlucky because I got the worst whip. I quit.

Rather than being frightened by what Kay said I was happy another girl had quit. If one more would, I would be almost assured I could be a permanent member. My whip did not seem as bad as Dad's strap and if I had to be punished it would be my fault. It would just make me try harder.

I found out what it felt like the next day. My duty was to clean three of the girl's rooms. I was never especially neat and thought I had done a good job when I finished and asked them to inspect. I got four demerits. I had forgotten to dust the window sills and door molding. That meant I would get twenty spanks.

I was led to the living room for my punishment. I felt even more guilty when I found I was the only pledge that had earned punishment. I felt that I definitely deserved it since out of six girls I was the only one that did not properly clean. I was to get five by two of the girls and ten by the one whose room had earned two demerits.

I was reminded of the humiliation of getting the paddle for Dad as I untied my whip to hand it to the first girl. This was even greater because I had no choice with my Dad. Here I could avoid it simply by dropping out which I knew I could explain to my parents. Mom especially would have understood because she was very modest and had never let me wear a bikini. I knew she would have been shocked to see my costume. I knew I was volunteering just to satisfy my pride and the envy of dorm girls.

I bent over to hold on to the arms of a chair, then I heard a “Whirr”, followed by a “Splat!” and then a sting on both naked butt cheeks. It was completely different than Dad’s heavy strap. There was no deep pain and I knew I would not be bruised. I was able to take all twenty with no screaming or crying as I had with Dad. Even the last ten that stung much more I took with just sharp intakes of breath as they hit and moans.

When it was over the lingering sting and heat went away in a short time and I was rewarded by compliments on my bravery for not yelling and the delicious feel of the girls caressing my bottom to feel the heat and marvel at the redness left by the whip.

I was so relieved that the whipping was so much better than Dad’s spanking when Kay said:

—Well, you have received your first whipping. Do you want to drop out?

I quickly answered:

—No! I'll never drop out no matter what I have to do or how much I am hurt, being a sister means everything to me.

Kay smiled as the other girls gasped, making me realize that I had just volunteered for any humiliation or greater pain, but I really meant it. I was proud they thought I was brave and thought if I could take anything they wanted to do to me, I would get even more love and respect.

I was even more proud of myself the next day when one of the other girls got a demerit and cried like a baby over only five. I did have to admit the five were done by the snake whip, which left dark red stripes and bruises later, but still it was only five.

Since all of us pledges were just starting, we were all taking the same basic required courses that first quarter of English, math, and science. College was much harder than high school. I was used to small classes with a lot of help from the teachers. These basic courses were taught in huge lecture halls with a professor lecturing about two hundred kids. We were told there would be no time to ask questions in class, so if we were confused, we should contact one of two of the professors instructors. This was useless. With all the kids you could not get an appointment for help until long after they had moved to a new subject.

The other pledges were no help either. They said it was my fault they would be spanked for low grades, and said they hoped I flunked. I did get a little help indirectly because they helped each other, and I was able to listen in.

The older girls were no help either, saying that I should do my best and if I was still in trouble by midterm they would help.

At weigh-in, I was five pounds overweight, but it was not a problem. I was up so late studying and too nervous to have an appetite, so I lost the five pounds the first week. One of the girls was still eight pounds

overweight. By the time they finished the forty spanks, her poor butt was maroon, and she was crying hysterically. We were all proud of her for having the courage not to quit. Kelly, a fellow pledge, and I caressed soothing ointment on her swollen butt. It seemed strange to be caressing a naked girl, but she loved it and to my surprise, kissed me and Kelly in gratitude. It felt strange, but good to have her breasts mashed into mine.

The next day, I did a really good job of cleaning their rooms and rushed down to have them inspected, I walked into the living room to see the president and pledge master had boys with them. I blushed and rushed out, but Kay yelled:

—Dee! Come back. I want to talk to you.

I whined:

—But you have boys with you.

—So what. Your important parts are covered girls have bare butts at the beach all the time, including me. If you disobey, you will be punished.

I walked back in slowly and gracefully to make sure my nipples and pussy would stay covered.

Kay said:

—The boys are here because we are having a party Saturday, and we are comparing notes to match our pledges to theirs, so your dates will be compatible. Dee, turn yourself slowly.

I blushed as I turned under the boy's intense stares while she commented on my nice breasts, flat tummy and round firm butt. It was nice to know she thought I was pretty, since up to then she had looked at us as if we were slime. Then she said something that really caught my attention.

—Dee is a strange combination, she is both submissive and courageous. Unlike the other girls, she does not scream or cry when punished, and she has never needed to be held in position for punishment.

Dee, I would like you to demonstrate your courage. Would you agree to let the boys give you five spanks each if we deduct the ten from your next punishment?

To my surprise, the idea of these handsome boys spanking me seemed exciting. Since she obviously thought I was special maybe the boys would too.

I said:

—I'll do it if you tell me to.

—No! I want you to volunteer. Ask the boys nicely to give you a spanking if you have the courage. You don't have to if you don't want to.

That was a crock. We both knew she could make my punishments much worse if I refused, but I was proud she thought I was courageous, and I was thrilled at the thought of boys spanking my body they said was beautiful. I turned to them, gave them my whip and said humbly:

—Please give me a spanking.

Kay laughed and said:

—You should know who is spanking you. This is Tom Baker and that is Bob Denbeste.

They were both tall and good-looking in totally different ways. Tom was a typical blonde prep pie while Bob was dark and sexy looking. Bob said we like our pledges bent way over to tighten their butts. Since you don't have a low bar, have her hold on to your ankles.

This was totally different. Kay lifted the hem of her skirt and tucked it into her waistband, so I could get my head between her spread legs. By being bent over so far the cloth dropped away from my nipples and pussy, so they could see everything. Bob dropped to his knees to pull my feet apart saying that a few lashes should hit the inner thighs. I gasped knowing that

made all of my shorn pussy visible. I raised my head which made Kay gasp as the back of my head rubbed her crotch.

Tom gave me three hard ones across my butt which stung real bad and made me rock back and forth, rubbing the back of my head on Kay's crotch.

He moved directly behind me, then backhanded and forehanded my inner thighs. This stung even more, and I let go of Kay's ankles to grip her legs and jam my head into her crotch. She gasped, then let her hands slip down from my back to squeeze my breasts and use them to rock me back and forth. Bob never hit my butt. He slowly hit my inner thighs, real close to my pussy. To my surprise, I found the extra pain so close to my pussy excited me. I was beginning to pant with excitement when he said:

—I saved the best for last.

And brought my whip up between my legs to splat against my wet pussy. I came! No, that is an understatement. I had the most fantastic orgasm ever. I was in a daze. I rubbed my head on Kay's pussy while she kneaded and pulled on my breasts until Tom and Bob took her arms and led her away. As she left, she told me to have the other pledges come to the living room in an hour.

I was so weak I just dropped to my knees and rubbed my pussy lightly, enjoying the aftershocks until I realized someone could walk in and see me. I had to use the banister to help me up the stairs. I told Kelly to tell the girls to come downstairs in an hour and wake me, then I fell into my bed and went to sleep.

I was sleeping so soundly, Kelly had to shake me to wake me up. My bottom and thighs did not hurt at all, and I thought my experience had been a dream until I rushed into the bathroom for a quick shower to wake up. I discovered it was no dream when I found small bruises where the tips of the

thongs had hit my tender thighs and dried juice from my pussy making my stubble stiff.

We walked downstairs to find Bob and Tom had been joined by three other boys, who were introduced as members of the entertainment committee. After my experience being so naked in front of boys just excited me. The other girls reacted differently, some blushed and giggled, others blushed and walked very carefully to keep themselves hidden as much as possible.

All of us were used to showing off our bodies as cheerleaders, ballet dancers, or just from wearing tiny bikinis, so we became used to having bare bottoms in a short time and relaxed a bit for our interviews to match us to dates. We became so flattered by all the compliments to our beauty, none of us objected when the boys squeezed our butts and thighs to marvel at their firmness. We found we were posing to look as good as possible. We held our tummies in so tight the muscles were aching by the time we were dismissed.

On the way out, Bob said That I was the prettiest and bravest pledge and that he would make sure I got a good date. Then he said something that thrilled me to my toes.

—I am sorry actives can't date pledges. As soon as you have become an active, we will celebrate by going out to the Space Needle for dinner and dancing.

I had never been to the Space Needle because I had heard that it was really expensive. Suddenly it seemed totally worthwhile to have been naked and whipped by him. I dreamed about him that night. In my dream, I was totally naked and told him I wanted to see him naked too and offered to take five lashes for each article of clothing he took off. I woke up just as he was

starting to take off his shorts to give me the forty lashes I had earned with my finger in my pussy, seconds away from orgasm.

The party sounded fabulous. We would have a band, and it would be catered with a full bar. I had never drank anything except a few beers and hoped I would not get drunk and make a fool of myself.

We went to a beauty salon to have our hair done, and the girls began trying on dresses. It was to be formal, and the only thing I had close to suitable was my prom dress. It looked frumpy next to the other girl's cocktail dresses. I was looking glumly at myself in the mirror when Kelly noticed I was sad and offered to loan me one of her dresses. It was a low cut silk dress that looked wonderful on me, except it was obvious I was not wearing underclothes. My nipples made bumps in the thin silk, and it clung to my buttocks. When I mentioned that to Kelly, she told me that underwear should not be worn with it anyway, as they would make ugly bulges. She told me to be careful with it because it had cost her almost a thousand dollars.

The boys were all handsome in their tuxedos and Bob had made good on his promise as my date was the best looking one.

I had no idea what to order for a drink, so my date suggested Harvey Wallbangers. I thought it was a good choice because it just tasted like orange juice with flavoring, and I thought I could drink a lot of them.

I was really grateful to Kelly for the dress because all the boys complimented me on it and I stopped being nervous about the top showing, so much of my breasts and the slits on the sides that flashed my legs clear to my butt. It was to be a mixer, so I danced almost every dance with all the boys, even the actives that weren't engaged to girls!

I was reminded we were still lowly pledges when one of the girls spilled her drink. Kay made her get on her hands and knees to lick it up,

then she had to go upstairs to get her whip. She had to bend over a chair while all the actives gave her one lash each. She was embarrassed because she was wearing tiny panties that bared her whole butt when her skirt was pulled up to her back, but they did not hurt her much. When she got over her embarrassment, she was even giggling while her bottom was turned red.

One of the boy pledges got drunk and fell across a chair. He was punished too, which made us girls feel more equal. We found out that the boy pledges just wore jock-straps under their pants. He had a cute round butt, and we crowded around while he was paddled with a big wooden paddle I was sure must hurt more than our whips. It turned his cute butt dark red, and he did not sit down for the rest of the night. Evidently, it was important for them to be brave too because he just gasped when the paddle flattened his cheeks.

I guess the excitement of my first party plus the admiration and the drinks brought out the exhibitionist in me. I began to twirl more to make my skirt rise to show my legs to get whistles and applause from my partners. Now that I had a taste of the fun I could expect as an active member, I knew I would put up with anything to become one.

Suddenly, it was midnight and the band began putting away their instruments and the caterer began removing the food. I was really disappointed until Kay said that from now on we would have to mix our own drinks and dance to the stereo. Kelly and even Kay told me to take it easy because I was getting drunk, and Kelly told me that I had flashed my pussy on one of my twirls. I didn't feel drunk, just happy and giggled, promising I would drink slower.

After the band left, the music became slower and sexier. I became excited, feeling the boy's hands on my waist and butt through the thin silk.

The music changed to the song the heroine had danced to in the movie “9 1/2 Weeks”. I was very familiar with it since I had taped the movie because I was in so much empathy with the heroine. I moved sensually until I noticed my partner had backed away, and I was in the center of a circle of people.

The boys began to chant:

—Take it off!

Even drunk, I was not that foolish, but I did most of the sexy moves in the movie, then I began twirling as I moved around the edge of the circle to keep my skirt high. I stopped with my back to my date with my arms up undulating to the music when he suddenly unzipped my dress. There were no shoulder straps, and before I could grab it, it fell to my waist allowing all of them to see my naked boobs. I stood there blushing and holding the dress over my tits when the music stopped and Kay said:

—Alright, that is enough of that, Dee, You were warned to settle down. You are going to have to be punished for your lack of decorum. Go upstairs and get your whip.

I sobbed on my way up at the stark change of being a star to a shameful object. I stalled a while then decided I had no choice and would just have to remember to keep my legs clenched tight to hide my pussy when my skirt was raised to my back. As I stood there it dawned on me that although the other girls had also been drinking they had not been dancing sexily like I had and none had joined me in the strip song. That just seemed to verify that I deserved to be punished severely. I wondered if they would use that terrible paddle on me and decided I deserved it.

When I came down the stairs, everybody was staring at me in hushed excitement. Evidently Kay had told them what would happen to me

because the boys looked very excited while Kelly, my only friend looked sad.

Kay motioned for me to join her in the center of the room where I saw ropes with leather cuffs hanging from the huge chandelier. I was about to tell her that I was brave and would not need to be tied when she said,

—Dee, you know your conduct was unseemly and deserves punishment. Don't you?

—Yes! I am sorry if I caused embarrassment to my sisters. I deserve severe punishment. I don't care what you do to me. I know I deserve it.

—You may change your mind when I tell you our plan. You have not suffered this much before now. Since you embarrassed everyone, all of us will participate in your punishment. Is that fair?

I thought about saying that the boys didn't seem embarrassed, in fact they were cheering me on, but that argument would just make me look like more of a slut for teasing them. She was right. There were forty active boys and girls. I had never been hit that many times.

—Yes, you all punished Cathy when she spilled her drink and the boy pledge too.

—Good. Since you obviously enjoy showing off your body. I want you to get up on this chair and take off your dress then lock these cuffs on your wrists, so everyone will know you are willing to be punished.

God that was terrible. It was one thing to be forced into punishment, but that would make me look willing to suffer. I decided to bargain.

—Kay! I can't do that. You burned all my underwear. I'll be naked! Can't I go up and put on my bikini?

—It is not our fault you don't have underwear. You could have asked permission to buy some or you could have borrowed some.

I hesitated for a moment thinking it over. I knew I could have obtained underwear if I really wanted to, but actually I found it was exciting to go to classes nude under my outer clothes. I had even slowly crossed my legs flashing my hairless pussy at a professor just to enjoy his shocked look and his confusion in finding his place in his lecture notes.

Kay must have decided I needed a push because she said:

—You said that you would do anything we asked and suffer any punishment. This will be the ultimate in embarrassment and pain. Have you lost your courage? You can avoid all this. Just go upstairs, pack your things and go.

That convinced me she was just trying to drive me out, so they would have only rich pledges. It was my fault I had made that statement. No-one else had and if I backed out now I would look cowardly. I decided that I did not have to be embarrassed. Hanging naked was her idea and everyone should know I had no choice.

—No! Nothing will make me quit. I'll do it.

I got on the chair and unzipped my dress to wriggle it off my hips and to my ankles then buckled the cuffs of soft leather to my wrists. It was humiliating, but at the same time thrilling to hear both boys and girls saying I was beautiful.

When I finished Bob hugged my legs to let me down while the chair was removed. He whispered:

—I am proud of you. You are beautiful and very brave.

I was happy that at least he knew I was not just a slut and stared defiantly at my audience determined to be very brave, so they would all respect me like he did. I clenched my legs together, so at least my most private part was hidden then I got the rest of the bad news.

Kay said:

—Since she has flaunted her crotch, bottom, and breasts she will get three lashes from each of you in one of those areas. The pledges will be last, and her date will be give her the finale in the area of his choice. Kelly, go up and gather all the whips.

Then she had three of the girls make slips of paper saying either crotch, butt, or breasts and another girl made slips from one to fifty.

I really got scared. My ordeal had jumped from forty lashes with my little thong whip to one hundred and fifty with all the whips from the least to the most painful. Kay put all the slips in a bowl while Kelly laid out the whips telling them to pick up the whip closest to me then put it on the end after it was used, so I would feel all of them rather than just the worst ones. One boy whooped:

—I've got her crotch!

I stared at him with hate in my eyes grateful he could not get to it with my legs so tight together.

The preparations seemed to take forever. I began to ache from just being supported by my toes and my arms, but at the same time, the time being naked in front of the admiring audience was making me very excited. The preparations seemed to be foreplay for an experience I had never imagined in my wildest fantasies. They had another drawing to see who would be first and who would follow. I watched them line up in a big half circle in front of me, so they would be able to see it all. It looked like a class picture with the front row kneeling, the second row on chairs and the back row standing. Kay stood in the center of the half circle and gave further instructions in a low voice I did not understand.

Bob and another boy went out a side door. When they came back in I heard a “Clinking” noise and twisted to look at them. They were carrying a log about five feet long with chains and manacles at the ends. They placed

it in front of my legs then pulled my legs apart to snap the manacles on my ankles. I felt totally obscene. I had spread my legs in front of a mirror once while masturbating and knew that would make my slit open, so they could see inside me. My humiliation turned to fright as I realized I would be hit on a part I knew was super-sensitive.

Kay alleviated my fear only a little when she said:

—You will find her crotch and inner thighs are very sensitive, so if you have drawn that area just use one of these three instruments.

She showed them my thong whip, a whip made of several leather boot strings and a leather strap a couple of inches wide attached to a wooden handle.

Finally, they were ready and Kay came up to me and said:

—You know what you are in for. Do you still want to go through with it? You may need to scream shall I turn on loud music?

I said:

—Yes!

With a little sob, then:

—No! Don't turn on the music. I want them to hear the lashes, so they will know I am being hurt, but that I have the courage not to scream.

Then she said:

—When you are ready say: "Let the punishment begin".

That seemed to be the final humiliation. I guess I have been fascinated by whipping and in all the descriptions I had read the person punished was dragged out fighting all the way to have their clothes torn off and whipped while they screamed. In contrast, I had taken off my clothes, manacled myself and was now about to ask them to start the pain. My only consolation was the feeling that none of these people were really angry with

me, so they may not hit hard, and somehow I could earn their respect if I was brave.

I held up my head proudly knowing the boys were wild with desire at the sight of my nude spread-eagled body and said loudly:

—Let the punishment begin.

A boy walked up nervously to cross behind me to stand by my side. I suddenly realized I would have no idea where I would be hit until he did it. He did not look mean, so I hoped he would not hit hard. He didn't really, but it still hurt bad because he had a snake whip, and he hit my butt across both cheeks. It sunk in deep to make them shudder and he followed quickly with two more just above and below the first. I couldn't help making a loud gasp and straining at my bonds while the audience yelled:

—Good one!

—That made her jump!

And other comments.

I soon found out which area would be hit by the whip they carried and how they held it. If they were right-handed and came up to my left side I would be hit on my butt if they came to my right side it would be my breasts or tummy. Of course if they carried a crotch whip I would get it on my crotch, but it could be from either side to jerk my lips apart or it could come from behind to go up between my legs to concentrate on my slit. If the end hit my clit, my whole body would shudder at the intense pain.

I found it was actually better to have my breasts or pussy hit because they would not hit as hard knowing it was sensitive. Also, someone complained they could not see my butt getting hit, so when it was my butt's turn the whipper just before would grab my breast with his free hand to turn me sideways or clear around to improve their view. My reflexive arch to pull in my bottom would cause my breast to be pulled out grotesquely.

I was gasping and sobbing at first assuming it would get worse and worse, but it did not work out that way. Since the number in line had nothing to do with the area hit, I would often be hit up to nine times in the same place. The nerves became deadened and to my total astonishment excitement began to over-ride the pain. My gasps turned to moan and panting as incredible sensations began running through my body. Finally, I worked up to the pledges. I thought they might go easy on me, but I later found they were told that if they did not hit hard enough, they would take my place. When it was Kelly's turn, she was third in a row to hit my pussy. She hit me from behind to avoid seeing my pain, but that meant that all her lashes with the leather strap sunk deep into my open slit and I came! Not a regular orgasm. A fantastic one that almost made me pass out.

My date was next for the last group and he asked me where I wanted to be hit. He was carrying the whip of bootlaces. I wanted the sensations to continue, so I gasped:

—Pussy! Hit my pussy.

He brought it up from the floor in front, so the laces stung then dragged through my slit as he brought it around in a circle that also made it slide against my breasts.

I had another orgasm that exhausted me and I slumped in my bonds.

In a fog, I heard a boy say:

—That was too much! The poor girl has passed out from the pain.

Another boy said:

—Are you kidding? She got off on it. Look at her. Her nipples are stiff and there is juice leaking from her pussy. Look at the whip. She made it wet. Don't you know orgasms look like pain?

Kay walked up to me and pushed her fingers into my pussy saying:

—If she didn't cum, she sure came close. She is sopping. Dee, would you like to be fucked to make up for the pain?

By that time, I didn't care what anyone thought. I began pushing at the fingers rubbing my hard and oh, so sensitive clit and moaned:

—Yes! God yes!

When they heard that it started an orgy. Clothes began flying as boys and girls tore into each other

My date could not even wait to untie me. He just stepped between my legs and buried his dick in me. My only regret was that I did not have my arms and legs free to pull him in deeper.

After we came again, he let me down to lie on the floor then began kissing me starting at my lips and working down. Eventually, he got to my pussy and I felt his tongue fluttering on my clit. I was really naive. I had never heard of such a thing and would not have believed it anyway. It felt wonderful and later when he asked me to lick and suck his dick, I felt I owed that to him and to my surprise I was not repulsed at all to have his and my juices go in my mouth.

The party finally broke up when everyone was exhausted. The boys went home and we dragged ourselves upstairs to fall into our beds still naked and sticky.

We all slept late, but I woke up feeling sticky and smelly first and went to the shower where I was joined in a short time by the other girls.

I turned out to be a celebrity. There was no longer a question as to whether or not I came. Now they just wanted to know how I had done it because to them pain was the furthest thing they could think of from sex.

I explained that I agreed completely that our punishment spankings were just a painful ordeal because they were too hard and were over before anyone could get excited. Being naked and bound with less painful lashes

on all the erogenous zones was completely different. Kelly and a couple of the other girls agreed it might be exciting at least they were really turned on by seeing it happen to me. But Cathy said I must be crazy and an incredible slut to get off on it. The other girls said she could not be so sure since she hadn't tried it, but she countered that she would never know because she would never allow it.

To make me even more proud, the actives gave me a standing ovation when I came down the stairs. Kay said I had made the party a fantastic success and told me just to lie around for the rest of the day while the other pledges caressed my welts with a soothing ointment. I felt like an Arabian queen being taken care of by slaves.

Although the majority was on my side the more I thought about it, I began feeling guilty about the spectacle I had made. I became convinced that Cathy was right. My parents, relatives and friends from high school would have fits if they knew I had let myself be whipped naked and fucked by a strange boy with my only excuse being to stay in the sorority. I also had to admit that the prospect had made me so excited I didn't really need the threat of expulsion.

That night, I went to Kay and told her that I would have to resign because I was becoming perverted. I told her that she had won and that I knew I could not compete with the other rich girls.

I thought she would be glad because she had tried to force me out, but incredulously, she said:

—What are you talking about. I didn't want you to quit. I recognized me in you. I was whipped that way when I was a pledge and also came. I just wanted you to release all your crazy inhibitions, so you could know the ultimate excitement. You didn't just excite yourself, you excited everyone.

You have become a real asset. My boyfriend had never been excited enough to fuck me three times in a row before. I am not letting you leave now.

—You can't stop me. I am afraid of what I may become.

—Get real! In these days of feminism there are hundreds of rich men out there that would love a submissive girl. I have already had calls from boys begging me to make an exception to let you date before you are an active.

I said:

—They just want me because they think I am a slut. No-one wants to marry a slut.

—You are not a slut. You are a submissive who will do what you are told. It is completely different, a slut fucks for money or even a good date. There are gobs of sluts, but true submissives are rare. We only have five in the house and we look for them. If logic does not convince you, I have something else. Look at this. I turned on our surveillance cameras last night.

Lines appeared on her TV then suddenly, I was on the screen tied in an X shape looking totally obscene with my open pussy that I had decided to shave completely bald rather than have stubble. I had a sick excited look on my face while I looked over the audience and said:

—Let the punishment begin.

Anyone seeing the tape would have been convinced I wanted it done to me. Since I had made every effort to be brave and not scream, my little howls and moans just looked like excitement. If that weren't enough seeing me strain to get more of her fingers into me and fucking and sucking my date would be the convincer. She let this sink in then said:

—If you quit we will say we had to kick you out and send the tape to the school administration and your parents. You might have noticed that no-one's face can be seen, but yours and the background is just a white wall that

could be anywhere. We will say we found the tape in your room and naturally had to report you. You will be kicked out of school and your parents won't want to have anything to do with you. Especially your Mom. She called to tell me to set a strict curfew on you to make sure you remained a virgin until marriage.

Seeing the tape excited me again and I was glad to have the excuse to stay, but I still did not want to admit it.

I hung my head and said:

—You win... I'll stay and do what you want. Do you really think I will be able to marry someone rich?

—I guarantee it. I'll screen your dates, so you only date multi-millionaires. I am engaged to one since I am submissive too. I was made pledge master because I know what is exciting. I am turned on by seeing you whipped because I know how exciting it is. The trick is to find a man excited by submissive behavior and not some asshole that just hates women. A good master like my fiancée will more than make up for pain with love-making and presents.

I was glad that I was being forced to stay because in my wildest fantasies, I had never become as excited as the night I was whipped. I could hardly wait to tell Kelly and the other girls about being blackmailed to provide an excuse for the next time I volunteered for a whipping.

The other girls had mixed feelings for me because they knew I had been through an ordeal, but on the other hand I had been rewarded by orgasms and was now certain to become an active with only twelve more weeks to go.

Cathy was the only one really upset. She told me to go to the police, but I told her the thought of having to go to court and the resulting publicity was totally abhorrent to me. It suddenly dawned on her that she might be on

tape. She said she was going to Kay and tell her to give her the tape or she would go to the police.

She came back in about an hour shocked and crying to say she had seen the tape and was not on it, but that Kay told her she didn't want girls that made threats and told her if she left now, she would not tell the other sororities she had left.

Cathy said she felt terrible because she had been humiliated and abused for a month for nothing. We acted sorry for her, but down deep we were happy because the rest of us were now almost assured to become actives and she was different than us anyway with her constant complaining.

The next day, Kay offered to take the pledges shopping, but I had spent my money on lab supplies and Kelly said she did not need anything. The other actives went to a beach party, so we had the place to ourselves.

We could have worn anything we wanted, but we wore our little uniforms because we had become used to being naked. We used our time to check out all the rooms including the basement.

It was eerily quiet down there and there were no windows. Before I turned on the lights, it was totally black. There were shackles on the walls and ropes with cuffs on the ceiling, but the frightening thing was a big square table with boat winches at the ends and two others at hip level which would pull your legs into the splits. We both shuddered at the thought of being all stretched out and left in the dark especially since we were sure there must be rats down there.

There were also some things that just looked as if they would be fun and exciting. There were three bicycle wheels with wide rubber bands hanging from them. When I turned a knob the wheels began turning and it was obvious that if you sat on the seat the bands would hit your pussy and

nipples at the same time. It was obviously not meant for punishment because the switch could be reached from the seat to make the wheels turn fast or slow.

Kelly found a chair with a big rubber dick sticking up from it. When she turned the switch the dick began moving at full speed. It went so fast it was a blur, but then we found a knob to slow it down and show how it turned on an off-center circle that would stretch your pussy and press every inch of it.

The last thing was a padded table with two big dicks horizontal to the table. When we turned that switch the dicks began moving back and forth making it obvious two girls could be fucked at the same time.

Kelly wanted to try them and so did I, but all the dicks were big and there was no vaseline to make them slick.

I had a solution to the problem.

—Kelly... Did your date lick your pussy like mine did?

—No! How did that feel?

—Great! It really makes your juices flow. If we licked each other, we could try the machine with two dicks.

—Gee, I don't know. Does it taste bad? Would that make us lesbians?

—No, it doesn't taste bad. I was curious, so I put my finger in my pussy, then tasted it. There is hardly any taste. It would not make us lesbians. We both like boys. Lesbians only like girls.

—Well... I guess it wouldn't hurt to try it. How should we decide who is first?

—We can do it at the same time. Just take off your costume and lie on your back on the big padded table with the winches.

When we were naked, she laid down then I crawled on top of her to pull her legs apart and dip my tongue into her pussy while I let my pussy

settle onto her lips. It was great! She copied everything I did, so it was like I was controlling her to get maximum excitement.

Just as I was about to go into orgasm, she pushed my hips up to say:

—Stop! I am about to cum and I want to save myself for that machine.

We got over to it and began sliding our crotches together while lying on our back. The dicks were so big my pussy had to stretch around it, but it slid in since we were so wet. I turned the switch a little and it began to move. We gasped as it buried itself in our pussies alternately, then Kelly turned the switch to make it go faster. Just as I was starting my first orgasm, I turned it even more and we began to pant and squeal as orgasms got stronger and stronger until Kelly turned it down to go real slow while little after shocks hit until we began to calm down.

After we rested a while, I told her I thought I would try the rubber band machine.

She laughed and said:

—I was sure you would. Anyone that can have orgasms from being whipped could never resist that. If it isn't too bad, I may try it too.

I sat down on it noting the supports made me open my legs wide then turned the switch just a little. The wheels began turning and the rubber bands began slapping against my nipples and clit. It didn't hurt at all! It just felt like they were being massaged. I turned it to go faster. Now there was a sting and the bands stretched under centrifugal force to reach deeper into my slit and include the underside of my breasts as well as the nipples.

—Ooh Kelly! This is fantastic!

I was rapidly approaching orgasm, so I turned the switch more. That made it really hurt as the bands stretched to hit my asshole then drag

through my slit while the ones at my breasts kept them constantly shuddering and made my nipples feel raw.

I leaned back and spread my legs even more to let more of the bands go inside until I had such a crushing orgasm I just rolled off the back to lie on the floor shuddering and panting like a fish out of water.

Kelly said:

—God I have never seen anyone cum that hard before. I have to try it!

It affected her the same way. Maybe even more because she began twisting her body, so the bands could cover every inch of her breasts and pussy while turning at max until she screamed and like me rolled off backward.

It took her quite a while to calm down while she gently caressed her breasts and pussy.

When she began to breathe normally she exclaimed:

—Oh shit! That was in-fucking-credible! Is it that exciting to be whipped?

I thought about it before answering because they were two different experiences.

—I think it is even more exciting to be whipped. It doesn't hurt much more and you feel like a star performing in front of an admiring audience. It kind of gives you a feeling of power to make your audience crazy with excitement. The girls told me that they would never have participated in a group orgy if I had not gotten them so excited.

—Yeah I know what you mean. When I was cheerleading, I used to pull my panties up into the crack of my butt to make the boys and men whoop and whistle.

She giggled and continued:

—My teachers thought it was accidental because of my round butt. They kept trying different types of panties to keep it from happening. They would have shit if they had known I jerked them up when everyone was looking at action on the field.

We went upstairs and were shocked to see how red our breasts and pussies were in the bright light. We knew we had no right to poke around in the basement, so we concocted a story about experimenting with different whips on our sensitive parts. We needn't have bothered, the redness was gone by the time the girls got back.

The next day was our time to pay off demerits. I had twenty lashes coming, but when I bent over the chair, Kay said:

—Not you, Dee. We are going to save up yours for the next party.

To Kay's astonishment, Kelly said:

—I want to save up mine too.

Kay said:

—You don't get enough demerits to put on a show.

—I don't care. I will take the same amount Dee does and you can whip both of us at the same time. That should make the boys crazy.

—Are you sure? She may get a lot of them.

—Yes! If it is too bad, I'll just take my own next time.

—Alright. It is your decision and you are stuck with it.

Later the other pledges, Carla, Muffy, and Jan, gathered around us, curious as to why we had agreed to getting so many lashes at one time. Kelly told them that she had let me give her lashes on her breasts and pussy and that with the smaller whips it had been just terribly exciting and that she agreed with me that it would be even more exciting to have an audience. They had all been cheerleaders or in plays or dance recitals, so they understood that extra thrill. Muffy giggled and said at a beer party she

went to in high school, the boys had shown a videotape of strippers. She was a little drunk and said that the dancers weren't really sexy and she could do better. They had challenged her to prove it and found it really excited her to be able to get the boys so turned on. She ended up making love to four of the boys and got great orgasms.

I offered to give them some lashes, so they would know how it felt. They discussed it and decided I might hit too easy and decided they would ask Kay to do it at their next session.

Kay was surprised, but pleased they wanted to experiment, and must have decided to go easy on them because she asked me which whip I preferred. That was an easy decision. The whip made of leather bootlaces was by far the most exciting because the small strands could go in between the ass cheeks or the slit of the pussy, but was light enough to sting without bruising.

I had to give the girls credit. They took from thirty to forty-five lashes without being tied or anything. Kay just had them pose with their legs spread and their arms folded on the top of their heads to raise their breasts while she hit butts, breasts, and pussies up, down, and sideways. Jan had only earned thirty. To Kay's delight, she asked for more, so she could go into orgasm. Like me, the excitement easily over-rode the pain. She spread her legs even wider as Kay swung the whip up into her pussy making some of the thongs go out of sight inside until she let out a little scream and dropped to her knees digging frantically at her pussy to keep the orgasms coming until she was exhausted.

As usual, they were sent upstairs to rest after punishment, but they were obviously much too excited to sleep because they were back down in a few minutes to ask that their punishments should be saved for the party.

Kay was delighted:

—That is wonderful! The boys will go crazy. That is important, as you will find out in the meeting tonight.

That night, Kay told us that she had received a letter from an alumnus who offered us her house in Rio for the Christmas break. The only problem was that there was not enough money in the sorority's budget to pay for air fare for all of us. Therefore, the rest of our parties would be fund-raisers. She explained:

—The next party will be a Hawaiian Lua and we will be charging the boys fifty dollars per head for tickets. It will be open to more than one fraternity, so we can get fifty guests, which should pay air fare and part of our costs for food and entertainment in Hawaii. There will be other changes. The actives have agreed to dress like you in only grass skirts and will volunteer for activities to help raise money. The only exception will be our three seniors who are engaged. They and their boyfriends will be going else where. As you remember, we let the boys whip Dee last time. This time you will be given thirty lashes by your active sisters then if the boys want to finish with the lashes, you have coming they will have to pay for it at a five dollars per lash. If they want to fuck us afterward, they will have to pay us for that too. I am betting the whipping will get them so excited they will pay plenty to get off.

Kelly had an objection:

—Gee... Kay won't that make us prostitutes?

—Of course not! Whores fuck to make money for themselves. You are doing it for your sisters. Think of yourselves as the Penitents in Italy that flog themselves until they bleed to prove their love for God. You will be proving your love for your sisters.

We were willing to settle for a flimsy excuse and that put us in the class with Christian martyrs. We were really glad that the actives would

dress like us and participate in fund-raising because we now felt equal. There was also no more warnings that we may be dropped from the house, so we were sure we would soon be actives.

I didn't realize how equal we would be until I overheard a conversation between Sue and Kay.

—Jesus Kay! Do you realize what you have done? Some of us actives have pissed off boys by telling them to fuck off. We could end up getting more lashes than the pledges.

—That won't happen. No-one will get any more lashes than the demerits Dee has earned unless you agree to more for the money. The boys will be easy on us since they will want to date us later.

—That is easy for you. Everybody likes you. I have guys that will want to get even for my fucking over them.

—It isn't my fault you were a bitch. You know that if we are all available we will be able to sell all the tickets. I want to make a ton of money, so we can live it up in Hawaii.

—Being limited to Dee's demerits is no limit at all. She already has eighty coming and she is not real bright. She could have hundreds coming by party time. You had better open the files for her to help her keep her grades up. I am going to remind the actives that every demerit they give her could come back on them.

I didn't know what she meant about opening the files. It turned out they had all the tests of every class on file with notes on what each professor expected on homework and which ones could be influenced by flashing your body. A few of them would give automatic "A, s" if you fucked them. Others would raise your grade if you offered to be spanked to make you try harder.

Offering to fuck them seemed too sluttish to me, but if I was not doing well, I would deserve to be spanked and since they were old it would be real punishment like a father's.

The files were a tremendous help. By studying the tests, I was always able to get good grades, so I never had a need to volunteer for spankings, except for my English class that was mostly essays. Fortunately, he was on the list of professors who liked to spank. There was a note after his name saying he made it very painful, but it was signed by one of the girls that hated being spanked, so I ignored it.

I went to his office after class and told him that I knew I was not doing well and may do better if I was punished and offered to take whatever punishment he thought suitable to raise my grade.

He looked at me in my shortest skirt and my low-cut blouse and was obviously impressed because he stammered slightly as he said:

—I see... Just what grade were you hoping for?

—I need an "A" sir.

He got his grade book and did some figuring, then said:

—You have 292 points for an average of 73. You need 320 points to make an "A" which would be 68 spanks. No-one has ever taken more than forty. Maybe you should settle for a "B". That would only be 28 spanks.

—No! I need the "A" to raise my total grade average to the 85, I need for my scholarship.

—Alright, but you may not be able to take all sixty-eight. If you don't, you will get as many points as you can stand. Here is my address. I will be home by four o'clock.

I told him my last class was at three, so I could meet him then easily and had my bicycle to get to his house. He was not far from campus and lived in an old Victorian house all by itself. He told me his father had left

him a large farm, but he had sold most of the property, just keeping enough to provide privacy. It occurred to me that I could scream as loud as I could, but the neighbors would never hear me.

He took me down to his basement and showed me a skinny bamboo cane.

—This is what the professors used on students in the English boarding school my father arranged for my education. I can tell you from my own experience that it is quite painful and leaves welts. I never had more than thirty. Since you are volunteering for sixty-eight, I won't hit as hard as I normally do as long as you will commit yourself to a minimum of thirty.

He let me hold it and it was very light. I didn't think it could be too bad and was grateful he said he would go easy on me.

I said:

—I will commit myself to sixty-eight.

—Really! That means I will go to sixty-eight even if you beg me to stop. Are you sure?

—Yes, but I may need to be tied up. I may not have the courage to take them without getting out of position.

—Oh... I agree. Even girls that only agreed to ten or twenty tried to get away. You also have another option. You may simply raise your skirt to be spanked on your panties which will be quite painful or you may accept them nude. The additional humiliation of being nude will be taken into account to lessen the severity.

The second option really appealed to me. I knew that being nude would make it more exciting to me and the lesser pain may only cause thrills.

I began taking off my clothes. I was proud that seeing me undress was causing a lump to grow in his pants.

He led me over to a felt covered table then said:

—Sixty-eight is a lot on just your buttocks. You will have welts on top of welts. Would you like some of them put on your thighs?

—Yes, but only to mid-thigh, so my skirt can hide any welts.

—In that case your legs will have to be tied apart, so I can hit the insides as well as backs.

That made sense. Spreading them around may mean, I may not get many welts on welts that sounded especially painful, although I worried about the ones to my sensitive inner thighs.

He tied my legs about three feet apart which brought my tummy level with the table, then put a leather cuff on my left wrist with a chain he brought around a steel pipe that braced the ceiling then to my right wrist. I found that by lying flat and pressing my thighs against the table let the chain loosen and slide down the pipe.

He had me straighten back up, then reached under the table and brought out a rectangle of plywood with Velcro strips on the back. I understood the felt on the table now. It would hold the plywood in place and when he turned it over it was covered with thumb-tacks.

He said:

—This will encourage you to keep your breasts off the table to tighten your buttock muscles.

It was diabolical. The chain weight plus the fact my arms were pulled out in front of me put a strain on my back muscles, and I knew I could not keep my breasts off the tacks for long.

I heard a whirring noise then a “Crack!” followed instantly by the worst pain I had experienced.

After three of them, I no longer cared about my breasts and collapsed to the table, hoping relaxing my butt muscles might lessen the pain. I did

help a little, and the tacks going into my breasts kind of took my mind off my butt. I only raised up from then at an especially hard lash or to attempt to find a place where a tack would not go into my nipple. There was no such place and I finally just laid on them, shuddering at each lash which drove the points in deeper.

He got to my inner thighs and that extra pain made me rise and scream only to fall back on the tacks.

Then something incredible happened. My butt and thighs seemed to go numb and the pain lessened to allow excitement to build. I started having orgasms! When he started back at the top of my butt and finished with two at the very top of my inner thighs which pinched my pussy lips against my thighs, I went into a mindless orgasm and began screaming:

—Fuck me! Please fuck me.

He stuck his dick into me from behind and I let my breasts roll on the tacks while he pushed down on my shoulders to have two more orgasms in spite of the fact that he was so excited he did not last long.

When he untied me my boobs were covered with little drops of blood and I could feel big welts on my ass and my pussy was burning. When I spread the lips I saw two skinny welts on the inside of the lips.

He was really impressed. He told me I had earned an “A” for the entire cause and since my butt was too sore to ride my bike he let me ride on my belly home in the back seat of his car. I was a real heroine to the other pledges and actives. They had never heard of anyone that took over thirty and they had not received a guaranteed “A”.

I took the next day off, but to my surprise my butt didn't hurt by that night and the welts and bruises were gone in three days.

By the night of the party, I only had a little over a hundred demerits which I thought would be easy since they would be spread out over the

night.

Kay told us that after a long meeting with the actives they had decided on changes to make it easier on us. I was not worried anyway since only the light whip would be used, but the changes did seem to make it more equitable.

—We agreed that the boys seem to hit harder when the girl is hung helplessly from the ceiling. Sue suggested that no-one would be hung from the ceiling after you pledges for less than fifty lashes at five dollars because very few of them could afford to pay two hundred and fifty dollars. All of us don't mind being spanked very much so butt and thigh lashes will be two dollars rather than five to encourage them to hit on those places rather than the more painful areas.

We also decided they should pay for sex depending on it's level of degradation. Straight fucking which we all love will just cost ten dollars, butt fucking fifteen, blow jobs, or tit fucks twenty.

The she gave us the "Grass skirts". They were just one layer of thin green plastic strips that barely covered our butts.

Since Margo, an active and me had the biggest boobs we were assigned as greeters to welcome them with a kiss and hand out the list of activities. The boys came in raincoats which when removed revealed the boys just wearing loincloths. I love boys butts and it was really fun to compare them all totally bare.

The activities would not start for an hour to make sure everyone was there and to let the boys have some drinks to loosen up. During that time the boys would kiss and fondle us, so I was excited by the time Kay announced it was time for the pledge whipping.

I realized we would all be whipped at the same time when they threw five ropes over the huge ceiling beam to pull us up on our toes then the

outside girls had their legs pulled apart to tie them to rings on the walls, then our legs were tied to each other's, so we ended up looking like five "X,s".

Then Kay announced that we would get ten lashes on our butts, ten on our breasts and ten to our crotches. The boys scurried to get behind us to see the lashes hit our butts.

It turned out to be pure punishment because the lashes were very hard and too far apart to work up to orgasm. We were hit one at a time, so they could savor the sound and effect of each lash on each. I was in the middle. I would hear a loud "Snap" then a moan then a little later another "Snap", and gasp then a sting and burn to my butt. By the time, it was my turn again the pain had gone away, so each lash was like a first one before excitement could override the pain. The boys loved it because it gave them time to savor the way each butt flattened and reddened with the lash. They would cheer at a particularly hard lash that would make the girl yell.

When they got to our breasts I was really vulnerable because I had the biggest ones and the boys loved to see them bounce when hit, encouraging my whipper to hit upward to make them lift and bounce violently.

We were all crying by the time they whipped our crotches diagonally to cover every inch of our splayed pussies.

After we were let down the evening did not go as planned. We pledges hardly got whipped at all. I was glad because it really took all my will power to kneel with my boobs pushed out while they were whipped.

The actives really got it. The boys were not deterred by the fifty rule because they pooled their money to get even with a girl that had pissed them off and the pledges were only interested in punishing actives.

Sue must have pissed off a lot of them. She got a hundred and they all fell on her breasts and crotch. They could not wait to get to her. One boy

would be whipping her tits while another whipped her pussy. It must have hurt awful, but later she admitted that she was finally able to have crashing orgasms.

Kay got seventy five from the pledges of the frats since she was pledgemaster. It was over quickly though because three at once hit her with one at the back swinging the whip like a windmill to go between her ass-cheeks with the tips hitting her clit. She was nearly hysterical by the time they finished, but more from orgasms than pain.

The actives made a mistake in not wanting to be restrained and making the lashes so expensive. If they had been tied they may have got enough lashes in a row to get off on it. The boys knew that this might be their only opportunity to hurt and humiliate the actives, so they made them get into humiliating or painful poses to give them a few lashes before moving on to another pose or another girl before they could get excited by it. The boys also cheated them by having them bend over with their legs apart or get on their hands and knees for butt lashes. Actually the poses would make their pussies pooch out from between their legs so low lashes to their butts also hit their pussies.

The other thing the girls did not expect was the boys combining sex with pain. When a boy laid on his back to put an active on his dick, another boy would whip her breasts as she gyrated wildly to get the boy under her to cum as soon as possible. On blow jobs their butts would be whipped.

We pledges were for the most part just used for sex. It was great to have all the different sized and shaped dicks in us while we watched the actives that had been mean to us scream and cry as welts were put on them by the boys who hit as hard as they could to get their money's worth. My only problem was that I seemed to be a natural for tit fucking which was just painful and humiliating. I would be put on my back with my head

pressed forward by a wall or couch, so when the boy lunged forward to press my breasts into my cheeks, the head of his dick could go into my mouth. When he came, his cum would splatter all over my face and the next day my breasts were sore and bruised.

It could have been worse. When Margo was tit fucked two boys would hold her legs wide and up to her head while another whipped vertically on her slit to make the thongs hit her clit and tender ass-hole. Her howls and screams just seemed to encourage them to hit even harder.

The only problem I had, was that the boys would be so excited when they fucked me they could not last nearly as long as I needed to cum.

I solved that problem just before the party broke up. I went up to two boys sitting on a couch drinking and asked them if they had any fantasies I could perform for them. They told me that they were broke and fucked out, so I told them that as a reward for contributing all their money, I would do anything they wanted for free.

They decided it would be exciting to have me hung spread-eagled again while they fucked my butt and pussy at the same time. They really must have fucked a lot because they didn't even get hard until they had whipped my breasts and pussy to a dark red and then took a long time to cum. I had orgasms one after another until I was so exhausted, I was just hanging there shuddering under their thrusts.

It went on until about one o'clock when all the boys went broke. I am sure they cheated us a little because it was almost impossible to count lashes when a dick was in your mouth or pussy, but the party was a fantastic success.

Kay was wincing a little when she walked from her raw pussy that had taken so many hard lashes, but she was happy to report that we had made

enough money to pay for the whole trip and that we would need only one more party to pay for extras like a sailboat and scuba diving.

Sue was really sore, so Kelly, Margo, and I went up to put some soothing ointment on her. She was badly welted and since most of them were on her breasts and pussy our caresses with the ointment not only relieved her pain, but began turning her on. When she begged us not to stop we made it even better for her. Margo licked her pussy while Kelly and I caressed her breasts and licked her nipples until she had an orgasm that put her back to sleep. By the time she woke up again, she was feeling much better.

The actives had no sympathy for Kay and Sue, since they had been talked into suffering. They thought that the pain should have just gone to pledges and the actives that got off on it. They seemed to ignore the fact that the party had been a huge financial success because they had been included. They were mad because they had suffered only pain, while we pledge for the most part just enjoyed a sexual orgy with a long easy lashing to make us excited for it.

It took a while to arrange another fundraiser, because the boys were all broke and even when they got their monthly allowance they did not seem as interested when they were told the actives of our sorority would not be participating.

The actives had a meeting and decided to include actives that volunteered and that it would be an exclusive party consisting of the richest boys that had been most interested in inflicting pain and professors who had raised grades in return for spankings.

We pledges were told that this one party would satisfy Hell Week and after it was over we would be actives. We were told this party would probably be especially painful since only men who really liked to inflict

pain would pay the high cost. We agreed it would be worth it to suffer badly one night rather than suffer a little every day for a week.

The theme of the party was to be “Total Submission”. We were told the men would ask us to agree to some humiliating sex or act and if we refused we would be punished until they were satisfied we had suffered enough, or we agreed to do it. We were told that we were nearly active members of a proud sorority and that we should try to remain dignified.

I assumed we would be requested to do sex acts and since I loved almost everything to do with sex, I reminded myself to make at least a token refusal, so I would not look like a total slut.

I should have known it would be bad when only two of the actives and Kay agreed to participate. I remembered that at the end of the party they had volunteered to give a test of courage. They picked up a couple of the boys belts and whipped each other’s breasts with the buckle end until one of them gasped:

—No more!

And collapsed. The buckles had left terrible welts, but it was obvious they got off on it because they laid on the floor rubbing their clits until they went to sleep.

We were told that this time the men would be charged a flat fee of two hundred dollars, so we would not have to keep track of what was happening to us.

I became a little worried when I asked Kay if we would be using the little whips again because she said the men would be bringing their favorite whips and things.

It was not to be a costume party we were just told to wear cocktail dresses. I had finally bought underwear and put on my sexiest black set to match the black cocktail dress Mom had sent me.

We had twenty guests and we again felt like stars to have them pay four thousand dollars to be with us a few hours.

I thought we would be doing a strip tease, but we were told to go to one man at a time who would remove one article of clothing. Naturally, with my big boobs, my dress and bra went first. As each article came off, an alligator clip was put on our boobs. I had made a mistake in dressing completely in anticipation of being able to give a long strip-tease. Some of the girls had just worn dresses and shoes, so they only had three clips by the time they were naked. I had worn a dress, slip, bra, panties, stockings, garter belt, shoes, a bracelet and a necklace. I was the last one naked and had eleven clips on my boobs. It felt like little animals were biting me and the pain seemed to get worse with time. Especially when the men would tug on the ones on my nipples.

Then Kay went around with a bowl of coloured chips. The color of the chip determined which man would get which girl. Since there were only twenty men, one girl would be serving two men while the rest had three.

One of the actives drew the two men. She looked disappointed.

Then I found out the clips were counters. As a starting event the men assigned to us could give us lashes to match the counters on the erogenous zone of their choice with their favorite whip.

One of the men I had drawn was a teacher carrying a big leather paddle with holes drilled through it. I expected a really red butt from him.

Something else was different, for the first time we were led into the basement and the men were told they could tie us in any position they liked. My men had a little discussion then my legs were tied widely apart a rope was tied around my waist then to the floor to keep me bent over then cuffs were put on my wrist to pull my arms out and up to force me into a back-

bend making my boobs accessible from all sides. Finally, a small rope was tied to my hair to keep my head up and back.

It was very uncomfortable waiting for them to decide who would be first. I was pretty sure where I would be hit by the instruments they were carrying. A thonged whip would no doubt be used on my breasts or pussy, the big leather paddle for my butt or thighs, the last was a thin whippy bamboo cane. He was a teacher and used it on my butt once. It had left welts that lasted for days. I couldn't imagine how much it would hurt anywhere except my relatively insensitive butt.

Just as I was beginning to ache from my bondage, they made their decision and the man with the thonged whip stepped up, grinned at me and swung his whip to hit the left side of my left breast so hard that if there had been milk in them, it would have shot across the room.

The pain became incredible as he kept hitting the outside of my breasts, causing the one not being hit to be pushed into my armpit. I was praying he would move to another area and was glad to see him move to my side, but then, he began hitting me on top of both nipples to flatten my boobs against my chest.

When he finished, my poor tits were aching and burning at the same time.

The man came toward me with the cane. I was relieved, thinking a new area would be hit, but I realized my big boobs got me in trouble when he suddenly swung the cane up from my side to hit the bottoms to make them jump up to my chin. They loved the way my boobs jumped and bounced and he hit them eleven more times until I was crying hysterically.

Then the teacher with the paddle came toward me. He was staring at my maroon tits and I panicked and began to beg:

—No! Please no! I'll die.

I was so relieved when I felt a terrific burn across my butt cheeks, I actually thanked him even though it really hurt.

He hit my whole butt then went to my upper thighs, finishing with my inner thighs with the edge of the paddle occasionally ripping open the lips of my pussy. It hurt really bad, but I could get into it and incredibly became excited and began to beg them to fuck me.

The teacher paddling me just sneered and said:

—Stupid bitch. We can always fuck. We paid all this money to punish!

He then turned to the other men and said:

—We must be doing something wrong. She is getting off on this. Let's try something else.

I knew then that this would truly be “Hell Night”. I thought that after the initial whipping, I would just be asked to do humiliating things like blowing them or kissing their asses and could decide when I would rather be whipped. These guys just wanted me in pain with no chance to relieve the pain with sex.

At least, I was able to get a break while they untied me and decided on a new activity I took this opportunity to see what was happening to the other girls. Except for different positions, they were mostly being spanked or whipped as I had. The exception was the girl that had drawn two men. They had tied her hanging with her head down and legs widely spread while one man stood in front to hit her crotch with a wide western belt to make the arrow shaped tip to hit her anus while a man behind her hit her crotch with the tip hitting her clit. It was obvious that they had been hitting that area all through my ordeal because her crotch was maroon coloured while there was not a single mark anywhere else on her body. It was also obvious she had gotten off on, it somewhere along the line because her pussy hairs

were soaked with her juice, but evidently, she had long past that point because she was moaning:

—No... and Please

Piteously and:

—Stop! Please stop. I'll do anything for you.

At least, they gave her the choice of giving them blowjobs to give her a break.

My guys weren't going to even allow me a choice.

They decided to stretch me on the rack until I was sure my hip joints were dislocated and my tendons burned from the stretch.

They really hurt me bad! They used their torture instruments only on my most sensitive parts, my breasts and pussy. I was able to take the whip, but the paddle was terrible crushing my breasts and when the cane was directed to the center of my slit to hit my clitoris, I screamed and begged Kay to stop them.

She tried, but I was afraid they had lost control when the men argued that they had paid for the privilege of making me suffer and intended to get their money's worth. Thankfully, the other girls told them I had earned the money and for them to stop and only punish if I refused them anything. Or else they would never be invited back.

They stopped, but only grudgingly, and then just had me do just sex acts that provided me no pleasure, like sucking their dicks and balls and french kissing their assholes. They further humiliated me by calling me a slut and whore who would do anything to avoid a little pain. It made me cry, but even the humiliation of kneeling while they pissed on me was better than being hurt anymore.

Then they solved their problem. The professor with the bamboo cane said:

—Since you have no pride to allow us to punish you. We will let you punish yourself.

He took two antique hat pins out of his pocket and told me to push them through my nipples. It sounded terrible, but I did try it. I pulled out a nipple and tried to push it through, but it hurt so much on my sensitive nipple, I just couldn't. They used my refusal to allow one of them to hold my arms behind my back by my elbows to push out my tits while I was hit on the nipples with the cane over and over while I cried and screamed.

I found I had taken the punishment for nothing. When he finally stopped he just held out the pins again and said:

—Will you do it now?

I realized I would be punished until I did it and fortunately my nipples had been numbed by the terrible caning, so I was able to do it.

He took some string out of his pocket to tie on my nipples under the pins and idly pulled on it to make my tits bob while saying:

—Ask me nicely to suck my dick until I cum while Bob spanks your ass.

I knew the alternative could be even worse, so I agreed.

It seemed to take forever because he jerked on the string while my ass and pussy was hit to cause so much pain, I couldn't concentrate on giving him a good job. When he finally came, I fell to the floor sobbing piteously.

Kay said:

—That is enough. She has more than earned your money.

I was carried upstairs and comforted, but it was several days before I could walk comfortably.

At least, that made our money, so after a quick stop to our parents for Christmas Eve and day we got on the planes to meet in Rio de Janeiro.

It was fabulous. The house was beautiful and secluded, so we could tan and swim nude in the pool. With that and the nude beaches we all got great all over tans.

There was also a lot of nightlife with great shows and dancing. None of us had any trouble finding men to teach us Latin dancing including the Lambada and to provide all the sex we wanted.

There were also gobs of stores to shop in for clothes and jewelry. I spent all my money in the first two days of shopping.

Linda noticed a lot of the women at the nude beach had little tattoos on their butts, breasts or just above their pussies and decided she wanted a little rose on her butt and wanted me to go with her to be tattooed. I told her I had no money to get one, but I would go with her.

She called a cab and told him to take us to a tattoo parlor. He took us to a really sleazy section of town that had several tattoo places. We looked at the displays in the windows until she found just the rose she wanted and went in.

The man spoke English and agreed that the rose Linda wanted was very popular and asked where she wanted it.

She poked at a place on her right butt-cheek and he led us to a corner with a cot and curtains to provide privacy.

He told her to bare the spot for the tattoo and to lie face down on the cot. That is when I found that she was at least as big an exhibitionist as I was.

We were wearing thong panties and all she would have had to do was pull up the hem of her mini-dress, but she made a big production of teasing him by slowly reaching under her dress to slide off her panties then reached behind her to unzip the dress then pull it slowly down off her shoulders to bare herself inches at a time.

He obviously enjoyed the show, but must have seen a lot of naked women because when she was naked, he had her lie down and began preparing his equipment as if this was nothing unusual.

He started the tattoo, which took a lot longer than I had guessed. It didn't seem to hurt her. In fact, lying there naked with the needles and his hands working on her butt began to excite her. I saw her slide her hand under her tummy to play with her pussy and she gave a little sigh of relief just before he said he was done.

She got up and went to a mirror, then said:

—It is beautiful! Dee, why don't you get one?

I reminded her I was broke, then realized she was still excited when she turned to the man and said:

—Maybe we could earn one for you. Is there anything we could do for you to trade for another tattoo?

I told them I didn't think I wanted a tattoo since I would have it all my life and that my parents would have a fit if they saw it.

He said:

—You might be interested in something not so permanent. Let me show you.

He went to his desk and returned with a photo album. He riffled through hundreds of photos of his tattoos, then stopped toward the end to show me a picture of a woman with gold rings piercing her nipples.

I cringed remembering the pain when the hat pins went in and shook my head.

He said:

—The holes close back up when you are not wearing them, so no-one would never know.

I just nodded, so he kept turning pages to show other photos with rings through belly-buttons, nipples and cunt-lips, when I saw something really strange. I grabbed his hand, so he would not turn the page.

A woman was holding her pussy-lips apart to show what looked like a large gold safety pin holding a gold ball with little bolts sticking out of it resting on her clit.

He must have noticed my excitement as I stared at it because he said:

—That really turns you on, doesn't it? She loved it. She would hold the lips open with clamps, then jog. The dull points beating on her clit made her crazy. She said it made sex fantastic.

I could understand that. When you were fucked, the ball would be jamming against your clit to make it even harder to feel it more.

I just nodded as I did not know what to say and he went on:

—She came back later and had me make holes the length of both lips, so she could thread gold chains through them to hold the ball inside her lips. Then she had her boyfriend spank her pussy with a strap. She said it always made her pass out in orgasms. She got other bigger toothed clamps to put on her nipples, so she could jerk on them while being spanked.

That made me so excited I felt faint. I murmured:

—How much would that cost?

—Well, gold is expensive and the ball has to be heavy to work right. The best price I could give you would be \$500.00, I'll throw in some nipple clamps if you let me spank your pussy.

—I don't have that much money, but I'll suck you and let you fuck me then you can spank my pussy in trade for it.

He just laughed and said:

—You must have forgotten where you are. I can get fucked and sucked anytime for five dollars, but there may be a way. I noticed that Linda

had an orgasm just from the little pain of the tattoo and that it excited you to see the needles going in because you were playing with your pussy while you watched.

I didn't know he had seen me, but then I noticed a mirror on the wall beyond the table. I just blushed as he went on.

Just outside town there is a place called:

—Club Agony and Ecstasy.

It is really popular for those into S & M. I have never been there as my customers provide any weird kicks I want and I like to do not watch, but some girls told me they had made over \$500.00 in less than an hour. If you are an exhibitionist, it would be great for you. They said there were over a hundred people watching. The bad news is that they said they would probably never go back.

Linda surprised me:

—She beat me to asking how we could find the place.

He wrote directions in Spanish for us to give to the cab-driver then said:

—It will cost you fifty dollars each to get in, but that will be refunded if you participate. If you decide it is too much you can just watch and only be out a hundred.

That sounded perfect, Linda said:

—No sweat! I still have almost two hundred.

We ran to get a cab.

He said he didn't need directions, Japanese tourists loved the place. He was driving too slowly, so we asked him to hurry, but he said:

—Take it easy. The show doesn't start until ten. If you get there too early you'll go broke on those expensive drinks.

We agreed, but it seemed like forever until we pulled up in front of a large house with big columns supporting a porch.

A man standing at the door took our money and Linda gave him a twenty dollar tip for a good seat. He said:

—Hey, thanks! You would be surprised how many of these tourists are too dumb to tip. I put them way back. Do you girls just want to watch or participate?

—I am not sure. We thought we would watch for a while then see if we want to go on stage. I guess it would be pretty exciting to be up there in front of a lot of people.

—Oh yeah! With your great bodies you will be stars. They will be yelling and cheering at each lash. I'll give your seat number to the owner. He'll stop by to see what you want to do.

It was not what we expected. The interior walls had been torn out to make a huge room terraced so everyone would have an unobstructed view. There were no seats, just big beanbag chairs for two or more circling a small round stage. There were manacles hanging from the ceiling and rings in the floor to tie legs widely apart. There was also a padded sawhorse attached to the floor to bend someone over and a stock to hold someone's head and wrists for spankings. Everything looked really humane all the things were padded so wrists and ankles would not be chafed by rope. The only thing that puzzled us was a split cedar post about four feet long. Linda guessed it would be used to hold legs open when they were lying on a thick pillow to hold their butt up in the air.

We saw a distinguished looking Latin man dressed in a leather suit going from bean bag to bean bag and guessed correctly that he was the owner when he came to us and asked if we wanted to be stars in his production. We told him that we would watch a while, then decide. He said

that if we decided to go on stage, we should give a card he gave us with our bag number to a waitress.

Shortly after that, waitresses stepped on the stage to pose briefly then came down to take orders. Their costume just consisted of a chain around their waist with another chain going between their legs that was buried in their pussy and the crack of their butt. Most of them also had rings through their nipples and some had lead weights hanging from the rings.

When our waitress got to us, we ordered drinks and Linda said:

—God! How can you concentrate on drink orders with that chain rubbing on your clit? I would be cumming constantly.

She answered:

—I do too for a while, but eventually when you can't cum anymore it gets really painful. That is when it is hard to concentrate and if I screw up on a drink I am whipped really hard. I found out if I lean forward a little, the chain will loosen, but that encourages the customers to spank my butt.

I didn't get a chance to ask her anything else because Linda grabbed me to say:

—God! Look around. This is going to turn into an orgy. Just the waitresses have the guys excited enough to grope their dates.

I looked and had to agree. The show hadn't even started, and several of the women had their skirts up with their dates pushing their hands in their crotches. I also noticed we were the only single women. I pointed that out to Linda and giggled:

—We are the only ones without men. I bet they think we are lesbians.

Linda giggled too then said:

—If I get horny enough, they will be sure of it because I am going to sit on your face.

The drinks were ten dollars apiece, so we were anxious for the show to start. Thankfully, the owner got on the stage and said:

—Welcome our first contestants with a big hand. Bill and Debbie.

The stage began a slow rotation while Bill slowly took off all her clothes in a slow strip. We could almost touch them, and I knew she had never been hurt really bad because she had no welts or scars. The only clue to her status was a large tattoo just above her shaved pussy saying “Bill’s Slave”.

When she was naked he hung her up, but did not pull her legs apart, and went to a big box on the stage to bring back a thonged whip just like the one we had at school.

He didn’t hit all that hard, but a lot, so her body was red from her tits to her thighs by the time she dropped her head in apparent exhaustion and he dropped the whip and released her for applause from the audience. It was easy to see that she had enjoyed orgasms because her pussy was drooling.

I told Linda that we could have taken that easily. Everyone had hit harder than that at school.

—Yeah, but it was still exciting only if I had been her I would have opened my legs at the end, so I could really cum.

Our waitress came back and I asked:

—What did the owner mean by contestants?

—Oh... I thought you knew. Didn’t the maître de give you a program? They are amateurs just going for the thrill. The ones who get the most applause win \$250.00.

—God Linda. Let’s do it. You can whip me. Concentrate on my big tits and pussy. We can win easy.

—Yeah, but that won’t get you enough money. Let’s see if it gets worse, and if it doesn’t, we’ll check with the owner to see if we get \$250

each.

The next couple came up and when she was naked her date put her head and wrists into the stocks to lower her head and raise her ass then tied her legs apart so much her pussy was pooching out the back.

He got a big leather paddle and began spanking her big butt. The paddle sank into it at each spank and made her butt bounce which brought some cheers. Finally, he brought the paddle lower, so it flattened her pussy lips. She screamed and dropped to the floor which ended it.

She got more applause. And I said:

—That was a little worse, but not nearly as bad as my teacher.

I handed our card to the waitress and the owner came over just as the third contestants were making their way to the stage to take us to a dressing room backstage.

—I was told we could make \$500 apiece by participating. Was that a mistake? The waitress said the prize for first place is only \$250.00.

—No that is true. These people are doing this for their own enjoyment and never do anything extreme. When this is over the second show will start with slaves. Some of the amateurs will be in that as well. In the main show the audience will decide what is to be done to the slave and bidding will begin to see who in the audience will be the slave master. You get a minimum of \$500.plus 25% of the amount the slave master pays for the privilege of torturing you. Since you are new I would suggest you look very frightened and fight the chains to encourage the bidding. The audience usually doesn't want you to enjoy it even if you do. Fortunately it is almost impossible to tell great orgasms from great pain.

I knew that was true and from what I had seen so far it seemed most probable that I would get fantastic orgasms. I had almost got there just imagining me in place of the girls we watched.

—Oh God Linda! Let's do it!

Linda looked apprehensive:

—I don't know. What we saw was done by partners who will be together later. The audience may want more from slaves they don't know and may never see again.

Before I could say anything the owner said:

—You may be right, but I get to see all requests and can guarantee nothing will happen to you that will need a doctor's attention. I have a business here. I am not going to jeopardize it by having a girl hurt bad enough to bring about a police investigation. At most, you will be on stage for forty-five minutes with the delays to put you in different positions. If it is too much you will faint and that will end it even sooner.

Linda said:

—I am still not sure. Maybe I'll just let you do it and I'll watch to make sure you aren't too badly hurt.

—Oh please Linda. I don't have the nerve to do it by myself.

The owner said, It would be good to have two girls as pretty as you. I'll guarantee six hundred.

—Linda! Come on. It couldn't be worse than our last party and we survived that. You know you will faint if it gets too bad or your orgasms are too great.

—I guess you are right. After all we both had great orgasms in spite of or because of the pain.

—Fine! To show my good faith I will give you your six hundred right now. Sign this paper in which you agree to accept pain for money.

The paper was in Spanish which I could not read, so I just signed it and gave it to Linda. She hesitated again as she read it since she was fluent in Spanish then signed it.

He took it. Then said:

—Get undressed, so I can prepare you.

I was naked first and he put padded manacles on my wrist with long chains and then other manacles on my ankles with chain so short I could only take small steps.

When Linda was chained, he led us to a wall and pulled our arms up to put our wrist chains on hooks above our head. We were not stretched, so it was not too uncomfortable.

He squeezed our breasts and nipples tightly enough to make us squeal, then said:

—The audience will love seeing this beaten maroon.

Linda began to whimper and I asked what was wrong.

—You couldn't read that paper. In it, we confessed we had stolen money from him and agreed to be tortured rather than go to jail. We are at his mercy. If we go to the police, they won't do anything to him.

Shortly after that, three native girls were brought in and chained like us. They were all crying. I thought they were practising to get sympathy from the audience until they began talking.

Linda listened then looked frightened. She said:

—These girls have been forced to come here to get money for their family or pimps. The one crying the most said this was her second time. Look at her! There are scars on her breasts and pussy!

I looked and it was frightening. There were white lines covering her breasts and shaved pussy and big white dots. I asked Linda to ask her what happened.

Linda asked her, then began to whimper as she answered:

—As a finale to her, but they had whipped her with a wire coat-hanger that had made her bleed then burned her with cigarettes until she passed

out. She hopes to pass out sooner this time.

Now we both became frightened as we listened to the Owner announcing the winner and knew we would soon be on a stage, possibly suffering more than we ever had before.

There was an announcement telling The audience it was time for the bidding to see who would be the master of his slave. We could hear men yelling out numbers until five masters were picked.

—Oh God, Dee! They're paying up to a thousand dollars to whip us. They will want to get their money's worth!

Two burly men came in and began to drag one of the native girls to the stage. She was crying hysterically.

They closed the door after them and from then on we could not hear further speeches, but could hear blood-curdling screams with quiet periods as the girl was evidently set up for the next outrage and the screams began again. It seemed to go on forever, then there was applause and shortly after they came in to get another girl.

Linda moaned:

—Oh God! They are saving us for the finale. We have to get out of here.

She began jumping, shaking her chains to try to get them off the hook, but they were too heavy and she finally gave up sobbing.

I was about to try it too when the girl with the scars said:

—It is no use. The only door leads to the stage and you can't run with those hobbles. Try to be brave. I have been told that if you are brave, the men will respect you and not be as mean. Not all the things are bad. If you get lucky you will just have to give blowjobs or be fucked by a man with a huge penis. I was fucked by a big dog, but it was not as bad as you might think. I just got unlucky at the end for the wire whip and the cigarettes. One

of my girlfriends got lucky and the worst thing that happened to her was being strapped on her pussy. She should have quit then, but she wanted the money and came back. That time she was unlucky and was badly hurt.

In spite of what she said, she cried like crazy when they came to get her and her screams were awful until she finally got hoarse.

Finally, the men came back in and looked at both of us, then picked Linda. She got defiant and said angrily:

—Fuck you all. I am not crying and won't scream if you kill me.

I respected her for that and remembered that she had been as brave as me, taking her pain with only grunts, or moans until it got terrible or she screamed in relief when she came. She had smiled all the time she was being tattooed.

For the first ten minutes or more I only heard the “Splat!” of a whip or the lower toned “Whup!” of a paddle, but then she began screaming and I sobbed, knowing I would soon be screaming too.

It was my turn, I felt a little numb and just followed the men out to the stage humbly.

There was a big man on stage who had removed his shirt to show rippling muscles. He was carrying a big ringmaster's whip.

I was grateful when he just told me to turn slowly while he squeezed my breasts and butt while saying to the audience:

—Isn't our slave lovely with these big breasts that stand up so proudly and that nice firm round butt. She is so young and her skin is so white for now. Kneel slave and await your fate.

I was not about to make him mad, so I knelt facing the audience. They cheered and I felt proud, so I tucked in my tummy and pushed out my breasts to look even better.

One of the waitresses held up a crystal bowl and he picked out a card.

Evidentially the people signed their cards because He said:

—Jose, You are being kind. Jose wants us to warm her up with the strap then make a sandwich of her.

He went to the box and brought back a scrap about three inches wide and a quarter inch thick. I was relieved as I had been hit with much thicker ones.

They took off my chains and put my wrists in the manacles to the ceiling and tied my legs widely to rings in the floor. Then they pulled down on the ropes from the ceiling until I was stretched to the point my waist shrunk at least two inches and my tummy went in.

Again he felt me commenting on how good I looked. I felt excitement rising. Then he began spanking my butt with the strap. It was not bad at all my excitement continued to rise as he stopped then slapped me on my stomach then began working up and down until the strap was just hitting my breasts and pussy. This hurt more, but just made my excitement increase rapidly until he suddenly jammed his fingers in my pussy. I must have been wet because he said:

—She is ready.

The two guys that had brought me out dropped their pants to show huge dicks.

The audience cheered again then the one with the thickest dick as big as my wrist stepped behind me. I knew a sandwich was being fucked in the ass and pussy simultaneously and began to moan:

—No! Please no.

As I was sure that monster would rip my asshole to shreds, but to my relief he jammed it in my pussy. He said:

—That's right, baby, get it wet.

Then he jerked it out and jammed it in my ass. I gasped as it felt like a log was being pushed into me, and tried to loosen my muscles to stop the ripping sensation. After a couple of pumps, the other guy jammed his dick in my pussy. It felt fantastic. I could feel their dicks ricocheting off each other to create fantastic sensations and I began having terrific orgasms until their dicks got soft and slid out of me.

He said to the audience:

—Isn't she great, folks. She really got off on that. Let's see if she likes the next one.

I hung there, feeling after shocks as they cheered while he went to the girl with the bowl.

He read the request, then said to me:

—Carlos wants to know if you give great blow jobs. Do you?

I couldn't believe how lucky I was. I didn't mind giving blow jobs at all. I said in relief:

—Yes, I can give a great blow job.

—You better be good or else you will be hurt bad. Bring out Jack.

To my horror, they led a burro out on stage.

—Oh no! That is disgusting.

—You can refuse. If you do, Jack will bury his dong in your asshole.

I knew that might kill me and moaned:

—I'll do it.

They opened a trap door in the floor, so I could stand with the burro dick near my mouth, and put a rope over his back to tie my wrists. It was obvious the burro had done this before because his huge dick started to slide out of its sheath towards my mouth.

—The man said you have thirty seconds to get him off. From then on, your tits will be whipped with this.

He showed me a bamboo cane I knew hurt terribly on my relatively unsensitive ass.

He said:

—Go!

And I frantically opened my mouth as wide as it would go to get just the head in my mouth. I think I could have done it if I could have used my hands to hold that monster still and jerk it off, but I just had my mouth and the burro began to thrust which either gagged me as it hit my throat or would fall out on the way back, so I would have to bob my head to capture it again.

It seemed like a long time and the burro was getting more frantic when I felt a terrible pain across my breasts and fell back, losing the dick. I kept losing it with each lash until my breasts got numb enough to ignore the lashes to lick and suck as hard as I could until cum started spurting down my throat.

The man said:

—Not bad... only fifty seconds. Would you like to try your skill on me?

I was demoralized and said:

—If you want me to. Anything, but pain.

My poor tits were throbbing and I saw several wide lines across them, I knew would leave bad bruises.

—Thanks, but my turn comes later. Rest a bit. I don't want you passing out.

I know it seems weird, but I blamed myself for my throbbing tits. If I had given a better blowjob, I would not have been hurt. If there was another contest, I resolved to do better.

While I rested, he went back to the bowl. He laughed and said:

—Renee is ready for some audience participation. Prepare her for the gauntlet.

I looked out at the audience, most of them were naked and some were fucking. I hated them for getting excited at my pain and humiliation.

The two men took a two-foot pipe with straps on the end to hold my legs apart by putting it just above my knees while I was on my hands and knees and manacles with short chains on my wrists. They put two large lead weights on my nipples with toothed clamps. They tightened the clamps hard to make sure the weights would not come off. When I looked under me, I saw my bitten nipples stretched and pulling my tits into cone shapes.

Finally, he put a dog collar around my neck and looked out in the audience to see the waitresses passing out leather straps.

He led me down the aisle in front of the first beanbag. The man and woman looked at me eagerly and when I got close to them, they began hitting me all over, but especially on my hanging tits to make the weights jump and bite my nipples and blows down the crack of my ass to make the tips hit my asshole and pussy.

I tried to hurry, but I couldn't move fast the way I was trussed, and when I learned to move faster it didn't help because I would just run into the man leading me.

I was really sore when I was turned around to go on the next tier to let them hit my other side to create more fire.

On the last tier he pulled me up on my knees and now they were able to hit my whole front and back as I was slowed even more. Incredibly, something snapped in my mind and I started getting off on it. I slowed so much to feel the straps hitting me the man began pulling forward on me as straps hit my pussy and made my juices spatter.

By the time I got back to the stage, I was totally exhausted by the pain and orgasms and just fell over on my side.

He hit me a few times with his ringmaster whip that really cut me, but then gave up when I just shuddered at the greater pain.

I laid there panting while the men took off my shackles and nipple clamps, foggily hearing the man say:

—Isn't she fantastic! She even got off on that. Give her a hand.

There was loud applause and cheering. I must have spaced out for a minute. The next thing I knew was a man holding me up while another man was strapping big weights on my ankles.

I heard the man yelling:

—So far this bitch has had nothing, but orgasms, but now it is my turn, don't you think she should pay for her fun?

The audience roared:

—Yes!

And one woman screamed let's see if you can make her pass out.

Then I felt a pull on my pussy lips and looked down to see them stretched out with the men holding alligator clamps. They snapped four of them on each lip to bring tears to my eyes then tied strings to my thighs to hold my pussy wide open.

They tied my hands behind my back then tied a rope around my elbows to pull my arms back to make me thrust out my tits.

The man pinched my nipples with his fingernails and while I howled in pain he said:

—I'll bet you won't get off on this!

The men slid the split cedar log between my legs and before I knew what was going to happen, they lifted it by the ends to jam the sharp edge of that splintery log into my pussy and lift me off the ground. I screamed in

anguish, then found that if I leaned back just a little it would not dig into my clit or my tail bone. I sat very quietly, but even not moving caused terrible pain and I felt like I may be cut in two while he went to the box to bring back a terrible instrument. It was a length of barbed wire set in a handle and without warning he slammed it directly across my nipples.

I screamed and fell back to cause the log to bite into my tail bone, I rocked forward which gave him the opportunity to hit my ass causing me to go forward to feel terrible pain on my clit.

The men began walking around the stage lifting and dropping the log to force the sharp edge and splinters in my pussy while the barbed wire made long bloody stripes on my body. It was too much and I passed out.

I woke up on a cot in a room with the other girls who were sleeping. A woman was wiping blood off my body with a wet cloth. I moaned:

—I hurt awful am I going to die?

—No! You just need some time to heal up. You will be alright. I don't think you will even have bad scars.

I lifted my head to look at myself, I almost fainted again. The whole front of my body and my legs were covered with blood.

I laid back again, enjoying the feel of the cool cloth on my burning body.

Finally, she had mopped up the blood and lifted my head to show me the hundred of small punctures on my tits and stomach that were still oozing a little blood. She said:

—See, it isn't so bad. In a few days there will be only a few bruises and it will be hard to believe you went through this.

—Oh, but I still hurt, awful especially my nipples and clit. They are on fire.

—Yes! They check to make sure you are not faking a faint by burning your nipples and clitoris with a cigarette. If you had faked it they would have tied you upside down to keep the blood in your head, so you couldn't faint, then did something even more terrible to your pussy. Here take these pills. They will stop the pain and make you sleep. While you sleep I will pull out all your splinters and disinfect your wounds. You couldn't stand that pain awake.

The pills began to work in seconds and the pain began to fade. Just before I slipped into sleep, I said:

—That bastard told us we wouldn't need medical care.

—No! He tells the girls they won't need a doctor. I am just a nurse with access to medication.

I slept until nearly noon the next day. I woke up to hear moans from Linda in the cot next to me. I said:

—Oh God, Linda, It was just awful. Are you alright?

—Alright?! Look at me!

She threw off the sheet covering her and stood up shakily to show me that her breasts and pussy were solidly covered with ugly purple bruises and were still swollen.

She began to cry, blubbering:

—As a finale, they hung me upside down and gave me a hundred lashes on just my tits and pussy with a rubber hose. It was awful I wanted to faint, but I couldn't and then had to give them blowjobs until my time was up.

—Oh God I am sorry, Linda.

—You should be. You talked me into this. When I am stronger, I am going to kill you.

—Please don't hate me. They hurt me too.

I told her what they did to me between sobs and she admitted that having to ride the log while being lashed with barbed wire was worse than what they did to her.

—Except for the last thing, I was mostly humiliated. I was just whipped with a thong whip at first which was not too bad, but then they made me beg to let me suck off a big dog and to fuck a burro or else be whipped with steel cable. He hit my stomach with it once and it tore into me and brought blood. After that I begged them to let me do anything.

The nurse came in to give us more pills that we took gratefully, then she rubbed salve into my ripped pussy. It really felt nice and I was relieved when she said:

—It is healing nicely. Take this tube of ointment and put it on to keep scabs from forming. When you wake up again, you can go home.

She told Linda that she would be bruised for some time, but that the pain would go away soon. Then she tended the other girls. One was really bad as they had whipped her ass with the cable and there were deep cuts. The nurse decided she should sew them up once she was asleep.

We woke up late that afternoon and the nurse gave us our clothes. Neither of us wanted to wear bra or panties on our sore skin.

I told the nurse that this was the worst experience I had ever been through and asked her how the owner could keep getting victims.

—It is easy. There are a lot of poor girls plus some are forced into it by their family or pimps. He actually turns down girls who are not pretty enough. And there are always a few thrill seekers like you.

—Well, he won't be able to continue. I am going to the police.

—That is not a good idea. The police chief is our best customer. The owner would give him your confession and you would go to jail for even worse torture. Some girls have died in there.

That stopped that and we took a cab back to our hotel lying back to keep pressure off our bruised pussies.

Kay was delighted to see us:

—Jesus! Where have you guys been? We were worried sick. We have been checking with the police and all the hospitals even the morgue. You are going to have to be punished for this.

We told her she could not punish us any more than we already were and stripped to show her our wounds then explained how we got them.

To our chagrin our story just excited her and she said:

—God that is fantastic. Where is this place? I have never seen anyone hurt that bad. I want to see it.

We gave her the directions warning her not to be a participant, but she said that Beth had misplaced our return tickets and they had wasted a day looking for them. They could enter the amateur contest and possibly make some money as well as giving her the punishment she deserved.

They killed time by deciding how Beth should be punished. To my surprise Beth just looked excited as they came up with different positions she could be bound and what they should use for whips.

They asked us if we wanted to go along, but we had decided we wanted nothing to do with pain for the rest of our lives.

We didn't see them until the next morning when Kay got up and came into the kitchen where Beth and I were sitting naked enjoying the cool breeze on our bodies now seeming even more sensitive having coffee.

She was ecstatic as she pulled Beth into the room. Beth won! She has \$250.00 she can piss away on anything she wants and we had a great time.

I thought they must have done terrible things to her to win and asked Beth if she was alright.

—Sure. They got me real red, but I just look as if I have a little sunburn now and even that is fading. See!

She dropped her bathrobe and her skin from her shoulders to her knees was glowing pink.

Kay said:

—We really made a production of it. The three of us took off Beth's clothes then we stripped too and had her go around on her knees to kiss our pussies. We didn't hurt her nearly as much as the other contestants. What impressed the audience was her total submission. She held poses to be whipped without being tied. They loved it when she got between my legs and brought her head back to eat my pussy while I whipped her breasts and were amazed when she held her pussy lips open for Jan to spank her pussy with a strap. I think what really did it was the end when I told her to say 'Yes' when she was ready to be whipped and she stood there with her legs apart and her hands on her head yelling "Yes!" louder and faster as all three of us hit her until she collapsed and dug at her red and swollen pussy.

Beth said:

—Oh God, that was exciting! I came so herd the girls had to help me off-stage, and we just stayed naked in our beanbag chairs fondling each other as we watched the rest of the acts.

—Yeah! We missed part of it because our faces were buried in 69's when something really turned us on.

—Some of it was pretty terrible and I feel a little guilty now that it just excited me at the time. I guess I shouldn't. Even though the girls were obviously in a lot of pain they were paid a lot and knew what they were getting into.

—You are wrong. We talked to those girls. Most of them were forced to do it.

—Oh bullshit. If they really didn't want to, they could have run away. The owner said there was a two-week waiting period because he had so many girls that wanted the special thrill. There were even girls who were there for the second time even though they had scars from the first.

I had to admit she might be right. The girl we met had not run away, but I said:

—Well we sure as Hell wouldn't go back would we Linda?

—I am not sure. I have to admit I have never cum as hard and as many times before. If there was a way to stop them from doing really terrible things I might go back. Admit it. Knowing you I am sure you came.

—Well yeah, but it still wasn't worth the really bad thing.

Kay had to know the bad thing, so I told her about the post and how it cut my pussy and covered my whole crotch with stickers.

—Oh God... You were just like an antique toy my grandpa gave me. It was a clown on a bicycle with weights hanging down from the wheels. No matter how you moved the string the clown would stay upright on the string. You couldn't fall off no matter what they did. Jesus. If it was a round log I might want to try it.

—I doubt it. The stickers really make you raw. Look at my pussy.

—My pussy was still red and was covered with little pimples where the stickers were pulled out.

She got down between my knees, then said:

—Poor little pussy. I'll kiss it and make it well.

She began French kissing my pussy and it felt wonderful. In moments, I was in orgasm and when she pulled back, I said:

—Thank you. Oh... thank you! I was afraid I would not want it touched again.

Beth said excitedly:

—Mine needs to be well too.

Kay turned to her and began licking her still red and swollen pussy until Beth was making little shrieks of delight.

When she stopped, Beth said:

—Oh... thank you! If those men had done that it may have made up for the whipping as bad as it was.

That made me understand how we could stand the pain. In the sorority, we were always fucked or sucked and the pain was like foreplay.

We just took it easy for a few days and by then we were both well.

After about two weeks after we returned, I realized I had not had a great orgasm in spite of the fact I was dating Bob and we were fucking. Now that we were actives, there were no punishment sessions and no parties since final exams were coming up and we had to study.

Then one weekend, Bob drove us up to his Dad's cabin for us to study and fuck.

We made love and it was really pleasant, but even though Bob took a lot of time with me, I just barely got to orgasm. We laid there fondling each other, then Bob said:

—Don't hate me for this, but I kind of miss your pledge days. I can be at the library or anywhere and I will flash on the way you looked hung up and whipped and get an instant hard-on.

My clit twinged and I said:

—I love you. When we get back where we can get a whip, you can hit me all you want. I want to please you.

—Really? You would be willing to be hurt to excite me?

—Yes of course. It would excite me to know I can really turn you on.

He hesitated a moment and then said:

—It wouldn't be the same as a whip, but there is a willow tree outside we could use for a switch, but if that would hurt too much, I guess I can wait.

His dick began to lengthen under my hand, and I knew he was already imagining me being switched. I wasn't sure if I could be excited by that much pain so soon after my experience in Rio, but having him do, it would be better.

—Yes, it will hurt, but if it didn't, it would not prove how much I love you and want to excite you. I'll go out and get a switch.

I stopped at the kitchen and got a cleaver, then went out naked to the tree. I had planned to just get a little switch that would just excite me, but when I saw the tree of whips, I got excited and thought only a big one would prove to both of us that I was willing to suffer for him. I cut one as tall as I was and began stripping off the leaves and twigs on the way back becoming more excited as the branch turned into a whip I knew would leave lasting welts to prove my love.

I pictured myself in different positions and then I thought of an ideal way to force him to hit just my front to excite me as soon as possible and let him know I did not expect a simple spanking on my butt.

When I went in he had put on his black jeans. That increased my excitement as he looked like a picture I had seen of an overseer preparing to whip a black slave.

—He said:

—My God! I didn't think you would cut such a big one. That isn't a switch. It is a whip that will leave welts.

—Yes. I want welts to remind you for the next few days how I was willing to suffer for you.

I saw his dick move in his pants as he said:

—I was just going to have you bend over a chair for your spanking, but with that I don't think you could stay still. Should I tie you? We could use towels as rope.

—No! I want you to make love to me as soon as it is over. I don't want the delay to get me untied, but I will need something to hold on to and I know just the thing.

I handed him the whip then began dragging a coffee table over in front of the fireplace becoming even more excited as I heard the "Whirr" as he swung the switch in the air getting the feel of it.

When the coffee table was in place, I got up on it and reached behind me to hold on to two light fixtures on each side of the mirror. I spread my legs until the mantel was at the thicker part of my butt to make my pussy pooch out. By then it was dripping with love juice.

—Oh God! You are beautiful, but can you stand this on your front? I'll just hit a few times.

I could tell by his last sentence he wanted me to say yes and by then I could hardly wait for the sting and bite of the switch.

—Yes and not just a few times. Hit me until I let go of the lamps.

—No! I'll stop if you scream or let go.

He stepped in beside me and pressed the whip against my cunt almond, then slowly backed up to slide the switch against me until he was far enough away for the tip to stop at my lips. It was foreplay and I gasped:

—I am ready.

I clenched my teeth to make sure I would not scream.

He leaned forward a bit and I heard the "whirr" then felt just a sting as it hit me just below the belly button.

I gasped then moaned:

—No! You have to hit harder. I want welts!

He began hitting harder and it was perfect. It hurt, but not so much that I couldn't stand it.

He began laying on stripes up my belly until I felt the terrible sting just below my breasts. I began to pant and tremble with excitement while my body began to sheen with perspiration.

He stopped, looking at me quizzically, and I gasped:

—Yes! Hit them! Hit them hard!

he began putting strip after stripe on my shuddering breasts until the tip hit a nipple. My pussy absolutely gushed and I began pushing it in and out bouncing my butt against the mantel.

He began putting stripes across and diagonally on my pussy. When the tip dug into my clit I had a fantastic orgasm and screamed as I let go of the lamps to jump off the table and rub my welted tits on his hairy chest then to show my complete submission, I slid down his body to unzip his pants to let his throbbing dick pop into my mouth. He groaned as shortly later his cum shot into my throat, but to my surprise, his dick stayed hard and he pushed me over on my back to bury it in my pussy to bring back my orgasms.

I kept pumping until his dick softened and slid out of me.

We were exhausted and sank to the floor. He caressed my welted boobs and said breathlessly:

—I have never cum that hard in my life! I love you. I want to marry you.

We were married right after he graduated. I didn't graduate as he was so rich there was no need for me to work.

He loves my complete submission. I stay naked for him except for the times he wants me to wear a sexy costume. He loves the fact that I will assume any position he likes to be whipped by various instruments. We are getting a large collection. Our favourite position is to have me kneel with

my legs spread leaning back with my shoulders resting on a chair to make my whole front readily accessible. I am only whipped a few times per week. As long as he can see welts, he is excited just remembering how they got there. I love it. He could whip me every night if he wanted since they are never terrible. I am tied for them sometimes, but always into a position where he can bury the dick, I love so much in me without the delay of being untied.

He is very proud of my courage which of course makes me proud too. Sometimes I work up the nerve to ask him to use a switch, a bamboo cane or a rubber whip which he knows hurts terribly and leaves my boobs and pussy swollen for the fucking afterwards. Later on, he said:

—I love you so much! I told my friends how wonderful you are and they are dying of jealousy.

That gave me mixed feelings. I was proud he would tell them how much he loved me, but I was embarrassed that they may think I was a total slut. I said:

—Oh God! You don't tell them about the whipping do you?

—Of course! That is what makes you unique. Their wives are willing to do sexy things, but they never volunteer to suffer for them.

—Oh God! They must think I am a terrible slut that is willing to do anything to achieve orgasms.

Unfortunately, that was true I had admitted to myself that if he had not wanted to whip me I would have found someone who did.

—You are not a slut! You are just an incredibly sensual girl who loves me enough to do anything to please me.

That salved my conscience. As long as he believed I only did it for him, it was just a proof of love and I did not have to feel slutty at all.

I kissed him and said:

—Yes! I love you so much it makes me happy, I can prove I love you with total submission to anything that excites you.

Then he said sheepishly:

—My friends did not go to our college and don't know how brave girls can be. They don't believe you would let me whip you without some sort of threat. They think I am exaggerating and you only allow little hand spankings they give their wives.

—Are you suggesting you want me to prove what I will do?

—Yeah, I guess so. What do you think about it?

—You know, how excited you get whipping my nude body. They may too. What if they want to fuck me?

—To Hell with them. They can wait until they get home.

I know it sounds awful, but that disappointed me. Whipping even in front of an audience had always been foreplay for me with the really great orgasms by sex afterwards.

I said:

—You know I can only bear the pain because of the great sex afterwards. You would have to promise to fuck me when it is over which would make you part of the show. Do you want that?

—No... I guess not. Maybe if I forced you to have sex with them, they would know I had total control over you. That could prove your ultimate submission.

That brought back my excitement. The fact that his friends were total strangers to me made it even more exciting, but I thought I should make some protest.

—Gee... Wouldn't you be jealous? You know how excited I get. I may enjoy fucking them. I don't want you to hate me.

—I don't think you will like it. They aren't very attractive. Besides, you would only be doing things I told you to do to make me the envy of them.

—I guess I should do it. The fact their wives wouldn't should prove you are a Master and I am your willing slave.

—Great! I will set it up for Friday night. I'll ask them over for drinks.

—What are you going to do to me?

—I am not going to tell you. I don't want it to look rehearsed. Just do what you are told.

He didn't whip me for the rest of the week and since we had become so jaded, neither of us was really interested in sex. I fantasized almost constantly about things that may be done so by Friday, I was ready for anything.

He came home from work early Friday and went out to the garage to return with an electric drill. He rolled back our Persian rug to drill two holes in the floor to screw in metal rings about three feet apart then screwed another in the ceiling beam above them.

I said:

—You are putting those in to tie me. Why? You know I will assume any pose you want for whipping. Won't tying me make it look as if I am being forced.

—No! At the proper time, I will tell you to prepare yourself and you will go to these rings and buckle your ankles in cuffs then buckle your wrists in other cuffs. Finally, you will stretch up your arms as high as you can to let me tighten the rope to the ceiling. I know it will really excite them for you to make yourself totally helpless.

I was sure it would. The idea certainly excited me. I was sure the time it took me to tie myself would allow me to be more than ready for my

whipping especially since he would not tell me what he would use or how many lashes.

He put the rope and cuffs on a ladder in the next room, so they would have no clue about what would happen.

He told me that they just expected me to be submissive and was only hoping I would be told to strip and maybe get spanked.

Then he said it was time to dress me. I expected him to have me wear something really sexy, but he just had me put on tiny panties and bra, then a perfectly respectable cocktail dress that fit tightly to show my tiny waist that accentuated my big boobs and butt. As I buttoned the several buttons at the front, I realized he had picked it because it would force me to do a slow strip.

They arrived about eight. He was right. They weren't attractive. Bill was nearly bald and paunchy. Jim was skinny and looked like a nerd in his horn rim glasses and Joe looked evil with his beard that really didn't hide his pockmarked face.

I was anxious to get to the exciting part, but I was teased by just serving them drinks in small glasses that made me make several trips while they made small talk. Even though I was completely covered, they stared at me, so I teased them by walking slowly, accentuating the swing of my hips and leaning over to serve them to let them see into my cleavage.

Finally, Bill started it by licking his full lips and saying:

—Your wife is really beautiful. That dress really shows off her tiny waist and nice breasts.

Bob said:

—Yes she is, but most importantly she will do anything I want. Won't you Dee?

I pleased him and shocked them by saying:

—Yes Master. Anything at all. I was put on this earth only to please you.

He said:

—Come over here closer, so they can have a better look.

He moved the round table, they had sat around and I stood in its spot within arms reach of all of them. Bob had me put my hands on my head to raise my breasts to show more cleavage and turn slowly in front of them. I really felt proud because just doing that was obviously exciting them.

Then I gasped at greater excitement when Bob squeezed my ass cheek and said:

—She exercises every day to keep her body firm for me. Feel how solid she is.

To my surprise, I blushed.

Jim said:

—That embarrasses her.

Bob said:

—Yes, but she will let you do it because I want her to.

I gasped again as all three of them reached for me. At first, they just felt my legs and butt. Since there was no protest, they became bolder and began rubbing my tummy and squeezing my breasts. Finally, Joe let his hand slide down my tummy to rub my pubic mound. I began to tremble with excitement, Bill misinterpreted this by saying:

—We are frightening her.

Bob said:

—Only because she knows this is just the first step on a long journey. Dee, they can't really appreciate you with all those clothes on. Take them off for me.

He got up and walked behind me.

I moaned in excitement as I unbuttoned the first button. This was also misinterpreted by Jim who said:

—She doesn't want to, but she will.

I think I became more excited than they as I slowly unbuttoned the dress revealing myself by inches while I gloried in their excited stares.

I finally shrugged it off my shoulders to drop to the floor. I didn't have to take off the bra and panties. The minute the dress hit the floor, Joe slid my panties down my legs while Jim unbuttoned my bra.

There were hands all over me, but especially, on my hairless pussy they found fascinating. Just after my legs were pulled apart to allow fingers to sink into my pussy to make me pant and tremble, Bob said loudly:

—I didn't tell you to let them fondle your nude body. You are a naughty girl. Come take your punishment.

I turned to see the rug had been pulled back to reveal the rings with cuffs attached and the wrist cuffs swaying ominously from the ceiling. I walked to him dazed by being so close to orgasm.

When I got to him he said:

—You allowed strange me to fondle all your private parts and worse you enjoyed it. You deserve to be punished. Don't you?

—Yes Master. I deserve anything you want to do.

—Fine! Prepare yourself.

I spread my legs to buckle on the ankle cuffs realizing the widespread had opened my pussy lips by coolness as the liquid in it dried in a breeze. Then I put on the wrist cuffs and reached up looking over at the men. They were staring awestruck as Bill said:

—Jesus. She is making herself helpless!

Joe made me proud by saying:

—God! That takes a lot of courage.

Bob pulled down on the rope to stretch me then tied it to a hook on the wall. Jim made me proud by saying excitedly:

—Jesus. Look at her! The stretch makes her body look fantastic.

The others agreed pointing out my tiny waist made even smaller and my lifted boobs.

Then Bob brought over a whip with leather thongs about two feet long and said:

—What needs to be punished?

—Every place they touched, Master.

Jim said:

—Oh Jesus! We felt her tits and pussy.

Joe revealed his meanness by saying:

—Yeah... I can't wait to see those big boobs jumping under that whip.

Bill said in awe:

—Imagine how her pussy lips will squirm.

Bob moved to my side, then there was a terrific sting as the lash went across both my ass cheeks. It made me gasp then tremble as the sting began to radiate through my body.

Jim said excitedly:

—God... that must have hurt, but she just gasped!

That seemed to signal them to jump out of their chairs to circle around me to get a better look.

Bob hit slowly to let me feel the sting radiate from my butt until Bill said:

—God! Look! All of her lily-white ass has turned red!

Bob began forehanding and back handing my right thigh, with the tips hitting the tender inside. I gasped and shuddered as the sting radiated into

my pussy then squealed as the top thong on the last one ripped open my slit.

Bill grabbed his dick as he yelled:

—Shit! Did you see that? Her gash opened up!

Bob moved to my other side to do my other thigh as I continued to moan and gasp, with the last one again grazing my pussy lip to give me a taste of what was to come.

He stopped to watch my body pulsate with the other men as it began to glow from my perspiration.

Joe said:

—God! She is getting a workout. Look at her sweat!

Bill said in awe:

—Yeah... her body is glowing. This is awesome!

Bob stepped back and hit the centre of my tummy to increase my excitement, followed by two more just above and below the first to let me anticipate the movement towards my breasts and pussy. On the fourth one, he brought the lash upwards at the bottom of my breasts to make them jump violently along with my excitement.

Joe yelled:

—Yeah! that's the way. Make them jump!

He hit down diagonally to cover the whole face of my pussy and I went into orgasm only to reach stronger ones as he alternated lashes between my boobs and pussy until I reached the ultimate orgasm when he stepped in front of me to bring the whip up into my slit to sting my clitoris. I let my head fall as my body heaved from my hard breathing to see my red breasts move as I felt them throb.

Bill said:

—Wow! That was some show. Is she alright?

Bob said:

—She is fine. Just some red skin. She is sweating because it makes her hot. Feel her.

Then there were hands all over me again. The caresses felt good and relieved the last of the stinging sensation. Joe stuck his fingers into my pussy and exclaimed:

—Jesus! This excited her. She is sopping wet.

Bob said:

—Yeah. Isn't that great. I don't have to feel guilty for hitting her.

Then the rope to my wrists began to loosen. I just let myself sink to the floor still trying to catch my breath while they unfastened my cuffs. They watched me curled in the foetal position a moment then Bill said:

—Christ! I need a drink.

They went to the bar to make drinks and talk about me. I felt proud when Jim said:

—She is awesome. You are a lucky man, but my wife may be a little like her. I gave her a birthday spanking and she got real excited.

Joe said:

—Maybe I am doing it wrong. I only spank my wife when she has overdrawn her checking account and she says it is humiliating to be treated like a child.

Bob said:

—Hand spanking may bruise her and cause resentment and it really isn't connected to sex unless you fuck her right afterwards.

Jim agreed:

—I always fuck my wife afterwards. She says that makes her forget the pain.

—The instrument makes a difference too and it helps if it is connected to sex. When you fuck her, take your belt to bed with you and have her get

on top. When she begins to get really excited slap her butt and breasts with your belt. Dee loves that.

He went to our bedroom and came back with our array of punishment instruments. Bill picked up a leather quirt and swung it around finally slapping it down on the bar top. The loud snap made me cringe as he said:

—This would make great stripes on an ass.

Jim picked out the willow switch and said:

—This brings back memories. My Dad used to use this on my ass. It really stung even over my shorts.

Then Joe picked up a thin springy bamboo cane and said:

—I saw this used in a German porno movie. They made her sit on the edge of a chair with her legs spread and holding on to its arms while they beat her pussy. I wished I could understand German to know what they threatened to do to her if she closed her legs because it must have taken great courage to keep them open while it was beaten until it was red and swollen.

I made a little sob remembering how sore my pussy had been after being in the sex show.

I sat up and caressed my throbbing boobs noticing the redness was fading. Bob noticed and said:

—Good! She is alert.

He brought me a tall rum and coke I drank it greedily then handed him my glass for a refill. While he was getting it the men came over. I started to get up, but Jim said:

—No! Don't get up. Just rest for a while.

I put my hands on the floor behind me to brace my upper body and looked at them fearfully since they were still carrying their instruments of

torture Bob had agreed not to use on me unless I was bad since they hurt so much more than the whip.

They were staring at my still red pussy, so I self-consciously straightened my legs to clench my thighs together to hide it.

Bill said:

—No... No... No... Don't hide it. I love shaved pussies. Especially red ones.

As he put the quirt between my legs to tap on my thighs. I opened them, afraid he may hit hard. He kept tapping alternate thighs until I had them widely spread. I don't know why it embarrassed me. They had seen it for a long time, but it seemed different to display it that way. Then they began to play with me by lightly tapping their instruments on my boobs and pussy. It began to reawaken my excitement just as Bob returned to hand me my drink and say:

—Is she being good?

Joe said:

—Yeah. She made a mistake, but she corrected it.

Bill began sliding the quirt between my pussy lips to make it drag on my clit as he said wistfully:

—I suppose she has been punished enough, but I would love to see how this may leave stripes on that nice round butt.

Bob said:

—Oh! I am sure she could take more. She was just excited by the whipping. Wouldn't you like to prove your courage, Dee?

That wasn't true. The first part had really hurt and it was only toward the end my excitement let me ignore the pain besides I was tired and sure more pain would never get me to the orgasm I just had.

I said softly:

—It wouldn't be fair. I haven't done anything wrong.

Bob grinned and said:

—I suppose that is true, Bill. Why don't you ask her to do something?

If she refuses it would be reason to punish her.

Bill smiled broadly and said:

—Dee, you got me all excited. Why don't you suck my dick?

He had unbuttoned his shirt and his bulging hairy belly drooping over his belt was disgusting. I thought a spanking would be better than that and I said:

—No. You can spank me.

Jim said:

—How about me?

That would not be as bad, so I said:

—I will if Bob tells me to do it.

Bob said:

—That is up to you. If you would rather betray me than get a little pain, do it.

That left me no choice. Bob had told me that if I ever betrayed him he would whip me with the long buggy whip until I passed out then hang me upside down to whip me more.

I sobbed and said:

—No... You can spank me too.

Jim said:

—Are you sure. I plan to spank your boobs.

I groaned at the thought of the switch on my boobs as I said:

—I'm sure.

Then Joe said:

—If you don't blow me, I'll spank your pussy.

I sobbed:

—No, I can't betray Bob.

Bill helped me up and led me over to our overstuffed chair and had me bend over the back and hold on to the arms. Bill said:

—How many spanks?

Bob said:

—Oh twenty should do it.

Bill said:

—Wow! It will be one big welt!

I had been only hit five times before when I had to beg him to stop because of the terrible pain and I panicked whining:

—No! Not twenty.

Bob came over to say in my ear:

—I told them you were courageous. Are you going to make a liar out of me?

I whimpered:

—No!

He stepped back and said:

—Ask the nice man to give you twenty spanks.

I managed to say:

—Please give me twenty spanks.

The first ten were awful and the tenth right at crease between my butt cheeks and thighs hurt so much I screamed and stood up to put my hands over my butt.

Joe said:

—I'll hold her down.

He pinched my nipples with both hands and pulled me back down, stretching my boobs out in cone shapes as I grabbed his wrists to try to

lessen the pull.

Either my ass had gone numb or I was distracted by the pain to my nipples because the last ten on my butt did not seem as bad.

Bob said:

—She owes a little extra for standing up. Why don't you butt fuck her?

His dick was wide which stretched my asshole as his belly slapped against my throbbing ass while Joe jerked on my nipples. Unbelievably, I came!

They stood me up and someone gave me another drink while they studied and stroked my stinging, throbbing butt, saying that it would be solid black and blue tomorrow.

I didn't want to see it, but the stroking seemed to help and by the time I had finished my drink the stinging part went away, leaving just the throbbing which was not unpleasant.

Jim came over and started stroking my boobs, reminding me they were the next target. I looked at Bob and said:

—Please let me suck him.

He said:

—Maybe later!

Which made it sound like I just wanted to suck him, not avoid punishment, but before I could protest he kissed me then said in my ear:

—Be brave... If You aren't, we will tie you and give you twice as many.

Jim had me back up to the centre post and told me to keep my hands on my head. That lifted my boobs to make great targets and I grabbed my hair to help me keep my hands there.

The first one just below my nipples was not too hard and just stung a little. I thought I could take them easily, but Joe said:

—You wimp! You have to hit harder than that to make them jump.

The next sunk in to cause deep pain. Joe yelled:

—Yeah! That's better.

I am afraid I encouraged him by clenching my teeth to stop my screams and gripping my hair tighter. I am surprised I didn't pull out my hair as they went on with really terrible ones when they crossed my nipples. But again by the tenth or, so they didn't seem so bad either because they became numb or Jim felt sorry for me and let up a little. I may have had another orgasm if it had continued, but it was over and I was led on shaking legs to a pillow against the wall for my head as I laid on my back. Bob squirted some Massage Oil on my stinging boobs and Jim began massaging them. It felt good and got better when Joe put more oil on my tummy and then my tummy and pussy began getting massaged. I was almost at orgasm when Bob said, Her boobs have swollen and are now slick. Why don't you fuck them?

Jim took off his pants and shorts the straddled my stomach to put his dick in my cleavage then made me gasp as he squeezed my red throbbing boobs over his dick and began pumping back and forth. The pillow had tilted my head forward and his long skinny dick began beating against my lips. I opened my mouth to let the head slide in to rub it with my tongue as Joe continued to massage and finger my pussy. I went into orgasm just as Jim's cum spurt into my mouth.

Then they let me up and gave me another drink. I walked over to a mirror to look at my tits. They were covered with dark red welts and still swollen and throbbing. The nipples were hard and when I touched them they were so sensitive, my gentle touch sent tingles all through my boobs. I

was amazed I had the courage to keep my hands on my head throughout the ordeal. They were impressed too and gushed out compliments on my fantastic courage. I began to feel very proud of myself and was actually glad they were so damaged to prove I had really suffered. I was sure that except for my clit my pussy would not be nearly as sensitive as my tits. It was nearly white now and my clit was tingling just at the anticipation as I imagined the lips turning darker and darker red.

Evidently, Jim felt sorry for me because he said to Joe:

—Don't you think she has suffered enough. She has proved her courage, maybe you should pass on the pussy spanking.

Joe said reluctantly:

—Yeah, I guess you are right.

I should have been grateful, but I amazed them and myself when I said:

—No! It is not fair to cheat you of your turn. I suppose you want me like the girl in the movie.

Joe brightened up to say excitedly:

—Yeah... That would be perfect.

I went over to the chair to put my ass on the edge of the seat, then leaned back and spread my legs. Then at the last second I decided to show total submission by bringing my legs back to rest them on the arms, knowing that would make every inch available and would open my slit.

He kneeled between my legs and brought the cane back behind his head to make a whistle as it stung the left lip nearly at the slit. It hurt more than I had anticipated, and I screamed:

—Aaow!

And brought down my legs to squeeze my thighs together. That seemed to help and he grinned when I brought them back up on the arms.

The next to the other lip was no better, but I managed to keep my legs on the arms. He let me absorb the pain as he got up to move by my side to bring it down diagonally across both lips. It sunk in to sting the inner lips and brought pain clear into my guts. He evidently wanted it to last because he slowly moved to the other side to hit that diagonally to make an X. The delay was good. It let me absorb the pain and allow excitement to rise. He kept changing positions and aiming to make sure every inch was turned red as my excitement continued to climb.

For the last four, he knelt between my legs and brought it down right into my open gash to let the tip hit my clit. He didn't hit nearly as hard and I went into orgasm. I was pumping my hips to meet the cane when he stopped. Jim said:

—Jesus! The least you can do is kiss it.

He leaned forward and his tongue licked the sides then began fluttering against my gorged clit. My orgasms became so strong I passed out.

They must have carried me to bed because I woke up later lying next to Bob. I didn't hurt anywhere and I began to think that I had just had a dream, but decided to get up and go to the bathroom to look at my body. That confirmed it was no dream. There were bruises on my breasts and pussy and my butt was nearly all black and blue, but it didn't hurt. Seeing the bruises re-awakened the excitement they had brought I touched my nipples and clit which seemed to be extra sensitive and played with myself until I had a nice orgasm.

When I went back to bed, Bob was sitting on the edge and said:

—Where did you go? I was worried about you.

I giggled and said:

—Did you think I ran away?

—Well, there was that possibility. The guys got a lot rougher than I expected. Are you alright?

—I have some bruises, but I don't hurt any more. Are you proud of me? I tried to be brave for you.

—Oh God! Yes! You are one in a million. I never want to lose you.

I suddenly realized that my submission had actually given me power over him. I kissed him and said:

—I love you. I'll never leave you as long as you are nice to me between punishments.

—Oh... you won't believe how nice I will be. Did it embarrass you to be punished in front of my friends?

—Yes, but they made me proud too by saying no other girl would be as brave. I guess you know it was not all bad. I did have some wonderful orgasms.

—Yes that is what makes it all the better for me. I could never find anyone like you.

That seemed to confirm that I was irreplaceable, and other confirmation came from the fact he began bringing some kind of present home almost every day and took me to my favourite restaurants and bars.

He actually became to be too nice. He told me I had proven I would do anything for him and that he didn't want me badly hurt again. He no longer whipped me for no reason and I missed it. I even began to confess to things just to give him an excuse. Even then he never whipped me hard or long enough to get the fantastic orgasms, although it did excite me enough to get a smaller one from the sex that followed.

I was between a rock and a hard place. If I asked for a more severe whipping it would destroy the concept that I only accepted them because I

loved him, but I had become addicted to the mind-blowing orgasms from almost unbearable pain.

Then unexpected phone call solved the problem. I heard a strange woman's voice say:

—Dee? Hi, I am Claire Johnson. You don't know me, but I am Bill Johnson's wife.

I panicked. I immediately assumed she had found out about our orgy and would want me to testify in a divorce. The strange thing was that she sounded friendly. I calmed myself enough to say:

—Oh yes... He is my husband's friend. What can I do for you?

I just called because we have something in common. Bill told me that Bob had let them watch your punishment and I am grateful to know I am not the only woman being spanked.

I said:

—Oh God! I am embarrassed. What did he tell you?

Just that you were punished with a whip with thongs. That is why I am grateful. Bill bought one and it is much better than his hard hand spankings. In fact, it kind of excites me. Am I just weird or does it excite you too?

—Yes! I am so glad you called. I thought I was weird. Let's get together for a drink and talk about it.

She agreed and we made a date at my house on Saturday when Bob and the boys were going out of town for a golf tournament.

When I told Bob she was coming over he seemed surprised then said:

—You aren't going to tell her about the other night, are you?

She arrived early. When I opened the door I was surprised to see two other girls. They were introduced as Jan, Jim's Wife and Bobbi, Joe's wife.

I said:

—Jesus. Did all the husbands talk about me? Are you mad at me for putting on a show?

Claire said:

—Oh no! It wasn't your fault and we can't blame them for getting excited. Bill told me and I told them. They are also grateful since Jim switched to a belt and Joe stopped using his nasty fraternity paddle.

Bobbi who only looked about sixteen years old said:

—It is wonderful! The paddle bruised awful!

She blushed and went on to say:

—I had to agree to let him spank my front too, but it is more than worth it. I get excited like Jan and Claire. How could we be mad at you. They were so excited when they got home they made love to us for hours.

Jan said:

—Is it true you got naked for your punishment. That had to excite you. Claire and I got drunk one night and entered an amateur strip contest. It was really exciting to turn on all those men.

Bobbi said:

—Gee you girls are brave. I have fantasized about that, but I don't think I would have the nerve to actually do it.

I blushed and said:

—Bob made me do it, but I have to admit it was exciting and that makes it easier to take the whipping.

Claire said:

—Ooh! You said whipping. Bill just said you were spanked.

I realized I had revealed too much, but it was too late:

—Yeah. Well like Bobbi I found it was better to be whipped front and back that only turned me red rather than have my butt bruised.

Jan said:

—Claire told us you were tied up for it. How did he do it?

I went to the rug and flipped it over then hiked up my skirt to allow my legs to reach the rings then stretched up my hands to point at the hook in the ceiling.

Jan said:

—Jesus, it must be frightening to be all naked and helpless.

—Yes, but that just seems to add to the excitement.

Bobbi sighed and quavered, Oh yes. Could I try it?

I got the ankle cuffs and the rope with the wrist cuffs still attached. While I snapped the wrist cuffs to the rings Claire got the ladder to hook on the rope.

Bobbi shakily walked over and spread her legs to reach the rings. I said:

—You can't really get the idea unless you are naked.

Bobbi blushed and said:

—Ooh... That is too embarrassing.

Claire said:

—Come on! You have been naked in the shower with girls hundreds of times.

—That was different, but I guess you are right.

She took off her clothes and stood there trembling with excitement while we put on the cuffs.

I went over to the wall and pulled up her arms until they were straight up, but when I stopped she moaned:

—No. Tighter.

Jan said:

—God Bobbi... you look great. Your baby fat has disappeared. Your tummy is in so much you can see your ribs.

—Really? It feels good too. Do you have a mirror?

I have a full length mirror on casters. I rolled it in to face her.

—Oh gosh... I do look good. Better than I ever have.

I said:

—She still isn't really naked with that hairy pussy. I'll get my clippers.

—Oh no! How could I explain it to Joe?

It didn't sound like a real protest and Claire provided the excuse.

—Just tell him your gynaecologist suggested it to help you keep it clean to avoid yeast infections. That's what I told Bill.

—Oh I do get yeast infections. Do it.

While I trimmed the hair Jan began feeling her body saying:

—Oh the stretch makes your body so firm. Even your boobs are tight.

The combination of the caresses along with the vibration of my clippers all around her clit soon had her panting in excitement, but then Claire slid her finger into Bobbi's slit and said:

—Wow. She loves this. She is really wet.

That embarrassed Bobbi. She blushed all the way to her boobs and said:

—Let me down now.

Jan said:

—It would be anti-climatic to let you down now. You should feel the whip.

I expected protest, but she said softly:

—Yes. I deserve to be punished for allowing this. Let Dee do it just as she was punished, but not too hard. I couldn't explain bruises.

The idea appealed to me. I knew where and how hard to hit to bring on orgasms and also thought it would excite me since I would know exactly

how it felt, but I thought she should know what she was in for.

—Are you sure? I was hit all over. Even my boobs.

She moaned:

—Oh God... Your boobs. Was it awful?

—No. I was too excited to notice pain.

She let out a little sob then said:

—Do it!

—Okay, but if it gets too much just tell me to stop.

I got my whip which made her eyes widen then started on her butt. I knew that would start the excitement to allow me to move on to the more sensitive areas of her tummy, boobs, and finally, crotch.

Jan and Claire stood on each side of the mirror which Bobbi stared into as my whip shuddered her ass cheeks. I saw her excitement rising and moved to her thighs working higher as I skipped over her pussy to redden her tummy and then to her boobs. She let out a scream when the whip hit her boobs, but didn't say "Stop", so I made them shudder a few more times before a final across both nipples. Again there was a scream, but no protest, so I began hitting down on her pussy dragging the thongs up through her slit until she screamed:

—I'm cumming!

Jan and Claire looked as if they were in shock. Jan finally said:

—Jesus! She came! I thought it would be exciting, but I had no idea it could give orgasms.

Claire said in awe:

—Me either... I want to try it.

Jan said:

—Me too... Let's do it together. Back to back. I have had my butt spanked. I want something new.

We helped Bobbie down and helped her to the couch. She unashamedly dug at her pussy in a futile attempt to get back her fantastic orgasm.

Jan and Claire stripped. Then stood back to back with their legs at the cuffs. The strap was barely long enough to go around both ankles and their wrists. They gasped in excitement just at the stretch as I pulled up their arms. Then I began backhanding and fore handing their thighs slowly working up to their boobs to make them shudder violently then back down to give lash after lash across their pussy lips. Claire had the advantage of the mirror and came first, so I moved in front of Jan and rubbed the thongs against her wet slit. She said dazedly:

—Hit it! Hit it hard!

I brought the whip up from the floor to distort the lips as the centre thong entered the wet gash to drag against her clit. Two more brought a scream and violent pumping of her hips as liquid drooled from her pussy.

Bobbi came over to slide her hands over their pussies as she said dazedly:

—It's wonderful. Isn't it?

Jan and Claire moaned, God yes... Oh... Yes!

I loosened their rope as Bobbi dropped to her knees to unbuckle the ankle cuffs. As soon as I had the wrist cuffs off they turned to kiss each other grinding their boobs and pussies together until Claire must have been embarrassed by Bobbi and my avid stares and pushed Jan away.

Jan said:

—God! I need a drink!

The others agreed, so I went to the bar to make them while they sat on the couch. I was amused that, like me, they could not resist caressing their red pussies.

When I took over the drinks I said:

—I feel strange. I am the only one with clothes on.

Jan grinned and said:

—You are supposed to have clothes. You are the headmistress.

They began discussing how their excitement had risen and agreed the suspense and anticipation as the lash slowly came closer to their clits had been excruciating and that they were all sorry I had stopped when I did as they were sure they might have had an even greater climax. As they talked, they caressed their red bodies and Jan said:

—It is good the boys will not be back tomorrow, so the red can go away.

I told her it would be gone in less than an hour.

Then out-of-the-blue, Claire whimpered:

—Oh God! I have been ruined. A simple fucking will be nothing after this.

I said:

—Yeah! That is a problem I have been wrestling with. If I tell him I need to be whipped to cum it may ruin the image I have of only accepting his punishment out of love. Without that he may just think I am some kind of pervert and become disgusted. I would really miss his efforts to make up for punishment with gifts and entertainment.

Jan said:

—Yeah me too. When he left welts on my ass, he bought me an expensive gold bracelet. Somehow I am going to have to get him to hit my front. It is twice as exciting as just my butt.

—I have an idea that may get them used to that. I had this weird dream where I was playing poker with several men, but while they were playing for money, my losses had to be paid by lashes. I woke up just as I

was being tied for a hundred lashes. I was so excited I had to finish myself with masturbation.

Jan said:

—Oh... Jesus! I couldn't take a hundred.

—Sure you could. It isn't the amount. It is the severity. Ten hard ones with a quirt is worse than a hundred with the whip. You know a belt or whip is better than something solid like a hand or paddle.

That convinced them, and they told me to set up the game. Jan said:

—It looks like a no lose proposition. If we win we can go shopping and if we lose we could get fantastically excited.

Claire said, Maybe, but it is still scary. I hope I get lucky and win.

Bobbi giggled and said:

—I hope I get lucky and lose.

When Bob got home, I told him what had happened. He was upset:

—Shit! I can't believe was stupid enough to tell his wife. He should have known she would tell the others.

—No! It is alright. He didn't tell her everything. Just that I had done something wrong and you had let them watch my punishment. The guys followed your advice and switched to belts or whips. The girls don't hate being punished now.

I told him about the poker party, which he thought was a great idea and helped me set up the rules which he typed out on his computer. We decided to set up the game on the next Friday, so everyone could sleep late.

They arrived about eight o'clock. Bill was carrying a whip like mine, Jim carried a broomstick with leather bootlaces attached to the end, while Joe had a wide belt. Like me, the girls had gone to beauty salons and were wearing their sexiest cocktail dresses. We all looked fabulous.

We made them drinks and sat them at the table, then Bob passed out the rules. The guys were to buy a hundred dollars worth of coloured chips for themselves and a hundred white chips for their wives. At the end of the game, girls could buy back white chips with their coloured chips. I had spent hours putting the initials of us girls on the three hundred chips.

Only Bill complained that this could cost him two hundred dollars. Bob said:

—It could be more. If a girl loses all her chips she will have to get up and strip then serve drinks. Guys can buy more chips to give them a chance to use the whip.

We were playing “Texas Holdem” In that game you are dealt two cards face down for your ante of a dollar. If you don’t like them you can throw them away and only lose a dollar, or you can bet two dollars to see the “Flop.” then three cards were dealt out face up for all to use. Then you bet three dollars to see another card and then four to see the last. After the last card you could bet five which could be raised by other players up to fifteen.

Claire was evidently still scared because she played very conservatively throwing away her cards unless she had a pair or an ace with another card of the same suit. It didn’t work well because when she held her cards and bet after the flop everyone except the strongest hands dropped out and then only called to keep the loss down if she won so the pots she won were small.

Bobbi and I played every hand at least until the flop. We were lucky at first and made everyone groan at the end when we would turn over a three and four or some other odd combination to make a straight or flush.

On one hand I had two fours down. I bet two dollars and Claire raised it to four. I knew she must have a high pair and should have dropped out,

but I called along with some other players. On the flop, there was an Ace a four and an eight. I now had three fours. I bet and Claire raised. I looked again and saw the ace and eight were both spades. I thought she may have a king and queen of spades and was hoping for a flush, so I called. The next card was an eight. I now had a full house, so I bet no longer caring about the flush. She just called, but another player raised. I just called thinking he may have an ace and eight in the hole I called anyway only to have Claire re-raise. I had so many chips in by then I decided to see the last card. Miraculously it was a four. I now had four fours. I bet only to be raised by Claire the other player groaned and said I can't throw this away and called. I re-raised. Claire and the other player called then Claire triumphantly turned over two aces to show the best possible full house. The other player had the flush and I squealed and showed my two fours.

Claire was pissed saying:

—You dumb bitch. How could you stay in with those lousy fours. You know I play good cards.

I just grinned as I pulled in the huge pile of chips.

On the next hand, Claire only had four chips left. She said:

—To hell with it. Good cards mean nothing when playing with idiots, and just bet without looking at her hand until she was broke. I had two kings in the hole which won, and I watched gleefully as she got up whimpering knowing she would get a hundred lashes and stripped.

I enjoyed her humiliation of being the only one naked, which was increased as she brought drinks and had her butt, boobs or pussy fondled or pinched as she served.

Then Bobbi went broke. Claire seemed relieved she would no longer be alone and followed Bobbi's lead in not shrinking back when fondled.

I stacked my chips and suddenly realized I only had a few white ones. I looked around and saw that the men and Jan had hoarded the white chips, only playing with coloured ones. Joe had even bought more coloured chips rather than risk his white ones.

My luck began to go bad. For instance, on one hand, I had a nine and ten. King queen and Jack came out to make my straight, I bet heavily only to find Joe had an ace and a ten to make a bigger straight. It kept going like that until I had only fifty coloured chips. Jan was also down to twenty white chips, but on the last hand won fifty coloured ones to add to the sixty she already had.

She crowed:

—I won! Who has my eighty chips? I am buying them all back.

Bob reminded her she had to buy white chips from the biggest winner, and they could be anyone's.

Joe was the big winner, and he reluctantly sold her eighty chips. That brought his pile down low enough to make Bob the big winner, so I bought fifty from him.

We began stacking them according to initials. Joan said:

—Shit! Out of eighty chips, only thirty are mine.

I said:

—What are you bitching about, I only got ten of mine.

She suggested we trade her initials for mine.

The guys complained, but Bob said:

—We didn't think of this when we were making the rules, so I guess it is all right.

We traded chips and began counting them. Jan said:

—I am down to thirty lashes, but I suppose they will all land on my ass, tits, and pussy.

Jim said:

—Wrong! Just tits and pussy.

She said:

—Oooh...

But I don't think it was a protest.

I now had forty of my chips and ten of Claire's. When I announced that, Jim said:

—I don't have any of Claire's. I'll trade you for yours.

I thought that was perfect for me. It should be enough to get me into orgasm, but not much more.

Just for something different, they had Claire slowly remove my clothes while Bobbi stripped Jan. They were told to fondle our bodies as they exposed it. By the time we were naked, Jan and I were highly excited.

Then they had Bobbi and Claire cut cards to see who would hang from the ceiling and who would be bound face out to the hooks Bob had put in the wall.

Claire got to the wall and whimpered: "Oh no, they will all fall on my front."

Bobbi said:

—I'll trade with you.

Claire accepted gratefully and the guys had Jan and I put them in bondage. When they were tight, the guys went to them to fondle their boobs and pussy, which increased their level of excitement. Claire sobbed when Bill said:

—Your cowardice will save you nothing. You will still get them on your front.

Since Jan and I had less lashes, they gave us the choice of being tied in a back bend over the couch or to assume any pose untied. It would allow

me to prove my courage by being untied, so I chose that. Jan said:

—I guess I will try that too. If I don't have the courage, I can always be tied.

Jim said:

—If we have to tie you, we will start over.

She said:

—Oh shit! I could get a lot more, but I think I will try it.

Then they went to each of us to count out chips. They were smart with Claire and Bobbi only hitting hard enough to bring on excitement. I thought Jan was luckiest since only Jim and Bob had her chips, so she only had to take two poses. Bob evidently wanted her to refuse, so they could tie her and start over because he had her sit on the edge of a chair and hold her pussy open with her thumbs while he swung the bootlaces directly into her open gash. It had to hurt, but the laces became soaked from her juices and when he quit, she slid her fingers into her pussy and squeezed and rubbed her clit between her thumbs until she let out a loud sigh and fell over to lie on her side.

All four of them had my chips, so I had to take four poses, causing a delay just as I was on that terrible edge before orgasm. Joe had me kneel then lean forward to hold on to the coffee table while he straddled me to bring the whip around my sides to rip at my tits for eight. Bob had me get into his favourite pose with my hands on my head and knees apart while he gave me six across my breasts and six to my pussy. Jim had me get on my hands and knees then let my front down to rest my boobs on the rug with my legs spread while he spanked the crack of my ass with the tips hitting my pussy for ten. Bill had me to a back bend over the backrest of the couch while he alternated lashes to my breasts and pussy until I was just at the edge of orgasm, I whined:

—Just hit my pussy.

He did for the last eight, that gave me one orgasm after another.

After it was over, they let us girls sit on the couch and got us drinks. We compared notes. It turned out all of us had at least one orgasm and Claire said:

—You were right. A hundred was not too many. I even asked Bill for a few more on my pussy to bring on the ultimate orgasm.

The rest of the night was just orgy. The guys drew card for a cocksucking contest. I got Jim whose skinny long dick could get into my throat to make him cum first which won me forty dollars.

When they recovered, they had a fucking contest. All of us girls got on top to gyrate madly on their dicks. Jan got Bill to cum first. He said she had a fantastic pussy that squeezed like a wet fist. She grabbed her forty, then told us how to do exercises to strengthen our pussy muscles.

The boys were fucked out, so we girls had a sixty-nine contest, only to end when one of us couldn't cum any more. That turned out to be me. Jan had a fantastic tongue she could flutter on my clit.

It has been great ever since. The boys are smart enough not to go past our pain limits. We subscribe to all the S&M magazines for new ideas and also to contact other clubs like ours.