

Allene Blake

Dixie



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Glyphes Éditions

ALLENE BLAKE

English

Cherie

Dee

Dixie

Heather

Joan

Lena

Lisa

Lynn

JON JAYMES WALL

Français

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Cynfyw, le Gallois - Prologue

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Première partie

English

Maria

Maria - Séraphin

Website

<http://jonjwall.free.fr>

She meets a football player who, after marriage, shows he is a strict dominant.

DIXIE

All my friends and family were really happy when I met Dick. He was rich after retiring as a professional football player and very handsome and they thought it was cute for him to be Dick to my Dixie.

On our first date, he told me that he was an old-fashioned kind of guy and that the feminist movement was bullshit. He thought women were too independent now and that he was capable of taking care of a wife with no need for her to work.

I agreed with him. I told him my grandfather and grandmother lived happily together for fifty years, but my Mom who insisted on working was with her third husband. My Grandma was very happy taking care of the house, her children and grandpa while Mom and her husbands fought at least once a week. I had never heard Grandma and Grandpa raise their voices to each other and I thought that was great. My Mom did not agree. She said Grandma was too submissive letting Grandpa rule her life and she could never live like that. She told me I only saw them when everything was nice. She had seen Grandpa spank Grandma like an unruly child when she displeased him with her panties down, just like my Mom when she was little.

I knew that could not be all that bad because Grandma never said anything bad about him and probably deserved the spankings.

He seemed very interested:

—Do you mean you wouldn't mind if your husband spanked you?

—No! I don't think so. Mom said they hurt and were really humiliating, but if I did something wrong, I suppose I would deserve it.

That seemed to make him happy and we started dating steadily. He was also happy when he made advances and I told him that I could not go further as I was still a virgin and planned to stay that way until married. I told him that I was not ignorant and had seen sex in movies and looked forward to it, but thought I should wait until I could feel free to do anything my husband desired.

I think now he was testing my submissiveness on our dates because he would decide where we were going and order my food, asking if I objected. I never did because he always made better choices than I would.

He even began buying my clothes, which were much sexier than I would have chosen. Finally, he bought some lingerie that was really sexy and I said I would be embarrassed to wear it. He said that only my husband and myself would see it if I was telling the truth about my virginity and he wanted me to wear it as it excited him to know I had it on. I had to agree.

Then one night he said he felt childish and decided that he wanted to take me to an amusement park the next day and I should wear the mini-dress he had bought for me with the matching blue lingerie.

The next morning, I put on the outfit, but the mini-skirt flared and when I twirled I could see my bare bottom since the panties were just a small vee with elastic strings that hid so little of my sex that I had trimmed my pubic hair to the same small vee because the hair looked gross escaping around it. I thought the rides might make the skirt flare, so I put on my standard white cotton panties.

When he saw me he said I looked lovely, making me proud, but when we were in his car he asked if I was wearing the pretty lingerie.

I could have lied, but I explained I was afraid the skirt would flare up and someone might see my bare bottom.

He was angry:

—You lied to me! You said last night you would wear what I told you. All you had to do was be ladylike and the skirt would stay down. You are being naughty. I should spank you, but I think I will just take you home and find a girl that can follow simple commands.

I panicked! I had really enjoyed all the things we had done and he seemed to be falling in love with me. I already loved him and was living for the time he would ask me to marry him.

—No... please don't take me home. You are right! I should have worn them and just been careful. Take me to your place and spank me! I deserve it! Spank me until you are sure I won't disobey again.

—Are you sure? It will hurt. You may hate me afterwards.

I had no idea what a spanking would feel like. My mom had sworn there was no way I would be humiliated the way she was until she ran off to marry at sixteen.

—No... I won't... I deserve it. The more it hurts, the more I will hate myself for not doing what I had agreed to do. Please do it. You can use your belt. Grandpa used his belt.

—Alright! I think I love you. If you can take it without hating me, I think we should be married.

That made me look forward to the spanking. I hugged him on the way to his house and told him that I would prove I was not angry by thanking him for the spanking when it was over.

—How many spans do you think you should get?

—That is not up to me. Spank me until you are satisfied.

—No! I think you should make a commitment so you can't say later I gave too many.

I thought a minute and remembered Mom had complained she would sometimes get thirty spans. She didn't indicate that caused a lasting

problem, so I said:

—I am not sure. Would thirty be enough?

That seemed to make him happy and he kissed me at the stoplight.

It occurred to me that I had never been spanked and had no idea how much pain was involved, but it was too late to back out. I hoped he may take pity on me when I said:

—I have never been spanked. Will it hurt awful?

—No! It will sting and your skin will get red, but it is not unbearable. Some girls even like it.

I doubted that, but I was committed and didn't try to stall when we got to his house.

He took off his belt when we went in and gave it to me.

—Here! This is what I will use. Hold it and let me know if you want to change your mind.

It was just a small dress belt that felt soft and it did not frighten me, but holding my instrument of torture reminded me, I would soon be feeling the sting and by agreeing to it I would also be committing myself to further spankings when I displeased him.

—Will you be using this on me again if I displease you?

—No! After we are married, I will take you to a place I know and you can pick out a proper instrument that will be hung on the wall to remind you to be a good girl.

—You mean like a whip?

—Possibly! That will be your choice.

I thought about it for a moment, then said softly:

—I guess that would be fair.

—Are you ready for your spanking?

—Yes! Should I just bend over for it?

—No! You may lose your balance. Lean over the back of that chair.

He pointed to a large overstuffed chair and as I leaned over it for some reason instead of fear I was feeling excited.

He said:

—Are you going to be able to lie there quietly or would it be better for you to be tied in position?

That excited me more and it would also relieve me of having to concentrate on being still.

—I think I should be tied. I am kind of a sissy and may not be able to resist trying to get away, even though I want you to do it and will try to be brave.

—I think you made a good choice. Especially for the first time. I have some soft silk neckties to tie you with.

He tied my ankles to the chair legs which spread my legs enough to raise my hemline, then he tied my wrists to the legs in front to press my breasts into the chair seat and bring my heels off the floor and press my pubic bone into the back of the chair. I had seen my bottom in the mirror in my bathroom when I bent over to pick up a towel. I realized my pussy would be pooching out between my open legs and hoped he would not hit it, but then perversely wondered how that would feel.

When I was securely tied, he said:

—You could not feel this little belt hitting your clothes, so I will lift your skirt and pull down your panties.

—Yes... I know. Mom said Grandpa did it that way, but that will be embarrassing.

—You should be embarrassed. It is part of the punishment. You will get used to it. We will soon be married and I plan to see you naked a lot.

That excited me more and I said:

—You are right. I am sorry I objected.

—Good girl! I am proud of you.

When he lifted my skirt and saw my big cotton panties, he said:

—Jesus, where did you get these ugly things. You will never wear them again.

He took a penknife out of his pocket and cut them off me. His fingers against my bare bottom to keep the knife away from my skin excited me even more.

He then pulled the skirt up until it was loose from the chair and my dress settled down to my shoulders, leaving me bare to my breasts.

—Oh! Are you going to hit my back too?

—Yes! Thirty are too many for just your butt. I would have to hit the same place over and over, which may bruise you. You will be red from your shoulders to mid-thigh.

As he said that he slid his hands up my thighs over my butt and down my back saying:

—You have a lovely body. I won't damage it.

His kindness made my fear go away and his touch on my naked skin and the compliment made me totally aroused. Since he thought I was pretty, I wanted him to see even more.

I said in a voice shaking with excitement:

—Then the dress should be out of the way. Pull it down to my wrists.

He said:

—Good girl!

As he bunched it around my wrists, then said:

—The bra straps are still in the way.

I moaned:

—Yes! Get rid of it.

He used his penknife to cut it off and then I was totally naked with my nipples pressing on the sensuous leather of his chair.

He stepped back, then I felt a sharp sting across both cheeks of my ass, followed by heat that seemed to go directly to my clitoris. The pain I had dreaded was just fantastically exciting. Then there was a sting just above the last, then just below. He followed that pattern, going down my thighs and up my back with the end of the belt snapping against my side. My excitement rose with each lash and when the end of the belt hit the side of my breast with the next curling around my thigh to hit my inner thigh millimeters from my pussy I had an orgasm stronger than I had ever achieved from masturbation.

At that point, he changed sides and the end hit my other breast, then the inner thigh of my other leg.

Then he stepped behind me and fore-handed and backhanded the sides of my breasts to drive me into greater orgasms as I panted and slid my nipples around on the leather made wet by my perspiration. I pulled back to let my nipples slide as far as possible. That pulled my hips away from the chair and he back-handed and forehanded the side of my hips to let the tip sting my pussy. I pushed up with my hands with the shock of another orgasm which lifted my boobs, so the tip could hit my nipples. The sharper pain just brought a stronger orgasm.

Suddenly, he stopped and began caressing my tingling nipples and pussy as he said:

—There is just one place still white.

I knew he meant my pussy and wanted the greater pain that I knew would be pure excitement. I panted:

—Yes! Make it red too!

He brought the belt up between my legs to hit the left pussy lip, then the right. The last one up the center that put the tip on my clit made me scream in ultimate orgasm.

He untied me and held me against his chest to kiss me and say:

—You are wonderful. I want to marry you.

I hugged and kissed him, saying:

—Thank you for my whipping. You have seen me naked and since we are getting married, please make love to me, so I will know you have forgiven me.

He picked me up and carried me to his bedroom. I watched in fascination as he undressed to reveal a throbbing erection about eight inches long and as thick as my wrist.

There was a stabbing pain as he broke my hymen, then I started having new orgasms. He was a wonderful lover. He lasted long enough to give me three more orgasms that either made me pass out or go to sleep.

When I woke up, he was gently caressing my nipples and pussy. He said:

—You are wonderful! I have been looking for you all my life. I will show you all aspects of sex, so you can continue having orgasms always.

I suddenly felt ashamed. I had been excited not only by the whipping which was supposed to be painful and humiliating, but also loved the sex that Mom had said was just a duty women had to perform for their husbands.

—Yes... but it isn't normal for me to be excited by pain. Even worse, I just had this dream where I was hung from the ceiling while I was whipped like the slaves in the South and it excited me. I feel ashamed.

—Don't. There is nothing wrong with anything that excites you. If you hated it, but still allowed it you would be strange. Your dream excites me

too.

At that he kissed my lips, then my neck, then my nipples and stomach until I felt this wonderful feeling when his tongue began caressing my clit. I had heard of that, but always assumed it was just someone's fantasy. I never expected to have it done to me and resolved to keep my pussy clean and sweet so he would always want to do it.

He kept it up until my first orgasm then turned me over to fuck me doggy style. Just as I went into another orgasm he jammed his thumb into my ass-hole I had never thought of this area as sexy, but it threw me into an orgasm nearly as great as the belt hitting my pussy.

That made it plain to me that Mom had lied and Grandma did the right thing.

We napped awhile, then he said he had to take me home to make the curfew my parents had set, although I was eighteen.

He kissed me on my doorstep then said he would be back in the morning with my engagement ring.

I woke Mom to tell her the news. She was a little doubtful:

—Are you sure honey? He is about ten years older than you. He may want to treat you more like a daughter than a wife. You may have trouble controlling him.

—Mom! I don't want to control him. I just want to be a good wife and make him happy.

—All men get bored eventually. It is better to let them know right away that if they don't toe the line you will divorce him and take everything he has.

—Mom! Who are you to give advice. You had two miserable marriages and this one is looking rocky.

—Maybe, so but I always came out on top.

I could see there was no use arguing with her and went to my bedroom where I stripped to see if I was bruised. To my amazement although he had whipped me for a long time all traces had already gone except for a few tiny bruises on the sides of my breasts.

I went to bed, but couldn't sleep. In the past when I couldn't sleep I would play with my clit until I had a little orgasm which would bring on sleep. Now I was spoiled. After that great sex nothing made me excited until I had this fantasy where I was tied hanging from the goalposts while he whipped me in the bright lights used for games while loud cheers came from the stadium full of people. Even that fantasy would not let me get even close to the orgasms he had provided.

The next morning he came by and gave me a two-carat diamond for my engagement. Even Mom was impressed especially since he said we would be married the next weekend at Las Vegas and that he would pay all Mom's and my step-dads expenses. She loved to gamble, but was cheap and would just play with the chips given to her when she stayed at a casino.

He said he would take me shopping for clothes for the wedding and honeymoon. I don't know how much he spent, but it was a fortune. I know the wedding dress cost two thousand dollars. He bought clothes for lounging, sports, evening wear, and casual clothes. He spent more on alterations. Nothing standard showed enough of my breasts or had short enough skirts. He even had them hem up my short-shorts until you could see the curve of my butt and had the waist trimmed to well below my belly-button. When I complained that a dress with a vee neckline that went down below my belly-button was too much he ignored me and had them open it until it was more like a rectangle. Then I was sure my breasts would slide through the wide opening and complained again.

When he said:

—They can be glued in. That is two objections to my choices. One more and you will be punished.

I just giggled and said:

—Oh wow... Big threat.

He called me over to him and said:

—I know your spanking excited you, but I can make it really hurt. You had better be good.

I blushed, embarrassed he knew since it seemed so perverted. I had thought my screams and moans as I went into orgasms would be interpreted as reaction to the pain and made no more protests, although I was afraid of people who saw me in them would think I was a hooker.

When I told him that, he said:

—Looking like a hooker is an attitude. You don't think movie and rock stars that wear things like this are hookers. You must be proud. Really sophisticated women wear see through blouses that are sexier than naked to the opera. No-one thinks they are hookers.

I realized he was right. I had seen women in white see through blouses in restaurants that were really cool and I remembered that I was jealous of all the attention they received.

We then bought lingerie. I was embarrassed again as women came in to put on and take off different styles while I stood there naked, but a little excited too as other customers, some men, got glimpses of me when the door opened to bring in something else. As I expected, he rejected everything that hid more than my nipples or pussy.

I had never followed sports, so when we got to Vegas I was amazed to find I was with a real celebrity. The casinos could not do enough for him and he must have signed a hundred autographs. We just had a simple wedding at one of the chapels where the preacher spent most of the time

staring at my breasts since the cleavage was so wide only my nipples were covered.

After the ceremony we went to a reception sponsored by the casino then on to a show with our complimentary tickets.

It was a spectacular show with great music and costumes, but some of the girls were only wearing tiny “G-strings” like my panties. When I asked Dick how they could be so naked in front of all those people, he said:

—Nudity is only bad if you have an ugly body. You look good and I will have you nude as much as possible until you get used to it. Your silly inhibitions will have to go.

I was afraid to ask if he would want me to be nude in front of people other than him.

After that show, we went to a late show at a strip club. I couldn’t understand how they could do what they did without being arrested. They stripped completely and when they took off their panties they had no hair on their pussies. When they spread their legs you could see inside and if that was not enough they would put their fingers in to spread it open even more.

I whispered, Dick! They have no hair. You can see everything!

—Yes! That reminds me. I know you loved having me lick your pussy, but I don’t like hair in my mouth. Tonight we will shave off your hair.

—Oh! That will make me feel terribly naked.

—Yes! And pay attention to the dancers. I think I would enjoy having you dance for me.

—But I don’t know how to dance.

—Just watch. It doesn’t take any training.

He was right. They mostly just moved their butts in time with the music or crawled on the floor dragging their nipples and flopped on their

back to push up their pussies in time to the music while they squeezed their boobs or played with their pussies. I would look stupid if I said I couldn't do it.

When we got to our room, he had me strip, then lay back on the bed with pillows under my butt to raise my pussy while he shaved it. I especially felt naked since he was totally dressed. All the fondling of my pussy while he made sure he got every hair made me real excited and I was disappointed when he told me to get up and look at myself in the mirror rather than make love to me.

It was really strange. I felt really naked and said:

—Gee... I look like I am nine years old.

I couldn't resist touching it and said:

—It feels so strange, but it feels real soft and smooth. Do you like it?

—Yes, but we won't shave it anymore because I don't want the hair to get coarse. You will check it every day and if you see a hair, pluck it out. Now it is time for your dance. Let's see if you can get me aroused.

He put a music channel on TV, then began to undress. That encouraged me to get him excited since he obviously planned to fuck me since he was undressing.

I tried to do everything the strippers did, but he stopped me after one song and I felt like a failure since his prick was not real hard.

—I'm sorry I didn't excite you. Maybe I will get better with practice.

—No! It has been a long day and I have seen a lot of naked girls. I just need something extra.

—Oh... do you want to spank me? I know that makes you excited.

—No! I don't know how thin these walls are and I don't want to alarm the neighbors. You know how much you liked having me lick your pussy?

Well, it feels good to men to have a girl lick and suck their pricks. Come over here and kneel between my legs.

I know it sounds crazy, but I was sorry he didn't want to whip me and sucking on his penis seemed gross.

It was not as bad as I thought. He kept himself clean, so there was no bad taste, but it did nothing to excite me, I could have just been sucking on a polish sausage and it demeaned me for him to say, That's right my little cocksucker. Use your tongue and get it in your mouth as far as you can.

Thankfully I only had to do it until it got hard and it was worth it to have him fuck me until I had an orgasm even though it was not as strong as when I had been "Spanked".

He knew it and said:

—I'm sorry it was not as good for you. Don't worry. We will have privacy tomorrow at my cabin and you can be whipped into a fantastic orgasm.

It embarrassed me to bring up my "Perversion". I don't know why spankings excite me. Do you think I should see a psychiatrist?

—God no! Why tamper with something we both enjoy. It is the reason I married you. I love you just the way you are.

It didn't make me feel any less perverted, but at least he loved me and it was plain we both needed it because we agreed to go to sleep rather than continue to make love as we had before.

The next morning, we had breakfast with Mom and her husband. She was ecstatic. She had won over a thousand dollars. When Dick said we were going to do a little shopping, then leave to go to his cabin, she said she may stick around a few days. Dick told her that was okay with him and they had a free room as long as they wanted it. That ended all her objections to

him. She told me I had married a wonderful man and I should do every thing I could to keep him happy.

After our late breakfast he took me to a large store with all kinds of sexy things. The first thing he showed me were several magazines with photos of women tied up and whipped. He said:

—See... You don't have to feel strange. There are a lot of women like you.

I thought even more so. A lot of the pictures showed women being tortured with really evil looking whips and a lot of them had big rings in their nipples and pussy that must have taken a nail to make a hole big enough. I was sure I would not like that.

After we browsed through the magazines, he took me to the back of the store that looked like a supply center for torture chambers. I recognized the stretching rack and a pillory from history books at school, but there was a lot more special furniture to tie a girl forcing her legs open. All four walls held manacles, wrist cuffs, harnesses, and everything imaginable to whip or spank someone.

The owner came up and introduced himself, he said:

—I am glad to see you. I have always been one of your biggest fans. What can I do for you. For you, everything is twenty percent off.

Dick grinned at him and said:

—Meet my new wife, Dixie. She needs a little punishment from time to time. I decided to let her pick out some whips and things.

—Well, it is hard to judge how well suited a whip is just by looking. Why don't you just pick out an assortment and try them on her. There is a soundproof room in the basement with a camcorder if you would like to record her visit. There is no charge for the camcorder. I'll even give you a blank tape.

I was dying of embarrassment while Dick said:

—That is a great idea! It will give her something to look at when I am out of town to help her get off with masturbation.

—Oh... Dick no! Let's just leave. I am awfully embarrassed. Why did you tell him I liked being whipped.

Dick laughed and said:

—He didn't need to be told. You would not be here if you weren't interested. I said we would get some whips. You better take him up on his offer or I may pick some that will really hurt you.

The man said:

—He is right. Some of these things can leave nasty scars. I'll suggest a few that won't cut you.

I flashed back to one of the magazines showing a woman with big scars on her breasts and pussy and realized that if I refused and made Dick mad he would probably pick out the worst.

—I guess we should. Would you pick out some things that aren't too bad?

—I would be glad to help you.

He began filling a basket with whips, paddles, bamboo canes of different thicknesses, stiff rubber switches of different lengths, little whips that looked like they were made of leather boot strings and one strange thing with a small leather paddle at the end of a nylon shaft.

I realized that if I was only hit once with each one, I may be too exhausted from the pain and orgasms to leave without a rest.

He led us down to the basement and opened a thick door to reveal chains with padded wrist cuffs hanging from the ceiling and other cuffs about four feet apart on the floor.

He said:

—This used to be a food store and this was the cold room. You can't hear anything that happens here. I just added lights for the camcorder and heat so it would be comfortable.

He left and Dick told me to strip.

—Please don't hurt me too badly:

—There are an awful lot of things. You won't try them all, will you?

—Of course. We want to be sure we have the perfect things. Don't worry. I will know if a whip is too bad.

When I was naked, he had me spread my legs to attach the ankle cuffs so far I felt my pussy lips open then put on the wrist cuffs and went to a wall with buttons marked "Up" and "Down" then pushed the "Up" button. There was a clanking sound as my arms were pulled up until I was stretched so tight I could barely move.

Suddenly, the door opened and the man walked in. I blushed to my toes and moaned:

—I didn't know a stranger would see me naked. Please make him leave.

He said:

—I am sorry I surprised you. I was just bringing the blank tape and to make sure you knew how to operate the chains. Should I leave?

Dick said:

—No! I told her that she would have to get used to being nude. This will be a good start. Doesn't she look great?

Oh yes. Being stretched really makes women look good. It raises their breasts and flattens their tummies.

That implied I normally had droopy boobs and a fat gut. I said:

—My boobies are high and tummy tight without being hung.

Dick came over to me to squeeze my breasts and push on my tummy as he said:

—That is true honey, but they look even better now. Feel her Jim, she is tight as a drum.

I couldn't believe he would let this stranger touch me. I squirmed in embarrassment as he felt the whole front of my body then squeezed my butt cheeks.

He said:

—You can't see how great you look.

He went over to the wall and rolled over a big mirror on casters so I could see my front and sides. They were right! I looked great! My waist looked as if it had shrunk at least three inches and even the small crease under my boobies was gone. I felt proud and no longer minded being naked except for the fact my clitoris had become so engorged it was actually sticking out from my stretched pussy lips to let them know what a slut I was to become so excited when a normal girl would probably be struggling and begging to be freed. My joints began to hurt from being stretched so tight, but this just made it plain how vulnerable my body was to the whips and increased my excitement.

—You did a good job Dick. Look, even her pussy is pulled tight to let her clit be vulnerable.

—Yeah! The only time her pussy was hit, she was loose and the clit was hid. She had a great orgasm at that. This way should make her crazy.

I panicked! My clit was so sensitive gentle caresses threw sensations all over my body:

—No! No! You wouldn't hit my clit. That would kill me.

Jim said:

—Don't worry. That will be saved for last after you are fully aroused. You will be begging us to hit it to throw you into the greatest orgasm ever.

I doubted that and continued to moan:

—No! No! Please let me go.

Actually, I would have been disappointed if they had let me loose I just thought I should protest, so I wouldn't look so perverted.

They ignored my protests and began laying out the whips. Jim said:

—I think it is best to start out with easy ones. As she becomes aroused and her nerves deaden the more painful ones will be welcomed.

I shuddered in fear as he laid out the first whip that looked like a combination of six of the little dress belts Dick had used on me. Then another identical only with longer and thicker thongs, after that was one with the same length thongs, but made of braided leather with knots at the end. The next two he said were made of rubber. They looked like black snakes with one about two feet long and the other four feet. Then a strange one made of a nylon shaft like a fishing pole with a leather paddle on the end a little bigger than a silver dollar.

Jim said:

—This will test your accuracy. It is meant to be used just on the nipples and clit.

I shuddered again knowing those were the most sensitive places on my body.

Finally he put down a whip that looked as if it was just eight leather boot strings braided to make a handle with the strings hanging out about two feet.

—This is for dessert. If she hasn't cum by the time you get to this it will surely do it. You bring it up between her legs to sink the center thongs

in her slit then drag the thongs up to slide on her clit. The little knots will drive her into an orgasm that usually makes women faint.

I begged:

—Please just use that one. Forget the others they will all hurt too much.

Jim laughed and said:

—No! You have to earn this one by being brave through the others. Are you ready to start?

—Oh God! Please don't make me say yes. It implies I want the pain.

—I am sure you do. If not you can hang there until you are ready.

—Oh no! My shoulders and hips already hurt.

—We can wait. Dick. Would you like to go up for a few beers?

—No! Don't leave me. I am ready.

—Say "Please use all the whips on me".

That would remove all pretense I was being forced into this and worst of all I would see myself asking for them on the tape. I knew that if I said I would go to the police if they did not let me go I would be released, but perversely the threat to leave me hanging provided my excuse to say:

—Please use the whips on me. All of them!

Dick picked up the first whip and hit my butt. To my surprise having multiple thongs spread the sting over a larger area than his belt and the air must have slowed it as there was just a "Slap" and a small sting followed by heat.

Jim must have noticed my tiny reaction because he said:

—Dick! You are an athlete. You know the importance of follow through. Try it again.

On the second he brought it way back then around his body to make a much sharper sting and the feel of the thongs sliding across my butt. That

made me gasp and Jim said:

—Much better. One more.

The next seemed to put my butt on fire, but the heat went right to my pussy to make the pain exciting.

Then he picked up the longer one. The leverage from the longer thongs really stung, but by then it just created more excitement.

Jim said:

—There is a reason for the longer thongs. May I demonstrate?

Dick said:

—Sure. You are the expert.

I moaned:

—No! Oh... no. I thought only you would whip me. I love you.

—This is an exception so I can learn to give you maximum excitement.

Jim took the whip and stood close to my side. I felt pain to my butt followed instantly to even greater pain across the front of my hips at my pubic bone as the tips seemed to increase their speed as they curled around my body. The sharp pain just above my pussy made me gasp in excitement. I looked at the mirror to see red stripes oh so close to my clit.

Jim gave the whip back to Dick and said:

—Try hitting her back about where her bra has left a tan line.

The pain to my back was nothing compared to the feeling as it curled around my side to let the ends sunk into both my boobs and made them jump. He must have liked seeing them jump as he did it again which brought me to a new level of excitement seeing my nipples sink under a thong on them to pop out stiffer than ever. I moaned in disappointment when he put down the whip to pick up the next. Jim felt my wet pussy saying:

—She is aroused enough to continue. This one could cut her if you use a full swing. Think of it as a nine iron and just use a short back-swing to forehand and backhand her thighs.

That was totally different. The whip seemed to cut into me causing a deeper pain to make me yelp and also redder stripes, but it also brought me to that wonderful, terrible feeling just before the orgasm.

Jim said:

—A little higher this time.

The forehand hit the bottom of my butt and when I pushed forward the backhand came across my front just above my clit. That threw me into orgasm, so when he did the same with the longer snake letting the tip go across the lips of my pussy I screamed as I went into a greater orgasm and my body began convulsing.

Dick stopped and said:

—Jesus! Is she alright?

—Yes! She is in orgasm. Keep them going with the nipple paddle.

Dick stepped in front of me to hit my nipple then my clit then my other nipple. It caused a terrible burn and I screamed:

—You are killing me! Don't stop!

Jim said:

—We had better go to the last. You use it on her pussy while I keep her nipples hot.

Then all my sensitive parts were aflame as Jim stood by my side to hit one nipple then the other while dick slapped and drug the knotted boot string through my wet gaping pussy and clitoris. Suddenly I was staring at the tortured girl as if it was someone else and the pain disappeared to be replaced by pure sensation.

I just went crazy from the sensations that drove me higher and higher until I passed out.

When I woke up I was lying naked on a cot. My nipples and clit were still throbbing and I got up to look at myself in a mirror to see if I was badly bruised. To my amazement, my body was just pink with the only evidence of my ordeal being some still red welts left by the rubber whips.

I began to get excited as I caressed the welts and remembered the pain they caused. Suddenly I felt ashamed, knowing I had been naked and whipped in front of a stranger with only token protests. I put on my clothes and sat on the cot confused and ashamed until Dick returned.

—Oh! You are awake. How do you feel?

—I am not hurt as bad as I thought. Only my nipples and clit are still throbbing, but I feel horribly ashamed. I thought you loved me. How could you let a stranger see me naked and even whip me?

—I knew that would make it even more exciting for you and it did. Didn't it?

I cried as I said:

—Yes, but that just makes me more ashamed. How did you know I would react that way? You know I am not a slut. I was a virgin.

—That only meant you had a lot of pent-up emotions. I knew the first moment I saw you that you were incredibly sensual just by the way you moved and the way you caressed yourself as you smoothed out your skirt and blouse. Your reaction to my spanking clinched it. Remember? It was your idea to be nude. All I had done was push your skirt above your butt and I would have been satisfied by that. When you suggested you should be naked, I knew you would accept further adventures.

I knew I liked to feel my hands on my skin, but had not realized before that I did it in front of others using the excuse of removing wrinkles in my

clothes. He was right. I wanted to be naked and helpless for the spanking. If he had not suggested I be tied, I would have. I knew at that point that I would be terribly thrilled.

We left the store and I noticed he was empty-handed.

—You didn't buy any whips. Does that mean you are sorry you hurt me and won't whip me anymore?

—They are already in the trunk. I bought them all. Even the one we did not use.

—I thought you used all of them.

—No! I skipped over the braided leather one he called a "Cat of Nine tails" because he said it would leave bad welts. We will save that for the time you really deserve being hurt by being disobediant.

I shuddered at the thought of a whip that would hurt even more than the others and said:

—I will never be disobedient. I let you do things no other girl would allow.

—I know and I love you for that, but remember from the magazines there are other girls that not only allow it, but relish it. You could be like them.

That frightened me that I could be like a girl in a photo that was just standing untied with a look of ecstasy on her face with big red welts crossing her body. I thought it would be best to reminded him the thought of being whipped frightened me and that I only allowed it because I loved him even though I had to admit once it started it brought on excitement that could not be matched any other way.

He hugged me and told me I was wonderful on the way to his cabin which made it all worthwhile.

The cabin was actually a log house in a beautiful wooded area at the edge of the lake. He said he owned all the property around the lake and we had complete privacy.

He told me to get undressed and to swim and sun while he barbecued some steaks for us.

I started to dig in our luggage for my swimming suit, but he stopped me saying:

—You don't need a bathing suit. We are alone. Swim naked.

I went outside naked feeling a little embarrassed as I imagined there may be people hidden behind trees looking at me, but then perversely that possibility just excited me and I began to twirl and pose for my imagined audience. The sun and warm breeze felt very sensual. I was amazed at how sensitive I had become. I had been outside in bathing suits and had never noticed the gentle caresses of a breeze.

The cool water and warm sun felt wonderful. In a little while even the welts faded. While I was feeling my body enjoying the fact that the whipping seemed to make me more sensitive he yelled out that everything was ready and I went up to dress for dinner. He told me to stay nude. I would be nude all the time we were there unless it got cold.

He was dressed, so I said:

—Why don't you take off your clothes too. The sun and breezes feel wonderful on your skin.

—No! My being dressed will make you feel even more naked and remind you that we are not equal. You are my love slave and I am your master.

He was right and being a slave made it seem alright when after dinner he said:

—I want to see what excites you when you are alone.

He had me sit in a large overstuffed chair and pulled my legs up on the arms to open my pussy, then told me to caress myself while he watched from a chair in front of me. It really seemed depraved, but that excited me too and I pinched my nipples and dug at my crotch panting and gasping in my effort to cum. I just couldn't get there and I sobbed with the effort until he reached into his coat pocket and handed me the pussy whip without saying a word. I grabbed it from him and began beating my pussy, sliding further forward on the seat and bringing back my legs to open the lips so I could get to my tender inner lips and expose my clit. I don't know how long I hit myself, I just know it worked and I fell back in the seat and let my legs drop after a terrific orgasm. He let me lie there until my breathing was back to normal, then stood up and unzipped his fly to let out his hard dick and gabbed my hair to pull my face to it. I opened my mouth and sucked his dick into it, then he held my head in place while pumping his hips to literally fuck my face. It was depraved and I deserved it for proving that I was a terrible slut.

The next morning, he was still sleeping when I awoke, so I decided to take a swim. It was a gorgeous day and I felt great. All the marks had left my skin and my pussy seemed especially sensitive after the whipping I had given it. I played in the water discovering it felt good to pump my hips to make the water swirl through my pussy until he called me from the house for breakfast.

After all, I was a slut, so I purposely swung my hips and shoulders on the way to him to make my boobies move.

He grinned and said:

—God! You look beautiful and sexy. Your wet body reminds me of how it looked when you were whipped and sweating.

That reminded me and I could not resist touching my nipples and clit that had been so aroused by that experience.

He laughed and said:

— Stop that! I have breakfast ready and you will make me too horny to eat it.

After breakfast, he said:

— Let's watch your tape. That should make us both horny.

He sat on a chair and had me kneel by his side as he stroked my hair and my breasts as if I was his dog while the blank part of the tape ran then suddenly I appeared standing naked breathing heavily as I spread my legs and held out my arms for him to put on the padded leather cuffs. I was obviously excited and making no protest.

When I was raised from the floor, my body seemed to pulse from excitement and my ragged breathing.

At that point I realized the tape had been edited as all the discussion and laying out of whips was missing. There was just my voice quavering with excitement asking him to whip me and then whipping which looked very exciting with my body pulsing with excitement and a sheen of perspiration. I never screamed! I just gasped at each lash and shuddered as my mouth opened to take shuddering breaths. Toward the end, Jim had taken a close-up of my pussy as it was hit. My juices were drooling from it in obvious excitement and I had not remembered moaning:

— Yes! Yes! Hit it harder!

Watching it while Dick pulled at my nipples made me so excited I moaned:

— Pinch them. Pinch them hard! Make me scream!

He did, causing a sharp pain as his finger nails dug in to throw me into an orgasm. I turned and began sucking his prong until he pushed me on my

back to fuck me into even more orgasms.

When he came, he said:

—Wow! That really turned you on. You can watch it while masturbating when I am gone. We will have to make more of them with even more pain.

That frightened me while at the same time made me excited, it also reminded me of what Mom had said before the wedding.

—If the bastard ever gets rough with you, call the cops. That will help you get a bundle from him at the divorce.

I suddenly felt trapped. If this tape was shown in court, it would be obvious to everyone that I was cooperating and totally excited. Neither of their faces showed. He could say he was divorcing me because he had found the tape and discovered I was a pervert. I would be the one that looked bad. I knew then that my whipping was just the first of many and tried for a compromise, saying softly:

—I let you do it because I love you and I knew it excited you too. You wouldn't hurt me real bad would you? Jim said some of the whips could cut me.

I sobbed and said:

—I don't want to be scarred.

—No! I only enjoy whipping you because it gets us both excited. If it gets to be too much, I will be able to tell from your reactions.

—But I get crazy. You saw me. I was asking you to hit harder even though the pain was terrible.

—Yes, but I didn't and you don't even have a mark left on your body. That should convince you I will take care of you. You will only be hurt bad if you piss me off by not cooperating in a venture I know will excite both of us. I noticed that lashes to your upper back and lower legs just caused you

pain without the excitement you get from lashes to your butt, breasts, stomach and pussy. When I want to punish you the lashes will just be to your back and legs.

He was right and I shuddered as I said:

—I will cooperate. Everything you have done has made me excited. I will trust your judgment, even if it sounds terrible to me.

He kissed me and said:

—Good for you. I love you. We are both sweaty, let's go for a swim.

We played in the water and it seemed more normal for him to be naked too. We kissed and hugged, then I sucked his dick until it was hard so we could make love on the blanket he had brought to the beach, but it was not as good for either of us. He pumped fast as if he just wanted to cum fast and get it over with and I didn't even have one orgasm, although I was close.

Then we went for a walk to see the property. It was beautiful and when we came to a waterfall we got under it to enjoy the gigantic shower while we washed each other's bodies. It felt good, but not particularly exciting.

We walked back towards the house on the beach until I stopped short at the sight of a tree on the beach.

When he asked why I stopped, I explained.

—You see this tree with the two big branches coming out the front and apart and the roots coming out of the ground? Well I did some research at the college library for a theme on slavery and saw a picture of a black woman tied to a tree just like this with her arms and legs spread so she looked like the letter X while she was whipped. I was fascinated by it because the expression on her face looked like mine once when I masturbated in front of a mirror and was trying to get past that terrible moment just before orgasm. I never forgot it. I think it is why I did not protest when you wanted to whip me.

—I see... Do you want to duplicate that picture.

—Well, not exactly. It was a shot from her side, so you could see her face and back. They had just pulled her dress down to her waist. The overseer was using a very long whip that was leaving bloody welts just on her back. Also, there were a lot of people watching.

I didn't mention the fact that all the people watching was the main thing that excited me so much. I continued.

—We don't have the people or the whip and it would be better to be completely naked so I could be hit on my butt, thighs and front. The long rubber whip would be close to the one he was using, but shouldn't cut me. Just welts will give me an idea of how she felt.

—Yes, but I remember that whip seemed to hurt you badly. Wouldn't you rather I use the leather thongs?

—No! It would not be the same. If you hit easy at first, my excitement will let me take the bigger pain. I want to know how she felt. I want it to hurt and I want welts. I just don't want to be cut.

On the way to the house, he said:

—Not having the big whip won't matter. The long "Black snake" left welts even though I hit easy. As long as I don't hit the same place twice and stay away from the tender inner lips of your pussy, I should make good welts that don't bleed. As far as an audience is concerned, I will set up the camcorder. You can imagine it is going out over network to millions of people. Later, If the idea excites you, we may show it to some friends.

—Oh, we couldn't do that. I know my friends would be shocked.

Actually that idea excited me and I decided to be brave just in case some of my girlfriends might be like me so they would be impressed by my courage.

He said:

—I may have some friends that it would excite. We will have some small parties and kind of feel them out to see how they might react.

That could bring on a sex orgy. I had fantasized being in one when one of my girlfriends rented a X-rated tape at a slumber party. The girls in the tape had been fucked and had their pussies licked by both girls and boys. Some of my girlfriends thought it was disgusting, but some others and I obviously enjoyed it.

At the house he got ropes to tie to the leather cuffs he had bought at Jim's and the long "Black snake" whip. He had me carry the ropes and whip while he brought the camcorder and tripod.

Carrying the ropes that would make me helpless and the whip I knew would cause a lot of pain made me realize that this was no longer fantasy. It was real! I began to have doubts. Especially since he had said he would avoid the inner lips of my pussy which implied my pussy would be hit.

—I am frightened. This will hurt a lot! Would you be angry and disappointed if I changed my mind?

—No! This is your idea. If you want to chicken-out, it is alright, but you may always wonder what you missed.

That implied cowardice and it was true that I would always wonder, especially since I had used that fantasy several times to help me bring on orgasms from masturbation.

—I am not going to chicken-out. I just asked to see if you would force me to do it. I love you for letting it be my choice.

—I love you too and will never force you unless I am sure it will excite you. How many lashes did the black woman take?

—Oh God. I hadn't thought about that. According to the text she had refused her Master which earned her fifty lashes. It must have been terrible because she fainted and they threw buckets of cold water on her to bring her

too for the last twenty. If I faint, just stop at that point, but I am going to try to experience them all. Don't stop, no matter how much I may scream and beg you to stop. If it is too awful, I know I will faint.

—That is a lot! Since you don't want your back or lower legs to be hit, I will have to cover all the rest of your body to avoid hitting the same place twice.

—Yes, I know. Save my inner thighs, breasts and pussy for last when I am excited enough to stand the pain to those especially tender places.

—Yes, I remember at Jim's that those areas came closest to making you scream.

By that time I was in sight of the tree. It suddenly looked terribly threatening and evil to me. I remembered the faces of the people watching the black girl being whipped. Along with the excitement there was hate on their faces. I wondered how Dick could love me yet still hurt me. In all the love stories on TV the couples were gentle.

—Dick! Are you sure you love me? You really seem to like hurting me.

—I love you more than I can say. The fact that you will participate in these things that excite both of us proves you love me and makes you unique and irreplaceable. The more pain you will endure for us makes our love stronger. Why? Do you want to change your mind?

That seemed to be the perfect answer for me. Now rather than being a pervert, I felt like a martyr for love, like women who stay with their husband even though he may have been maimed or paralyzed.

—No! Knowing you love me will make it easier to accept the pain. It can hurt really bad until my excitement can overcome it. This might be more than I can overcome, but don't stop if I scream. I really want to know

how the black girl felt. If I can eventually become excited, I will know she could too and won't feel guilty for using her to masturbate.

—Alright! I will ignore your screams, but if you really can't take it just say "Mercy".

When I was hung up in a wide "X", it was a little different than the picture because the roots in my tree were further apart to spread my legs more than hers. Just being hung excited me enough to feel the breeze drying the juices in my gaping pussy. I told him to hit hard right from the first because that was what the overseer would have done.

The camcorder was not necessary. I seemed to space out and could actually see people staring at me avidly.

When he asked if I was ready, I was so excited I could only moan and nod my head.

Then I felt a searing pain at the top of my butt cheeks. It was the worst pain I had ever felt and I screamed and continued to scream as lashes just as bad moved slowly up and down from the first to cover my thighs and back. I swear I would have screamed "Mercy", but my mind was in such turmoil the word did not occur to me. At just below mid-thigh, he moved to my right side and began going up the front of my thighs. Incredibly, just as he got to just below my pussy my mind snapped and suddenly I wanted the pain. I was trying to push out my body to meet the whip and was actually disappointed when he skipped over my pussy to bring the next lash just above my pubic bone. The pain increased as it hit the stretched skin over my ribs and then was beyond description as it distorted my breasts with a lash hitting both nipples.

Then he stepped in front of me and began back-handing and fore-handing my tender breasts, making them jump and sway. The pain was not just on the surface of my skin anymore it seemed to go deep into my body

as I shuddered and moaned. Then he moved down to backhand and forehand my tender inner thighs slowly moving toward my pussy. I had become hoarse from screaming and just gasped as the sharp tip of the lash went from thigh to thigh, creeping ever closer to my pussy. Suddenly something snapped in my mind and the pain became pure excitement. I began swinging my hips to meet the whip as orgasms racked my body until the ultimate orgasm when he gave two quick blows to make an “X” over both pussy lips and I blacked out.

When I woke I was lying on my side on the floor while Dick gently caressed salve on my welts.

He looked really concerned and when he saw I was awake he kissed me and said:

—You were incredible! I could tell you were in agony, but you took all fifty lashes! I am so proud of you. I have never known anyone so courageous. I would have been glad to stop if you had said:

—Mercy.

He kissed me again then said:

—Jim gave me this salve. It is supposed to stop pain right away and heal any cuts. I am afraid I am not an expert with the whip. You have some small cuts at the base of your bottom and one on your left pussy lip. Can you forgive me? I don't think they will leave a scar.

I felt proud he thought I was courageous, so I didn't mention I could not think of the magic word and later didn't want it to stop.

—It hurt terribly, but I am glad you think I am brave. I did it for you.

That really seemed to impress him. He kissed and fondled me saying:

—You were wonderful. You deserve a special thrill.

He let his tongue and lips slide down my body until his tongue was fluttering on my clit. It felt wonderful and I did get a small orgasm, but it

just didn't seem right for a master to do this for a slave. I told him how I felt and he said that a good master must be able to reward as well as punish and that my pussy would only be eaten when I had done something that especially pleased him or suffered through something that did not excite me.

That made it alright, but I suggested that while he ate me he might remind me that I was at his mercy by making little bites on my pussy or pinching my nipples to make me appreciate the good feeling of his tongue on my clit.

He went down on me again, but this time his fingers constantly pinched, twisted and pulled my nipples and his teeth gnawed on my pussy lips to make a much more powerful orgasm.

I told him I could suffer almost anything as long as I knew a reward like that would follow.

I laid back to become calmer, then noticed my boobs and pussy were aching. Just a pleasant ache and throb to keep me aware of them.

I got up to look at them in the mirror. I was amazed to see they had turned to a dark maroon color and had swollen enough to make the skin tight and eliminate the little crease that was normally under them. I looked at my pussy. It was also maroon with a black "X" stripe across the lips and had also swollen so much that when I opened my legs the slit remained closed tight.

I was standing there gently caressing my breasts marvelling at the fact they didn't hurt more than they were when Dick came up behind me to wrap his arms around my waist and kiss my neck.

I said:

—Oooh... Look at my boobs. They are all red and swollen.

He looked in the mirror and said with no remorse:

—Yeah... I kind of got carried away. At least they aren't cut. Do they hurt awful?

—No! That is what is strange. They should hurt, but there is just an ache. My pussy aches too.

—Yeah, I noticed it was swollen when I went down on you. It fit tight around my tongue. I kind of liked that.

That convinced me it could happen again and I didn't know how to feel about it. All I could remember were the crashing orgasms.

I guess most people would think I made a mistake because from then on I was treated more like a slave. He had me wait on him hand and foot, only standing up when absolutely necessary. I usually moved on hands and knees, on my knees, or crawling on my belly with my hands cuffed behind my back. He also knew how important it was for me to cum and would tease me by cuffing my hands behind my back so I could not reach my pussy while he showed my tapes or nibbled on my nipples until I was begging him to let me cum by whipping my pussy with the pussy whip.

He said that he loved the fact that I would suffer willingly. To prove it, I kneeled untied with my legs spread while he stood behind me to bring the thonged whip over my shoulders to welt my breasts and pussy. He was impressed that I never tried to protect myself with my arms or close my legs. That would prepare me for the monster orgasms as I spread my legs as far as possible for the pussy whip to get inside to hit my tender inner lips and even more sensitive clit.

By the time we had left after our two-week honeymoon I was beautifully tanned and had lost some weight to make my waist smaller since I had lost interest in food as it took time away from experiences that would excite me.

You would think that all the “Punishment”, to my nipples and clit would make me jaded and toughen them, but this was not true. When he told me that I could please myself with masturbation while he watched, I could get much stronger orgasms than I could when I did it before I met him.

I was only allowed to do it at his direction. When he caught me playing with myself on the beach without his permission, I was whipped severely across my shoulder blades until I promised never to do it again.

I cheated once because almost anything would excite me especially when my mind dwelled on a whipping or a fantasy. He knew what I had done when he found me asleep in the woods with my dried pussy juices on my pussy and fingers. He cured me forever by whipping my shins and the soles of my feet with a big willow switch until I was hoarse from screaming, then not touching me for the rest of the day and night.

It was clear to me then that if I wanted the orgasms I was addicted to, I would have to do anything to please or excite him.

Even that was hard because I could not kiss or fondle him without his permission, which had to be earned by humiliating myself by licking his balls or asshole or suggesting a new way to hurt me.

Along with the camcorder he had a Polaroid camera he used to take photos of me while I was tied in painful positions or kneeling in the tub while he peed in my mouth which he hung on the wall with thumbtacks for me to see and remain in excitement.

Once he dropped the box of thumbtacks and I scurried over on my hands and knees to pick them up for him.

He watched me a moment and when I accidentally stuck myself and made a little “Yip” he said:

—Drop them!

I said:

—Don't you want me to pick them up for you?

—Yes... but not with your hands. Use your tits.

—How can I do that?

—You know how. Just press your tits on them until they are stuck in your tits. When you have them all with at least some in your nipples, I will go down on you for a great orgasm.

I knew that would hurt after sticking my finger, but not how long it would take.

Thumb tacks are not very sharp. I had to press hard to make them stay and since they had scattered and some were not pointed up I had to do it over and over which made the ones already in my boobs go deeper and move. The pain when one went into my nipple made me whimper, but I kept it up until neither of us could find a tack. The fact that I was doing this to myself rather than just accepting him do it to me seemed especially humiliating and exciting. It was even better as he kneaded my tack filled breasts with his hands as he licked and nibbled my pussy.

I had great orgasms with aftershocks as I pulled out the tacks to leave a drop of blood while he took pictures.

It was obvious the little holes would not leave scars, so he had still maintained his promise. I was satiated for the rest of the night.

The next morning my tits were badly bruised and I realized the kneading with the tacks stuck in as deep as they would go had caused some damage under the skin. Somehow this didn't bother me it just helped to remind me of the orgasms that came from it just as the welts from the "Black snake" had.

He felt bad about it and pampered me all day letting me be untied and walking normally and cooking me scrumptious meals while I played in the

lake or tanned. Somehow, I felt like I was in a no lose situation. I would either get orgasms from pain or if too severe he would make sure I got them afterwards with the skillful use of his tongue plus reward me with extra love and pampering.

He loved my now tiny waist which made my butt and boobs look bigger and could not resist caressing and fondling me while saying his friends would die of jealousy if they could see me.

I guess I knew at that point he would eventually show me off to his friends, after all he had made no protest over Jim seeing me naked and even let him whip me. Even though I knew what we were doing was not normal, I had convinced myself I cooperated because I loved him and that love is what made it possible for me to accept the pain and eventually glory in it. It was harder to rationalize the fact that I had never really protested Jim watching and participating. After some thought, I convinced myself that it had been alright to have Jim whip me because Dick had been so proud of my courage and the fact Jim thought I was beautiful.

By the end of the week of orgasms, compliments and love I was convinced that whatever he wanted me to do would be worth it because he would always make up for it and if I was brave enough he would be convinced I could not be replaced in spite of his money and good looks.

He was delighted on our last night when I leaned over the table to kiss him and accidentally knocked over my wine glass with my boobs. I knew that gave him an excuse to punish me and before he could say anything I said:

—My boobies were naughty. Would you like to see them all swollen again? You should whip them until they are black and blue.

He smiled broadly and said:

—That is wonderful. It is the first time you volunteered yourself for extreme punishment. As a reward for your bravery, you may choose the instrument and I will stop the moment you feel you can't stand anymore.

That was unexpected and I had to stop to think. I could choose the pussy whip or the light thong whip that would guarantee orgasms, but we would both know it would not really be punishment. I had felt the “Cat of nine tails”, with its tightly braided stiff leather thongs with the nasty rock hard knots and wondered if I could take its pain without screaming. He obviously thought it was terrible because he said he would never use it unless I had done something horrendous. It seemed to be the ultimate test of my courage that no other girl would undergo willingly.

I took a deep breath then said:

—I want you to know how much I am willing to suffer for you. Something no other girl would do. Use the “Cat”!

He looked at me aghast as he said:

—You are unbelievable! Jim said that was the worst whip we bought and should be used only on the fleshy parts of your ass or thighs that were not very sensitive. I know your breasts are really sensitive. I don't think you can stand it.

I loved him for giving me a way out, but I was just more convinced this would be the ideal way to prove what I would do for him.

I kissed him and said:

—Thank you for not wanting to really hurt me, but you should know that even the girls in the magazines would not volunteer to accept this. I want you to know that only I can love you this much.

He kissed me back, but was still doubtful:

—Alright, but remember you volunteered and this is the way we will do it. Kneel on the coffee table with your hands on your head. All you have

to do to stop me is to put your hands over your breasts.

I did not expect that. I assumed I would be tied and would only have to resist saying “Mercy”. This would be much harder because I would have to resist the natural instinct to protect myself. Even tied, I had fought the ropes to twist or get my arms in the way.

I whimpered:

—I think I could take more if I was tied.

—But that would not prove your courage as much because you could just clench your teeth to keep from saying “Mercy”. I want to know how much you love me by voluntarily making your breasts available and asking for each lash by counting. I don’t think you can get to ten.

I knelt on the table and wound my hair in my fists to help me keep them on my head.

—God! You are really going to try it! Wait! I want to record this!

I remained kneeling while he set up the camcorder in front of me. It seemed to take forever for him to adjust it as close as possible so just my face and torso would fill the picture. My fear and excitement built as I knelt there, sliding the “Cat” tightly across my breasts to sink in the thongs and make my nipples pull back and forth until they hardened like little thumbs while he focused to make sure we would see the knots digging into my tits. My fear jumped as he said:

—That is perfect. If I hit hard enough the thongs will bury themselves in your breasts just as they are now. This should be fabulous! This will be the most pain you have ever experienced.

I moaned:

—Oh God! You are right. What if I am not brave enough to take more than one?

—Then we will be recording your failure. You will be punished by being tied and given the ten on your back.

That would be just pure pain with no chance of compensating orgasm with the humiliation of knowing I could not follow through on my own idea.

—No! I'll take ten somehow. Even if I lower my arms wait a moment to see if I can work up the courage to put them back on my head. I may not be able to take ten, but I will take enough to make you proud if it kills me.

—It won't kill you. If it is too much, you will faint. I would just give you one more to make sure you are not faking a faint, then quit.

I knelt there a moment while he waited expectantly until I got the courage to say:

—One!

The whip did not come at me nearly as fast as the thong whip. Time seemed to slow down as I watched the thongs come across the tops of my breasts to instantly cause pain to radiate through my body and leave red lines connecting polka-dots from the knots. I gasped and jerked on my hair as I leaned forward, absorbing the pain until he said:

—Well... Is that it?

I shook my head and straightened up to push out my breasts as I said:

—Two!

On this lash, one of the knots hit my left nipple. I howled and bent over again, but defiantly straightened up before he could say anything and moaned:

—Three!

At "Four" which put knots on both nipples, I screamed and brought down my hands to caress my burning boobs.

He waited a moment, then put the whip on the floor.

I moaned:

—No!

And put my hands back on my head, whimpering:

—Five!

It was just as bad and it took all my willpower to keep my hands on my head as I screamed, then moaned:

—Six!

My nerves must have become numb because it did not seem as bad and I felt my excitement rising. From then on, I pushed my red and swollen breasts out as much as possible to feel the now complete excitement until my first explosive orgasm at ten. By then, I was counting much faster to get stronger and stronger orgasms until I screamed:

—Sixteen!

He didn't respond and I screamed:

—Sixteen!

Again, but he said:

—No... you have had enough. Your breasts have terrible welts and I can't go on putting welts on welts.

I sobbed:

—I can take it. Hit my pussy then.

He said:

—Just one.

By then I had spread my legs so far my pussy was almost touching the table and gaping wide. He swung the lash-up from the floor and one of the knots hit my clit. I had a gigantic orgasm that made me pass out and fall to the floor.

When I came to, I was lying on the bed while he caressed salve on my burning and throbbing breasts. Even though I was lying on my back, they

had swollen to stand up from my chest like round balls.

I whimpered:

—Oh they hurt so much! Are you proud of me? I did it for you.

—I can't tell you how proud I am. Especially since you were able to overcome even that horrendous pain to get to orgasm.

That seemed to lessen my courage. I said:

—I really did not think that would happen. I just wanted to suffer for you. Do you believe me?

—Yes. No-one could guess that much pain could lead to pleasure.

He continued to caress my welts with the salve as the pain began to subside. That gave me time to think and I realized I had lied. If I really had wanted just to suffer for him, I would have asked for the lashes on my back. Even though I had been sincere when I volunteered, I realized that somewhere in the back of my mind I had the hope of getting an ultimate orgasm. I didn't say anything because he continued to tell me how wonderful I was to suffer for him and that he loved me more than anything else in the world.

Finally the pain subsided to the point that I was able to enjoy the way his fingers slid over the welts and bumps from the knots and I noticed he had a raging hard-on.

I said:

—Oh! Your dick is so hard! You didn't get to cum. Let me suck it for you until it is soft.

I knew he would have been satisfied to fuck me which would have also given me pleasure, but I felt guilty about my lie and decided I should have the humiliation of sucking him.

He moved to a chair to add to my humiliation by having to kneel in front of him, then I said:

—Tie my hands behind my back. I don't want to cheat by using my fingers. Just my mouth and tongue.

I knelt humbly while he held my hands, but there was a lot of rope left over. He used it to make loops around the bases of my swollen breasts to make them hard and then pulled the ropes between my legs to tie them to my wrists. Finally, he spread the lips of my pussy to pull the ropes inside, so one was on each side of my now engorged clitoris.

The slightest movement of my hands tightened the loops around my tender tits and made the rope slide against my clit.

He was giving me a concession! Both of us knew I could cum by jerking on the ropes.

I sucked him slowly to make it last as long as possible, while I sawed the ropes against my clit and tightened them around my tits until I came just before he flooded my mouth with sperm. I swallowed it hungrily, then licked his softening dick and balls to get any I might have missed.

We were both satisfied and went to bed hugging each other.

Since we had gone to sleep so early, I woke up when it was still dark. My breasts were back to their normal softness, but my nipples were still very sensitive and so was my clitoris from the ropes and the bruise from the knot of the cat. I laid there idly toying with them until I realized I was acting like a little girl and no longer needed to masturbate.

I decided to get up to go to the bathroom. In the bright light, I saw that I had got my wish. My tits were solidly black and blue and my nipples were a maroon color rather than their normal pink. I couldn't resist touching them and was startled when Dick called out:

—Oh good! You are up. We can start back before it gets too hot. Why don't you make breakfast?

At least that would give me a chance to calm down and I made a big breakfast. Dick came out fully dressed, which disappointed me as it indicated we would not be making love before we left.

He saw my bruised tits and said:

—My God! I didn't realize I had hit you that hard. Are they terribly sore?

I told him that although they looked awful, they didn't hurt. They were just throbbing and tender. I told him it would feel good if he licked my nipples. He said that that was the least he should do after I had suffered so much for him and licked them until I was so excited I began pushing his head down to my pussy. He didn't resist and licked my pussy and sucked on my clit until I had a great orgasm.

When we had rested, he told me to wear something warm because it would be cold in the Jeep until we got to the car at the base of the mountain and could change to something cooler. He said he would lay out my clothes and pack the rest while I cleaned up.

When I went to the bedroom he had packed everything, but some tiny short-shorts and a half-shirt that would hide my bruises. There was also a big wool shirt and jeans. I giggled and said:

—Wow! What a contrast. I will be covered from head to foot on the way down the mountain where we will probably see no-one and practically naked for the freeway where lots of people will see.

—Yes, but the trip down the mountain will be the most exciting. Do you remember how rough the road was?

—Oh yes! The seatbelt was the only thing that kept me from bouncing clear off the seat.

—Are your nipples and clit still tender from last night?

—Yes! It takes all my willpower not to play with them because I only want pleasure that you provide.

—This trip will cause both pleasure and pain. Come here.

I went to him and he moved the shirt to reveal a rope about an inch thick.

He tied it around my waist then brought the long end between my wide spread legs to tuck it into the crack of my butt then spread the lips of my pussy to tuck it in there. When it was pulled under the rope going around my waist, it was pressing on my delicate ass-hole and clitoris and inner lips.

He told me to walk around and I gasped as what seemed like a hundred needles stuck all my tender parts:

—Oh God! Dick, it is very stickery. It excites me, but if I walk very much I will be raw!

—You only have to walk to the Jeep. Now put on the shirt.

—Oh Dick! My nipples are so tender, this shirt feels like it is full of stickers. It will rub me raw.

—It will improve your posture. Your breasts are firm. If you sit up straight and push them out they should not jiggle much.

I said doubtfully:

—I don't think I can keep them still. They jumped all over on the way up and I was wearing a bra.

—Yes, but you were slumped in the seat and making no effort to keep them tight.

—Well maybe.

—I think I can stand the rope, because I won't be walking.

—I hope so. I want to be proud of you.

I resolved to take it even if my skin was rubbed off. If I was bleeding at the bottom of the hill, I was sure he would feel so guilty he would never ask

me to suffer as much again.

Although I walked slowly and carefully to the Jeep, my nipples and clit were stimulated enough to be fully extended.

When I was seated, he took the end of the rope and pulled it around the roll-bar above my head, watching my face until I grimaced in pain.

—That seems tight enough. Now I will handcuff your hands to the grab-bar so you can't fall out.

That made me lean forward allowing my boobs to droop, so I slid my butt forward so I could tighten them, but this made the rope even tighter against my clit.

He got in the driver's seat and I asked:

—Aren't you going to put on my seat belt?

—No! You aren't going anywhere.

Now I knew I was in trouble. I don't know if you have ever been in a Jeep, but they feel as if they have no springs at all. With my hands out in front of me, there was nothing to keep me from bouncing in the seat.

For a while, he drove slowly and the pain only brought on excitement, but as my face flushed and I began to pant in excitement, he began going faster, then swerved back and forth to hit the biggest bumps. My breasts swayed and jumped to make it seem my nipples were being sawed off and on the bigger bumps the rope felt like it may cut me in two.

Amazingly, as the pain got worse my excitement increased even more. Finally, I yelled for mercy, but only because I became so exhausted I could not cum anymore and there was just blinding pain. I must have had over twenty orgasms, each stronger than the last.

He stopped immediately and took me loose to take off my clothes. My nipples were tingling like crazy, but there was blood on my crotch. He must have known that would happen because he took salve out of his pocket, two

large band-aids, and a sanitary napkin. He gave me water to drink while he put salve on my pussy. The lightest touch to my clit made me cringe, then taped the sanitary napkin to my crotch. He laid out a blanket on the ground and told me to rest. I was so exhausted from the pain and orgasms, I fell into sleep immediately.

I must have slept for hours because when I awoke the sun was directly overhead.

He took off the napkin and we were both relieved to see the bleeding had stopped. I knew I was much better because when he put on more salve it just felt good. He helped me put on the half-shirt and shorts and when I walked to the jeep my pussy lips slippery with salve felt good as they moved.

The tingling and flashbacks of the pain that had brought on the tingle kept me in a state of excitement. In spite of my resolve, I could not resist fondling my breasts and moving my legs to make my lips slide until I saw him watching me. I said:

—I'm sorry... Only you should give me pleasure after pain.

—That is alright. You deserve it and I can't do it and drive at the same time. Besides it is fun to see the looks on the truck drivers faces when they see you.

—Oh God! I forgot others could see me. They must think I am a terrible slut.

—If they do, they will also be jealous they don't have you. You are mine and I love you for belonging to me and willing to do anything to please me.

—Yes... I am yours totally. I proved I will not refuse anything, even when it hurt so much and made me bleed.

But then I had a thought:

—We agreed you would not scar me. Do you think I will be scarred from the rope?

—No. I checked you again after you were asleep. They just wore off the top layer of skin.

He was right and when they healed rather than scar tissue that would desensitize, they were more sensitive than ever with the nerves closer to the outer skin.

You may think I was crazy to go along with this, but you have to remember I was young and very naive. I always seemed to be rewarded for the pain both by orgasms and compliments on my beauty and courage that made me proud.

Sometimes not being tortured was torture. A case in point was the trip back to Vegas. I knew that some caresses then pinches to my ultra-sensitive nipples and clit would give me an orgasm. I actually felt like something of a martyr to resist touching myself to honor my pledge to wait endlessly for him to bring me to glorious orgasm.

I assumed we would just be passing through Vegas on the way home. I was surprised and a little frightened when he took the exit I knew led to Jim's store.

—Oooh... You are going to Jim's, aren't you? I am awfully sore.

—Don't worry. You won't be hurt. He told me he was getting another shipment of S & M things. I just want to see if anything looks particularly exciting. Besides, he said since he had seen you, it was only fair for me to see his wife.

That worried me. I assumed that Jim being in Vegas with all the beautiful women would have a spectacular wife that may even be more courageous than me. Dick may be impressed by her and would no longer think I was special.

I was relieved a little when Jim told us his wife was in Mexico to pick up some special order bondage devises and that he would just show us a video he had made.

When we were seated in front of a large screen TV, he said:

—This looks and sounds terrible, but she still got to orgasms.

It did look terrible and it frightened me. The scene opened with this lovely, tall, big breasted woman tied upside-down with her legs spread from ropes to hooks in the ceiling about eight feet apart with her hands tied to a big bar-bell on the floor.

Jim said:

—She faints easily, so if something is going to be especially painful, we tie her with her head down to keep the blood in her head so she won't pass-out until she has reached orgasm.

He went to her with four large gold rings which he pushed into her pussy to hold them until he was ready. Then he began pulling, twisting, and pinching her nipples until they were fully erect. She seemed to enjoy that, but a look of apprehension came on her face when he went out of sight to return with two large nails in a bottle of liquid.

He explained:

—The nails are in alcohol. For piercing your instrument must be sterile or there can be infections.

I suddenly realized that he planned to sink those nails into her. It made my thumbtacks look like nothing and they had hurt. I gasped at the idea of them going into my skin.

I knew this was not her idea when her eyes got wide and she began moaning:

—No! Please no.

He showed no sympathy, saying:

—Be quiet! You agreed to this.

—Yes, but I thought it would be like having my ears pierced with a little needle.

She wailed:

—Those are nails!

—Yes, it is necessary since I bought you these large rings. Ingrid will be impressed.

He explained her girl-friend Inga had showed off her rings and implied his wife lacked the nerve to have it done.

I understood how she had got in this position. If I were challenged, I would have to do it too.

Just the preparation seemed frightening. He tied her tightly to a wall so she could not move, then put two nasty alligator clamps with teeth on each nipple, saying:

—This will take your mind off your pussy.

Just the bite of the clamps was obviously painful, but he made it worse by pulling on wires attached to the clamps to pull her nipples out as far as they could stretch and tied the wires behind her back to pull her breasts into her armpits.

She was whimpering as he put a large cork on the outside of a lip and slowly began pushing the nail through it and into the cork. It seemed unnecessarily cruel. It would have been over in a second if he had jammed it through.

I doubted she could orgasm from that because she was sobbing with tears streaming down her face. He left that nail and cork hanging obscenely through the lip while he did the other, then went back to put in two more nails. He stepped back to watch as the weight of the large cork slowly

caused the nails to slide through the holes until they were stopped by the heads.

He dug in her pussy for a ring which he opened after dipping it in alcohol and stuck it into the bleeding hole left by the nail. When he did the same with the others, he flipped the rings and then stood back while her sobbing subsided.

I was glad it was over until I remembered he still had to do the nipples.

My worst fear was realized when he stepped closer and put a cork by her nipple. This took even longer and the pain must have been worse as she began screaming and fighting her bonds. That made her tits sway to make the clamps pull the nipple out even further. She was nearly hysterical when he finished.

He stood back until she had calmed enough to just let out little sobs, then said:

—Now you can have your reward. I will make you cum.

I thought he might lick her pussy, but he stepped out of the camera and returned with some twine. He tied an end to one of her pussy rings then brought it around her butt to loop it through the others, then he pulled at the twine until her lips were stretched open so wide you could see clear inside her.

While she moaned he tied the other twine to her nipple rings, then stepped out of the camera evidently to put them around a post or something because the twine tightened until her nipples were pulled out so far her breasts looked like cones and she was straining to arch her back to relieve the pressure.

He stepped out again and came back carrying a branch from a rose bush.

He began hitting her tits with it! Hard! Each lash left a stripe and drops of blood. He kept it up until the drops ran together to cover her breasts with blood, then he began putting lines across her stomach while she screamed, but to my utter amazement when he got below her belly-button she began screaming:

—Yes! Oh yes! Harder. Make me bleed! Hit my pussy.

He began putting stripes across her pussy, stretching the lips even more until she screamed:

—No! No! Hit inside me!

He stepped in front of her and brought the branch right into her slit! I knew the thorns had to either hit or be very close to her clit.

On the third one her body suddenly began to convulse as if she was having a fit and sweat began pouring off her washing away some of the blood.

When she began to calm down, the picture went white. I was stunned and a little sick. It did not have that effect on Dick.

He yelled:

—That was too much! Dixie! Strip and suck my dick.

It frightened me that seeing her suffer so much had turned him on and it was really humiliating to do it while Jim watched grinning. Thank God Dick was so excited it only took about a minute before his dick was jumping in my mouth as he pumped out his cum.

When it had softened in my mouth he pulled it out and put it back in his pants saying:

—That was great baby. I owe you one.

Jim said:

—It looked great. I could use some head myself.

I really felt good when Dick said:

—Sorry Jim. She is just for me.

It meant he really loved me and was too jealous to share me.

Jim laughed and said:

—You'll get over that in time.

I was a little disappointed when Dick did not protest and just said:

—I am really dry. Do you have a beer.

I said:

—Oh, me too. May I have one?

My mouth was not only dry from the spectacle, but also from the after-taste of Dicks salty cum.

Jim went out to get them while Dick said:

—That was really wild, wasn't it. Do you want some rings?

I shuddered and said:

—I don't think so. They would leave big holes. What would my gynecologist think.

He laughed and said:

—He would probably know what caused it.

I didn't want to look cowardly and remembered the fantastic orgasm she had, so I said:

—I may be able to stand the rose whipping. Maybe Jim has something else you could use to hold out my boobies and keep my pussy open.

When Jim came back, I suddenly felt embarrassed being so naked while they were dressed and reached for my clothes, but Dick stopped me.

—Leave them alone. You are beautiful and we like to see you naked. Get into position.

I knew what he meant. After my pussy was shorn he had told me it was beautiful and from then on when I was naked I should keep my legs apart and my hands behind my back to push out my breasts. I moved my legs

apart, so my thighs would not hide any part of my crotch and put my hands behind my back to push out my tits while I sucked in my stomach.

Jim seemed impressed:

—She is getting well-trained.

Dick seemed irritated at the comment:

—She is not trained. She just likes to please. Don't you Dixie?

I agreed, but it dawned on me that I was being trained from the very start when he got me to wear sexier clothes than I would have chosen then the spanking that had progressed on to more painful things. Each step seemed to be a natural progression, but I knew none of this was natural or normal. I think at that point if he had decided to whip me I would have run away, but he seemed to know how I felt.

Instead, he fondled me while bragging about how beautiful and firm I was. There was nothing I could object to. His hands felt wonderful caressing me and I naturally felt proud they thought I was pretty.

Jim said:

—It is a fabulous body. It is firm with young flexible skin that is perfect for the whip.

I was trying to decide what I should do if Dick offered me for the whip, but I didn't have to make the decision.

Dick said:

—You would not believe how courageous she is, but I have proof. Your wife was brave, but tied. Put in this tape.

Suddenly I was on the screen with my breasts pushed out and my legs spread to the point you could see the glisten of my pussy juices in the bright light. Dick was standing on my right, dangling the "Cat".

Jim exclaimed:

—My God! You used the “Cat” on her! What did she do to deserve that.

—Nothing. She volunteered.

I must have been spaced out at the time because I didn’t remember posing that way so long or what was said.

He was caressing my boobies as he said:

—This feels good, doesn’t it?

—Oh Yes!

—Soon they will be in pain. Do you want that?

—Yes! It will prove my courage and love for you.

—What do you want me to do.

—Whip my boobies. Make them hurt.

—Alright. Remember, you will set the cadence by counting. If you stop, I will stop.

I cringed remembering how badly that had hurt, but stared avidly at the screen to see if I was really as brave as he said.

The first one across the tops of my boobs obviously really hurt. Much more time went by than I remembered while tears rolled down my cheeks until he said:

—Well? Is that it?

A look of defiance came on my face as I moaned:

—No! More. Two!

The second across the bottom of my boobs obviously hurt as bad, but I just gasped then after a few seconds squinched my eyes shut and said:

—Three!

My eyes snapped open as I screamed when the center thong cut into both nipples.

It took my breath away and I whispered:

—Four!

He brought the whip down over his shoulder to hit my tits so hard they stretched down nearly to my belly-button. But now my face changed from a look of agony to a wild demented look as I screamed:

—Five!

This time he brought the “Cat” up from the floor. My now deeply red and spotted tits almost hit my chin from the force.

I hesitated a moment as I seemed to savor the pain, then said:

—Six!

He brought it directly across my nipples to flatten my poor tits against my chest wall. This was the one that threw me into orgasm. I began counting so fast he barely had time to aim until he stopped at sixteen.

By that time, I was so excited I didn’t care what they thought of me as I squeezed my breasts and nipples and dug frantically at my pussy.

He turned off the tape and said:

—God knows how many she would have taken if I hadn’t stopped her.

I interrupted Jim’s answer to say:

—I want to see more. Run it back to five and play it in slow motion.

Except for the lack of the sound of the whip, this was even more fascinating as I watched the thongs go clear into my breasts leaving dark red lines and even darker splotches from the knots.

In spite of my excitement and self-torture to my tits and clit, I could not cum! I just stayed in that terrible period just before release.

Just as the tape ended, I screamed:

—Help me! Please help me cum!

Dick said:

—I can’t allow anyone to fuck my wife, but you can eat her pussy while I fuck her ass.

I had never been fucked in the ass. It hurt at first, but then it began to feel good as it filled me inside while Jim expertly licked and nibbled my clit and both squeezed my breasts and nipples while Dick bit my neck and ears. All my erogenous zones were being assaulted and I went into one orgasm after another until Dick went soft and pulled out.

Dick said:

—Jim didn't get to cum. You owe him a blow-job.

I didn't protest, I just went to my knees and opened his fly to reveal a dong as long as Dick's, but much skinnier. He grabbed the back of my head and began fucking my face driving his dick into my throat that made me gag until I kind of yawned and it slipped into my throat as I learned to take breaths when he pulled it out to my mouth. He took his hands from my head to pinch and pull my nipples to bury his dick into my throat and back out to my mouth. For the first time, giving a blow-job excited me. The humiliation when he jerked it out of my mouth to shoot his cum into my face and eyes seemed appropriate.

They told me to rest while they looked for something else to excite me. I went to sleep on the cot until Dick returned and told me he was ready to leave and for me to get dressed.

I had gotten to the point that I resented clothes. I would have liked to stay naked no matter how many people saw me.

While I was dressing, Jim said:

—I would like to buy a copy of that tape. My customers would go nuts over it. None of my tapes have anyone that can take a whipping like that untied.

—No! Our tapes are just for us and possibly a few like you. Of course, if she decides to leave me they will be shown in divorce court, then I would sell them.

I was trapped! Sensational divorces got into the tabloids and my parents and everyone I knew would know how perverse I was. I protested that I would never leave him, even if he hurt me more than I could bear.

He seemed pleased and promised that if that happened, it would be a mistake and he would make it up to me.

I had a lot of time to think on the way home, it frightened me a little to know I was trapped, but comforted myself by knowing he would stop before I was badly hurt even when I may beg for more. I knew he would have stopped at ten lashes if I had not kept counting and my raw and tingling clitoris could have been prevented just by saying “Mercy”.

I was anxious to get home, so I could be naked again. I kept looking at the package he had carried from the store, but resisted asking him about it, so it could be a surprise.

When we got home, he said:

—I am going to hide this box, so you can have a new surprise every day. If you find it, you are not to look at it. I have ordered some other things to equip our basement which will be delivered later.

That night, he went to the box and brought me a rubber prick as large as his. I rubbed it against my slit and said:

—It is big... It should fill me completely.

—Yes! Especially since that is not where it goes.

He had me bend over and pull my ass-cheeks apart while he greased it and worked it into my ass-hole. It stretched my anus until I thought the skin might tear, but he got it all the way in to make me feel stuffed, then had me sit on him to bury his prong next to it in my pussy to stretch every thing. When I began to move up and down, I found there was more. He turned a switch on the dildo and it began vibrating in my ass. This and his dick tight against my tender clit brought me to orgasm.

It didn't hurt and I was relieved to know I could still cum without pain, although it was not as strong.

For the rest of the week, I was not whipped or tortured, each item he took out just provided pleasure. The only thing that caused some pain was a little clip with wires on it, he clipped to my clit. When he fucked my ass he would push a button to cause electric shocks which he felt as well.

He still worked making commercials or going to openings, although he didn't need the money. He would be gone about three days per week which was torture to me. He told me that since I was not working anymore and may get flabby, I should exercise to tapes he brought home. He liked watching me doing them naked, then brought tapes of strippers for me to strip along with. It was fun and it amazed me that it would make him horny even though he saw me naked all the time.

He explained it excited him because he was imagining I was doing it in front of a crowd of people who cheered at my sexy moves.

When I imagined the same thing, it turned me on too, so we had great sex without pain. On his days off, we shopped for pretty, sexy gowns since he gave parties for his clients.

We had several parties that he catered and I really enjoyed the admiration of the men looking at me in gowns that bared most of my boobs and flat tummy and stared at my legs that flashed through skirts slit on the sides up to my waist. Even more, I enjoyed the jealous looks of the women.

I tried to be the perfect hostess, dancing with all the men and complimenting the women on their gowns or figure.

At the first party he announced one of his employers was a movie producer and showed tapes on our big screen TV. They were pornographic movies with always at least one involving S&M. I really enjoyed them noting things that we could do after the guests left.

I missed the whipping and pointed out the big beam across our living room ceiling could be used to hang me, so every inch of my body could be hit, but he would not whip me because he did not want marks to show, so I was limited to spankings with a big rubber paddle that just made my ass red for a few hours. I pointed out the fact that no-one could see my pussy, but he said it may make me walk funny or wince when I sat down.

At the third party, the S&M tape was more severe. A girl knelt in front of her boy-friend and said:

—I have been a naughty girl. You should spank me.

She slowly stripped off all her clothes then laid over the back of a big chair. He used a big leather strap on her butt which excited me because it reminded me of my asking to be whipped untied, especially when he told her to straighten up and began whipping her breasts with a riding quirt. It was obvious she was in agony, but she never tried to cover up. I looked at Dick, wondering if he was also reminded of me and saw him taking notes.

I asked him about it after the guests left and he explained he was noting who enjoyed watching the pain and who were turned off by it. Then he told me to talk to the women after the films to get their reaction.

Most thought it was terrible with only a few expressing interest in being whipped with more saying they would enjoy whipping a girl that was obviously excited by it. I reported back to him and he checked to see if he got the same reaction from their husbands.

He had me invite my old girlfriends and I noticed that the guests were being weeded out at the following parties with just the ones interested in pain left plus new people until the last party which had no-one, but fans of S&M who became excited enough to ignore convention and began stripping to have a gigantic orgy. Everyone joined in, even Dick and me.

Then it was my birthday party. Dick said I would provide the entertainment by doing a strip. I protested I would be too embarrassed, but actually it seemed very exciting. He had me strip for him for three nights, encouraging me to play with myself until I became thoroughly excited. I knew it would be even more exciting to do it in front of others.

My party was different. The caterers just set up a buffet table and stocked the bar with every kind of booze available. Dick said we would be bartenders and he pre-mixed exotic drinks, so I would only have to make simple ones.

He had bought a special gown that had snaps to make it easy to take off with small circles and a triangle that was glued to my nipples and pussy followed by a g-string, panties and bra. I actually felt overdressed, but knew it would be more exciting to be able to reveal myself a little at a time.

When everyone arrived, we began serving strong drinks until about an hour went by and one of the men said:

—It is time for the entertainment. When are you going to show the movies.

Dick announced:

—I decided on something special. Dixie has been doing strip-teases for me and I thought you might enjoy one. Would you like that?

I blushed as they cheered and one man said:

—God yes! I have been dying to know if she looked as good naked as in those sexy gowns.

He had arranged the chairs and couches in a semicircle, everyone made fresh drinks and began sitting down while Dick had me go in the other room to make an entrance.

When he started the music and announced me, I stepped through the entrance to be met with cheers and applause. I felt like a star!

I stripped slowly, enjoying the pleas too:

—Take it off.

Until I was naked and the music got faster for me to do bump and grinds and make my boobs and butt jiggle. At the last song as we practised I slipped to the floor to drag my nipples on the rug and play with myself until I was totally turned on and my audience was getting wild enough to join me in taking off clothes.

When the song ended, I laid there trembling with excitement, then got up to gather my clothes.

Dick told me to leave them alone and announced.

—It is time for Dixie's birthday spanking. Are you ready for that!

There was a cheer and one woman yelled:

—God yes! I can hardly wait to see that cute butt all red.

Dick reached behind a chair to bring out ropes with cuffs attached and my favorite thonged whip. I knew it would not hurt too badly, but was disappointed I could not prove my courage by being untied. I also was sure only twenty spansks may not get me off and hoped I would not beg for more so they would not know how perverted I was. Two men helped him put the ropes over the beam and to a leg of the piano and the leg of a heavy cabinet.

I was panting and trembling with excitement as my arms were pulled up and my legs pulled apart. Then I realized I would not just get twenty when Dick handed the whip to a man on the end of the semicircle and said, We'll start on the right anyone who wants to participate can take the whip from the person on the left.

A man said excitedly:

—Jesus! Who would not want to spank that great bod!

There were five couples if they all joined in I would get 200 lashes. Much more than I had ever taken. I was suddenly grateful for the ropes, so I

would not look cowardly if it was too much even with the light whip.

Dick returned with the man and I moaned:

—I don't think I can take 200, will "Mercy" stop it?

—Not this time Baby, I don't want to cheat anyone.

That frightened me terribly until the man started spanking my butt just hard enough to make a "Slap" and a little sting. My excitement returned as I realized I could take this easily.

After ten, Dick said:

—This is a whipping, not a spanking. You can hit her anywhere below her armpits and above mid-thigh.

The man said:

—Really? Even on her breasts?

—Yes! Pussy too.

He hit me across my belly and when I only gasped with no protest he hit my inner thigh which made me cry:

—Ah!

He said excitedly:

—I found a tender spot!

He walked around me hitting my thighs from front and back barely missing my gaping pussy I knew had to be glistening from my juices.

He handed the whip to his wife who giggled and said:

—I don't want you guys to miss anything.

She stood at my side to be out of the way and proceeded to whip the whole front of my body from the top of my breasts to mid-thigh, but she skipped over my nipples and pussy, so again there was just enough pain to elevate my excitement.

The next man stood at my side to forehand and backhand my back and front. It was harder, but by then I was welcoming the pain and began

pushing forward and back to meet the whip.

The next woman named Kay said:

—Thank you... I can feel your lashes on me and it is getting me fantastically excited.

She concentrated on lashes across my breasts and pussy and gasped along with me at each one as I reached the terrible point just before coming and resented the delay as she passed the whip to the next man.

He stood behind me and fore handed and backhanded my sides to make the tips hit right on my nipples and pull my pussy lips apart until I was in orgasm.

By then, my audience had become excited enough to begin removing their clothes, so they could enjoy each other's hands on their sex.

The next woman came up totally naked and said:

—You guys are pussies. Can't you see she is getting off on this? You have just made her skin pink.

She hit much harder as she used her left hand to dig at her pussy, leaving welts on my breasts, stomach and across my pussy lips to throw me into a gigantic orgasm.

When she quit, I was moaning and pulsating with sweat literally dripping from my body. I didn't see the next man come up, I just felt incredible pain and excitement as he stood behind me and brought the whip between my legs to make the tips explode against my lower stomach. My audience began chanting:

—Lower, Lower.

Until he had pulled back far enough for the tips to go into my pussy and hit my engorged clit.

Dick knew I had reached maximum orgasm and said as my head fell forward:

— She needs a break. Let's let her rest before continuing.

They let me down and when I was on the floor, I saw that everyone was fucking or in 69's.

Dick said:

— You were great, baby, and as a reward began licking my pussy until I moaned:

— I can't cum anymore.

By then most of them had cum too and were going to the bar for more drinks while others caressed me and thanked me for the exciting show.

When my strength came back, I realized I was dying of thirst, so went to the bar to gulp two glasses of his strong screwdrivers. I was the center of attention with people grouped around me to feel my welts and hot skin while they marvelled at my courage. I felt guilty to be complimented on something that had given me all the orgasms I could stand.

While I sipped my third drink Dick said:

— Are you ready for more? You have eighty left.

— Oh God! I guess so.

One woman said:

— God! I can hardly believe how brave she is. I couldn't take more than twenty. Maybe forty. Another woman said:

— Me either. I think she has had enough.

Others complained they had not had their turn.

That gave Dick an idea:

— In that case since you agree she has had enough maybe you would like to help her by taking some of her lashes. If another woman volunteers you would only get twenty each and you won't be tied, so you can cover up if it is too much.

Another woman licked her lips, looked at her husband and stammered:

—I'll do it if it is alright with you.

Her husband was amazed:

—Really? You bawl if you get a paper cut.

—This is different. I think it will be terribly exciting.

—Well do it then, but I bet you chicken out after the first one.

I was surprised as well. She seemed modest and was the only girl still wearing clothes.

We drew cards to see who would be first through fourth, then one of the men said:

—They shouldn't be whipped by their husbands in case they may hold it against him later.

One woman said:

—Alright, but remember if I curl up in a ball, you should quit.

I was first and the woman with her dress still on said:

—I have not whipped yet. What ever I do to you can be done to me, but I would rather be tied. I think it would be more exciting to be helpless and I won't have to concentrate on being brave.

She told me to lean over the back of the couch, but when I bent over it she said:

—No! Lie on your back.

While I laid there with my tits and pussy so vulnerable, she took off her clothes to reveal a gorgeous body.

She told me to hold on to the couch to help me to keep from covering up, then brought the whip down on my left breast then my pussy then my right breast until I went into orgasm as she screamed at each lash until the lash was taken from her when she lost count and gave me twenty-one.

She walked to the ropes with a glazed look on her face, fondling her pussy and stood there panting while the men tightened the ropes to make

her look even better as her breasts raised and her tummy went concave.

A man was the next whipper and said:

—You only hit Dixies tits and pussy. Are you sure you want that?

She just moaned:

—Yes! I asked for this. Ignore my screams.

He did not hit as hard as she did, but I knew it really hurt, especially the upper-cuts that buried thongs in her open gash.

She screamed or moaned piteously at each one, but I noticed she pushed out her pussy to meet the whip and juice was dripping from it and down her thighs. When he stopped, she continued to push her pussy in and out until her head dropped.

They let her down and her husband gushed over her:

—My God... You were wonderful. I would never have guessed you were so brave.

She said:

—Me either. I actually had an orgasm from it. Could you tell?

—God yes! Me too! You made me so excited, I had to jerk off.

I thought the next woman was extraordinary brave since her whipper had her change positions after each lash to present another portion of her body and I knew the delays would not let her cum. She solved the problem by resisting the next position to say:

—No. Just whip my pussy!

There were only four lashes left, but it was enough to get her over.

The last girl said:

—I can't be that brave. Tie me. I want all of you to whip me. Would you just give me two each?

Dick said:

—That would mean you would get twenty-two.

—I know. I have been thinking about it. Please don't hit my pussy unless I ask for it. I may have to work up courage between lashes, please don't hit me until I say:

—Now!

We lined up, so there would be no delay passing the whip. I knew the first lashes would hurt the worst, so I went to the back of the line because it seemed strange to cause pain rather than receive it.

She really had thought about this. She told them the ropes were tight enough on her wrists just as they got snug, then said:

—Do my legs.

She kept saying:

—Wider!

Until her feet left the floor and she was nearly doing the splits.

Her husband put his fingers into her gaping pussy and said amazed:

—She is sopping wet and it hasn't even started!

I knew that was not true just, the anticipation of being tied was exciting enough to make me wet. It was like foreplay.

They started slowly, she screamed and shuddered at each lash before working up the courage to say “Now”, for the next, but as it went on the “Nows” became faster, then the “Nows”, changed to “Tits” then “Nipples”, until the last six were brought on by moaning “Pussy”.

I had no idea whipping someone would be nearly as exciting as being whipped. I could feel her pain as the lashes came diagonally across her pussy until I brought them directly into it, knowing the tips were hitting her ass-hole.

She let out one loud scream then dropped her head to moan:

—Pussy, Pussy, Pussy, over and over, but I ignored that, knowing she had reached her most powerful orgasm.

We let her down to lie on the floor. She immediately brought both hands to her pussy to dig at it until she went to sleep.

We went for more drinks while the men and women agreed this was the most fantastic night of their life and that they had never cum that hard before.

One woman said:

—It was good for the men too. Last night, John could not get it up. Tonight he was able to fuck me twice and he still has a hard-on.

Everyone seemed amazed that they would react the way they did except Kay who said:

—I am not really surprised. I have had fantasies about being whipped since I was a little girl. It started when my brother spanked me with a willow switch for breaking his toy, but for some reason we did not go further.

By then, everyone had become exhausted and began going home.

After they left, I confessed:

—They did not really hurt me very much, even with so many. Are you proud of me anyway?

—Of course... If it hadn't been for you, none of the women would have agreed to it. It was great to see them cum to an experience they never would have tried without your example.

He was tired and we went to bed. He was asleep in minutes, but I was too excited to sleep. The party had been a fantastic success for me. I had performed in front of an audience who was very impressed, even though they were rich and had seen everything. I felt the dozen or so welts on my body from a hundred and twenty lashes that proved I was not badly hurt, but best of all I had found four women like me, so I no longer felt perverted. I conveniently forgot that Dick had weeded through a lot of

people to come up with these five couples. I didn't even think it was significant that these women had only taken twenty easy lashes. It was only important that they, like me, had become excited.

I slept late and Dick had already gone to work. He left a note on my dresser that said:

—You are the greatest! I love you!

I felt a little guilty because he was so impressed by something that made me excited and thought I should suffer more to deserve his love.

I took a long shower, noting that there were only a few small bruises on my body and decided I could take a lot more pain. Maybe next time I would suggest he use the “Cat” to really impress our guests and him.

I walked out to the living room where the ropes were still hanging from the beam and jumped up to hang from them as I imagined a huge audience in front of me and tried to imagine the feel of the “Cat”, but I couldn't and slipped down until my feet were on the floor. Then I noticed a camcorder at the far end of the room near the ceiling. He must have put it up there while I was dressing. I got the kitchen step-stool to unload it, then played it on our TV. He had zoomed in until I was almost life-size doing my strip tease. I looked really good. I moved smoothly and sexily and it was obvious from the look on my face that I was really enjoying myself as I smiled at the audience reaction. I fast-forwarded to where I was being prepared for my birthday spanking. I was obviously excited and cooperated fully to my bondage. When I was whipped, I didn't look as if I was suffering at all. I just looked like the milder porno tapes where the woman was trying to get to orgasm in spite of the loud “Whap!” of the whip. Again I knew no-one would believe I was being badly hurt or that I didn't want it because I looked frustrated at the delays while the whip changed hands and was pumping my pelvis trying to cum. I turned off the tape for a moment to run

to our bedroom to get the vibrating dildo. I turned the tape back on and plunged it into my pussy in time with the whip strokes. I needed something extra so I pinched my nipples to cause pain at the same time to let me get to orgasm just as they started to let me down. It was obvious the audience had no sympathy for me. I had been so excited at the time I had not heard their yells to hit me harder or to hit my nipples or pussy. They yelped in glee as I gasped or moaned at an especially hard lash or one to the sensitive areas of my nipples, pussy or tender inner thighs. They really got excited, and women and men nearly ripped off their clothes to fuck doggy style so they could watch my ordeal as they fucked.

I fast forwarded again to the point the other women were whipped. On tape, they seemed to be hit not nearly as hard as I was. Even I didn't hit hard, then I remembered thinking I should only excite her so she would want it again. I assumed the other whippers felt the same way. After all, it was their first time. I convinced myself I was not hit hard the first time either. I spent the rest of the day either hanging from the ropes or watching tapes to keep me in, a state of excitement for Dick's return.

As soon as he came in he went to the camcorder and saw the kitchen stool. He was angry:

—What have you done! Why were you looking at the camcorder.

—I'm sorry. I guessed you filmed the party and I couldn't wait to see it.

—You have ruined it for me. I wanted us to see it together while we fucked.

—We can still do it.

—No! It is not the same, but I do want to see it.

I knelt by his chair while he watched. I was a little disappointed when he fast-forwarded to my whipping, missing the dance I was so proud of. He

wasn't even very excited by my whipping, saying:

—God! I didn't think they would be so wimpy. I should have whipped you. It would have been harder with more to your ass-hole and pussy.

I thought he was just saying that because he was mad at me for ruining what he had planned. I felt guilty and offered to suck his prick, but he said:

—No! It isn't even hard.

—Would you like to whip me? That may make it hard.

—No! You like to be whipped.

—Please don't be mad at me. There must be a way to punish me so you can forgive me.

He seemed to like that idea:

—Yeah! There is a way you can punish yourself with some toys I got at Jim's. We can see how far you will go to earn forgiveness.

He went upstairs and returned with the box. He had me lean over the dining room table while he wrapped ropes around my arms and the table until I could not lift up. When he was satisfied I could not straighten up, he tied a rope around my waist, then to the chandelier to lift me up on my toes.

He took two evil looking clamps out of the box and showed them to me. They had jagged teeth with a thumbscrew to tighten them. He said:

—These are going to hurt. Do you still want to be forgiven?

—Yes! I deserve to be hurt. I owe it to you.

He put them on my nipples just tight enough to keep them from falling off, then went from one to the other, tightening them more until I felt like animals with sharp teeth were biting me. He kept tightening them until I screamed:

—No more! They will bite off my nipples. The pain was horrendous and seemed to get worse with time. He jerked down on them to make me scream again, then said:

—Yeah. They shouldn't fall off.

I thought that was it, but then he took out two more clamps and put them on each pussy lip, tightening them until I was whimpering in pain.

I thought just a few minutes of this would earn forgiveness, but he was not through. He brought out wire hoops he clipped to the clamps, then lead weights he put on one at a time. I thought nothing would hurt anymore than the clamps, but I was wrong, each weight added even more pain. I begged him to stop even whining “Mercy”, but he said:

—You can take it. This is a continuation of your birthday. When you have twenty ounces hanging from them and take twenty spanks, it will be over.

I resigned myself to it and decided I could stand it because the pain to my nipples and pussy changed from sharp to a throbbing deep pain as I felt my breasts and lips stretch until he stood up and said:

—See? You can take it. Now for your spanking.

I was grateful for it. Twenty spanks would be over in seconds and I could be freed.

But then he said:

—God! That looks wild! You can't see it. I will get some pictures. My agony continued as he used a Polaroid to take the whole roll. I stood perfectly still since my slightest move caused the weights to swing and cause jerks to make the clamps take sharp bites.

Finally, he was through and said:

—Now for your spanking.

I was glad as I thought that it would only take seconds to give me twenty spanks and the new pain to my butt may take my mind off the agony to my pussy and nipples.

I thought he would use a whip, but I suddenly felt horrendous pain over the whole surface of my butt, to make it even worse the weights jumped and swayed jerking on my nipples and pussy to make the teeth bite even harder. I screamed and looked back at him frantically to see he was holding a thick leather paddle with holes drilled into it that looked like an oversized and over long tennis racket.

It was not over in seconds, he waited until the weights stopped swinging to give me another to make them jump and sway again. There was much too much agony to let me get excited. My ass felt like it was on fire and I was sure my nipples would be torn off and my pussy ripped at each spank.

I don't know why I did not pass out. I would have welcomed it. Finally it was over. He could have cheated because I was in too much agony to count the spans.

Thankfully he took off all the weights at once, but when he took off the clamps the sharp pain returned as the blood came back to my nipples and pussy.

I was crying hysterically when he took off the ropes and carried me to the bathroom to put me in a tub with cool water.

He said:

—That will help. I'll get you a stiff drink.

It did help. My butt stopped burning and just ached as I caressed my nipples and pussy lips trying to soothe them. The teeth had dug in to make holes in my skin that were oozing blood.

I spent a long time in the tub because everytime I got out the burn returned. Finally, I was able to stay out and went to my three way mirror to look at my butt. It was literally blistered. The holes in the paddle had

caused bumps that had turned to blood blisters. It was so sore I could not bear to touch it. It was hours before I could let him caress salve on it.

He apologized saying he had no idea that paddle would cause so much damage, but I knew he had to be lying as it was right in his sight through the whole ordeal.

He said he forgave me, but I said:

—God! After that I forgive myself for any wrong thing I have done in my life.

—Yeah it was wild! Look at the pictures.

He handed me the Poloroids and they were absolutely obscene. I knew now why it hurt so terribly. My breasts were stretched down into cone shapes and my pussy lips were stretched to the maximum to bury the teeth completely into the skin.

He asked me if I wanted to make love, but I was too sore and was hating him for treating me so badly. He just said:

—Your mouth isn't sore.

I sucked his prick while he caressed my butt.

The next morning the burning had stopped, but there was still throbbing pain to the bruised muscle and it was really ugly. It was completely black and blue and covered with blisters. I could not sit down comfortably for three days. He really seemed concerned and brought home a new ointment every day to see what would help. Now that I look back on it, I think he was mostly worried I would not look good for the next party.

The next few days, he was really nice to me, but it was not enough to make up for what he had done. He knew he was causing pain so badly there would be no way I could cum, but kept it up anyway. A pain that lasted for days. Before the pain was over shortly after my orgasms, but this time there had been no orgasms and the pain continued too long.

The third night he made love to me which might have made me forgive him, but he had me get on top then spanked my sore ass with a strap in each hand as I pumped. It was too much too soon. Pain no longer excited me because I knew now that he was capable of hurting me terribly. My belief that he would never go to far was gone and also the escape of using “Mercy”. I had screamed and sobbed that word over and over while my ass burned and my nipples were being chewed, but he had ignored me to prove he could do what he wanted with or without my consent.

The only concern he showed was when I told him after he came while sobbing that I no longer wanted pain and it didn’t excite me anymore.

He told me I would get over that and to help me he didn’t hurt my butt or nipples again. He did use the pussy whip on my tummy and pussy, but even that light pain did not get me off because I was afraid that any moment he might hit really hard. My only consolation was that he mistook my moans as rising excitement and ate my pussy which relaxed me enough to get an orgasm.

He said:

—See, You can still get off on pain.

I told him it was having him lick my pussy not the whip that got me off and I had just been able to tolerate the whip in the hope he would not hit harder.

This angered him and he said:

—Well you had better get back to normal soon. If you think I am going to be satisfied with straight fucking and sucking after you introduced me to the excitement of sadism, you can think again. You will be whipped whether you want it or not.

I was confused. Maybe it was all my fault. I had encouraged him after my first spanking by never protesting and even asking for pain.

—No. It is just because I am afraid. You promised you would not scar me and would stop if I said “Mercy”, but my butt is in terrible shape and I asked for mercy over and over. I can’t trust you anymore.

—I am sorry. The spanking was not meant to excite you it was meant to punish you so you would not do anything until you knew I wanted it. I got carried away. I promise it will not happen again. I’ll tell you what. If I ever ignore “Mercy” again you can do to me what I was doing to you.

—I couldn’t do that. It just doesn’t seem right. I am the slave, you are the master. Just having you make that offer makes me feel better. My nipples feel better. Tomorrow why don’t you use the pussy whip on them and my pussy to see if I am better. As long as I know my magic word, “Mercy” will work I think I can get into it.

We tried that the next night. He insisted I not be tied and be comfortable. He got a pillow to put under my butt which was no longer sore although still ugly. I laid on the couch with my right leg over the back and my left on an ottoman that left me with spread legs and my pussy pushed up. He told me just to leave my hands folded over my tummy so I could easily cover myself if it got too much.

He began slapping my tits then open pussy lightly. It didn’t hurt at all, it just felt good as the leather was pulled over my nipples and clit. After a dozen of those, he asked:

—Harder?

By then, I was excited and said:

—Yes! Harder

He began hitting hard enough to make my breasts and pussy lips jump and bring pain, but it was a good pain and my excitement rose until I said “Harder” again to bring on more and to see my breasts jump more violently and my pussy lips squirm and be pulled open. Now the pain was greater and

I knew it would bring me to orgasm at that level, but I said “Harder” again to rush my climax. Now my tits and pussy after jumping turned very red, but it just raised me to a new level that soon brought on an explosive climax.

He recognized it and yelled:

—I knew you could do it!

And then began fucking me to keep them going.

He was so pleased the next afternoon after work, he brought me some new clothes. Among them was some sheer harem pants and a scarf of the same material he arranged over my breasts and tied at the back, then he said:

—This goes with the outfit.

He put a heavy gold chain around my waist with a red jewel covering my belly button. I went to the mirror to admire myself. The skinny waistband was just across my pubic bone and my nipples and pussy were clearly visible behind the transparent material. I thought I looked sexier than when I was naked. He loved it too and said: It is perfect! The scarf pulls your breasts together to make cleavage and your pretty butt fills the pants just right.

—Pretty butt!

Reminded me I had not looked at it since my spanking since it was so ugly. I turned to see it had healed completely and even more surprising had no scars.

That made me happy and I kissed him and said:

—Oh Darling... You didn't scar me!

—Of course not. I love your body. I don't want to take away any of it's beauty.

That did it. Now I trusted him again to take care of me.

The party was to be in a few days and I assumed it would be a costume party since I had my harem outfit and Dick had silk flowing pants and vest with a coiled whip hooked at his waist to be the harem keeper. I giggled and said:

—You are hardly a typical Harem keeper. They were eunuchs. Your prick is going to be sticking out of those pants.

I was really looking forward to the party since I now had something in common with at least four of the women. They had intimidated me before because they had been rich all their lives and had gone to college. Now we were all lovers of pain.

It was a costume party, but the other women wore outfits much more elaborate than mine. They had tiny leather bikinis festooned with chains, handcuffs, and coiled skinny leather whips. Their husbands wore leather pants, vests and biker boots.

We all drank for a while, then Kay said:

—Dick, Why don't you put up the ropes. We need some excitement.

I became a little frightened thinking I would soon be whipped possibly more than I wanted, but Kay continued:

—We have all been naughty girls. Jan maxed out her credit card and I dented a fender, Beth got drunk downtown, Muffy lost her ring, and Betty tore her new dress.

They drew cards for order and each in turn was given twenty lashes, but they used thong whips like mine rather than the long skinny whips at their waists except for a few welts on their butts their skin was just turned red. As soon as they finished with a girl she was let down to be fucked sometimes satisfying two or three men at a time.

Kay was last and said:

—I am horny as hell. I want three of you to whip me at once so I can get to the fucking.

That was intriguing. I watched avidly as her pain was constant. There was a least one lash coming into her back and front steadily until she too was let down to bounce on one man's prick while she sucked another.

Needless to say the scene made me incredibly horny and I felt left out. No-one had touched me and I believed it was necessary to earn a fuck from whipping.

When everyone had calmed and was standing around the bar I said plaintively:

—Doesn't anyone want to whip me?

Kay said:

—Why? What have you done wrong?

I hung my head and said:

—Nothing... You know it makes me excited.

—Oh! Well in that case you would not be like us. We were whipped by our husbands we had wronged. You would have to be whipped by all of us for being a sex-starved slut.

That was humiliating, but it gave me an idea:

—I suppose so. Could three or four of you whip me at once so it will be over quickly. I am so horny from watching all of you. I need my turn.

Kay said:

—Is that alright with you guys?

When they agreed she said:

—How many lashes?

—Maybe twenty like you.

—Get real. There are nine of us counting Dick that would only be three apiece even at twenty-seven. How about a new record. Last time you

took one hundred and twenty. How about fifteen apiece?

I was not good at math and it took me a minute to determine that would be one hundred thirty-five. I remembered I had reached my ultimate orgasm last time before a hundred and twenty and the lashes after that had been agony.

—That's too many, maybe ten.

—No! Fourteen.

I turned to Dick and said:

—Will you stop them if I yell Mercy?

—No. You had better think about this. I promised I would stop, but I can't control others. Make up your mind to take whatever you can or just forget about doing it at all.

I figured in my head and determined twelve would make it one hundred and eight which should be just right.

—I'll take twelve if I can have them four at a time.

Kay laughed:

—You can't divide four into nine.

I hadn't thought of that, but defiantly said:

—I know that! Whoever is last can whip just my breasts and pussy while the rest of you watch.

Kay laughed "Deal!" and stepped behind me to untie the knot of my scarf to let it drop then unsnapped my pants for them to slide down my legs.

They tied my legs even further apart than last time so almost all my weight was hanging from my arms. I felt very vulnerable, frightened, but excited.

When I was hung up Kay fondled my breasts and tummy while saying:

—Such lovely white skin. You will look like a tiger when we are through.

I didn't understand. The thong whip just made solid red with some welts if hard enough. That wouldn't make me look like a tiger.

My excitement grew as I hung there while Kay said:

—High cards go first. Next four go next, low card does the finale. People on her left front hit her from her cleavage to her left thigh people on the right cleavage to right thigh. Back people from the armpits to thighs left start at bottom right at the tops, so your whips won't tangle. It seemed to take forever as more than one would get the same card while I hung there trembling with excitement and anticipation. Finally, they moved to the corner where they had discarded their clothes.

I knew why she had said I would look like a tiger when she turned around and let her skinny whip out of its coil then brought it over her head to make a terrible "Snap!" when it hit the floor. It was about four feet long and I knew the leverage would make it terrible.

I yelled:

—No! Not that! Just use the thong whip!

—Fuck you bitch. That was not in the agreement. This will make lovely welts.

Dick was by my side and I looked at him through tears of fear and plaintively said:

—Dick. Please.

—I warned you baby. It is too late to back out now.

I hated myself for being so stupid. I should have told them just to use the thong whip.

I loved Dick when he said:

—Let's take it easy on her gang. She might not volunteer again if it is too bad.

Kay grabbed the tips of the whips of the two people in front of me and stretched them across my tits with the tips in the middle. She said:

—Perfect. Don't step closer as your tips may tangle. This should pull her tits apart.

Then she went to the back and pulled the whip on my right over until the tip was at my left nipple then did the same on the other side. She said:

—When you get to her ass pull back, so the tip can get into the crack. Left side start at bottom right at top don't let the whips tangle when you meet.

I sobbed as I thought of those tips digging into my tender ass-crack and into my slit. The way she had positioned the whips the most painful tips would be sinking into my spayed pussy. I knew they would not waste many lashes on my tummy.

They did start easy, but this single strand was much different than the multiple thongs. It provided a narrow cutting pain and seemed to sink in deeper than the multiple thongs. It was bearable though and the pain was constant because as the front whips pulled back for the next swing the back whips dug into the sides of my breasts and down to my ass crack and later the back of my pussy and then wrapped around my thighs.

It hurt, but it was also exciting and I stared fascinated as the whips pulled my breasts apart on the backswing to leave a narrow stripe of red on my trembling body. The stripes slowly worked their way down to provide some relief as my tummy was striped rather than the greater pain of a nipple or pussy. Incredibly I was looking forward to the extra pain of the tips biting into my slit, but it was worse than I expected and I howled as first one then the other bit into my clit then violently ripped my pussy lips open.

That completed the first forty-eight and I panted and trembled as new people had their whips positioned.

Then the next forty-eight commenced as I hung there with gritted teeth and clenched eyes trying to get to the relief of orgasm. I made it just as the front whips bit into my pussy and then they stepped back staring at my sweating pulsating body as Kay stepped in front of me. I watched glazed as someone stretched her whip to my nipple.

Then pain and orgasm hit at once as the tip came down on my right nipple then my left six times then it was going into my pussy and I pumped as hard as I could to meet it screaming at each one until she stopped.

They let me down and then carried me to our big tub Dick had evidently filled with cool water.

I turned on my side and Kay and Muffy gently laved the cool water on my breasts and pussy as the pain and heat went away.

Dick brought in a tray of drinks and I chugged two down to get the calm of the alcohol and relieve my dry mouth.

Kay said:

—God, girl! You were awesome. It was unreal. We could hardly believe our eyes when you pushed out your pussy to meet the whip. Did it seem like I was hitting hard?

—Oh yes! I thought my pussy was being torn.

—It wasn't. At the end I moved forward to just slap your pussy. You were so turned on a feather would have caused agony.

After about ten minutes of gentle caresses and kisses Kay said:

—Do you want to go back or to bed. Everyone said you were so awesome they would eat your pussy as long as you wanted.

I deserved that and walked back feeling a constant tingle at my nipples and pussy.

I felt like a victor. Everyone cheered when they saw me and when I laid down on our soft plush rug three people came to me to use their

tongues on my pussy and breasts. Then they rolled me on my side and held my right leg up as tongues laved my ass-hole as well as my breasts. I was glad I had volunteered for the whipping as the tongues felt wonderful and the other people complimented me, and Dick for finding me.

I was not as happy the next morning because many of my pretty red lines had turned to ugly bruises.

I was kind of whimpering in front of the mirror when Dick woke up and came over to me:

—What is the matter, Darling?

I blubbered:

—Look at me. I have ugly bruises all over.

—No! They aren't ugly. They are your badges of courage.

He went on to remind me how everyone thought I was the most courageous woman they had ever heard of and began comparing me to Joan of Ark and other famous martyrs then led me back to bed to make love and go back to sleep.

That convinced me and then even more when we watched the tape and I saw that no-one was really hitting too hard and that I was taking them without screams or protests until my screams of orgasm when Kay was just flipping the end of her whip into my sopping wet pussy. I didn't wear a stitch of clothing for three days and spent a lot of time in front of mirrors sad to see my "Badges" fade away.

Then one morning there was a buzz on the intercom from our front gate and a man said he had a delivery for us. I put on a robe and met them at the door. It was a big truck and the driver and his helper began unloading big crates and asked me where I wanted to put them. I had no idea, so I called Dick who told me that was our shipment of toys from Mexico and to have them put in the basement and not to peek.

Our basement was eerie. There were no windows and pitch black until I found a light switch to reveal the stone walls and gobs of spider webs. It was cool down there, but hot outside. The men took off their shirts and I watched their muscles straining as they brought down the boxes. They watched me too. I was so used to being naked my robe seemed modest, but their probing eyes made me look down at myself. I realized then that when I had climbed up to sit on one of the cases my robe had loosened and my legs were exposed almost to my crotch with only the ends of belt hiding my sex and the top was showing cleavage almost to my nipples. I covered up to their disappointment, but then thought it was flattering that they thought I was sexy. It would be fun to tease them. I moved to the corner of the crate to give me the excuse to have my legs open more and opened the waist, so I had cleavage clear to my navel. They grinned broadly at me when they brought down the next crate, but I pretended I didn't notice. When they sat down the crate I turned and leaned over pretending to read the label which I knew exposed the rest of my breasts. I let them stare for a minute amused as I saw lumps growing in their pants then said:

—Is that all?

It startled them as they had been lost in lusty thoughts. The biggest one said:

—No... there is one more.

By then, I was even more excited than them. I loosened the knot of the robe and when they put down the case and returned to staring at me, I slipped off the case sliding up the robe and causing the belt to fall to my sides which let the robe open all the way. I waited until I was standing to slowly pull it closed. Their mouths dropped and they both grabbed at their crotches.

I smiled in genuine amusement and said:

—What's the matter? Haven't you seen a naked lady before?

The big one gulped walked over to me and said:

—Not one that looks as good as you. I want to see all of you.

I gulped too and then stammered:

—No! I'm sorry. I shouldn't have teased you.

—Well it is too late now. Your tease worked and we are going to fuck your brains out. He grabbed me around my waist to pull me against his sweaty, hairy chest then said:

—You have been a naughty girl. I guess I will give you a spanking.

He pulled up my robe with his left hand and began spanking my now bare butt with his right. I put my hands on his shoulders saying:

—No!

knowing I should push him away, but instead I moved my nipples on his coarse chest hair as stings from his callused hand sent tingles to my clit.

The other man pulled my hands back to slip off my robe and I felt his dick pressing into my ass-crack as the big man dropped his pants and easily lifted me to pull my legs around his waist and sink his rock hard cock into my pussy, then I felt the other man's cock begin to work its way into my little rectum.

God it was great! It felt even better than Dick's prong with the dildo in my butt. I squirmed and squealed in delight as they grunted and pumped until I came and I realized they had too as their cocks softened and the big man began to let me slide down his chest. I hugged him to feel his chest and stomach hair slide against my hard nipples while I kissed his chest and stomach with my legs limp until I had slid down to my knees and the cock that brought me so much pleasure was at my lips. I began licking it and to my amazement it began hardening. Dick had always had to rest a while before he got hard again.

I put it in my mouth and looked at his face grimaced in pleasure then the other man said:

—God! I want some of that action.

—Yeah and I want to see if that ass is as tight as it looks.

He pulled away and put me on my hands and knees and spread my ass-cheeks as the other man wiped his dick with his handkerchief then put it in my mouth. Even wiped off I could still taste my shit, but I didn't care. I sucked on it greedily while I felt the bigger cock plunging into my ass-hole. The big one reached around me to grip my breasts to use them as handles to pull me into and away from him while the other man used his hands to fuck my pussy. All my erogenous zones were being stimulated and I came three more times until one then the other grunted and pulled away.

I laid on my back on the cool floor breathing deeply while they pulled up their pants, then the big man said:

—Thanks a lot lady. You made my day.

The other one said:

—Yeah me too. Have fun with your toys.

They walked out leaving my limp body as I realized they knew what was in the crates. I swear I just planned to tease them not fuck them, but I knew now why the big man knew he could have me. Only a slut would be interested in sex toys.

I felt terribly guilty now that the passion had gone, but I didn't know what to do. I knew I could not confess. He might not believe I was raped and may kill me. Besides, it only started as a rape I had soon enjoyed it all.

He called to say he would be home late to clean up some things so he could take the rest of the week off and reminded me to leave the crates alone because he wanted to get the basement all ready for my surprise.

I had dinner ready for him when he came home while he excitedly told me he had arranged enough time off to get the basement perfect. He was going to the hardware store to get everything he needed in the morning for better lighting and some more camcorders.

He noticed I was distracted and said:

—What is wrong. You are a million miles away.

—I am trying to guess what is in all those crates. They may be terrible things that will hurt me.

Suddenly I had an inspiration that would help relieve my guilt:

—I would like to test you. Maybe you could use the clamps and paddle on me again to see if you have the restraint to not blister me.

Even if he had that restraint, I knew it would hurt a lot which I deserved.

—Yeah we can do that, but first I want to see a new tape that was sent to me.

He put it in the VCR and the scene opened in a dungeon with stone walls much like our basement. There were four teen aged naked mexican girls with great bodies secured to the walls by heavy chains going to clamps like mine on their nipples to pull their breasts widely apart and other clamps stretching open their pussy lips. Their arms were pulled up to the ceiling while their feet were locked in manacles to hold their legs apart.

I shuddered knowing just the weight of those chains even if they had not been pulled tight would cause the teeth of the clamps to bite very hard. Then there were closeups of the girls breasts wet with their tears showing how the clamps were pinching their nipples and then a closeup of the hook on the wall to allow the chain to be pulled tight followed by a close-up of their pussies showing the lips pulled tightly open to expose the tender pink skin and clits.

Two big men released one of the girls and carried her over to what looked like a merry-go-round horse, but then I saw a shiny metal gnarled dildo coming out of the seat about eight inches long and a couple of inches thick. They pulled her legs apart with them out in front of her then let her slide down on the dildo with close-ups to show how her pussy lips stretched and relaxed as they slid over the deep ridges. Her hands and ankles were tied straight out in front of her to a bar going through the horse head which would only allow her to move back and forth which she began doing. Then the camera moved closer to show a man on her right side holding a black box with wires running from it. He flipped a switch and the camera backed off to show the horse rocking from side to side as the girl got a wild look on her face then it zoomed in to show him flip another switch. Now the horse started jumping up and down. They showed a closeup of her pussy squirming from the lumps on the dildo as her butt bounced off the seat. Then they pulled back again to show her face and body as she approached climax. Just as she began letting out little screams they panned to the man who pressed a button. There was a shriek then the camera moved back to show the man hitting the bottom as her ass spread from impact on the seat to cause shriek after shriek until they had to catch her when her head dropped and she started to fall off to the side.

A voice came on saying, this is an early model our improved version has sides on the saddle so they can't fall off and you can now change the speed of the horses trot and vary the amount of electricity going to the dildo. That explained her shrieks as he pushed the button. They took her seemingly lifeless body back to the wall to hang her up, but left off the clamps. She began rolling her head and moaning as they went to the next girl.

They carried her to a big table where cuffs were put on her ankles then turned a crank that began pulling her legs apart until she was screaming and doing the splits. Then her hands were tied to another winch that began pulling her body until the skin was tight on her belly. Toothed clamps were put on her nipples then they were pulled up until her round breasts looked like cones. Finally, a man began pumping a foot pedal and a square piece began to rise out of the table to lift her ass and make her pussy accessible clear to her ass-hole.

They took a close-up of her gaping pussy. I was amazed to see her juices glisten in the bright light.

The narrator said:

—Some will not like being stretched this much, but as you can see this girl is wet from excitement.

A man stepped between her legs and began shaving hair from her pussy with a big clipper. She must have liked the vibration as her face formed a little smile.

The narrator said:

—The pussy must be shaved to demonstrate the next device.

A man held a paddle shaped like the crotch piece of my thong panties, then turned it around to show hundreds of pins sticking out of it. The narrator said:

—The pins are too short to cause damage, but it is painful as you will see.

The man positioned himself on her far side so as not to block our view then another man with two paddles stepped behind her head.

The man at her side began fingering her pussy until she moaned and smiled then he nodded his head and all three paddles came down on her breasts and pussy leaving drops of blood. They kept it up while she

screamed until hoarse and blood was running off her breasts in little rivulets until she passed out.

They cut out the period while they released the girl and there was a fade-in to the third girl with a horrified look on her face moaning piteously and moaning:

—No... por favor! No.

I could not believe girls could volunteer for this. I looked at Dick who was staring fascinated at the screen and said:

—How could they get girls for this? Did they kidnap them.

—No! That would not be necessary these girls are probably so poor they will do anything for a hundred dollars. They might be whores given to them by pimps.

That seemed terrible. The girl they were releasing was so young she only had wisps of hair on her crotch and her breasts were still so firm there was no crease under them. The poor thing looked scared to death. They put leather cuffs around her wrists then hooked them to a metal cable coming down from the ceiling. Then they had her stand on a block of concrete and hooked her ankle cuffs to a ring in the concrete. They stepped back and a man pushed a button on a switch box he was holding to make the cable slowly tighten to make her waist slim and her tummy concave. They kept it going up until the block left the floor. The block must have weighed at least a hundred pounds and her body was at maximum stretch to support it. Then they used several different paddles and whips on her body which would cause her to twist on impact to present a new place to hit. She must have been stretched too much to take a deep breath because her only sounds were moans and small squeals as she was given over sixty lashes with paddles as bad as Dick had used on me to whips over six feet long that would curl

around her body to leave a spot of blood where the tip landed which they seemed to try their best to be on a nipple or pussy lip.

There was a fade-out then in to see them lead the fourth girl, also pretty with a hairless pussy over to what seemed to be a simple device. It was just a saw-horse that came up to her knees with a straw broom coming up from the top of the saw-horse. A close-up showed that the broom had been trimmed to make a sharp wedge at the top. The base of the horse was wide to keep her legs open, but untied. Her hands were handcuffed behind her back then three alligator clips on each pussy lip was tied to her thumbs to hold the lips open to expose the inner lips. Finally, two boards reaching up to her navel were stuck in slots to keep her from moving forward or back. A man spoke to her in Spanish and the narrator translated:

—He is telling her that she is to stay on her toes for four minutes. If she goes flat-footed in less than that she will get a lash for each second under the goal. Ballet dancers and women who wear high-heels may be able to do it for twice that time, but these girls have only worn flat huaraches. They usually can't make it past three minutes.

A clock with a second hand was put in front of her for her and us to see. When the second hand hit twelve one of the men jerked her up on her toes by her breasts while the other slid the broom up just below her pussy and locked it in place. I was dying of curiosity and stood up to stand on my toes. I would never of guessed that a minute could be so long. She made it just over three minutes. It was easy to see the coming failure as first her legs began to tremble then it seemed she had trouble keeping her balance. Her heels began to drop, but as the first sharp straws entered her pussy she would get up again only to sink in a few seconds until finally she was standing flat-footed and sobbing.

They pulled out the boards in front and back of her and I expected her to be lifted out, but then a man spanked her ass with a big wood paddle and she jerked forward dragging those sharp straws through her pussy. She struggled to get back up on her toes just as the other man hit across her clit with a big leather strap. She never had a chance to get back on her toes as lash followed spank forty times for the forty seconds she was short of the goal.

When they lifted her off she was crying hysterically while blood ran down both her legs from the straws and the lacerations made when she ripped off the alligator clips while trying to escape, fade-out then in to see them dragging the first girl over to a barrel about five feet long with big nails sticking out of it about an inch long. It was mounted on a pipe with gears at the end. While she was stretched out on it and tied to the pipe with her hands past the barrel in front and her feet past the end the narrator came on to say that this was the perfect device for torture with no residual marks. The pain did not come from the nails which were blunt, but from electricity that was applied to them when the motor was turned on. They screwed in two pipes at her waist to keep her from falling off to the side then turned it on. She screamed and strained to try to lift herself off the nails, but being stretched that way there was no way she could do it and just had to take the shocks until the barrel turned far enough for gravity to pull her body away. It was really diabolical because the barrel turned very slowly to allow recovery, but also to allow the girl to anticipate the moment when the gravity that helped her pulled her back on the spikes. We watched her make a few revolutions watching the fear hit her face and constant “No’s” until the scream that came when her body fell back on the spikes.

The narrator said:

— It is spectacular in the dark.

As the lights went out and we saw blue lightning jump to her breasts which were closest to the nails then travel on down her body until she was in full contact. I felt sick. I was very afraid of electricity since when I was a little girl I had stuck a hairpin into an electrical outlet that gave me a nasty shock and burned my fingers.

When she was finally taken off I didn't understand why there was just little red bumps on her body from the nails. I thought she would be burned.

I told Dick my experience with electricity and asked why she was not burned.

He explained that they used high voltage, but very low amperage. The amperage was what burned and killed. House current at only 120 volts will kill you if you are well grounded in a tub or touching a water pipe, but you can touch a spark plug in a car at 20,000 volts and just get a terrible shock.

By then he had removed his clothes to fondle his hard-on while he watched the torture of those poor girls. He turned to me and said:

—Let's get your "Test" spanking over with so we can fuck I have decided that that paddle with the holes is too severe. I'll just use a bamboo cane.

I was worried now that I knew even severe torture turned him on, but I reminded myself that I deserved punishment for betraying him and he was being nice not to use that terrible paddle.

I have to admit he allowed me to make it as easy as I wanted. He handed me the clamps and told me to tighten them myself, but to make sure they would not fall off. I tightened them little by little until tears came to my eyes and I felt it was enough to let me forgive myself. Then he tied them to the table saying I needn't pull on them unless I wanted to. As a final gesture he told me he would hit me easy unless I said:

—Harder!

I thought he was being kind, but now that I think back on it, I know that he knew me better than I did and as I got excited I would bring on more than enough pain to excite him.

That was exactly what happened the easy spanks just excited me and I left the cords to the clamps loose, but as it went on I began screaming “Harder” and pushed myself out from the table to stretch my nipples and tits as far as they would go as the fire on my ass sent me into fantastic orgasms.

It was a success. I was guilt-free and although my butt was bruised in wide lines the size of the cane there were no blood-blisters.

He worked on the basement for three days from morning to night only leaving occasionally to go to the hardware store. In spite of my promise I tried to look into the basement, but he evidently did not trust me as he had put new locks on both the inside and outside door. I was really getting frustrated because he was too tired at night or thinking about his project to want to make love to me. He even passed up my offer to have him whip my breasts while I held them out for him!

But there was hope because we had been invited to a party at Kay and Bill’s. I knew there would be sex and I didn’t have to worry about being hurt badly since they lived in a condo with neighbors on each side. A scream would bring the police.

I figured it would be another costume party since Dick said he bought a special outfit for me. I was disappointed when I opened the package and saw a plain housedress like my Mother used to wear for cleaning. He grinned at my disappointment and said:

—Don’t worry I am going to alter it. You are going as a southern slave. Did you know that some slaves were only one eighth black and were as white as you?

I had read that somewhere and when he showed me his costume as an overseer I felt myself get wet as I remembered my fantasy. He had me put on the dress then cut a ragged hem just below my butt and a big piece out above my nipples then started making slits. I would walk around then be called back for more slits so when I walked around flashes of my nipples and pussy would appear through the slits. I thought it was really sexy. I would be doing a little strip tease just by walking around and if I bent over both my boobs and butt were fully exposed. I thought I would be a hit since they all thought I had a great body. Dick had me put on a fur coat over the dress since I was too exposed to be in public. I giggled as we went down the crowded sidewalk to their building at the reaction I would get if I opened the coat.

When we went in, I felt we were at the wrong party. Everyone else was dressed in colonial costumes and I remembered it was close to Thanksgiving. I was given a drink by Kay and said:

—I feel strange. Since we are all alike in being excited by pain I kind of expected you and the other girls would be in slave costumes too since there were slaves and indentured servants in colonial times

She looked at me funny then said:

—My God how dense are you? We aren't like you. We just like a little stimulation not real pain. Didn't you notice we only took twenty light lashes while you took over a hundred hard ones? You are just a poor dumb hick who would probably be hooking on the street if it wasn't for Dick's money.

I was aghast and tried to defend myself:

—No! I was a virgin when Dick met me.

—Well you aren't now are you. I'll bet you beg Dick to fuck you.

I was ashamed to admit she was right. Even more. I had offered to be whipped on my most sensitive parts just so I could excite Dick enough to

fuck me.

She noticed my stricken look and said:

—Hey! Don't feel bad about it. Dick and the rest of us love you the way you are and you better not change if you want to stay married.

That gave me mixed feelings. I was glad to be loved, but felt guilty about being such a slut and knowing I could never be Kay's equal.

Dick came over to us and said:

—How do you like the slave dress I made. Cute huh? She can't make a move without flashing something.

I looked down at myself and saw both my nipples were poking through slits and self-consciously pulled material back over them. I felt especially naked since the other girls except for low necklines were fully covered.

—Kay said:

—Maybe too cute. A real slave would be wearing handcuffs and kneeling when with her betters.

Dick agreed with her and handcuffed my hands behind my back and had me kneel. Kay left and came back with a dog collar she put around my neck then hooked a leash to it.

Then she said:

—I think she has been teasing the men long enough.

She brought out a pair of scissors she had stuck in her neckline between her breasts and cut my dress off me. Although I normally enjoyed being naked I was embarrassed with everyone else clothed and just milling around with drinks with no sign of sexual activity.

She pulled on my leash, so I started to get up, but she told me to stay on my knees and to remember I was just a scummy slave.

Kay led me around saying:

—Look who's here.

She fed me sips of my drink while they would feel and pinch me. This time there were no compliments as they pulled and pinched my breasts, pussy lips or butt. They would just speculate about how much pain I could take to the part they were pinching before I passed out. I thought Dick should be jealous and stop them, but when I told him that he laughed and said:

—You let these people whip you. What is a feel and a pinch.

He didn't understand that I considered the two things totally different. Whipping excused my actions, but fondling just felt good and made me feel more of a slut.

The more I drank, the drier my throat felt and I started to ask for some other kind of drink when I discovered I could only whisper. Kay said:

—What?

And I whispered as loud as I could:

—I can't talk.

—Yeah! You can't scream either. That is great stuff. My doctor told me about it. It comes from a plant in the Amazon. It gives instant laryngitis. You'll be okay in a day or two.

That frightened me because the idea I would not be hurt because I may scream was out the window. Worse Dick would not hear my cry for mercy. Kay said:

—It is time for the slut's trial.

One of the men put on a wig and said:

—Here comes the judge

As he took a bar stool behind the bar to sit on to look like a judge at his bench.

They led me over to kneel in front of the bar then another man acting as prosecutor said loudly:

—Dixie. Have you ever cheated on your husband?

I whispered:

—No! Never!

—Are you sure?

—Yes!

Then they called Dick as a witness and said:

—Dick. Have you ever encouraged her to fuck another man?

—No. You know none of you have.

That was true, but he had told me to suck Jim.

I heard a door open behind me then I saw the two truck drivers out of the corner of my eye. I sobbed knowing I was in deep trouble.

The prosecutor had them tell how I had teased then fucked them. He said:

—She was a willing partner then?

The big one grinned and said:

—God yes! Naturally as gentlemen we informed Mr. Marster.

I whispered:

—No! They raped me.

The prosecutor said:

—Pardon me! Did you say they raped you?

I nodded my head frantically.

The prosecutor asked them:

—Is it possible that you took advantage of her?

The smaller one grinned and said:

—Would a raped woman suck your dick, so she can do it again?

I stared at the floor sobbing in shame as the prosecutor crowed:

—Your honor it is obvious this slut is guilty of adultery, perjury, and making false accusations. She should be punished severely.

The judge hit the bar with a bottle and yelled I agree.

—Take her to the stocks.

Two men grabbed me under my armpits and carried me through double doors into a huge room. It occurred to me that I had been fascinated by torture as a young girl because I recognized the stocks used to keep people bent over by locking their wrists and neck between two boards with holes in them and a whipping post with manacles hanging down from the top.

I was taken to the stocks then Dick said angrily:

—You will never betray me again, you bitch.

I sobbed and whispered:

—I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I will never do it again.

But he probably didn't hear me.

They put my neck and wrists in the stocks to bend me over at a right angle and then tied a board to my ankles to keep my legs apart.

A man got on each side of me and then took turns hitting my ass with big thick leather straps. My butt and thighs caught on fire, but all I could do was make little croaking sounds drowned out by the “Whap!” of the straps. After about twenty or more hard spans I lost my strength and dropped to my knees, but I was brought back to my feet by putting two stickery ropes between my legs that were tied to a pole two men used to jerk me to my feet and saw at my ass-hole and pussy as I jerked from the blows until I mercifully passed out.

I woke up abruptly when they dropped me into a tub of ice-water which they held me in until I was shivering uncontrollably. My thighs at the back and inside were welted bad. I didn't want to know how my ass looked. I was just glad it was over. When they let me out Kay had me snort some cocaine which revived me only to hear someone yell:

—The whipping post!

I fought them weakly as my hands were pulled up to the manacles. I looked around to see two women about five feet from my sides holding coiled whips.

Then they struck with a “Snap!”, “Snap!” milliseconds apart and there was cutting pain across my back and butt that threw me forward into the rough cedar post to drive splinters into my breasts and stomach. I jerked back just in time to get two more lashes to drive me into the post again. I felt terrible sharp pain as a big sticker drove into my nipple and desperately pushed out, but my hands were so high above me, I had no leverage. That worked for a minute, but after four more terrible lashes they moved forward and the tips curled around my body to rip into my nipples and cunt slit. That was so terrible I pressed into the post wrapping my arms and legs around it to protect my front. This worked at least to protect my clit, but the post was too skinny to protect my nipples as they grabbed my boobs to pull them to the sides dragging my nipples over stickers. It bulged my breasts out to seem to cause even more pain to the tight skin. It seemed to go on forever as I squirmed at each lash to drive stickers into my stomach and pussy and break them off.

Incredibly, I either got numb or my mind snapped because the pain became not as sharp as I became exhausted and just hung from my arms letting my body twist at the pull of the whips to rip off more stickers until they let me down and carried my limp body back to the tub which stopped the burning and revived me.

Kay held a little spoon of cocaine under each nostril which I snorted gratefully to let the “High” further revive me and help kill the pain. They put me on my back on the floor and the four of them began picking wood stickers out of my body. There were hundreds and the fondling and pulling

on my skin as the stickers were pulled out really stimulated me and I felt excitement rising while I listened to them talk about me.

Kay said:

—Jesus! Isn't she awesome? She took ninety lashes that threw her into the splintery pole without passing out. I would have fainted at ten.

Ninety meant Dick had given me ten too. I wondered if he had been the one that gave me ten in a row up between my legs to make me straighten up and slide my body on the pole.

Another girl agreed and added:

—Look at these welts! The whips really dug in. I am surprised she is not bleeding.

Another said:

—She is young with resilient skin and great muscles, but that didn't help much with her tits. Did you see the way they slapped into that post at each lash?

—Yeah! God that was exciting. Just seeing it made my tits ache.

They settled down to continue removing stickers which continued to stimulate me as they ran their hands over my body watching for me to wince to find the ones that were broken off under my skin which they dug out with needles and tweezers.

Finally they got the last one, but they continued to stroke me as if I was a big cat until Kay kissed me on my nipple that had drops of blood from three big stickers and said:

—That was a tough ordeal. Are you hating us?

—No! I deserved it. I shouldn't have teased the truckers to encourage them to rape me. I felt really guilty about having them fuck me. I can forgive myself now. Dick! Do you forgive me?

—Yes. I think you learned your lesson. There is just one more thing to remind you of what you are.

—Please! No more. You said I learned my lesson. I promise I won't ever do it again!

They ignored me and took me to a wall to run ropes around my body and to hooks so tightly I could not move. Dick brought out a soldering iron with a capital letter “A” bent out of wire and plugged it in to an electrical cord. I watched it fearfully as the letter began to smoke then began to glow red. I began to whimper and plead for mercy, but I was ignored and the letter was pressed into my breast with the lower legs of the “A” straddling my nipple. I had never been burned and hoarsely screamed at pain worse than any whiplash. He put another on my other nipple then let the legs straddle the top of the slit of my pussy. That was the last straw and I fainted.

I awoke in a strange bedroom with Dick beside me and realized that they must have decided I was in no condition to be taken home.

My nipples and pussy were still hurting, so I got out of bed to look into a mirror with my body lit by the morning sun. There were bandages on my nipples and pussy that I carefully removed then began to cry when I saw large “A,s” with the crossbars marking the center nubbins of my nipples and the top of my slit. If that weren't enough the whole front of my body was red with little pimples where splinters had been pulled out and skinny black and blue lines crisscrossed my breasts, stomach and pussy lips.

My cries awakened Dick who came over to stand by me. I was still hoarse as I blubbered:

—You lied to me! You said I would not be hurt more than I could stand and I wouldn't be scarred. The pain was awful and I have these terrible “A,s”. I will be ashamed to ever get naked.

—My promise does not count when you deserve to be really punished and those “A,s” will remind you not to ever fuck anyone without my permission again.

I whimpered awhile then replied:

—I guess you are right. I should have known better than tease them, but I really did not plan to fuck them.

—Maybe not but you did and according to them thoroughly enjoyed it.

I sobbed and said:

—Oh God! I did! I deserved everything that happened to me. Maybe more! I’ll be good from now on. I promise.

—I believe you and you suffered enough. You won’t be hurt again unless you disobey me or want to be hurt.

—Oh! I’ll never want to be hurt again.

That turned out to be a lie. A few days later he came upstairs to pour us a drink. Even though my burns had healed to leave white scars I still wore large band-aids to hide my shame. He invited me down for the “Grand Unveiling” of his work.

As soon as I stepped through the door I saw all the instruments of torture that were in the tape we had watched and realized it had been a promotion advertising tape of the manufacturer.

I sobbed knowing they were there to be used on me and said:

—Why did you buy these things? You said I wouldn’t be hurt anymore. I don’t want to suffer like the girls in the tape.

—You saw these used at their worst. They are adjustable and can cause just tingles.

I looked at them with dread then decided it was possible for all of them to be used without terrible pain except the broom thing. There was no way

sharp broom straws being driven into your pussy could be adjusted, but when I said that he had a ready answer.

—Oh. I didn't get that for you. Kay and Buffy are very competitive. I thought they would challenge each other to see who could stay on their toes the longest. I'll prove to you they can be just thrilling. I'll help you on the hobbyhorse and will adjust the speed to what you want.

Since he had gone to all this trouble and expense I thought I should at least try it.

I stood in the stirrups of the hobbyhorse and slowly let myself down on the big dildo. I was wet almost instantly as I felt the lumps sliding next to my clit as the lips were pulled in by its size.

Dick took my feet and spread them widely to tie my legs to the bar going through the horses head which let me keep my balance while I squirmed on the dildo.

He turned a switch and the horse began going up and down. This along with my squirming had me really excited and soon I was saying "Faster" until my butt was bouncing off the saddle while I felt tingles envelop my pussy when he turned on the electricity. I said:

—More tingle!

Until the shocks were enough to cause my muscles to tense at each upward thrust. I saw Dick taking off his clothes and just as I went into my first great orgasm he lifted me off the horse to bend me over it to fuck me doggy-style to bring on more until he grunted and flooded me with sperm.

While we laid on the cool floor recuperating I hugged him and said:

—You were right. The little pain from the shocks were perfect to get me over. Should we try something else?

—My God. You are insatiable, but you will just have to wait. I am having a grand opening party tonight. You can try more then if you want to.

That frightened me. I had noticed that the people seemed to want to hurt me more at each session and I knew after my punishment session that there were limits to the amount of pain I could convert to excitement.

—I am frightened of them. They hurt me worse each time. Please don't let them hurt me. Just you.

—You suffered enough last time. I thought I would just let you watch or whip this time.

I really looked forward to giving the girls an idea of what they had put me through, but I should have known I would get too excited just to watch.

Before the party, he said:

—I thought you should be properly dressed for your role as dominatrix.

And gave me a tiny leather bikini bottom festooned with chains and a top with holes cut out to pull my breasts though to make them firm balls. I went to a mirror and noticed that the bikini bottom also had a hole to display my “A” scar. All three of my “A,s” were prominently displayed which I think was deliberate to bring back my shame and guilt for cheating on him. He said:

—There is more to the outfit if you want it.

He took a large gold chain out of his pocket with a plaque in the middle that said:

—I belong to Dick.

—Oh! I do want it. I want everyone to know I belong to you and will never cheat on you again. It seems short for a necklace. Is it a choker?

—No! It is attached to your nipples.

I took it from him and discovered what looked like two large gold safety pins at the ends. It was so heavy I did not think the opening between

the wires of the pins could hold it then it, dawned on me that the sharp point of the pins would have to go through my nipples.

Gee... My nipples would have to be pierced to wear this. You know how sensitive my nipples are.

—Yes, but it shouldn't be any worse than when you picked up thumb-tacks with them. You didn't seem to mind that very much.

The only thing I could remember about that was the fact I eventually had great orgasms. I decided it would be worth the pain to prove I would be loyal.

—Yes! I want them.

—You know it will hurt?it

—Yes, but I want you and everyone to know I am your willing slave.

He used a large darning needle to make the hole and it seemed to take forever for him to slowly push and wriggle the needle through the tough, but sensitive nipple. I was whimpering at the first and would like to have changed my mind, but I was committed now. The second seemed even worse, but surprisingly there was only a drop of blood when I released my clenched eyes to watch him put on the chain.

I went to the mirror to look at myself. The chain was beautiful and I looked very sexy. My outhrust boobies made my waist look even smaller and my erect nipples were carrying the chain proudly.

Our guests arrived later and I was a star again. Everyone said I looked lovely and tugged at the chain to my nipples. Kay said:

—These are great! You could use them to tie her.

I shuddered at the thought of the way I jerked at my bonds at hard lashes. I would have to use all my willpower to avoid tearing my nipples.

When everyone had a drink, Dick led them to the basement. They were really impressed. Along with the equipment, he had installed four remote

controlled cam corders on each wall with spotlights with pink lenses to make us look good, as well as the gas torches to make the place seem like a real dungeon.

He took them around to demonstrate each item and had the girls touch the electric dildo and the barrel to show them how the electricity could be low enough to cause an exciting tingle. He watched them jerk their hands away when the electricity went from tingle to pain. He told them the number on the control each had let go and they agreed they might be able to take one more higher number. He didn't bother to explain the splintery whipping post that had caused me so much pain since they had seen it before and ignored a split-cedar fence post I assumed would be set up later as a shorter whipping post.

All four girls wanted to ride the hobbyhorse and thought the stretching table and winch would make their bodies look great. Dick suggested a contest. The girls could choose either of the stretching devices and the one who took the most lashes after being stretched would win a guaranteed maximum orgasm on the hobbyhorse. All of them agreed the stretching table would make their tender pussies and ass-hole too vulnerable, so chose being stretched by the winch with their ankles tied to the concrete block. The three losers would draw cards to see who would be put on the stretching table for pussy lashes, ride the barrel, or straddle the broom for five minutes.

Even the contest brought orgasms since none of them were stretched to the point the concrete block left the floor and they just used the thong whip. In my new role I got to whip them too, but even though I hit harder than the men their bodies were just red when they quit with Kay as the winner.

Dick gave her a monster orgasm with the horse and as consolation, said the other girls could ride it too after they paid their penalty.

There wasn't much penalty. The girl that got the stretching table was not stretched to the maximum and they just used the pussy-whip which just excited her to the point she could hardly wait to get on the horse.

The girl on the barrel actually asked for more electricity and more speed as she went into orgasm and Muffy with her ballet training easily stayed on her toes, only letting herself down to gently prick her pussy to bring on her excitement for the horse. The moment the straws hit her pussy she was hit on the butt making the straws drag through her pussy which brought her back up on her toes until the five minutes were up.

I decided I didn't like my role. My only excitement had come from imagining myself in their place. No-one had even fucked me.

I whined:

—I didn't get to cum. Everybody, but me has cum. I want to ride the horse.

Dick reminded me that he had not cum either and that we were just hosts, but that didn't help. I felt totally frustrated from being kept excited all night watching the other girls and imagining myself in their place.

I said petulantly:

—I don't want to be hostess! I want to cum! I want monster orgasms.

Dick said:

—The other girls earned their orgasms by accepting pain first. You have just been watching and your attitude is pissing us off.

I had watched them "Suffer". It had been no big deal and I said belligerently:

—I am willing to suffer a lot more than those pussies. I can do everything they did and more!

Someone yelled:

—Let's see if she is as tough as she thinks.

Everyone agreed and their excited looks and statements like:

—She isn't all that tough. We will have her crying like a baby.

Frightened me. I said:

—You won't hurt me anymore than you did them, will you? I just meant I could take all the things instead of just some like they did.

Kay said:

—You said you could take a lot more than us "Pussies". Prove it or admit you are all mouth by eating the pussies of us brave girls.

That would be worse. It would be terribly humiliating to have to admit I lost my nerve and have to go down on them. I hated the idea of looking like a lesbian.

I said belligerently:

—I am not all mouth. You'll see. I'll make you all look like wimps!

Dick said:

—I think you are getting carried away, agreeing to be subjected to all these instruments of torture. I'll give you one last out. If you agree to be everybody's love slave and eat pussy, suck dicks and lick ass-holes the rest of the night, I'll let you off the hook. Otherwise, you will suffer a lot.

Now I was really scared, but no-one had suggested I should suffer. It had been my idea, so I looked at them defiantly and said, I am not going to chicken out! Do your worst!

I still can't believe how stupid I was. The last time they had hurt me much more than I could stand and yet I was challenging them to do their worst.

Dick said:

—Since you are being so belligerent, we will see how brave you are. If you scream or ask for mercy before you have taken all the punishment they have, you will be punished even more.

I think I could have taken all they did, but I had agreed to suffer more and it became endless. I started with the horse, except that since I said I could take more, I had to ride it for the combined time of the other girls at one more notch of speed and electricity. To their surprise, I managed not to scream and actually got orgasms to the point of total exhaustion.

They gave me a break for a couple of strong drinks and a snort of coke to revive me then led me to the rack. To make it worse as I had agreed my legs were stretched one more notch wider and my arms pulled one more notch to cause terrible pain as I felt my joints were being dislocated and then four of them stood at my sides to whip my breasts to make them jump violently and my pussy to jerk open the lips and dig inside for three minutes which was one more minute than the bravest of them could take without begging for release. It seemed much longer with the hundreds of lashes thankfully with the thong whip.

Again I was given a short break with more liquor and “Coke”. I would have liked to have quit at that point and was hating myself for bragging about how tough I was.

I was led to the barrel where I would get an extra notch of electricity and since Kay was whipped with the thong whip they would use the “Black Snake” on me.

It was much too terrible for me to turn the pain into excitement especially since the whips left narrow concentrated pain to my breasts and pussy when they fell away from the barrel. Even then, I managed to just sob and moan.

Again I was released for drinks and cocaine, but I was so exhausted even that did not help much.

When they led me to the broom, I sobbed and said:

—Please let me rest some more. I am so tired, I don't even think I can get up on my toes.

Dick said:

—We know that. Kay has suggested a way to make it easier to get up on your toes.

I was so dumb, I thanked her when I saw them put a rope down from the ceiling over the broom since I thought my hands would be tied to it so I could use my arms to help hold me up.

I straddled the broom, but Dick brought my arms behind my back and tied my wrists and elbows together to push out my boobs, then tied the rope from the ceiling to my nipple chain.

They pulled up on the rope to pull up my nipples and breasts until I went up on my toes to relieve the strain. They took their time getting the broom up to the height everyone agreed was right which was just to the point I could feel the sharp pricks of the straws before they started my time at six minutes. I was so tired, even the pain to my nipples only kept me up for two minutes. The moment my feet went down I was immediately hit on my butt with the “Cat” and when my body jerked forward to drag the straws through my pussy another man hit my pussy to drag it back. It felt like my pussy was being torn and I forced myself back up, but in a short time I dropped again only to be ripped and rise again. By the fifth minute, I couldn't get back up and just stood there flat-footed screaming at each lash until I just hung by my nipples to force my weight down on the broom, so I would not be pushed back and forth until I passed out and the rings were ripped out of my nipples.

When I came to, they were putting salt water on my nipples and pussy to stop the blood and dis-infect them. Using fire would not have been worse.

Finally the burning stopped and the cool water began to make me feel better. I went to sleep for a few minutes, only to wake up in horror as I heard them discussing what my ultimate torture should be for failing my test.

I dragged my sore body to my feet and tried to run for the door. They just laughed when I got to it and found it was locked. I just fell into the foetal position and cried.

Dick came over to me and said nastily:

—That was really stupid to try to escape. I was holding out for something easy, but since you aren't cooperating, I have decided to let them do whatever they want to you.

I pleaded:

—No! No please! I never want to be hurt again. Don't hurt me. I'll do anything.

At that point Kay came over and said:

—If she really will do anything, we may give her a break. We are all horny. She didn't want to eat pussy and suck dicks, but she might prefer that to being hung upside down and having us all whip her pussy with the "Cat".

—Oh yes. Please let me suck you. I promise I'll make you cum.

—I want to cum fast. How about if I spank your ass with a belt until I cum to make you work harder.

I sobbed, but my butt was the least sore part of my body and I thought the men's dress belts couldn't be too bad.

I said plaintively:

—I don't want to be hurt anymore, but I guess if that will make you cum faster, it will be okay.

She said:

—Great! Charlie, Give me your belt.

He lifted his vest to show me he was wearing a wide thick western belt.

I sobbed again as he passed it to her and she gave it to me to hold while she undressed and I felt its weight and noticed the heavy pointed silver tip, I sobbed again as I imagined how it would feel.

When she was naked, she sat on the edge of a chair then told me to get on my knees and to spread my legs until my mouth was pointing up at her pussy.

As soon as I began licking her, she began spanking my butt. Surprisingly it seemed easy after my prior tortures and since my folks had always been prejudiced against homosexuals and I heard all my life how disgusting they were, it seemed appropriate to be punished for agreeing to do this act. The spanking helped relieve my guilt. When she got near orgasm she brought the belt down between my legs to let the silver tip hit my clit. I screamed into her cunt, which made her gush and she dropped the belt. I just felt a hot throbbing sensation.

I had to suck all the men and women, but none of them really hurt me bad and I felt good I had chosen that course rather than an alternative much worse treatment.

They gave me a drink, then Kay said:

—While you were asleep, we came up with several alternatives for your ultimate punishment. Since you were cooperative and we could not agree on the punishment, we decided to let you choose the one best to relieve your guilt.

She picked up a note pad and said:

—Number one. Dick has a wire whip that provides a 20,000 volt charge. You would be hung upside down with your legs spread while you are given fifty lashes on your pussy every thirty seconds which may cut it as well as shock.

That would be terrible. Being hung upside down, I would not faint and the lashes spread that far apart would make it last forever.

I said:

—No! No! That sounds awful.

—Okay, then number two. Fishhooks will be stuck in your breasts so you can be hung from them while we take turns throwing darts at your pussy. The one who hits your clit will be able to burn their initials on your pussy lips with a cigarette.

—No! That is awful!

She shook her head and said:

—Too bad. That sounded like it may be fun. Then alternative three. The gauntlet. Your legs would be spread with a bar then you would drag on your back past our line of people separated just enough so you will always be in range of a person who would be whipping you with barbed wire. If you can crawl fast, it shouldn't last too long.

She showed me a whip. It was five feet long. I would have to crawl fifty feet and I knew I could not move very fast just dragging myself with my elbows.

No! I would be cut to pieces by that.

—Well okay. I'll skip down to an easy one. You can ride around on that fence post while you get fifty lashes with rose branches.

She pointed to a split cedar fence post with iron bars coming out perpendicular to the post, so two men could carry it. The round side was up with stickery looking bark that would abrade and stick my inner thighs and pussy, but at least it would not scar me like the other things and the rose thorns would just make tiny punctures.

—Okay! I'll take that. It seems much better than the others. Do you promise that once this is over I can go to bed?

—Yeah! I think you will probably need to.

They led me over to staddle the post and tied my hands behind my back. I protested:

—I may fall off the post if I can't hold on to it.

—Don't worry we have that covered.

They spread my legs and tied them to the end of an iron bar then attached weights to my ankles.

I protested:

—Oh the extra weight will make it worse.

—Yeah maybe, but if you don't have them you may slide off sideways. They will act like a pendulum to keep you upright and steady.

I agreed that it may be better because slipping sideways would cause more abrasion and stickers. If I could sit very still I might not be stuck too much and since all my weight would be on it, I shouldn't slide against it like the whipping post.

They brought the post up between my legs and I looked down at it in horror to see they had turned it over so the "V" shape was pointing up with several big stickers coming out of it.

I cried:

—Oh no! It will cut me in two.

—No it won't. Your pubic bone and tail bone will keep it from going in deep. Now shut up or we will go to option one.

They lifted the post slowly and just before it got to my pussy Kay spread the lips to let the sharp angle slide between them then they lifted it on up until my feet left the floor. I gasped at the sharp pain as all my weight concentrated the pain on my clit and tender anus.

Kay laughed at my contorted face and tears saying:

—Are you comfy?

—No, you bitch. It hurts terribly. Hurry, let's get this over with.

I had thought my ordeal would just last for a few minutes since it would not take very long to get fifty lashes, but I was fooled again.

The lashes were nothing since they knew the real pain would be from the post. I was only occasionally hit and hardly noticed them considering the pain I went through when they jerked the post up, down, and sideways while others kicked the iron bar holding my legs apart to make me rock sideways like the toy clowns on a tight rope. Every bounce drove stickers into my thighs and pussy then to make it even worse they would lower one end or the other to make me slide back and forth burying stickers while blood ran down my legs. I eventually passed out.

I woke up hurting all over and found I was handcuffed to the bed. I called out to him and when he came in I told him I hurt awfully. He said that the girls had pulled out all the stickers and that he had salve that would cure me in no time. I begged him to let me loose so I could go to the bathroom. He agreed, but said:

—Alright, but I am going to keep you in chains until I am sure you won't try to run away.

Peeing was awful. My urine burned my lacerated pussy so much, I peed as fast as I could to get it over with. All I wanted to do was get away, but I knew I would have to convince him I wouldn't leave.

I told him I didn't want to go and that although I was really hurt bad, it was my fault.

He wasn't convinced and kept me chained for three days while I offered to suck his dick and moved around on my hands and knees to show him I was submissive. He was finally convinced when I asked him to whip my butt which had healed with the "Cat" as long as he wanted.

Thankfully, he only hit me ten times, then said:

—I guess you are sincere. I'll take off the chains. You have nowhere to go anyway. I sent your Mom on a trip around the world. They will be gone for six months. Even if you do run away, I have private detectives who will find you and when they bring you back I'll burn off your nipples with my cigarette lighter.

I promised I wouldn't run away and just asked that my next time not last as long.

He smiled at that and said:

—On the next party, everyone is going to think of a way to torture you. You may choose the one you want.

I deserved an Academy Award for my acting skill when I thanked him and said that sounded thrilling.

That night, when I was sure he was asleep soundly after giving him a blow job while he jerked on fishhooks he put in my nipples, I sneaked to the kitchen and got a big knife I used to stab him in the stomach over and over until he gurgled and died.

I took all the cash I could find and his credit cards and ran out to catch a cab to the airport to catch a flight to Mexico. It was stupid to use the credit cards. The cops arrested me in a week.

I am writing this for my lawyer to help defend me in court. He told me the best I could hope for is manslaughter since the cops found all the tapes except my last ordeal. They don't believe I was forced into those things and think I killed him for his money. According to them, I had just gone to Mexico trying to establish an alibi.

The cops have already leaked to the press that I was into S&M and the tabloids think I killed him as the ultimate sadistic act.