

Allene Blake

# Heather



Allene Blake

# Heather



*Glyphes Éditions*

## From the same author

1. [Cherie](#)
2. [Lynn](#)
3. [Dee](#)
4. [Heather](#)

### Website

---

1. <http://jonjwall.free.fr>

*Rich spoiled brother and sister become bored with sex with each other,  
Heather kidnaps poor girls for them to torture. Surprisingly girls get to  
love her.*

## HEATHER

I guess Lance and I are perfect examples of the effect of too much money and influence on people trying very hard to avoid being bored. Since we had done all the kid things like Disneyland and Disney World by the time I was eleven, and he was twelve, it was only natural to look for more exciting things.

Since my parents were third generation wealthy and Dad's idea of work was going to stockholders meetings two or three times a year and Mother's was her annual charity ball, they were probably even more shallow than us.

We learned about sex very early. When we were six or seven we used to lie on the floor on the upstairs balcony to watch all the naked people swimming in our indoor pool with the inevitable orgy later.

By the time, Lance was twelve, he could maintain a boner long enough to get me into orgasm. This brought about more study in the form of watching Dad's hardcore porn videos, so we could experiment with all kinds of sex.

A couple of the videos included spanking. We had never thought of it as sex, but I let Lance spank me, and we found it turned both of us on as long as he did not hit too hard. I liked him to spank hard enough to get my ass red, especially at the lower part close to my pussy, but if I felt any real pain I would make him quit, which would kill both of our excitements.

Lance could not impress the girls at our private school with his money since they were also wealthy, but he could still get laid at will just because of his good looks. Like me, he quickly became bored with our friend's lack

of imagination and would always return to me, so we could both get off. I couldn't understand our peers. They were raised like us and had all kinds of opportunities, but the girls could still stay interested in buying clothes and the boys were able to maintain interest in sports, even boring ones like golf.

Then we saw a movie that was only "R" rated, but created a brand-new desire. It was called "*The Story of O*".

The movie turned us on so much we were fucking each other as we watched it by having me sit on his dick facing the TV while he watched over my shoulder. When it was over, Lance said excitedly.

—Jesus! That would be wonderful to have a beautiful girl like that as my slave. Shit! We were just born too fucking late. With our money, if we lived in the south in the eighteen hundred,s we could have had gobs of slaves. Not fat nigger bitches, either. They were still considered black when they had a trace of black blood, even if they were as white as us.

—Oh God... yes! It would even better for me because I could have men as well as women slaves to cater to any of my whims or fantasies.

—Jesus, the thought is making me horny again. Would you let me whip you?

—Fuck you! If you think you can make me your slave, you can think again. I want a slave for myself!

He was very disappointed. In fact, so much, his hard-on went away. He didn't give up, though. Finally, he made a little whip by nailing leather shoe-strings on a broom-stick. He said he would do anything if I would just let him whip me once. He couldn't bribe me with presents because I had a handful of credit cards and could buy anything I wanted. I finally agreed with conditions.

—All right, you can whip me. I know you want to re-create the scene in the movie, so you can hang ropes off the posts in the archway, but I

won't be tied. I'll just wrap them around my wrists and hold on to them. If you hurt me bad, I'll let go and never let you do it again. Also, I told you I wanted a slave too. You will have to be my slave tomorrow and get whipped too.

—All right, Heather, you have a deal, except you have to be my slave all day. We can go up to our cabin for the weekend. Mother and Dad never go up there any more.

That was true. Mother thought the cabin was much too crude, as there were dirt and bugs around the house because of the natural setting. Mother thought that any place without manicured lawns and room service was incredibly primitive. Lance and I liked the place. It was very large and private with thirty fenced acres and a boat, so we could water ski. We never took our friends there because we did not want them to get in the habit of dropping in while we were running around in the woods naked.

We went up there the next day. He had me get naked and tied my hands behind my back for the last ten miles up the private road. It made me excited to think we might meet another car that would see me, but since we had dark windows on the "Caddie" it wasn't likely I would be seen. He left my hands tied till he had hung some ropes down from the ceiling beam, then untied me, so I could assume the position of the girl in the movie with my arms and legs spread. He whipped me several times and like in the movie when he hit my back the ends of the whip came around to hit my breasts. He did not hit hard since he was afraid I might tell him to stop. It was just a sting with some reddening of my flesh. To my surprise, it made me very excited. I had always thought the spankings were childish and just tolerated them. This seemed very erotic. I was more than ready when he dropped the whip and forced his dick in my ass while gripping and pulling on my tits and pussy. I held onto the ropes until he had cum once to my

three or four. For the rest of the day and night he led me around with a leash attached to a dog-collar around my neck and when he fed me He would have me stand up on my knees with my hands to the outside of my tits while putting pieces of meat and veggies in my mouth. When I was thirsty, I had to lap water out of a bowl on the floor. He had me lick his balls and asshole. When that got him good and hard, I would suck his dick. I didn't mind because I knew it would be my turn tomorrow.

The next day, I told him that he was tougher than me, so I should be able to tie him up for his whipping. He finally agreed and I used all my weight pulling down on the ropes to stretch him out for his whipping. I covered his whole back, his butt, his thighs and finished on his chest. He hated every minute of it. He didn't get excited at all. This made it even better for me because in my mind a slave shouldn't like it. I was just lucky it turned me on. When I had to quit because I was so horny I just had to get fucked, I ended up having to suck his dick a little to get him hard, so I could wrap my legs around his waist and fuck him while he hung from the ropes.

We both got off on that, but he bitched about his chafed wrists from the rope, so I had to promise the pussy I would pad his wrists with cloth the next time.

—I don't care if you wrap them in cashmere. I am not going to let you tie me again. Also, you hit me harder and longer than I did.

—Don't be a wuss! Look at yourself, you don't even have a welt. I'll bet all the pain is gone too. If I can't tie you, we won't be playing this game any more.

—Well, I still feel hot, but if it is that important to you, I guess I can stand it.

Since he told me he didn't like to be tied, I kept him tied the rest of the night with his wrists tied behind his back or to his thighs. The more he



hated it, the greater it was for me. The only time he got hard from whipping is when I folded up the thongs in my palm, so just about four inches were hanging out, to pulled out his dick and whipped it lightly. It was just great! For several days afterward, I could get horny just thinking about it.

We played all summer, devising ways to torture and humiliate each other without leaving any marks, since we spent so much time in swimming suits.

That fall, Mother dropped a bombshell on us. She had read an article in one of her stupid women's magazine that said private schools were bad for us as we had no concept of the real world and we should go to a public high school. My Dad, the wimp, went along with her. We hated the idea of not graduating with our friends, since Lance was a junior and I was a sophomore.

We hated the curriculum. We were used to just being taught what was necessary to get high S.A.T. scores, so we could get into the college of our choice. This school taught a bunch of extra stuff we couldn't care less about. The other thing that pissed us off was our old friends asking us if our folks couldn't afford to keep us in private school any longer. Shit! My dad could buy and sell most of those bastards and we ended up ignoring them.

The good part was we were kind of celebrities at this school. No-one was impressed with money at the private school, but some of these kids were really impressed. They really enjoyed riding around in our convertibles and constantly complimented us on our clothes.

One girl really intrigued me. She was really pretty with a great figure. She wore these hopeless clothes and really needed a decent hair-do and to be taught how to use makeup. She was really mousey and obviously had no idea how pretty she was. Her name, Shirley, was even blah. I checked on her and was told by one of the girls that her father had left and her mother

was on welfare. She referred to her as white trash which pissed me off since if that girl's dad lost his shitty job for two weeks she would be on welfare too.

Just for kicks I decided to give her a taste of the good life. I told her my Mother had given me two coupons for the beauty parlor and asked her if she wanted to go with me. She jumped at the chance. I got a kick out of her watching the sidewalks on the way there to see if anyone noticed her in the fancy car.

At the salon, we got the full treatment. We had a steam bath, a full body massage with warm scented oil, a hair do, a manicure and a pedicure. She loved every minute of it and really looked good. It seemed a shame when she had to take off the beautiful soft bathrobe they had given her to put her raggy clothes back on. I decided to take her to our place and give her some of my old clothes. When she took off her clothes, I saw she was wearing a cheap bra from K-Mart and some baggy panties, so I gave her one of my strapless bra's and some bikini panties. I gave her one of my low cut sweaters and a short skirt. She was so happy she spent several minutes turning and posing in front of my three-way mirror.

On the way home, she couldn't stop gushing about how grateful she was for everything I had done for her, I was getting a little tired of it when she said some magic words.

—Oh Heather, you have been wonderful to me. I am so grateful I would do anything for you.

I decided to test that statement. I remembered Mother and Dad were going to be gone to San Francisco for her bi-weekly shopping tour, so decided that could be a great opportunity.

—Shirley... Would you like to come to our place for the weekend? Do you like to swim? We have an indoor pool.

—Oh yes, I would love to stay over. I'll have to ask Mom, but I am sure she will let me stay with you.

That was an understatement. They lived in a hovel. Her Mother came out half-gassed with a bottle of wine in her hand. She was impressed as well and was more than happy to see her daughter have some fun. It was even better when I saw the brand on her wine bottle and told her My Mom had received a case of it for a present, but she didn't like it. I told her I would bring it to her when I picked up Shirley. That was such a lie! My Mother would never have any of that cheap wine in her house. I had great fake ID, so I brought a case with me on Friday afternoon. I think her Mother would have sold Shirley to me for that case.

I had briefed Lance on what he should do and say. When we got home, he was sitting on the couch drinking a beer and watching a football game on our large screen TV. Shirley was even impressed by it! I told Lance That we were going to try on some clothes and then we would go swimming.

I left the door open a crack, so Lance could see when Shirley was down to her panties and bra. At that point, he walked in with a tray of drinks. Shirley yipped and put her arm over her breasts and her hand over her pussy and kind of hunkered down. I ignored that and said,

—Oh, Lance, I am glad you are here. We need a boy's opinion on our clothes.

Then I looked at Shirley and said:

—Why are you in that funny position.

—Oh... Heather, I am embarrassed. I am almost naked! Does he have to be here?

—Of course! I want his opinion. You have nothing to be embarrassed about. You have a lovely body and your pants and bra are the same as a

bathing suit.

—Not my bathing suit. It is a one piece that covers all of me.

—You are being ridiculous. Now stand up straight and put your arms by your sides. We have a lot of clothes to try on to see what you want to have.

—I can't! I am just too bashful.

—Well if you are all that bashful you won't like the bathing suit I have for you, so I might as well take you home.

—Oh please, don't take me home. Mom will be drunk on all that wine you gave her and she will be mad at me for not pleasing you.

—Well then do as I say.

The little bitch turned her back to us and dropped her hands to her sides. It didn't do her any good since, she was in front of my three-way mirror, but it still pissed me off, so I thought I would add a little humiliation.

—You aren't wearing those panties correctly, they should be like this.

As I said that, I pulled the narrowband at her ass in between her ass-cheeks, so the cheeks were totally bare:

—Now, remember that!

I went ahead of schedule a little by giving her a slap on her butt hard enough to leave a hand print in red on her snowy white ass-cheek. I was glad to hear her only protest was:

—Oh that stung! I'll remember!

—See that you do. I have to teach you everything about fashion. If you don't pay attention you will get more.

At that point, Lance handed her a drink. I recognized one of his bombers. It was made with chocolate liquor, cream and vodka it tasted good, but would really get to her.

I put a bunch of different clothes on her to give her a chance to get used to taking off clothes and putting them on in front of Lance. When she became more relaxed, I told Lance to get us another drink and then brought out a really low cut cocktail dress. It was made of silk with a very short skirt. I walked up behind her and unsnapped her bra, saying:

—You won't need this, the dress has a built-in bra.

She gasped when I flipped it off her, but since Lance was not there, she didn't protest. She had really great breasts. They were so big I was surprised there was no sag.

—You have beautiful breasts! If I had them, I would be naked at every opportunity.

She actually blushed!

—Do you really think so? I have been embarrassed about them. Don't you think they are too big?

—God no! They are great.

She blushed again when I went to her to lift and fondle them. But as I continued to compliment her she relaxed her hands which were tightened into fists as she kept her arms to the sides. I put on the dress for her just before Lance came in with the drinks. She gulped hers down and then giggled when Lance said it really made her look beautiful. She made several poses in front of the mirror, then said:

—Do you really like me? No-one has ever said I was beautiful before.

I could believe that, considering her plain Jane look until the salon made all those improvements. We continued to gush over her, and that and the second bomber made her relax and really get into posing. I was surprised when she put her hands behind her back and bent over, exposing most of her boobs to us. Lance chortled:

—That is a great pose. It would turn on a monk.

She blushed and giggled, but I noticed she wagged her shoulder a minute to make her boobs move before she straightened up.

Lance looked thoughtful then said:

—The only thing wrong is that her panty lines show up.

I looked at her, then said:

—We can fix that.

I reached under the skirt and jerked the panties down, then smoothed the skirt over her ass and said:

—See, isn't that better, Shirley?

She turned slowly in front of the mirror to see the new effect:

—Yes, it does look better this way, but I feel so naked. I even wear panties to bed.

—Jesus! There you go with the naked bit again. You should get used to it, you look beautiful naked. Besides, it makes you a little excited, doesn't it?

—Yes, it does a little, but that just makes me feel guilty.

—You have nothing to feel guilty about. Let's try on some bathing suits.

As I said this, I unzipped the back of her dress.

She clutched the dress to her with her arms and blushed again, saying quavering:

—Does Lance have to be here?

—Yes, of course. You need to build your self-confidence. It will help you to be appreciated. Now raise your arms, so I can get this off.

I could have just as well pulled it down, but I was sure Lance would appreciate the pose.

—Oh no! I couldn't.

—You are being naughty and disobedient. What did your parents do to punish you when you were disobedient?

—They would spank me. If Dad got really mad at me, he would spank my bare bottom and legs with a belt. Once he spanked my stomach too. It was terrible!

The excitement in her eyes and face made a liar out of her.

—Am I going to have to spank you?

She just gulped and slowly raised her hands over her head. It didn't even seem to occur to her that she had a third choice of just refusing to accept either the spanking or being exposed.

To make it more fun for Lance, I raised the dress over her head very slowly, exposing her body inch by inch. By the time, it was off she was panting with excitement. She immediately covered her breasts and pussy with her hands, but when I said sharply:

—Shirley!

She dropped them to her sides. I let her stand there naked and blushing while I sorted through my bathing suits.

She was really relieved when she had on a suit, no matter how tiny, and would pose for us. The minute it was taken off, she froze in position to resume blushing and looking agonized. Finally, I caught her putting her hand in front of her pussy again:

—Jesus! You just don't know what is good for you. This will help.

I used the belt off my bathrobe to tie her hands behind her back. This seemed to add to her agitation at first, but she resigned herself to it. I finally put my tiniest suit on her. It was just a g-string with a two-inch elastic band to cover her nipples.

—Oh... this is too much. Where could I wear a suit like this?

—At private pools or at Rio, of course. All of us girls have them.

—Really. All of you? I guess it wouldn't be so bad if everyone was wearing them. I think I am so embarrassed now because I am so naked while you both have all your clothes on.

That was the whole idea, of course, but I made her feel better when I said we would join her when we went swimming.

I thought Lance may be going too far when he said:

—The only thing wrong with that suit is all the crotch hair hanging out around the bottom. That is kind of gross.

I decided to go along with it and said:

—Yes, you are right. It definitely needs trimming. Go get the clippers and razor.

—Oh no! That would make me even more naked!

—Everybody does it. See?

I lifted my skirt and pulled down my panties to show her my bald pussy.

She was surprised I would do that in front of Lance.

—How can you do that with your own brother watching?

—Oh shit! I am tired of your hang-up on nudity. We have been running around naked since we were tiny. No-one wears a bathing suit in our pool.

This wasn't entirely true. Our parents and their friends wore suits. Our friends didn't when our folks were out of town.

Lance returned with the dog clippers and an electric razor. I put her on my bed with her butt on a pillow. I left on her bottom to let her think we would just trim around it. Then I said:

—We can't have you moving around, you might get cut.

I tied robe belts to her ankles, then Lance and I pulled on the belts to pull her legs apart very wide and tied them to the bed posts. When she sat



up, I added another belt to her neck and tied it to the headboard. It was really fun! Her whole body was blushing and she began breathing in little pants as her excitement grew. As soon as she was tied down, I cut the strings to her bottom. We took our time shaving her, first clipping off the long hair with the dog clippers and then shaving with the electric razor. We knew the vibration would get to her, especially since I was holding the throbbing handle of the clippers against her clit while Lance finished shaving. She really came funny. She made a bunch of “Yip” sounds and then let out a deep sigh and fell back completely limp.

She laid there breathing deeply for a while and then began fighting her bonds:

—What happened to me. I have never felt like that before! I thought I was going to faint. What have you done to me?

—You just came silly. You had an orgasm.

—Oh no... I couldn't have. You aren't supposed to have those till you have sex with your husband. Mom told me so. She said if I had sex before marriage it would be painful, but if I was married, I could have orgasms. This wasn't even sex, I must be a slut and pervert. Dad would whip me till I bled if he was here.

She began to cry. I couldn't believe this!

—My god, have you spent your life in a cave? Haven't you ever played with your pussy till you came? You must be at least sixteen.

I began to feel sorry for the naive little bitch and started to explain that it was perfectly normal when Lance stopped me.

—Shirley... You feel really guilty about this, don't you?

—Yes! Horribly guilty!

She sniffled.

—What makes you feel better when you are guilty?

She sniveled:

—I guess when I have been forgiven for it.

—Yes!

He purred:

—And how do you get forgiven?

God, I had to admire his brilliance as I saw where this was going. She thought about it for a few seconds then said as if she had come to a brilliant insight:

—Oh yes. I always feel good after I have been punished and they hug and kiss me and say they forgive me.

—I see... And do you think we should punish you with a spanking, or a whip?

I was impressed with him again. He didn't give her a choice of punishment or no punishment, he just gave her a choice of instruments.

—Well... I guess Dad would want to whip me. Don't you think so? Would that make you forgive me?

—I am sure it would. Don't you think it would, Heather?

—Yes, I suppose it would if it was hard enough. And if it happens again she could be punished again, so she never needs to feel guilty.

Lance frowned at me as if I had gone too far, but she chirped:

—Oh yes! You guys could keep me in line! Now that Dad is gone, Mom doesn't pay much attention to me. Untie me and I will turn over, so I can be whipped.

I started toward the ropes, but Lance stopped me:

—Let's think about this, Shirley. Did your butt do anything to earn punishment? What felt strange or good when you came?

Jesus! This was exciting! He was actually going to get the dumb bitch to ask to have her pussy whipped.

—Gee... I don't know exactly. My cunny, my stomach, and even my breasts felt strange.

—All that needs to be punished, doesn't it?

—Oh... I guess so. That will hurt awful, won't it?

—It needs to hurt awful, doesn't it?

—Oh yes! Sure! If it didn't hurt, I couldn't expect to be forgiven, could I?

—No! And we want to be sure you are forgiven because we don't want you to feel guilty. I'll get some belts.

He came back with four belts and said:

—Since you are cooperating, you may choose your belts.

He had just brought four of his thickest belts, so there was really no choice, but color.

He took them one at a time and slid them down her body over her breasts, stomach and pussy. You could tell by her raggy breathing, she was getting excited.

She moaned:

—Thank you for letting me choose, but both of you can whip me now with any of them if you want.

Boy did we want! I started out easy on her breasts, while he started at her thighs. Every time we passed each other, we increased the speed of our whips until her body was red from mid-thigh to her neck. I knew the gradual increase would excite her and it did. She began to pant and her body tremored as her nipples lengthened and I could see moisture forming around her vagina. We began to get creative. I concentrated on making the tip hit one nipple after another while Lance began bringing his belt up between her legs to make her cunt lips squirm on contact. We must have given her fifty lashes when she began to cry:

—I'm sorry, I won't do it anymore! Please stop!

We did the forgiveness bit up brown. We kissed and hugged her then lovingly put on salve to stop the heat and pain, telling her all the time what a brave girl she was and how she had paid for all her sins.

Lance was not quite through. When she stood up, he said.

—You aren't embarrassed anymore about being nude, are you?

—No! Not really. I guess it is because I feel proud you think I am pretty.

—Not just pretty, you are beautiful. Come over to me.

When she was very close to him, he reached out and began to fondle her breasts and tweak her nipples:

—See how nice it is to be nude. Doesn't this feel nice?

—Oh yes!

She said shakily:

—And your cunny is so soft and pretty since we shaved it. Feel it and see how nice it is.

He was stroking her cunt as he said this. I got a chuckle out of him using her childish word for her twat. She stroked it and said:

—Oh yes, it does feel soft and smooth. Do you really think it is pretty?

I was getting a little sick of her begging for compliments, but he went along with it:

—It is beautiful. God would not have made it so pretty if he wanted it hidden.

I thought that was a nice touch having God's approval. She said:

—Yes, you must be right. God didn't put clothes on us. People did.

I grinned at the thought that God must have hated her pussy considering all the hair we had to take off of it.

She was happy and smiling when I took off my clothes and led her down to the pool. We slipped into the pool while Lance went to make us some more drinks. After she had gushed for a while about how beautiful our pool was and how great the water felt she said in a low voice:

—Heather... Don't tell anyone, but at first the whipping was very exciting. It was a good thing you guys started hitting harder or I might have had another orgasm.

—Yeah right!

I couldn't wait to tell Lance what she said.

She went on quietly:

—Do you think Lance will take off his clothes? I have never seen a nude boy. Will it embarrass him if I look at his thing?

I had to laugh out loud at that. I said between chuckles:

—No, I don't think he will mind. He is pretty proud of his "thing".

I could tell she was disappointed when Lance came in with a tray of drinks with a towel around his waist. After he put the tray down, he whipped off the towel and dived into the water before she could see anything. He swam a couple of laps and then went to the shallow end to wipe the water out of his eyes. His dick was still underwater, so I yelled:

—Hey Lance! Shirley wants to see your "thing". Is it okay?

Shirley blushed:

—Oh Heather! You are embarrassing me!

I noticed she made good time through the water though when Lance answered:

—Sure! Come over close, Shirley. It is pretty small.

When she was close in front of him he pulled himself out of the pool to sit on the edge with his dick right at her eye level.

She giggled and said:

—It is kind of cute. It isn't like animal things at all, is it?

—Well... maybe like a donkey.

I choked with laughter:

—Yeah, right Lance! Just like a donkey.

They ignored me, so I went over closer to them in time to hear Lance say:

—You can touch it if you want.

—Oh... it is so soft and smooth.

Then a minute later, she pulled back her hand saying:

—It is growing! What is happening?

I could not believe this!

—My god, that is natural. Blood is being pumped into it because you are getting him excited. Haven't you had any sex ed or talked about boys with other girls?

—No! Mom had me excused from sex ed. She said I would get wrong ideas and I avoid that slutty talk.

—Well it is time you learned. Just keep stroking it and watch.

—Oh it is growing and getting hard. Look, veins are standing out on it. Does it hurt you Lance?

—Your hands are causing a lot of friction. Why don't you use your mouth?

—Oh no, you pee out of it.

—It is not a wick, damn it! The pee just comes out of the little hole in the end. You won't taste any pee. Just do it.

She obeyed Lance's demand, but when he got close to climax, he jerked on the back of her head which made her gag and jerk away. I knew Lance was getting frustrated, so I said:

—Here, let me show you.

I caught all his cum in my throat and mouth, so Shirley was confused.

—What happened? Did you bite him? He made an awful face as if he was in pain.

—No, he just climaxed like you did. Watch his dick now. She stared fascinated as it softened and shrunk.

I thought I would do Lance a favor and said:

—Whenever his dick gets hard like that someone has to suck it or put it in their vagina, or it will begin to hurt him terribly.

—Really? Will it fit in my little vagina?

—Of course it will! Vagina's stretch. Don't you know babies come out of them?

—Yes, but Mom said it hurt terribly to have me.

—Well, Lance has a lot of growing to do to get his dick as big as a baby's head, but to be on the safe side, you should offer to put it in your vagina as soon as it gets hard before it gets too big.

I had a hard time keeping from laughing when her eyes got big and she said:

—Oh... I see what you mean. I'll watch it and offer to suck it or put it in my vagina before it grows too much.

I couldn't help giggling as I thought of her imagining seeing Lance's dick growing like a balloon.

She got suspicious at my giggle and said:

—Why are you giggling.

I told her that I got tickled whenever I thought about how great it felt to have a dick inside me. She bought it and sneaked a look at Lance's soft dick.

I brought over the drink tray and we drank a couple while Lance was recovering. Then he chugged the rest of his drink and jumped into the water

and lifted Shirley by the waist to sit her on the edge of the pool. He grinned at her and said:

—That works on girls too.

He stuck his tongue in her pussy and she jumped as if she had been shocked with a cattle prod then slowly laid back on the floor and spread her legs. I had never seen a girl get off so fast before. She was almost as quick as some of the boys I had fucked. In just a few moments, she was tugging on his head and panting like a freight train. She finally did her funny “Yips!” slumped and let go of his head. Lance and I watched curiously as her breathing slowed and her legs slowly came back together.

Suddenly she began to cry:

—Oh... I had another orgasm. Do I have to be punished again?

I looked at Lance hopefully, but he said:

—I don't think so. I think the whipping you had would be enough for two orgasms.

I swear she was disappointed and later on, I was sure of it. She was really enjoying her new-found sexuality. It seemed every time I looked at her, she was either fondling her pussy or a nipple. Lance put on some slow music and started dancing with her. It was easy to see rubbing her nipples against his chest and her pussy against his dick was really turning her on. I was watching closely to see if she would drop the innocent act and ask him to fuck her or go down on her. Lance went to the stereo to change tapes and I watched her out of the corner of my eye to see her deliberately drop her glass on the floor.

She immediately cried:

—Oh... I am so clumsy. I spilled my drink I may have ruined your floor. I should be spanked!



She had spilled the drink on our hardwood floor which would be easy to clean up and I was sure she knew it. I jumped in before Lance could let her off again.

—You certainly should! That is a very expensive floor.

When Lance started to say something, I shut him up:

—Lance you just stay out of this. This is between us girls. We always have to clean up the messes.

This was a crock. Maids came in every day, but weekends to clean the entire house.

—Speaking of that, pick up the glass and lick up the drink with your tongue.

I could see Lance was enjoying her submissiveness as much as I, when she got on her hands and knees and licked up every drop. I had her dry the floor with her tits. When she was done, she looked up at me and said:

—If this is clean enough, I am ready for my spanking.

—Alright! I think twenty on your butt and forty on your front would be fair.

—Yes! I guess I deserve that.

—Alright! Say I am sorry. Please give me twenty lashes to my butt and forty to my front.

She put her head down and mumbled:

—Louder, damn it!

—I AM SORRY! PLEASE GIVE ME TWENTY HARD LASHES TO MY BOTTOM AND FORTY TO MY FRONT!

—Alright, go up to my bedroom and bring back the whip that is in my top drawer.

Lance had bought the whip to use on me, but the skinny braided lashes scared me even after he had soaked it in olive oil to soften it and he never got the chance.

She revealed her excitement by trotting up the steps. If she hated the idea, she would have been dragging her ass. She came back, hugging the whip to her tits. She handed it to me and said:

—This looks like it may hurt more than the belt. Do you want to tie me up for it, so I won't try to get out of the way?

I wanted to prove to Lance that in spite of all, her crying she wanted to be whipped, so I said:

—No that won't be necessary. You know you deserve the pain and you should be brave. If we have to tie you, we will be angry and hit harder. Just lean over the back of the couch.

She amazed me! I really laid them in hard and each thong left a red line, but in spite of her cries and sobbing, she never tried to move out of position. I kept building her excitement for the next phase by stroking her red butt and letting the ends of my fingers push into her pussy to feel that it was really wet.

I had her climb up on the couch and push her wide-spread toes in between the cushions and the back and then had Lance come to the back, so she could hold on to his arms. She leaned her head back and he was kissing her when I brought the first lash in just above her pussy. Her body just trembled and she didn't even break the kiss. She kept on kissing him while I worked up her stomach and onto her boobs. She didn't break off kissing and scream till I began lashing across her nipples. Then I started on her pussy which increased the intensity of her screams. I watched incredulously when she spread her knees further apart and tilted her pelvis to give me greater

access. I think I gave her about forty-four lashes when she slumped and I knew she got off.

When her cries turned to hiccough's, Lance said:

—Wow... That was some payoff for a spilled drink.

Shirley answered:

—It is okay Lance. I deserved it. I feel better now. Thank you for whipping me, Heather.

—Okay. Come here and give me a kiss. She got up and hugged her red swollen tits against me and kissed me on the mouth:

—No, not on my mouth. You know where I want to be kissed. She smiled shyly and then slid down my body to put kisses all over my pussy.

—No, not that way. Use your tongue!

I didn't realize the whipping had turned me on so much. She had me in orgasm in no time and I had to weakly slip down to the floor. Lance came over with a raging hard-on. I said between pants:

—Look what you did to Lance. Take care of him.

She twirled on her knees and started sliding his dick in and out of her compressed lips. When he hit the back of her throat, she would gag, but come right back. She swallowed every drop when he dropped his load in her mouth.

When we had rested for a minute, Lance offered to get the salve, but she refused:

—No, let it keep hurting, it will remind me to be good. That was a crock! She was squeezing and pinching her red skin to keep the excitement.

By that time, we were all exhausted, so we cuddled together in Lance's king-size bed.

The next morning, Shirley and I were awakened by Lances deep snores. Shirley giggled and then offered to make us coffee. I told her to

bring them up to my room.

I laid some clothes out on my bed and used some post-ems to put price tags on them.

When she came, I went over to her and began to inspect her body. I spent a lot of time doing it because it was fun to have her stand there blushing while I pulled the skin around on her private parts:

—Wow. You really heal up fast. There are only a few small bruises on your tits and pussy. That is amazing especially since we didn't put any salve on them.

—Yes, I guess I am lucky that way. Once My Dad whipped me so hard with a switch my bottom had huge welts on it, but by the next day, there were just red lines.

—Really, tell me about it.

—I guess I deserved it. I was about thirteen and I was going swimming with the kids in the neighborhood. My Mom got a bathing suit out of Goodwill that was real old-fashioned. It covered me almost to my neck and had a little skirt. A boy I knew just hated my suit and he stole a bikini for me. I was wearing it in my room, trying to see all of me in my little mirror when my Dad came in. He got real upset and called me a slut that wanted to parade around in public naked. He had me bend over and hold on to the back of a chair while he pulled the suit up into the crack of my bottom and began to whip me with a willow switch. The switch was real limber because it was willow and they had me keep it in a pipe full of water to keep it wet. When he hit my thighs, it would bend around and leave a welt all around it. It hurt so bad I couldn't stand it, so I turned around. I knew it was a mistake because the rule was if I moved out of position, I would get even more lashes, but I thought it would be worth it just to get a

small delay. Instead of letting me stand there while he yelled at me and then having me bend over again he said:

—Oh, I see. You would rather be whipped on your front. Well, you won't move out of position again. He used one of my belts to tie my wrists behind me to the bedpost. Then he began at my thighs and worked up. It was a good thing I had the bottom on because he hit my crotch a lot and it hurt bad even with the protection. When he hit across my belly button, I screamed and pulled on my arms. The catch at the back of my top broke and the top fell off! My boobies weren't as big then, but he welted every inch of them and then quit and ran out of the room. I had to stand there with my poor welted boobies bare for quite a while till he came back in and untied me and made me thank him for the whipping. You know now that I look back on it and know how Lance reacts to my whipping I think he just got too excited to whip me anymore. He seemed disappointed when I brought him the suit and told him to burn it as I never wanted to see it again. It was a good thing I had the old suit or I wouldn't have been able to go swimming for several days till the welts went away.

God, her story got me so excited I had to calm down a little before I could talk.

—I don't think you mind getting whipped very much. You had another orgasm when I whipped you didn't you?

She blushed and said:

—It is different when you and Lance whip me. I really hated it when Dad did it. It made me ashamed of myself.

—I think you were ashamed because deep down you liked it. You didn't answer me. Did you cum or not?

She blushed again and admitted it:

—Yes, it was glorious! I never had an orgasm till you guys.

She thought for a minute then continued:

—Does it ruin it for you that I don't mind being punished. Maybe it is that little whip. You can use a switch if you want. It hurts a lot more.

God, this was fantastic. I could hardly wait to tell Lance.

—No it doesn't ruin it for me. I know if I really want to punish you I can whip your upper back and shoulders. I know that doesn't turn me on at all.

—Oh you mean you like to be whipped too. That is wonderful I thought I was crazy. I worried all night.

—Well I can't take them as hard as you. Look on the bed, I laid out some clothes for you. If you are going to be with Lance and me you will need better clothes.

She picked up a soft wool mini-dress and held it against her while twirling in front of the mirror:

—Oh this is beautiful. But I have seen this at Nordstrom's. How can I afford to pay you for it.

—It isn't so bad. Look at the price I put on it.

She looked at the tag and said:

—I can't believe this is only thirty dollars. Maybe, I can get a job!

—That isn't thirty dollars. It is thirty lashes.

—Oooh, I can earn them by being whipped. I'll take them all!

No way! I wanted to spread this out:

—No, you can just earn one per day. Also, we have to train you to walk and use proper etiquette if you are going to parties with us. We don't want you to embarrass us.

—Oh... really. You mean those fancy parties? I will really try. I learn fast. Honest!

—I have a way to help you learn fast. Every time you make a mistake you will get a demerit earning you five lashes.

She agreed quickly thinking she would get a lot of orgasms. She was in for a surprise. I knew it took a lot of lashes to get her off and I planned to just give her five at a time as she made mistakes, so she would get the pain without the relief of an orgasm.

—Fine we can start right now. First of all you slouch. From now on you will stand up straight and keep your stomach sucked in. You also must walk with your toes straight ahead and get used to high-heeled shoes.

I was a little disappointed because she did learn fast. She walked around the house with perfect posture in the five-inch heels. I had an inspiration:

—We have a willow tree. Let's go out and pick out a switch.

—What should I wear outside?

—Just the heels! The place is fenced with a gate. No-one can come in without calling the house to have us open the gate.

This wasn't completely true all our cars had remote controls to open the gate, but I knew Mother and Dad would not be home until Tuesday.

When we got outside she said:

—Oooh! I feel so naked! I can feel every little breeze on my body.

—Yes! It is kind of exciting isn't it.

I caressed my breasts not so excited by the breeze on my naked body as the fact I was getting her to go willingly to get a switch she knew would hurt more than our little whip.

She looked at me and said:

—Oh... you too. You should try it after your boobies and cunny have been whipped. It makes them real sensitive.

She heard a plane fly over us and looked up in alarm. This made her stumble over a lump in the lawn.

I said:

—That is one demerit.

She didn't seem to notice:

—Do you think the people in the plane saw us? That kind of excites me. Once I stole a pair of earrings and got caught. The manager and two security guards took me into a back room and made me take off my clothes so they could search me to see if I had stolen anything else. When I was naked, they stuck their fingers in my pussy and ass-hole looking for any small item. I was blushing, but it was terribly exciting. They kept me there for about a half-hour till the manager said they would give me a break and let me go.

God, she was naive. She could have sued that store for a mint. I told her so.

—Oh, no. I couldn't let anyone else know about it. My dad would have killed me. Besides that, I liked it. In fact, about a week later I went into the store and told the manager I felt terribly guilty about trying to steal from him and deserved a spanking. He had me take off my clothes and lay over his lap while he spanked me with his hand. It was terribly exciting and I might have had an orgasm, but one of the employees called him on the phone with some problem and he had to leave. I never went back because I realized the employee could have come back to the room instead of calling.

By that time, we had reached the willow tree, so I handed her the cleaver I had taken from the kitchen, so she could cut a switch. She cut one about five feet long while saying:

—This is like the one Dad used.



On the way back to the house, she stumbled again since she was concentrating on taking the branches and leaves off the switch. When I said:

—Two!

She revealed she heard me on the first demerit:

—Gee, I have only been up an hour and I already have ten lashes coming. By tonight I will owe a million.

I laughed and said:

—I doubt you will fuck up that much. Maybe only nine hundred thousand.

When we went into the house, we found Lance drinking coffee and digging in the refrigerator for snacks. He put a bunch of cheeses, meats, and bread on the table. I explained our education program to him including that the punishment would be immediate and that whoever caught her mistake would be the one who punished her. Shirley whined:

—You mean I can't save them up and take them all at once? What if I do good. Can I get credits?

Lance said:

—Yeah that's fair, if you pass a test you can get a credit for five lashes.

I gave him a dirty look, but I didn't want to argue the point since I was sure she would fail most of the tests.

—Well, you failed the high heel test. Stand up for your demerits.

I had her stand there facing me with her legs wide apart because I wanted to see if the switch worked as she had said. I am going to give you five on each thigh. Are you ready?

She clenched her fists by her sides and nodded. It was just as she had said, that limber switch applied to the inside of her thigh made a complete circle around her leg leaving a red welt kind of like one left by a tight

garter. By the time, I was done she had ten red lines round her thighs with the top ones just below her pussy.

Lance looked shocked:

—Wow... That switch really marks her bad. Why aren't you using the whip?

Shirley answered for me with tears brimming in her eyes:

—Because it has to hurt bad if I am going to learn fast.

Lance went on:

—Those heels make your legs look great. Walk around for me. Great, walk faster.

He was really loving this. Walking fast in those heels was making her ass and tits shudder like crazy. Then he had an inspiration:

—Let's test your poise, put this book on your head and balance it there while you walk around. He issued commands like a drill sergeant:

—Forward march. Left turn. Right turn. Halt. She finally got confused, stumbled and the book fell from her head.

Lance grinned and stood up to pick up the switch:

—This switch is really flexible. I guess I'll whip your butt the hard way. Stand up straight with your legs together and hold on to your tits.

He got by her side and hit her right at the pussy hair if she had any and the switch came around and buried itself in her ass-cheeks. At each lash she convulsively gripped her tits. When on the last lash the tip dug into the crack of her ass I thought she was going to squeeze her tits so hard they would pop.

She stood there a moment whimpering as I marveled at the fact she had stood stoically while getting red line across the top of her pussy lips. He had her turn around, so he could see her ass. The tip had picked up speed as

it curled around. He was shocked. Three of the whiplashes were oozing blood.

—Jesus! Why didn't you scream? On the next one I will just use the whip.

—Not me! I'll tell you what though I will just use the whip when you earn your clothes.

Lance asked curiously:

—What are you talking about?

—Oh yes, you weren't there. Shirley wants to buy some of my clothes at five dollars per lash.

—Considering all you spend on clothes, she is really going to be red as a beet.

Lance had her put the book back on her head, but after she had walked around about five minutes without dropping it. I lost interest since I had another idea. I went into the dining room and laid out a complete dinner setting with every eating utensil from lobster forks to steak knives and every type of glass and plate. In a few minutes they came in to the room. Lance seemed impressed:

—She passed with flying colors. Even when I gave her forward march and about face real close together. I gave her a five lash credit.

—Well, that is great I am proud of you Shirley, but you just lost your credit. Your stomach isn't sucked in.

She had relaxed with her triumph, but she didn't argue, she just sucked it back in and stood up very straight.

—I thought that if we took her to the young adult dinner at the country club, she should know how to use all the utensils. Here is a list starting at your left on everything. Do you understand?

She picked up the fork furthest to her left and said:

—Is this the shrimp fork.

When I nodded:

—Then this must be a sherry glass.

—Yes, you have the idea. Go ahead and study for a minute.

Lance looked worried:

—Heather help me cut up some fruit for lunch in the kitchen. Shirley, you can study.

When we were in the kitchen, Lance went to the fruit refrigerator and started pulling out fruit as he said:

—Are you fucking nuts? We can't take her to the country club. She won't know how to act, and her vocabulary and grammar sucks. We will look like fools.

I was glad to hear this. I was afraid he was beginning to like her and would want to go easy on her:

—Come on, lighten up! We have a whole month to train her. She will take all the punishment we want to give her for a chance to go to that dinner. You don't give a damn about those ass-holes anyway and we can introduce her as a friend from Eastern Washington. Even the rich out there are bumpkins.

—Yeah, you might be right. She told me she had never been to a quote' Dress-up party' unquote in her life. She will probably work her ass off.

He laughed:

—Or get it whipped off.

—Well, we had better get back in there. I don't want to give her too much time to study.

I guess we spent too much time in the kitchen, she only made three mistakes. We made her assume poses for her lashes, although she begged to

be tied and told her if she got out of the pose she would get five more. On her first mistake, I followed Lances lead and whipped her butt, so the end would come around to hit her pussy. On her second mistake, Lance had her bend over and hold her hands on her head while he whipped the tops of her tits and made them bounce. I caught her last mistake and had her squeeze her tits till they were hard balls and then gave two lashes with the very end of the switch to each nipple and then one hard one across both nipples. By this time, she was gulping and sobbing, so we gave her a five lash credit and went in to eat fruit. We took away the credit when she took too large a bite of watermelon and juice escaped from her mouth and rolled down her chin.

When we were done I suggested we go upstairs, so she could pick out her clothes. I watched her closely when she got up. But she had her tummy sucked in when it came into sight.

It seemed like she took forever agonizing over her decision on the clothes while we sipped on the drinks Lance had made. Finally, she said:

—It is so hard to decide. They are all so beautiful. I want the cock-tail dress, but I won't need it till the party. I guess what I need right now is school clothes.

She picked out a cashmere sweater and a matching skirt for thirty-five lashes. I wanted her to take more for what I had in mind:

—I'll make an exception and let you pick out a blouse, so you will have another change. She thanked me profusely and picked out a blouse worth another ten lashes. I told her she would need underwear, so she picked out a bra and panties for eight more.

—Fifty three lashes are a lot since they will all be on your front. Maybe you would like Lance to fuck you while you are getting them to take your mind off it.

She seemed stunned, but not at the thought of taking all the lashes on the front.

—Oh no! I just couldn't. Mama said no-one would ever marry me if I wasn't a virgin.

Lance was incredulous:

—You have got to be kidding. Let me see.

She gulped when he stuck his finger in her pussy and felt around:

—If she is a virgin, she was born without a hymen. I have fucked virgins and I know what a cherry is.

—Oh that must have happened when they searched me. I remember it hurt and there was a little blood.

Lance looked at me and said:

—What the hell is she talking about?

I filled him in on the shoplifting bit and he laughed.

—I'll be damned. No wonder they don't have trouble getting security guards at those shit wages. Any way since you don't have a hymen no-one is ever going to believe you are virgin, so we might as well fuck.

—I guess you are right. Your "thing" is so big. Will it hurt me?

—No baby, you are going to love it. You just have to get it good and wet with your spit, so I will be nice and slick to slide in.

While she was licking and sucking on his dick, I tied rope to the headboard and put a pillow on the footboard of my bed. Then I told Lance to get her off his dick before he came before he even got in her.

When her ass was on the pillow and her wrists were tied to the headboard to stretch her out Lance began to fuck her. I waited till she was excited enough to wrap her legs around his ass and then began to whip her. When I had covered her breasts and stomach with welts I told Lance to lean back and began to bring the end of the switch as close to her clit as I could.

She was grinding furiously then she screamed and passed out still owing me four lashes.

I was so horny I pulled Lance away from her. Since his dick was softening I pulled his head in my pussy to lick and suck until I came so hard I almost passed out with her.

She was still out of it when we recovered enough to look at her. Lance looked worried:

—Jesus!... Is she going to be alright?

—Sure, listen to her moan. She is coming out of it already.

—You are really getting good with that switch. You were only missing my dick by about an inch. If you had hit it, I would be whipping your clit for an hour.

—Bullshit!... You could only hit it the same amount of times I hit your dick. We had better get some salve on her some of those welts are bleeding.

We were on the second application when she looked at us and said weakly:

—Oh wow! I thought I had died.

—Hey, I am sorry I hit you so hard. I didn't mean to have the pain so bad you would pass out.

—It wasn't the pain, it was the orgasms. I didn't even feel the switch. I felt like I was exploding inside! You can whip me all you want with anything as long as you will fuck me.

—Well, you had better rest for a while.

We kissed her and tucked her into bed. In a few minutes, she was asleep.

We were pretty beat too, so we made drinks and flopped on the couch to watch the new bondage video Lance had received in the mail. Generally

it was pretty lame. Neither one of us were turned on just by tying girls up in odd positions, and the whips were really phoney. They barely turned the skin pink, even after several lashes. There were a few scenes that had possibilities if real.

We both liked it when he had a girl get on her knees and told her to beg him to whip her. We also liked the part where they had her hanging upside down sucking his dick while another girl whipped her pussy by bringing the lash between her wide-spread legs from behind her. Even with that phoney whip, the girl jumped when the end hit her clit.

The bit I liked the best was when he had her sit on a block covered with tacks, then lean back and hold her outer labia apart while he whipped the inner labia and her clit. The tacks were obviously made of rubber because you could see them bend when she moved her ass around and he was just tapping her clit, but With real tacks and with harder lashes it would be great. Especially since she had to help. Lance was most turned on by the end when the guy asked the girl if she loved him enough to do anything for him. When she said she would, he lit two cigarettes and held them in front of her nipples, then told her to put her arms around his shoulders and kiss him. She did a pretty good acting job. She screamed in his mouth while she pushed her breasts into his hands.

That was the end, so Lance turned it off and said:

—We have the girl. What we need is a dungeon. It would make it a lot scarier for our slave.

—That shouldn't be too hard. There is bound to be a house around here somewhere that is isolated and has a basement.

—Yeah! I'll get a real estate company to start looking for one. The idea is making me horny again. How about a 69.



That sounded good to me. After we came we went upstairs, climbed into bed with Shirley and slept like logs.

The next morning, when I woke up Shirley was gone, so I woke Lance, so we could look for her.

We found her in the kitchen making breakfast. It was a regular Sunday brunch with ham, bacon, scrambled eggs, waffles and fresh fruit. She was juicing oranges when we came in. She rushed over to pour us some coffee wearing an apron that covered her whole front. I asked:

—Why are you wearing clothes? We didn't tell you to put on clothes. You know we want you to get used to being naked.

—Oh, I'm sorry. I am used to being naked. Honest! I was just afraid some grease might spatter on me. I'll take it off. I am really sorry, you can punish me if you want to.

—Maybe later. Right now I am starved and this looks great.

She took off the apron and began to pour our juice and put food on our plates. I was amazed at her recuperative powers. All those nasty welts I had put on her had faded to red lines. She was very chipper and I noticed she was wearing the high-heeled shoes and had become used to them enough to move around gracefully. Lance must have noticed too because when we had finished eating and was sipping coffee he said:

—Shirley, you move very gracefully. Do you know how to dance?

—Oh, thank you. I haven't had any training, but I dance along with the movies on TV. I love them. I must have seen "All that Jazz", and "Chorus Line" over twenty times. One of my girlfriends had a VCR and I used to rent musicals and we would play them over and over till we could do all the routines.

—I have an idea. Let's make a romantic musical. Go upstairs and put on Heather's sexiest underwear and cocktail dress. I'll get the camcorder

ready.

When she left Lance explained:

—I am going to have her do a strip tease for us then have her begged to be whipped.

—That is alright, but she will go further. Have her hold her pussy open while you whip it. If she gets hot enough I'll bet she will go for the cigarette bit.

—What the hell. I'll go for it. If she doesn't want to we will have an excuse to whip her for disobedience.

She came down in a few minutes. She had made a good choice the short skirt on the dress had a pleated skirt to allow full leg movement and had several buttons on the front, so she could take them loose one by one to slowly reveal her upper body. Lance explained the scenario.

—Great you look just beautiful. What we want you to do is a strip tease. Have you ever seen one?

—Well I saw the one in the movie "9 1/2 Weeks". Would that be alright. I danced with her on that.

She blushed and added:

—I didn't take off my clothes though.

—Good I even have that tape. Heather, cue it up while I explain the rest.

I got up and started going through our C.D.'s while I listened to him in the background.

—I want you to take off your clothes slow and sexy while you are dancing. When the music stops I want you to come over to me and get on your knees and say, 'I love you. Please whip me, so I can prove my love.' Can you remember that?

—Yes, but I haven't done anything wrong.

—I know you haven't done anything wrong. I want you to want to be whipped just because I want to and you know it will get me excited.

—Oh yes. If you get excited enough will you make love to me?

—That is up to you. If you are really good, I will fuck you and Heather will lick your pussy.

She looked at me slyly and said:

—I really do love you, both of you. I will do anything for you if you love me.

I planned to talk to Lance about volunteering me for things without checking with me first. But, in this case, if she followed orders I would lick that sweet pussy till she passed out again.

She did a really good job on the dance. She had natural grace. I had to take dance and ballet for years to develop that much grace in movements. When the dance was over, she finished with a slow split that made her pussy open up then crawled over to Lance, got onto her knees and made her lines even better.

—I love you... Let me prove my love. Please whip me... whip me as hard and as long as you want.

If you really love me you will want you whipping on your most sensitive place. Your cunny.

—Oh that will hurt awful, but I guess it has to. You know I don't mind being whipped on other places.

—Yes and I want you to help. You will hold your cunny lips open, so I can hit your most sensitive places

—Oh... I don't know if I can do that. Will you hate me if I can't?

—No, I won't hate you, but I will be real disappointed at your lack of courage.

—Oh... I'll try real hard to be brave.

We didn't have the pin block, so I took a cushion off the couch and put it behind her. I wanted her pussy high, so he could get to all of it. She put her ass on it and leaned back. She spread her outer labia as told. Lance was really enjoying her submission. He made it last by telling her to spread her legs even wider and to pull the lips even further apart till the skin was stretched and you could see clear inside her.

At the first, lash with the end of his belt she screamed and snapped her legs shut. Before Lance could say anything she ran her fingers over her pussy with her middle finger inside then slowly opened them again with tears coming out of the outer corners of her eyes. Her finger was wet.

We didn't need the cushion. By the fourth or fifth lash she lifted her ass up from the cushion to thrust her pussy towards his belt. Just as she was about to go crazy, I lit two cigarettes and held them out to Lance. He stopped whipping her and pulled her up on her feet. She looked dazed.

Lance took the cigarettes from me and stuck both of them in his mouth to puff on them till they had long coals while he watched her pulsating body then he said quietly:

—You really do love me, don't you?

She panted:

—Oh yes! So much!

He lowered the cigarettes to be even with her nipples and said:

—Then put your arms around me and kiss me.

Her eyes widened in fear, she put her hands behind his neck and moved forward till the cigarettes were almost brushing her nipples. Then she sighed and slowly pushed her nipples into the cigarettes until his hands were buried in her tits while giving him a deep kiss. She held the kiss for a long time while her body trembled violently, then moved her head back far enough to say:

—Oh... they burn! They are burning up!

Lance said he would get the salve, but she said:

—No! No! Just fuck me... Fuck me hard.

He put her ass back on the cushion. She was so wet, his dick made a “Slurping” sound when he buried himself into her. I got down on my hands and knees and began licking and kissing her burned nipples. And when Lance came, I jumped between her legs and kept her orgasms going till she completely relaxed.

She said dreamily:

—Oh... that was so wonderful. Thank you. Thank you so much.

This girl was fan, fucking, tasty. We had whipped her pussy to a froth and burned her nipples and she was thanking us for it. Lance had gone for the salve that I knew would kill the pain in seconds while I was eating her, so he began putting it on her nipples while she stretched like a cat. I swear if she could have, she would have purred.

Lance thought the cool water of the pool would help her, so he took her to it while I made screwdrivers with double vodka. When I got back to them, she was kissing his soft dick with her hands squeezing the cheeks of his ass. I joined them and kissed the back of her neck and her ears while I rubbed my pussy against her great ass. She said:

—Oh poor Heather, you didn’t get to cum.

That wasn’t even close to true. I had jerked off all the time she was whipped, burnt, and while I was eating her. I had cum over and over. I said lovingly:

—That is alright, Darling. I am just happy you could.

—Oh no! That isn’t fair. Get out of the pool.

As soon as I stood there by the side of the pool, she got on her knees and began to lap at my pussy and suck on my clit. My knees got weak, so

Lance went behind me and put his arms around me to hold me up by my tits. It was just glorious. After I came, we laid by the pool and gently stroked each other's pussy till Lance said:

—Let's go look at our movie.

We made fresh drinks. Shirley and I sat on the couch while Lance rewound the tape. I couldn't resist touching the small blisters that were forming on her nipples:

—Doesn't that hurt terribly?

She stroked the other one and said:

—No... not really. It is a kind of tingling pain I can live with. It must be that salve. I wonder what is in it?

I didn't know, so I asked Lance to look on the bottle. It had a bunch of things, but the only thing I recognized was codeine:

—It doesn't matter, the main thing is it worked. It hurt, so bad I couldn't describe it, when I pushed my nipples into those cigarettes. It took all my nerve to push into them. Are you proud of me?

Naturally, we said we were and I added:

—Nothing we could come up with could hurt you as bad as you hurt yourself.

This seemed to shock her:

—Oh gosh, you are right, I did do it to myself. Lance didn't push them into me. I did. I must be crazy.

I certainly didn't want her running down to see a headshrinker, so I quickly replied:

—No, you aren't crazy. You were just excited. It is natural for anyone that excited to want even more.

She looked doubtful:

—Would you do it?

I had no choice, but to lie:

—Well, of course I would as long as I was excited enough. I would have to be very close to orgasm.

She brightened up immediately:

—Oh god! I am not crazy, I was just at the edge. In fact, I came while I was kissing him!

I thought to myself that she must get fantastically excited. I could lose the edge just by having the phone ring. Setting my nips on fire would have had me climbing the walls to get away. I began to feel a little jealous of her.

Lance moved us aside, so he could sit between us. After pushing “Play” on the remote control he dropped his hands down to our crotches and began playing with our pussies. Shirley and I had to giggle when our hands touched and we realized we had both reached for his dick at the same time.

I had been busy operating the camcorder and didn’t realize until I saw her on the big screen that her improvised dance was so good and so sexy. As usual, she fished for compliments.

—Oh... I don’t look nearly as clumsy as I felt while doing it. Do I look alright?

We complimented her and at least, I really meant it as she went into her sensuous strip. She was grinning and bubbling over with happiness till we got to a part I thought was very sexy. She was so limber, she removed her panties by putting her thumbs in the sides and slowly bending over till she let go of them at her ankles. All the way down she kept her head up with a sultry look on her face to keep her boobs in sight at all times. On the way back up, she slid her hands along her inner thighs and when she got to her pussy she hooked her thumbs in the pussy lips while she spread her legs to pull her cunt into an oval hole. Her eyes widened and she yipped:

—Oh no! I don't remember doing that. That is so terrible and slutty.

From that point on, we got a running commentary on how terrible she was. She hated it when she spread her legs and walked down the wall with her hands to get to a full back bend with her hips pumping her wide open snatch. She couldn't believe all the times she had one hand or another working her pussy, but the ultimate was when Lance whipped her pussy.

—Oh God, I am a complete whore! Look at me, I am trying to fuck his whip! I would just die if anyone saw this.

As a joke, I giggled and said:

—I don't think we will give it to your mother until her birthday.

—It was no joke to her!

—Oh God no! You couldn't, she would kill me! Once we were downtown and the wind blew up to show my panties. Some boys were on the corner and they whistled and yelled. Instead of being mortified the way I should have, I giggled. She was so mad by the time, we got home, she whipped my butt with a piece of barbed wire till it was so torn up I couldn't go to school for three days. I can't even imagine what she would do if she saw this.

Oh, shit! This was perfect! I could hardly keep a straight face when I said sternly:

—Don't worry, as long as you are obedient, we will never give it to her.

—Oh... I will be obedient. I'll do anything you want. I would do it anyway. I would rather have you kill me than her.

—Good, why don't you start by making us some more screwdrivers. Squeeze some more oranges.

I wanted her to be away for a while, so I could talk to Lance.



—Jesus, this is going to be great. We had a slave before, but now we have a complete slave. Do you know what this means? We can satisfy any fantasy we ever had or have, no matter how gross or painful to her it may be. Do you have any favorite fantasies?

—Yeah I have thought a lot about fist-fucking a girl, but her pussy is really tight around my dick. I doubt I could get my fist in her.

—Come on! Get real! She is going to be squirting babies out of that hole. Your fist will be a breeze.

—Yeah... sure. I guess it hurts a lot to have a baby, but a baby's head is a lot bigger than my fist.

—Her barbed wire story turned me on, but we don't have any. Wait a minute! We have something close. I'll be right back.

I went out to the rose garden and put on the gloves and picked up the clippers we kept there. I looked around and finally found a branch about three feet long with a couple of roses on the top. They were waiting for me when I came back, so I clipped off the two roses and stuck them in her hair over her ears:

—There you go, pretty roses for a pretty girl.

She grinned and chortled. She was really easy to please. I dropped the branch to the floor and told her to go get the dog collar and leash hanging on the coat rack by the front door.

When she got back I had her get on her hands and knees while I buckled the collar around her neck. I led her around the room while saying:

—Come on, doggy. That's a good doggy. Isn't this a cute doggy, Lance?

Instead of being humiliated the way she should, the dumb bitch was getting a kick out of it. She began to yip and bark, for Chris sakes. It pissed me off, so I said:

—It is too long since I had an orgasm.

I laid on my back and used the leash to pull her mouth down to my pussy. While she was happily lapping her face off, I said:

—Lance, don't you want to fuck our cute little doggy?

He did and began thrusting from the back, pushing her head deeper into my crotch. When I could tell by his agonized expression that he had cum. I raised my arm and began to pump my fist in the air. He caught on and later told me he put his fingers in her one at a time and then finally put his thumb in his palm and shoved in his hand. As soon as his knuckles were in, he closed his hand into a fist. Evidently this was when she really noticed. She lifted her head and screamed:

—What is happening! My pussy is tearing!

I just told her to shut up and that she was all right.

—Now get back to my pussy and suck on my clit! I am about to cum.

Lances fist was going like a Triphammer when she just fell over on her side, panting like crazy.

I was pretty tired myself, so we took a break and had some drinks while we talked. Shirley said:

—What happened, Lance? Your peter just got huge. I was afraid you were going to tear out my cunny.

—That wasn't my dick! It was my fist and my wrist. Doing that has been one of my sex fantasies.

She looked shocked:

—Really!

Then she giggled:

—I guess I really have become a loose woman.

I laughed with her, then said:

—Shirley, what kind of sex fantasies do you have?

—Well... until I met you guys, I just had romantic ones where some handsome boy carried me away to a pretty house on a hill. I guess I don't have too much imagination. I have just been extending my experience at the store. In my fantasy, I am taken to the jail where all the police and convicts stick their fingers in me, and then they all take turns whipping me while I am hanging from the ceiling with weights on my feet to really stretch my body.

—That's it? When do you cum?

—While they are whipping me, silly. Don't you cum when you are whipped?

—Oh yeah... I just like to be fucked and sucked too.

—Oh sure I do too. It feels real nice, but you can't get the real orgasms with skyrockets without pain, can you? Lance, is it the same with boys?

—Not with this boy. I don't like pain at all unless I am providing it.

—Gee... I guess girls are a lot different than boys. My girlfriend Janie told me she got off on pain even if her step-father or uncle did it. I didn't know what she meant by getting off till I met you guys.

She smiled at me, so I smiled back and said:

—I would like to meet Janie, she sounds just like us.

—Oh sure, I am sure she would like to meet you too. But she doesn't get to get out much. Her Folks think the school is sinful, so they teach her at home. She only gets out during the day to run. Her dad said he wants to keep her in good shape.

I could believe that easily enough, since he and his brother were stripping her clothes off her and whipping her.

All this talk was making me horny again, so I said:

—It is my turn to fist-fuck you. You can suck Lances dick while I am doing it.

Once she had her mouth working on Lance's prick, I began to work my fist into her pussy. When it was good and wet I took it out and started pushing it into her ass-hole. I had to push and twist my fist as hard as I could till it finally popped through her anal ring. Then I stuck my other fist in her pussy and began to pump them both. It was fun to watch her get turned on, but it wasn't enough! She took her head off his dick just long enough to scream:

—More! I need more! Pinch my nipples!

Lance evidently pinched them hard enough. She screamed "AHHHRG", and then went back to bobbing her head up and down on his dong. Poor Lance, she kept sucking on it long after he came, and it was soft. He grimaced when she worked on the head. Finally, she fell over panting with shock tremors going through her body while sweat poured off her tits. I had to have Lance help me spread her legs, so I could get my hand out of her ass. It was really gross. It was covered with her shit and blood. I could hardly wait to get to a sink to wash it off.

When I got back, Lance had his back to the couch and she was lying against his chest drinking white wine out of a bottle he was holding for her. When he moved the bottle from her lips to his, she smiled at me and said:

—Thank you. That was a whole new way to get an orgasm.

—Well, don't hold your breath till you get another like it. I don't want to get my hand all shitty again and I am sure Lance doesn't want a shitty dick. Now let's get something to eat, I am starving.

We went to the kitchen and pulled out a couple of pizzas to throw in the oven. Lance opened some beer for us to drink. While we waited for them to cook, Shirley looked at me shyly and said:

—Heather... maybe if you washed me out with some enemas it would be clean enough for Lance to fuck it. Would you like to whip my titties while he fucks me? You can whip them as hard as you want with whatever you want.

—Do you want to be butt-fucked that bad?

—Oh yes! Lance said he would put his fingers in my pussy while he was doing it and if you whip my boobs, my whole body will be involved.

She was getting excited just thinking about it.

I didn't know who elected me boss, but I was enjoying it:

—Well... okay. We don't have an enema bag, but there is a gas can and siphon hose in the garage. Lance, why don't you get it and empty out the gas in my car.

I wasn't lying about the enema bag, but I had a douche bag that would have worked just as well. I wanted something that held a lot of water.

I teased her by eating slowly and sipping my beer. She had wolfed hers down and was so antsy she jumped up to get two more beers to chug down before I said I was ready.

While Lance filled the five gallon can with hot water, I glued my douche nozzle to the end of the hose with instant superglue. I had shopped for that douche nozzle. It was about as big as a king-size cucumber. I used it for jerking off more than I ever used it to douche.

We took her to the bathroom and put her in the tub, then Lance hooked the handle of the gas can over the shower curtain rod and stuck in the hose.

I had her get on her hands and knees and lower her head to the floor, then I jammed the nozzle in her ass while she moaned, squirmed and whined. Lance loosened the clip to release the water. This turned out to be more fun than I thought it would be. She began to sweat profusely as the

hot water filled her guts, and then her stomach began to distend. When the pressure in her guts matched the pressure in the hose, she looked about six months pregnant. I let her lay there sweating like mad with the skin of her stomach tight as a drum till she whined she couldn't hold it anymore. I let her crawl over to the toilet, then I lifted the seat and had her sit on the edge of the porcelain, so I could see better. When I let her pull out the nozzle, shitty water just poured out of her. You could watch her stomach go back to normal. While she sat there, Lance refilled the can. I had her take two more before the water was absolutely clean.

Since what I had in mind for her was going to be pretty rough, I decided to give her a break and let her pick out some more clothes to let her set the amount. She ran into the bedroom and began to move quickly from item to item. She decided on the cocktail dress.

—I don't think so, Shirley, Eighty lashes are too much to take just on your tits.

She looked a little disappointed:

—Yes... I guess you are right. How about this?

She held up a dress and some matching panties worth forty-two.

—Hey, If you can take that many. I can sure give them to you.

She got a kind of sick, excited look on her face and squeezed her breasts:

—Yes, I think I can take it. If I pass out before I take them all, you can give me the rest later.

—Yeah, sure.

If she passed out, I would lie my ass off on the amount she still owed.

We went back downstairs and tied her in an "X" shape between the posts. While Lance was rubbing his dick to get it super hard, I showed her the rose branch.

—We need to puncture the blisters on your nipples, so we can disinfect them. With this, we can kill two birds with one stone.

She looked at it with genuine alarm. I was sure she was having flashbacks to the barbed wire. Finally, she whined:

—I don't think I can stand that much pain.

—Of course you can. You don't have a choice. You said I could use whatever I wanted and this is what I want.

She was about to answer when Lance jammed his dick in her ass while I whipped the top of her tits. We made all kinds of noise. My branch made a "Whit" sound, His body hitting her sweaty ass was making a "Splat" sound while she was screaming and moaning as the thorns tore into her nipples. I didn't count the lashes, but when her tits got really bloody I quit. To my astonishment she screamed:

—No, don't stop! Whip my cunt!

This bitch was beginning to piss me off. What the hell could I do to hurt her. I hit her snatch so hard a lot of the thorns tore off the branch and were stuck in the skin. She was bleeding from just below her navel clear to her ass-hole the whole width of her vee, but she just kept pumping till her head fell forward in a dead faint.

When Lance came around to the front he was shocked at her appearance.

—Jesus, Heather! You have really gone too far this time. When she comes to she will split out of here and we will never see her again. We will be lucky if she doesn't go to the cops.

—Oh... relax. It isn't nearly as bad as it looks. Wait till we clean her up. The cops will never get involved as long as we don't hurt her so bad she has to go to a hospital.

We carried her over to the pool area and washed off the blood. Once the blood was gone it really didn't look too bad. She had hundreds of little punctures from the thorns, but the branch had not left bad welts and we could see some of the redness fading already.

He began spreading salve on her crotch while I put it on her breasts being careful not to get any on her nipples. He finished before I did and watched me curiously.

—Why aren't you putting any on her nipples? They will be super sore. There is still a little pus coming out of the blisters you broke.

—We have to disinfect them silly. We don't want them to get infected. Go get the "Merthiolate".

—Shit! That stuff burns like hell. Why don't you use iodine? It will do the same thing and won't hurt as bad.

—Look, I know what I am doing. You know, I have read all those books on anatomy and medicine. Trust me.

I knew he would go along with me. I had been fascinated with anatomy and medicine since I had a tonsil operation when I was ten. When a doctor in town died, I bought his entire medical library and read it avidly. Especially the books on surgical procedures. When I was twelve, I anesthetized our dog and cut out two feet of his intestine and sewed the ends back together. He recovered nicely, but when I proudly told Mother about it, she got all upset and took away my surgical instruments. I thought that was totally unfair and asked her how I could become a doctor if I couldn't practice. She just told me I could go to school like everybody else. When I found out you had to go to school for twelve years, I decided that would be a waste of time and searched the house every time she left till I found my instruments up in the attic. I still studied the books and when I found out that pigs had almost the same internal organs as humans, I began



buying piglets to operate on. I was successful except for lung and heart transplants, but I blamed that on my lack of sophisticated equipment. Lance was proud of me because so many of my “patients” lived and became my assistant. I wanted her awake before Lance came back and suggested we put on the Merthiolate while she was still unconscious, so I began slapping her face with a wet towel till she began to moan and opened her eyes.

When he got back, she was feeling her body and smiling.

—Oh... my body isn't hurt bad at all. I thought it would be all torn up since it hurt so much.

—It wouldn't have hurt so much if you had not begged for more.

—I know! I am not blaming you! I am just happy, I am alright.

Lance looked at us and shook his head in disbelief, then handed me the Merthiolate.

I said, Your nipples may get infected since the blisters have broken, so I will put some Merthiolate on them.

—Oh... that really burns. I know because I used to get blisters on my heels because my shoes didn't fit right. Mom would pop the blisters and put that stuff on them. It really burned, but it was good for me since they healed up fast.

She thought a minute then continued:

—Mom had to have Dad hold my leg because I would try to get away when she put it on. This might hurt worse. Maybe you should tie me down.

—Yes, it would be easier to put it on if you weren't moving around.

We put her on the kitchen table and tied her arms and legs to it. Then Lance made several wraps of rope around her stomach and the table. When we told her to try to move, the only thing mobile was her head.

I used the little glass dauber to put it on. I could have got it over in a few seconds by just dabbing with a cotton ball, but it was more fun to make

it last. She screamed and howled at first, but by the time, I had used up the bottle, she was just moaning and sobbing.

When we untied her, she sat up on the table and pulled me to her by my shoulders to kiss me. Then she said:

—Thank you for taking care of me.

I almost giggled when I saw Lance behind her, mouthing silently:

—Do you believe this!

I pulled her head next to mine and grinned at Lance while I said:

—You know how I like to be thanked.

As she dropped to her knees, she said:

—Oh yes!

And drove her tongue into my slit. This made Lance horny, so he sat on the table and stuck his prong in my mouth. We came simultaneously, but since I jerked back at climax, his cum blew out on my tits.

I looked down at the white slime and said:

—Jesus Lance. You came all over my tits.

Shirley said:

—I'll clean you!

And proceeded to lick up every drop. By then we really needed a drink, so I sent Shirley to the bar to make them. When she was out of sight, Lance said:

—Well... you were right Sis. You obviously know this bitch better than I do. She is totally unreal! You tear up her body with thorns, burn her nips with Merthiolate, and the crazy broad thanks you.

—Yeah... well, I have more news. She told me she has a girlfriend who gets off on whipping too. Better yet, we can have her.

Lance looked doubtful:

—God... I don't know if I could handle that. She is keeping me drained all by herself.

—That is the whole point, you ninny. Shirley can't get off enough. With another girl, we can have them do each other while we watch and rest up.

—Oh yeah! Have you seen this girl?

—No, but Shirley says she is pretty.

At that point, Shirley came back with the drinks. Lance and I were both fucked out, so I taped cotton balls to her nipples, so they wouldn't rub raw again on her dress, and took her home.

We slept so soundly, we were almost late for school. Lance called a multiple list real estate office and told them what we were looking for. At noon, he told me excitedly that the man told him he had found just what we were looking for and would meet us after school to look at it.

The place was about twelve miles out of town. The real estate man bored us silly with stories about the people on ranches on the way to the place. Finally, we got to a big gate blocking a gravel road. The forest on both sides of the gate had signs saying:

—No hunting or trespassing. Violators will be prosecuted. After he opened the gate, he told us that the road was essentially our private road. The owners of the place we were going to have sold the land around their farm to Weyerhauser Timber, but they had found spotted owls on it, so Weyerhauser couldn't log it. Then he told us the "sad" story. The original owner had homesteaded the place and had made a fair living raising vegetables. When his son inherited it, he decided the deer, Elk, etc. were eating too many veggies, so he spent a fortune fencing the whole place with an eight-foot-high electrified fence to keep them out. This and buying a bunch of unneeded equipment and remodeling the house had broken him.

Because of this, we could buy the place cheap from the bank that had foreclosed on it.

When he opened the gate at the driveway to the ranch, he warned us not to touch the fence. He had accidentally touched it on his first inspection, and his arm had been numb the rest of the day.

About ten blocks later, we saw the house. It was not very big, but seemed sound. There was also a big barn and about twenty acres of land. That really excited Lance because he was taking flying lessons. Dad was a big believer in any kind of education or skill training. He had told Lance that he would buy him an airplane if he got his license, so he could fly Mom around to go shopping:

—Heather! If we got the place, I could put in an airstrip and I could park the plane in the barn.

I was skeptical. The more I saw, the more expensive this place was looking to me. What sold me was when he showed us the basement. The owners had used it for cool storage for veggies. It had a nine-foot ceiling with gobs of open beams to hang things from and solid concrete walls with no windows. The real estate man explained that it could easily be heated by opening the ducts to it from the furnace, and the big wooden door at the north end could be replaced by windows if we wanted to convert it to a rec-room. I wanted to make a rec-room alright, but it would be nothing like what he had in mind. I was already placing hooks, winches, stretching racks and pillories in my mind. I asked the question I feared would kill my daydream:

—How much would this cost.

—Well... the bank is asking seventy-five “K”, but I know there is only sixty owed on it. If you offered sixty, I am sure they would go for it. They haven’t had any offers for almost a year. Most people don’t like this

much isolation. It is ten miles to the nearest grocery store. Kids would have a long walk to the school bus stop.

That was no problem. Lance and I got bonds for every birthday and Christmas from dad and other relatives. We could come up with thirty “K” each just by selling a few of them. I told him to make the offer. The next day, we got good news and bad news. The good news was the bank had gone for it. The bad news was that since we were under eighteen, we needed Dad’s approval. We dreaded asking, but to our surprise he was delighted:

—I am glad to see you are interested in investing in real estate. You are chips off the old block.

Then he went on to tell us the stories, for about the twentieth time, how he had made a killing on a couple of real estate deals. It was no time to remind him that he had bought some land he had paid taxes on for years that had not appreciated. He was even more delighted when Lance told him he was going to put in an airstrip:

—Good idea, Son! You won’t have to pay those greedy bastards hangar rent. I bet you could build condos around it and sell them to other pilots.

God forbid. We would have to go shopping again. I replied:

—Great idea, Dad! Of course, that would have to be down the line. It would have to be rezoned.

He came back:

—Oh... of course. All real estate deals take time. You have to hold them long enough to make them qualify as capital gain or the fucking IRS will take most of your profit.

We bagged our afternoon classes to close the deal. Shirley was disappointed she could not go along, but we did not want her to see the

place till we were ready for her. We stopped at one of Dad's ranches to borrow power saws and all kinds of tools, then loaded two pick-ups with wood and hardware. Thank god, Lance had taken wood-shop to avoid a class that involved study. We worked like beavers every afternoon and night after school. By Friday, he and I had built a rack to stretch someone with a boat winch, pillories, an X shaped device to tie someone to, saw horses secured to the floor to bend someone over for spankings, our block full of tacks to sit her down on, and an entire table full of tacks. We got so horny thinking of Shirley squirming around on the tacks face down while we whipped her ass and back, we had to stop for a quick fuck. Lance found a splintery fence post split in a V shape, so he put legs on it so we could seat her on it while we whipped her. I tested it and there was no way I could stand to have my full weight driving that sharp, splintery wedge into my beaver. Of course, we put hooks all over on the ceiling, walls and floor to tie her.

Lance said that he only had to make one more solo cross-country flight to qualify for his pilot's license, so he planned to fly to San Francisco to shop directly for other goodies at a place that advertised all kinds of whips and torture devices in a catalog. I decided Shirley should have one more treat before we really put the heat on her, so I talked Lance into taking us along. He resisted at first because legally he couldn't take passengers, but he finally decided he could meet us at a small strip where his instructor could not see us get in and could land at a small field near San Francisco that would not be likely to have any F.A.A. people on it. Her mother borrowed a hundred dollars from me to help pay the rent, so of course she had no objections to Shirley going with us. She said something I really did not pay attention to at the time:

—I trust you to take care of my little girl. She is better off with you than me.

I hadn't really been interested in flying, but I found out it was fun, especially when Lance let me control it. I decided I would take lessons too. At the field, Lance rented a van and I rented a convertible, then we went our separate ways, planning to meet at the hotel I had reserved later that night.

Shirley had a blast shopping. I bought her one really nice dress since I knew Lance would want to go to a fancy restaurant, then spent the rest of the time at sleazy shops that must have catered to whores. Shirley had taste for shit. Her favorite things were a satin Mini-dress, a super short vinyl skirt, and a sequined half-shirt that barely covered the bottoms of her tits. She really had gotten used to being naked. When a man came into the dressing room to hand her yet another transparent blouse, she took it from him stark naked without blinking an eye even though he was staring at her shaved pussy.

My feet were getting tired and I was getting bored with all her gushes over the clothes, so we went to the hotel. I had her give me a massage and then go down on me. I ordered some champagne from room service, then we took a shower together, so she could wash my back. I had her wash my pussy and ass-hole, then taste it to make sure it was clean. Just as she was drying me off, the bellhop arrived with the champagne. It was fun watching his eyes pop while I signed the tab stark naked. Naturally, he didn't ask for I.D.

We were lying on the bed sipping the champagne and fondling each other's pussies when Lance came in. He got an instant hard-on seeing us, so he laid on his back, so Shirley could sit on his dick while I sat on his face. After that we needed a shower again since the shower was big enough for all of us we washed each other, then Lance put on a suit while Shirley and I

got dressed. Shirley was disappointed I would not let her wear one of her whore outfits since she thought she was so cute in them, but she was satisfied when Lance complimented the dress I had picked out.

While she was in the bathroom, Lance told me the place he had gone to was a regular department store of erotica:

—It is a good thing I brought the Cherokee six. Anything smaller would not have been able to take the weight of all the stuff I bought. Look at this. The man at the shop demonstrated it for me on his wife or girlfriend. It doesn't make any noise at all, but if the way she jumped and tried to scream through her gag is any sign. This thing really hurts. It is just a spring steel wire with a rubber coating. I also bought this gag. Isn't it a gas?

He showed me a short, thick rubber dick with straps and a buckle to tighten behind her head. I had been wondering how we could punish her in this crowded hotel. Lance had the answer.

We still had an hour to kill, so we ordered drinks. I had to grin at the bellhops look of disappointment when he saw I was clothed.

—Lance... Since this is going to be a seven-course meal it may be a good time to see if Shirley is ready to go to our country club without embarrassment.

—Good idea. Shall we use the same demerit system?

—Well... yes! But since there is a good chance we may be embarrassed by her, I think we should go to ten lashes per demerit to make her try harder. Don't you agree, Shirley?

—Oh yes. If I am embarrassing you, I should be punished a lot. I will do my best not to be a problem. I guess I will have to pay all the demerits tonight.

—I am sure she thought this was a plus. We fed her another couple of strong drinks. I thought if she was a little tipsy, she might get careless.



We watched her very carefully at dinner. We let her take the first bite of every course. She made her first mistake when she used a spoon rather than a fork to eat her shrimp cocktail. She made another when she ate her soup by bring the spoon toward her rather than away. She got two demerits when she dropped her fork on the floor and picked it up, exposing her tits, instead of waiting for the waiter to replace it. For the rest of the meal, she did very well. We finally gave her a demerit for talking too loudly when she gushed over the meal.

On the way back to the hotel, she apologized for embarrassing us and thanked us for the great meal and gushed over the beauty of the restaurant and the wonderful way the waiters and busboys took care of us till I finally told her to shut up, so Lance and I could decide how she was going to pay off the demerits.

—Oh... You aren't going to make me pay till we get home, will you? Someone may hear! I will try not to yell, but sometimes I can't help it.

—Don't worry about it. We have that covered. Now just shut up. Lance, since we don't have anything to tie her with, I think she should just come to us in turn and assume any position we like. Since giving her ten at a time would force one of us to give her more lashes than the other, I think we should just give them to her five at a time.

Shirley broke in as she must have realized there would be no way she could get a climax with just five and a delay in between.

—I feel really guilty for embarrassing you guys in that fancy restaurant. I hope no-one you knew was there. I would be willing to take sixty instead of fifty to make it come out even.

I acted as if I was doing her a favor:

—Well... alright if you want that. Just don't forget you asked for it.

Back at the hotel, we had her strip while we kept our clothes on, since I knew she was more humiliated when she was the only one naked. The dildo gag filled her mouth so completely she could only breathe through her nose, and I saw her body shudder occasionally when it hit her uvula and made her gag. I handed her the whip and told her to try it out on her thigh, since we had never used one like it. She hit herself fairly hard on the front of her thigh. Her eyes widened in shock at the amount of pain she had caused and the dark red line running down her thigh.

We left her standing in the middle of the room inspecting and bending the whip while we went to a corner to flip a coin to see which of us would be first. I whispered to him:

—I don't want her to get off. After every series of ten, stroke the part you hit and tell her you will soothe it till she calms down.

Lance won the toss and had her bend over and hold on to her knees while he placed evenly spaced lines on the lower part of her ass and upper thighs. She was panting heavily through her nose in excitement, so Lance stroked her for quite a while till she began breathing normally.

I had her put her hands on her ass and lean back as much as she could while I striped her upper thighs and her mons pubis. I also stroked her, but kept my hands away from her pussy.

Lance liked that position, so he had her assume it again while he striped her stomach.

When she came back to hand the whip to me, I told her to put her hands behind her neck and push out her tits.

She shook her head frantically, which proved just how vicious this whip was.

—I said:

—If you shake your head “No” again all ten will go to your nipples!

Tears began flowing from her eyes, but she put her hands behind her neck. I had her push out more and more till her muscles were trembling from the tension and then quickly laid ten stripes across her tits with one right across both nips. I was afraid she would get off if I stroked her sore tits, so I just patted her on the back and said:

—There, there... baby. I know that hurt. I am proud of you for staying in position. When she finally calmed down, I gave her the whip and she walked shakily over to Lance.

He had her turn her back to me then got on his knees, so I could see everything. He hit her vertically on the outside portion of her left cheek and thigh, then the right cheek and thigh, working toward the middle till the last three went between her cheeks and hit her anus and the lower part of her cunt. He fucked up! She was definitely in orgasm and fell to her hands and knees, letting her head sink to the floor as he continued her orgasms by stroking her inflamed pussy. I decided that it was too late to worry about it, so let him keep stroking her till she finally rolled over on to her side and closed her legs with a look of pure bliss on her face.

That had ruined it for me, so when she finally got up and came over to me with the whip, I told her I thought she had enough for one night and I would give her the last ten when we got home. I took out her gag, so she could thank me over and over, then offer to go down on me for being so nice to her. I was ready for that, so I had her take off my clothes and laid back in an easy chair while she tongued my clit and toyed with my nipples. This got to Lance, so he fucked her from behind while she was eating me.

After we had all cum, we were tired, so we got into the bed with Shirley in between. She began prattling while she toyed with my pussy with her left hand and Lances limp dick with her right.

—Oooh... that whip hurt worse than anything you have used before. I took it without being tied up. Aren't you proud of me?

We both mumbled about how proud we were and how brave she was, then I told her we were tired and wanted to go to sleep. This didn't bother her, she just moved her hands to her pussy and nipples and we had to listen to her pant and make funny little "Yip" sounds till she brought herself off and went to sleep.

The next morning, she wanted to wear one of the new outfits she had picked out. I didn't want her to wear it because I wanted to go to brunch and it made her look like a hooker. Before I could object, Lance said she could as long as she didn't wear panties or bra and if she wore the skirt backward, so the full length zipper was at the front. She readily agreed because she thought Lance wanted her tits and cunt to be readily available to him. The top was just a strip of white cotton with elastic at the top and bottom. For the bottom, she wore the white vinyl mini skirt. Both of them were too small for her. The top showed a lot of cleavage and the skirt barely covered her ass. She just grinned while she stood in front of Lance while he pulled the top down even further till it just covered her nipples and tugged down the skirt till her pussy hair would have shown if she had any to show. I was embarrassed to be with her until I realized the odds of seeing anyone we knew were very remote.

Lance had unloaded the van into the airplane and had turned in the van at the hotel, so he rode back to the airport with us.

Just for kicks, we sent her into a Mcdonald's to get breakfast sandwiches and coffee, so we could watch the men staring at her from our parking place by the window.

On the freeway to the airport, Lance noticed the passenger of a truck staying even with our car was staring at Shirley's tits. He grinned and

pulled down her top to expose them completely. Shirley tried to act embarrassed, but she didn't try to cover them and I knew she was enjoying the attention. When the passenger stuck his fingers in his mouth to whistle and began to applaud, Lance unzipped her skirt and pulled her ass forward by tugging on the lips of her pussy. When her ass was on the edge of the seat, he spread her legs and jammed in three fingers. That damn near got us killed! The driver tried to see the action and almost pinched us into the guard rail. I told her to cover up and followed the truck to our exit to make sure he didn't follow us.

I was really pissed off. We weren't even supposed to be in California. If we had wrecked, we would have been in trouble.

I told Shirley she should be ashamed because I knew she enjoyed showing herself and that ten lashes she owed me were going to her tits and pussy. She apologized, which I told her just proved she was enjoying it. If she hadn't, she would have nothing to apologize for.

The Cherokee Six has an aisle down the middle, so I had Shirley strip and hook the back of her knees on the back of the seats and lay back in the aisle, so I could give her five lashes to her tits and five more to her gaping pussy. Lance turned on the autopilot, so he could watch.

When I was done, Lance had me fly while he went to the back of the plane and dug around through the stuff he bought till he found the box he wanted and a couple of bungee cords used to hold down cargo. I was glad to see him come back because his weight at the back of the plane made me push forward on the wheel to keep the plane level. It was a hard push and my arms were getting tired. It wasn't till he got back that I found I could have just trimmed the plane with a little wheel to take off the pressure.

He had her kneel between our seats in the aisle and used the bungee cord to hold her knees to the legs of our seats and then put handcuffs from

her wrists to our shoulder belts. While she knelt there sniffing he dug around in the box on his lap till he found a sack of little clips with metal teeth on them. He split them with me and we took turns putting them on her tits and pussy. We left them on her till it was almost time to land. I told her it was for her own good to teach her to be a lady. She actually bought that and promised she would try harder while she soaked her tits with her tears!

We planned to take her right to our new torture chamber, but she said she had promised to let her mom know she had returned safely, so we stopped by her house. I was wishing I had told her to change clothes as I watched her ass cheeks flash when she ran to the house. I was hoping her mother would not get pissed at the new look.

She was gone for a few minutes. We were getting impatient when she ran back to the car bawling her eyes out. Between sobs, she said:

—Mmmon is gggone! Here, look at this.

She handed me a note scrawled on paper torn from a grocery sack. It said:

*“Shirley, I hate to leave you, but I am in love with a man who doesn’t want to be saddled down with a kid. I have not had a chance to be happy for a long time and I can’t pass this up. You are old enough to get a job and I am sure your rich friend will make sure you don’t starve until you find a job.*

*Love Mama”*

—Oh... Heather, what am I going to do. She took all the money in the cookie jar. Even the hundred dollars you loaned her. The rent will be due next week and when I can’t pay it they will put me in a juvenile home like they did when she had to go to alcohol detox.

—Hey! Don’t worry Shirley, we have a place you can stay. You won’t be able to go back to school though since they check with your parents if

you get a bad grade. Lance and I can teach you everything with our books.

—Oh Heather! Would you do that for me! Really! But how can I pay you for my food and rent?

—How about the same way you paid for the clothes.

—Would I pay for the whole month's rent at once?

—Just as much of it as you can.

—Oh... I will be glad to pay for everything!

Just then, Lance broke in and said he needed to talk to me in private. When I met him behind the car, he said:

—Are you fucking nuts? What is Dad going to say when he finds her up there and what is this shit about her not going to school. The school will go looking for her.

—In the first place, if Dad comes up, we will know. That is why I am putting in the electric gate. We can always hide her in the basement and tell Dad we lost the key. When the school or anybody else looks for her, they will assume she left with her mom. I have the note that could prove otherwise. Don't you see what this means? We have a real slave now. We don't have to worry about making her too sore to get to school and we don't have to pretend we are going to make her a real friend and take her with us everywhere.

—God! That would be a relief. She bores the shit out of me any time I am not whipping or fucking her. It is still a little risky, but that might make it more exciting. One thing is certain, she can't run away with that electric fence all around the place. I will hide the switch for it.

With that settled, we took her up to the ranch. She thought the place was beautiful and was thrilled with the satellite TV reception the previous owner had installed. They just had a coat hanger for the antenna for their TV and could only get two channels. Now she had a hundred. Actually, she

only needed one. All she ever wanted to watch was MTV. She had too short an attention span to watch movies and she wanted to practice her dancing. We didn't hurt her very much the first couple of weeks, since we enjoyed the idea of a slave. She waited on us hand and foot and sucked us whenever we felt like it.

We kept up the pretense that her punishments were brought on by her failures. We would stretch her on the rack or tie her in strenuous bondage and tell her if she was brave, she should be able to stand it for a set amount of time. We would let her off any time she wanted, but she would get a lash for every minute short of the goal. Sometimes just the bondage would get her so excited, she would get fantastic orgasms from the whipping.

Her only complaint was that we were not around enough and she got lonely. We tried to explain that we couldn't spend all our spare time with her because our parents would get suspicious. This was true. They couldn't understand why we wanted to fix up the place and put in the airstrip ourselves, since we could have a contractor do it and write the cost off our income tax. We tried to convince them we just enjoyed doing the work, but they seemed doubtful, especially since we had never done any work before.

She really scared us when she told us she had turned off the electric fence, planning to climb over it for a walk in the forest. She couldn't climb the fence fortunately, but we realized that if she really got desperate she would. Lance asked her how she had turned off the fence.

Oh... I couldn't find the switch, so I just turned off all the power at the main switch box. Our landlord showed me how to do it because he was tired of coming over to reset the circuit breakers. My mom was always plugging in too many things at once and popping the breakers.

We punished her for turning off the switch with the excuse that she could have caused the food to spoil in the refer and freezer. I stayed with



her that night and she told me she could be very happy living there if she could just have a friend. Yeah sure, like I should kidnap someone to be her friend.

The next day, one of the teachers asked me if I knew why Shirley was not in school. I told him I did not know her that well, but thought I had better check to make sure that he would be told she left town if he checked. I checked with the neighbors on both sides of her. They didn't know any detail except they just left evidently to beat the landlord out of his back rent. Just to make real sure, I stopped at the house behind hers. It was really a hovel. At least Shirley kept their shack fairly clean. A big, unshaven man opened the door wearing a dirty undershirt. He scratched himself all the time I was talking to him. At my question about Shirley, he said:

—I never paid any attention to those people. The old lady was a drunk and dragged loud drunk truck drivers home with her. I think Janie knew Shirley. Janie! Get your lazy ass in here.

A girl about sixteen appeared with tousled blonde hair wearing a large black dress buttoned to her neck and with sleeves to her wrists. The hem of the dress was just above her raggy sneakers.

She told me Shirley's mother was going to marry a truck-driver and she told her that if the Landlord asked, they were going to Canada. She hadn't seen them leave.

The man said impatiently:

—Okay! End of story. Get your ass started on your run. You had better be real sweaty when you get back.

She got a scared look on her face and ran out the door.

This was the girl Shirley had told me about! I noted the direction she was running, thanked the man for the information and got in my car to

follow her. I caught up with her in about three blocks. I opened the window on her side and told her to get in, so I could talk to her.

—No... I can't! I have to run. If I am not back in fifteen minutes real sweaty, I will be punished.

—You can just run faster later, get in. We can drink a coke and talk.

That appealed to her, so she got in saying she couldn't stay long. I wanted to hear about her punishments, so I invented a huge lie.

—Hey... I don't blame you. My folks take down my pants and spank me with a strap for any little thing I do wrong.

—You don't know how lucky you are. At least you have a car to drive and have nice clothes. Mom and Dad have always spanked me, but until dad's brother moved in, it was always on my clothes. Dad only works once in a while when a contractor needs help, and mom just works part-time at a 7-Eleven. So they needed him to help pay the rent. One night when mom was working, they had me bring them beers. When I opened Dad's some of it squirted out on him. He got real mad and said I needed a spanking. I leaned over the kitchen table like I always do, but his brother pulled my dress up because he thought I wouldn't even feel it through all my clothes. It was really embarrassing. They patted my bottom and talked to each other about me being a big girl and having a good butt for spanking. They gave me the worst spanking I ever had. To make it worse they made me give them a kiss and thank them for the spanking and had me stand in a corner holding up my dress, so they could see my red bottom after they had pulled the seat between my cheeks.

I broke in to say I knew just how that was because I had to do it too. Then I asked her if they ever whipped her naked.

—Oh yes! You too? The first time it happened, I had just finished taking a bath when dad yelled at me to come to the kitchen. I put on my

bathrobe and went to him. He said:

—This place is a mess! Why didn't you wash the dishes?

I told him I was going to do them as soon as I got out of the tub, but this wasn't good enough. I leaned over the table and his brother took some rope out of his pocket and tied my wrists to the legs. They pulled the bathrobe clear over my head, so I was stark naked on the table. Then, they used their belts to stripe me from my thighs to my shoulder blades. They were standing on both sides of me and when they hit my back, the end of their belts would hit the sides of my stomach and boobies.

When they were done, they tied my arms to my sides by running ropes from my crotch to my arms. The rope cut into my crotch just terrible. Then they had me stand in the corner again., but every minute they would have me turn around, so they could see my front as well as my back. When I faced them they told me I had to stand up straight and if my stomach was not sucked in enough to satisfy them they would whip it with their belts.

This was just terrible, so I told mom. She was no help at all. She just told me that Dad didn't want me to be wayward because she had been wayward, got pregnant with me and they had to drop out of school to work to support me. She said I should understand why he might resent me sometimes for causing him so much trouble, and then said we couldn't get along without his brother's money and that I shouldn't feel bad about being naked because we were all family.

Since then, it has gotten worse. Now I always have to get naked and they hang me from the ceiling fan, so they can stripe my whole body.

She hesitated a minute then continued:

—Last week Dad gave me a bunch of leather strips and told me to braid them together to make a handle. I have to keep it under my pillow and bring it to them and ask them to whip me. The last time, instead of having

me kiss their lips, they made me kiss and lick the things they pee out of till the things spit on me.

—Why don't you run away?

She looked scared. Dad said if I tried to run away, he would beat me till I died! Besides, I don't have any money or anywhere to go. I have been saving all the change I find around the house. When I save twenty dollars, I will run away.

—How much have you saved.

She said proudly:

—I already have four dollars and thirty-one cents.

—Look, I am going to run away too. I have a car and lots of money and a friend in California that can get us jobs.

—Gee... I will have to think about it. Dad may want to kill you too. And I have been told never to owe anyone for anything.

—Tell me the truth! It excites you to get naked and whipped by those men. Doesn't it?

She blushed and then answered:

—You too? But it is getting less exciting and more painful. Every time they hurt me a little more.

—Do you always run at the same time?

—Just on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. Those are the nights Mom works and they always start me running at six in the evening when she goes to work. When I get back, if I am not sweaty enough they whip me. I am never sweaty enough.

—Alright, you think about it. If you decide you want to go, I will be waiting for you at six next Friday at the next intersection. Leave a note under your pillow that you are going to hitchhike to Canada to stay with

Shirley and her Mom. I am sure Shirley really went to California because one of your neighbors saw California plates on the truck.

She got out of the car and began to run very fast to work up her sweat. I was really disappointed and jealous of the men who were getting her to do all those things because she was too dumb to go to the police.

On Wednesday, Lance flew Mom to Portland to do some shopping, so I had Shirley to myself. He was too wimpy to really hurt her, so we had not used the splintery fence post yet.

Janie's story about tying her arms with ropes to her cunt appealed to me, so I tied sash cord around her arms then pulled up on the outer fringes of her cunt till space opened up in the middle. I used the winch to lift her up and let her down gently on the post. I told her she should be able to sit there for twenty minutes because all she had to do was grip the post with her inner thighs to keep her pussy off the sharp edge.

After a few minutes, I could see her pussy was no closer to the splinters, so I decided that was too easy and tied ten pound weights to each ankle.

She began to sweat from the strain and whined:

—Oh... Heather, this is too hard. I have to grip the post so tight I can feel splinters going into my legs.

—Come on. Don't be a wimp! You only have a little more time to go. I'll help you, if you quit before the time is up you will get twenty lashes.

I sat at the end of the post watching her cunt get closer and closer, millimeter by millimeter, as her legs tired. Finally, about two-inches of the sharp post had disappeared in the crack of her snatch and she sobbed:

—Let me off and whip me! It is tearing my pussy. It won't go any deeper anyway.

—Prove it. Spread your legs.

She squinched her eyes shut and spread her legs slightly. When I made no comment, she spread them further. This really made her gasp and sob. I made a mental note to tie her legs wide apart the next time I put her on it.

I told her that proved it and she was relieved she would soon be off of it as she clenched her legs back together, driving more splinters into her cunt and inner thighs. She began screaming and never stopped when I fooled her by whipping her ass and tits while she was still on the post. She squirmed and jumped with the lashes until she drove in so many splinters it took me fifteen minutes to pull them all with a tweezer while she cried.

—Oh Heather... You are getting too mean. My poor pussy is all torn. I want to leave. I would rather be in the juvenile home than here.

—Yeah... I know I got carried away. I'll make it feel better.

I ate her pussy until my tongue and jaw muscles ached, before she could forget the pain enough to cum.

I knew I could go even further when she said:

—Thank you for taking the pain away. I am sorry I said I wanted to leave. Lance isn't as mean as you, but you both make me cum. As long as I can have orgasms, I can stand anything.

—Don't worry, Lance and I love you very much. We will always give you great orgasms. Oh yeah, I have a surprise for you. Thursday of next week we have a day off from school. By that time, Lance will have the air strip done and we can fly you to Seattle for shopping.

—This really brightened her up and she said:

—Oh... that will be wonderful. I love you guys too. I'll do anything for you.

—Really. That reminds me. We got something in the mail, so I can get you off when Lance isn't here. Close your eyes. It is a surprise.

I pulled off my dress, which left me naked since I had stopped wearing underwear and started strapping on a dildo. When I was done, it was sticking straight out from my crotch. The other end was bent and was buried in my pussy. When I went over to her, she was still on her knees with her eyes shut.

—Okay, open your eyes.

She looked at the little rubber spikes all over it greedily:

—Isn't it great! It will never get soft! We can fuck till we can't stand it anymore.

She couldn't resist feeling it and moving it around. That made me gasp when the corresponding spikes in my pussy teased my clit. I had her suck on it to get it wet, which moved it around in my pussy to get me more excited. She laid on her back and I mounted her and fucked her till I got so excited I became uncoordinated and rolled on my back, so she could sit on it and gyrate. My orgasms became closer and together and got progressively intense till I thought I was going to go crazy when she finally fell off on her side. We were both panting and soaked with sweat.

When we were back to near normal, I sent her up to get some beer. While we sipped on them, she said:

—Oh... heather. That was wonderful. I am really tired though. It really takes a lot longer to cum when there is no pain, doesn't it.

I agreed without saying that it took a hell of a lot less pain for me than it did her. I told her that I had to go home because I had told my parents I was just going to the library to study. This wasn't true, I was just fucked out. I told her Lance would see her the next day and I would be back Friday for the whole weekend.

I got to my parking spot a little early Friday, so I could be sure I didn't miss Janie. I got very impatient since I was so anxious to find out if she

would leave with me. I finally put my favorite CD in the radio and began to relax to the jazz.

I was startled when the passenger door was jerked open and Janie jumped into the seat. She yelled:

—I am going with you! Let's go before they start looking for me.

When I pulled out, she explained they had changed the way she ran. Now they had her run around the block while they timed her laps. She had to beat her old record every time, or she would get a lash for every second she went over. This way they would miss her right away. I punched it and headed to our ranch while she went on.

—This week has been pure hell. On Monday, I was opening beers for all of them including Mom. My uncle had a pint of vodka and gave her shots of it along with the beer. She got a little drunk and right out of the blue told them that I had told her they were spanking me naked. Dad got instantly mad and said: "What the hell did she do that for?". She told him she thought I wanted them to stop, but she knew I needed them if I was going to stay in line. Dad told her she should spank me for being a snitch. They hung me up naked and Mom spanked my butt with the whip, but my Dad didn't think she was hitting me hard enough, so he said: "You don't know shit about whipping. It is supposed to hurt! I'll show you.". Then, they pulled her over the table and my uncle held her arms while dad flipped up her dress and ripped off her panties and whipped her butt till she was howling. Then, when she had calmed down, they told her to spank me again and to do it right, or she would get whipped again. As extra punishment for her, they had her whip me while she was naked. They laughed and clapped their hands as they pointed out the way her big boobs flopped around while she whipped me. Now they find some excuse to whip me every night. My skin is so sore!



She began to whimper, so I told her I had some salve I could put on it when we got to our ranch. I was really anxious to see what her body looked like under that huge dress. I was afraid she was pretty fat, but I knew we could diet her down if she was.

She calmed down and then went on:

—That isn't all. We always went to church every Sunday. I hated it because the preacher was always yelling that the parents had to be severe with their children if they were going to grow up to be responsible and not go to hell. They told me that on Wednesday there was going to be a special service. It was about the same with the preacher yelling till he was red in the face about juvenile delinquency. And then he asked the congregation if they had a child they were having trouble with. I was relieved when they didn't complain about me, but they just sat there grinning while a man stood up and said he had caught his daughter wearing bikini panties. The preacher said she was on her way to being a harlot, and had her brought up on the stage. Her Dad said they had spanked her, but he didn't think she had really learned her lesson. The preacher said: "We can help you, brother." She cried like crazy when they held up her dress to show the panties to everyone. Then they unzipped the back of her dress and pulled her arms out of the sleeves. She stood there bawling, clutching the dress to her front, while I watched a rope with a leather collar being lowered from the ceiling. They put the collar around her wrists while she held up her dress with her elbows. Then they pulled up her arms till her elbows released her dress and it flopped down to her waist. She began to moan when her boobies were shown to everybody. Then the preacher handed her Dad a really nasty looking long whip with a shiny metal tip. They turned her back to us and her Dad began leaving horrible welts with it. She jumped so much when she was hit, her dress fell on down to the floor, so he started moving the lines

down her back till she had welts all over. Then the preacher took the whip as he told everybody loudly that she wouldn't be wearing these panties again. He used the end of the whip to hit down on her butt till the panties were in shreds, then hit the waistband to rip them off of her. When they turned her around, I could see the end of the whip had come around her body and she had bloody places all over her front where the tip had dug in. She had fainted, so they just let her down to lay on the floor. The preacher asked if there were any more sinners. I was scared to death my Dad would volunteer me, but thank god, he didn't. On the way home, he said he didn't want me cut up, but if I wasn't real good, they would have me whipped next Wednesday. Heather, I just can't let them do that. That whip scares me something awful!

I had her sit next to me and hugged her with my free arm while I told her that she was safe now. I added:

—You know that you need a little whipping now and then, so you can be good. Don't you?

—Oh yes. I need to be whipped sometimes, but I am afraid that whip the preacher has might kill me. I heard Dad say he was going to see if he could borrow it from the preacher. Since you are going to be taking care of me, you can whip me when you want to.

On the way to the ranch, I told her we didn't need to run away because we had this neat place to live that her Dad would never find. My folks had promised they wouldn't whip me anymore if I didn't leave, and just gave me spankings now. I asked her if she would miss not being able to go to town.

—Oh... I never got to go anywhere anyway except for church, and for running.

—Well, you are going to love this. My brother has an airplane. Every now and then we will go to Seattle or Portland and I will take you shopping.

—Will you? Really? I only have two dresses. This one and a white one I wear to church. Dad burned all my underwear.

By that time, we were at the gate. She was really impressed when I pressed the remote control and the gate slid open to let us through then automatically closed behind us. A bell rang in the house when the gate opened, so I knew Shirley would be scrambling to get into the basement and lock the door as she had been instructed. On the way up the driveway, I told Janie I had another surprise. Her old friend Shirley was staying with us too.

—Oh good! I really like her. She gets punished too, so I could tell her everything.

At the house, I opened the basement door and told Shirley to come upstairs because I had a surprise. Janie was a little surprised to see Shirley was naked when she ran over to hug her, but she soon got used to it. Shirley dragged her around excitedly showing her the TV with all the channels and the refrigerator and freezer full of food, pop, and beer. Then she said:

—Best of all, this place is totally private. The police will never look for me here and you can stay naked all the time if you want. Look at my suntan.

She turned around slowly to show her lightly tanned body with no white areas.

Janie said while grinning:

—Shirley and I Have known each other a long time. We used to go out in the woods and take off our clothes, so we could play in the sun.

By that time, they had sat on the couch to reminisce, so I got beers for everybody.

Shirley giggled and said:

—Do you remember my cousin Billy?

—How could I ever forget?

Then she looked at me and said:

—Her cousin Billy was a little older than us and real cute. We must have been about twelve. I remember we were just getting titties. He used to like to play “Spy”. We would hide and when he found us, he would tie our hands to a tree and pull up our t-shirts and tickle us with a chicken feather till we told the secret code word. It was fun at first, especially when he tickled our nipples, but eventually we were giggling so hard it was hard to get a breath and we would tell him the word.

Shirley interjected, to say:

—Yeah, we tried not to tell because if we didn’t tell in ten minutes he would buy us an ice cream cone. Ten minutes is a long time when you are being tickled. Janie used all her will-power not to laugh and when he saw she could take it. He told her if she didn’t talk, he would spank her.

—Oh yeah. I remember. It was real hot and I had made up my mind not to tell if it killed me to get the ice cream cone. I got it too!

—Yeah, but he pulled up your skirt and pulled down your panties and spanked it till it was really red before he bought your cone.

—Yeah, but he just used his hand and it didn’t hurt very much. It was really exciting. Besides, it wasn’t nearly as red as yours got when he went over to tickle you, and you told him before he started that he would have to spank you too because you weren’t about to tell.

—Oh yeah. I remember. He cut a switch off the tree and said I would tell if he used it on me.

—Yeah, Shirley told him she wouldn’t tell him no matter what he used. He pulled down her jeans and panties and put red lines on her bottom

till they all ran together, so her whole butt was glowing. It looked like it would really hurt, but Shirley never yelled.

—It did hurt! It was awful exciting though. I remember closing my eyes and imagining I really was a spy and if I told our whole country would be blown up.

—Yeah. He had to go home the next day and we never saw him again. I always wondered what he would have done next if he had been able to stay longer.

—Yeah. Me too. It sure got us started, though. We spanked each other all the time till your folks wouldn't let us play together anymore.

I really got curious about all this nudity with no mention of sex:

—Didn't you guys do anything, but spank each other? Didn't you have any sex?

—Oh no! It never occurred to us. Our folks were really religious. Mom caught me touching my pussy once and spanked my hands with a ruler so hard I couldn't make a fist for a long time. I never had sex till I met you guys.

Janie's eyes lit up:

—You have had sex? Tell me about it!

—Oh... Janie it is just wonderful. I can't really describe it. You just get more and more excited till you kind of explode with this wonderful feeling then you just totally relax and kind of glow.

—Oh... I think I came close to that when my uncle spanked my pussy. I know I felt I was on my way to a wonderful experience.

I stopped them because I just had to see what Janie looked like:

—Janie, why don't you take off that ugly dress. You don't ever have to wear it again. I will get you some pretty clothes.

She took off the dress and I saw she was not fat at all. Her big boobs holding out the dress just gave that illusion. She had a tiny waist and a really tight muscled round bottom from all that running. I promptly picked up the dress and threw it in the fireplace and set it on fire. Janie watched it burn and then said:

—I feel so happy. Seeing that darn dress burn finally made me realize I was on my way to a whole better life.

She sat on the floor happily watching the last of the dress burn while she sipped her beer. Then a look of distress came on her face and she said:

—Heather, I can't expect you to take care of me forever without payment. Just the food and drinks must cost a lot. Do you have any chores you want me to do or anything to help pay you?

Shirley said:

—That is no problem. Lance and Heather like to spank and whip girls too. They give me ten dollars per lash.

Janie looked stricken:

—Oh no! It looks like I jumped out of the frying pan into the fire. I have burned my bridges! I can't leave here without being killed by my Dad.

She started to whimper till Shirley said:

—Oh no!... It isn't bad at all and you can have sex too!

Shirley looked at me slyly and went on:

—Heather can get pretty mean sometimes, but she always makes up for it. You will love it here and we can keep each other company.

—I guess that would be alright. My folks paid three hundred dollars per month. Would that be alright?

Shirley said:

—Are you kidding? Did you have this nice place and satellite TV?

—Oh no! How about six hundred? I haven't been to a grocery store. Would three hundred be alright for food and drinks?

—Yes, but that is too many for one time. How about thirty lashes every day or so?

—Oh, that would be fine. I can take thirty easily. They were giving me up to fifty per night. Would you like to give them to me now?

—No, I think Lance would like to be here.

I knew Lance would want to be here. He loved big tits and hers were fantastic. They defied gravity, round and firm with practically no sag. He will just love seeing them bounce under his whip.

—Lance? Who is Lance?

Shirley answered for me:

—Lance is Heather's brother. You will love him. He is just gorgeous!

—Yes, But he doesn't like girls to have hairy pussies, and your is super hairy. We will have to get rid of the hair, so you can be like us.

—I have been looking at Shirley's. It looks very nice. Do you shave it?

Shirley told her we shaved hers the first time, but since then she just plucked out the hair when it grew out.

—Wow! With all my hair, that would take forever.

I said:

—There is a better way. It is called bikini waxing. We put hot wax on it and when the wax cools we pull it off and the hair comes with it.

When I waxed her, I held the candle real close:

—Oh that is so hot! You are burning my poor cunni!

—Be quiet and quit moving around! Spread your legs more, so I can get the hair around your ass-hole.

She whimpered, but opened her legs till she was practically doing the splits. I put on a lot more wax than I needed to and when it was cool I pulled it off very slowly to maximize the pain. She moaned a lot, but made no other complaint. She got excited enough to get wet when we pulled her pussy and anus around to pluck out stray hairs. When we were done, she said:

—Gee... it does look real nice. Just like when I was a little girl, except it is a little red from the wax. I bet it will hurt a lot more now when it is spanked.

I couldn't tell if she thought that was good or bad. Just as she finished her sentence, I heard an airplane overhead. Lance had made a great airstrip, he had a contractor come in and blacktop it and installed runway and approach lights. He could turn them on at night just by clicking his microphone on a radio frequency.

I wanted to unveil Janie, so I had her put on one of my raincoats and we ran out to meet him at the hay barn he had converted to a hangar.

When he got out of the plane, I said, Look, Lance! I have a surprise. This is Janie, isn't she pretty. She wants to stay with us and she doesn't mind being whipped.

Lance just glanced at her and said:

—Yeah, she will look alright once you get some make-up on her and get her hair fixed. Where in hell did you find her?

—You tell him, Janie.

—My folks were real mean. Heather rescued me and said I could stay here to hide from them. I hope you don't mind. I will do anything you want. I am sorry you don't like my hair.

She was so disappointed Lance was not impressed with her, I decided to make her feel better.



—Her hair will be beautiful once I give it a shampoo and set. Look at her great legs.

I unbuttoned the lower buttons of her raincoat and pulled it back to show her legs almost to her pussy.

—Yeah, they are nice. She must do a lot of exercise.

I unbuttoned a couple of more buttons to show her pussy.

—Look at this cute pussy. It is so tight, there is just a slit at the opening.

Janie blushed, but I could tell she was pleased when Lance agreed it was beautiful.

—I saved the best for last!

I ripped open the last buttons and pulled the coat off her shoulders and arms to let it fall to the ground.

—Jesus!... You are fantastic. I have never seen such big, beautiful breasts. Come here, I want to feel them.

She walked over to him and smiled while he lifted, fondled and tugged on the nipples. I saw they were both getting too excited, so I pulled her around by her shoulders.

—Look at her ass. It is great too.

—Oh yes, I love it!

Janie said:

—Do you really! My uncle said it was spankable. He said that was a compliment. Would you like to spank it?

—You betcha. I plan to spank that cute thing a lot.

He had her walk backward in front of him on the way back to the house, so he could watch her boobs moving with each step.

When we got back to the house, I told Lance that Janie had offered to take thirty lashes per day for her room and board. To my surprise, Janie

said:

—Yes, I owe you that much. That is thirty for you and thirty for Heather.

I didn't know what to say. She had just doubled her punishment and Shirley was grinning at her as if she was proud of her. I led her down to our torture chamber. Her eyes widened in fear, but she calmed down when Shirley nonchalantly sat on the stretching rack. Since she had doubled her punishment, I thought the least I could do was let her choose the way she would be tied.

—As you can see, we have this set up, so you can be held in almost any position for whipping. We have put padded cuffs on everything, so your wrists and ankles won't be cut.

—That is really nice of you. I have some scars on my wrist from when they tied me with wire.

She began to wander around raising her arms to pull on chains, lying on the rack and stretching out on her back, leaning over saw horses, and benches until Lance and I began to pant in anticipation. Finally, she stood in front of an X shaped device Lance had made out of six by six timbers. She stretched out facing the device and then turned around to stretch out with her back pressing in to it.

—I think this would be best. If it is alright with you.

Lance said:

—If you choose that position, all sixty lashes will fall on your front.

—Yes, I know. I want you to know how grateful I am you will be taking care of me. You like my boobies and pussy, so you should get to whip them.

We didn't need to be convinced anymore. We spread her legs wide to buckle them to the bottoms of the X then stretched her to reach the cuffs for

her wrists. We flipped a coin to see who would be first, and I won.

I started out just below her crotch and worked my way up to finish at the top of her breasts. Then, Lance took the thonged whip from me and began to whip her tits up down and sideways. Her only reaction was just to moan and tremble.

He stopped for a minute to get his breath rubbing the thongs of the whip on her pussy. She looked at him with a glazed look in her eyes and said:

—Yes!... Whip it! Whip my pussy.

When he had given it fifteen lashes, she was obviously in orgasm, so he dropped his pants and shorts and buried his dick in her pussy while she strained at her bonds to thrust back at him.

When he came, he fell into a chair panting while Shirley and I took her down. She just slumped to her knees with her body pulsating and taking deep breaths. When she calmed down she looked up at me and said:

—Thank you for my whipping. Would you like me to kiss you?

I knew what that meant and I was more than ready for it. I ripped off my flimsy panties and held up my skirt, telling Shirley to get behind me and hold me. In a short time I was orgasming so hard my legs couldn't support me. Shirley was holding me up by my tits, which had pulled up to cradle my chin. Without comment, she left me to walk over to Lance on her knees to put his now hard dick in her mouth.

I was dying of thirst, so I sent Shirley upstairs to bring us down some beer. By the time, she got back Lance had cum again and Janie was gently kissing the side of his dick and his balls. I went over to them in time to hear her say softly:

—That was so wonderful. Nobody ever put their thing in me before. That feels so good. Will you do that every time you whip me?

—Yeah sure! You have a great tight pussy.

—Oh... thank you. You can whip me anytime you want.

We leaned against a padded wall and drank our beers. Janie noticed Shirley was fondling her pussy and said:

—Poor Shirley! You didn't get to do anything. Would you like to spank me and have me kiss you?

—I don't want to hurt you. I am so excited, would you whip my pussy until I ask you to stop and then kiss it?

Janie readily agreed, and Shirley laid down on the rack with her legs spread while Janie whipped her pussy.

Lance and I watched in amazement. Janie at first just hit easy, but hard enough to turn Shirley's pussy lips red.

This got Lance and I horny, so he fucked me dog fashion while we watched them.

Shirley's only reaction was moans as she pulled on her nipples. Then as it started to get really red, Shirley spread her legs even more and Janie took that as a cue to hit even harder. Shirley's cunt-lips began squirming under the lash as Shirley's moans became louder and she was jerking her nipples so hard her tits were jumping. She must have taken more than twenty lashes before she told her to stop, and yipped and pulsed as orgasms pulsed through her body.

After that, Lance and I were through, so we left the girls happily giggling watching MTV while they sipped beer.

On the way back, Lance said:

—Hey, I really appreciate you finding Janie. She really gets off on punishment and has almost as much muscle in her pussy as you do. I felt like she was milking me. The only problem is I don't know how in hell, I

can keep all three of you fucked without killing myself. Maybe we should look for another guy.

—Why? If you don't feel up to it. We can get each other off with our tongues or dildos.

—That is easy for you to say. My damn dick will get hard even though I know when I cum it will feel like I am ripping my balls off.

I giggled and said:

—That is the disadvantage of being a guy. Girls can cum till they are just too tired and go to sleep. No matter how much we cum, it never hurts. But seriously, There is no guy we know we could trust with this secret.

Well, maybe you are right. But I think I will feel out a few guys and if I find one that can get off on the S&M film where the girl is cut and bleeding he might qualify. Don't worry, though, I will check with you before I bring him up to our place.

Things were working out great now that Shirley had a friend. We only went up there when we were horny and could leave when we were satisfied. My problem was that I could not forget Janie's story about the Wednesday night church. After the second week, I decided to stop by her house to see if they were looking for Janie and to try to get an invitation to church. I knew from Janie that the church started at seven, so I got there about six. When I knocked on the door, Janie's Dad answered it wearing fairly clean clothes. I had dressed down for the occasion with a simple skirt with an elastic waistband and a peasant blouse that showed a little cleavage. At the last minute, I decided not to wear under wear.

When he opened the screen door, I went into the house and said:

—Hello, Mr. Harris. I was in the neighborhood, so I thought I would visit Janie. Is she home?

—Naw. The little bitch ran off. I'm not worried, though. One of these days, she will be calling us to beg us to bring her home, or else some sheriff will call to say he has her in jail.

—Do you know where she went?

—Naw. I have heard Canada and California. It don't matter. I am not going to waste time looking for her.

—Well, that is a shame. Kids are getting so wayward anymore. They should have a real strong church and be whipped when they need it.

He snorted:

—Yeah sure. When was the last time you got whipped?

—Well, dad uses his belt to put welts on my bare skin. It isn't a real whip, but it leaves big welts when you are hit on the bare skin.

—No shit. Come on into the kitchen. I'll make you a drink if you want one.

—That would be real nice. I am real thirsty.

In the kitchen I met his wife, Carrie, and his brother, Bob. When Carrie leaned over to shake my hand, her blouse fell away from her chest and I saw welts on the top of her breasts. Obviously, she was filling in for Janie. I was amazed by Bob. I had expected a loutish brute, but he was very good-looking, and in his late twenties.

When Lew had me seated at the table with a very strong 7up and vodka drink in front of me, he said:

—Heather thinks we let Janie get wayward. She says her paw whips her when she gets out of line

—Well, like I said, he uses his belt rather than a whip. Sometimes, I think I would be a better girl if he did use a whip. Also, we go to a wimpy church that doesn't see anything wrong with anything. We used to go to a church that preached spare the rod and spoil the child. The preacher there

whipped me once with a big willow switch. That kept me in line for a long time.

—Heather said her paw whips her on the bare skin. How does he keep you in place for it?

—Well I am not naked anymore. When I started getting boobies, he decided I was too old to be naked, so I wear panties and bra. He usually ties me to a ceiling fan.

I looked up at theirs:

—It is a lot like yours.

Bob looked at me as if I was naked and said:

—Well Heather, we have to leave now to go to your old type church. Would you like to go along? You might see a whipping. Would that bother you.

—Oh no. I am sure if they get whipped, they deserve it. I would like to go.

We all piled into their old Ford with me in the back seat with Bob.

—Heather, how do you feel after you get whipped? Do you hate your Dad for doing it?

—Oh no, Bob, I always deserve it and after it is over I don't have to feel guilty anymore. I just feel tired and dreamy. I am always kind of proud of my welts. I always look at them in the mirror afterward. Carrie, have you ever been whipped?

—Oh yes. Lots

—Then you know what I mean.

—Yeah, kind of like you are at peace with the world.

—Yeah! I just didn't know how to say it.

We arrived at the "church" a short time later. It used to be a movie theater. The marquee was still on the building, which really needed a new

coat of white paint. The sign that originally held movie titles now had slogans like “Sinners Repent, The End is Near, etc. and John Morgan Preacher”. The signs were painted amateurishly in black paint. We filed through the lobby with its worn red carpet and took seats in front row center. We were early since Lew wanted to be sure we had a good seat.

While we were waiting, they quizzed me on my punishments and the reasons for them.

—It is usually school stuff. I have to bring all my homework and tests home, and I get a spank for each point under a hundred. I work real hard, so sometimes, he saves them until there is at least twenty-five.

Bob kind of sneered and said:

—Twenty-five spanks on your panties should not be a big deal.

I decided I should spice up my totally fraudulent story.

—Well... Last time it was different. I only had twenty coming, but I think he was trying to impress his boss who was over having a drink. His boss was complaining about something his daughter had done. I didn't pay much attention till he said: “Heather would never do that. She would know she was going to be punished. I'll show you.” He had me take off my sweater and skirt and pulled me up real tight to the fan. Then he said: “I usually spank her bottom, but I think she is getting too used to it.” Then he folded down the top of my panties till I was almost naked and whipped the inside of my thighs and across the bottom part of my stomach.

I paused for effect, then continued:

—It was really embarrassing. His boss was staring at my cunni the whole time.

That did it. Bob sounded excited when he said:

—Maybe the next time he will pull them all the way off.



Then the house lights dimmed, and the curtains opened to reveal a big, mean looking man in a black suit. He started right out, screaming about hell and damnation. This guy was so out of touch with the nineties! He ranted on for several minutes about how women and children had to be kept in their place and spewed bigotry against Jews, Niggers, rich people, and the police. He finished with a fifteen-minute diatribe on how women and children were animals that needed constant training. It would have pissed me off, except I could not take my eyes off the ropes with wrist cuffs hanging down from the ceiling.

The preacher finally shut up and all the “Amens” coming from the audience stopped.

He stood silently for a minute looking over the audience, then the hypocritical bastard let out a long sigh and said:

—I am sorry to have to say we have three wayward children that will have to be punished in order to save their souls. Would you bring up Jimmy and Bertha please. A man led up a boy about fourteen and a woman led up a girl a little younger. Jimmy tried to be brave, but Bertha was already crying.

—The preacher asked:

—What did these children let the Devil have them do, Brother?

—I caught them swimming naked in my farm pond, Preacher.

—That is truly terrible! I hope you caught them before they went on to unspeakable acts.

—I think so. They both swore they didn’t touch each other. But you never know for sure.

—Well, it seems they led each other astray so as father of Jimmy, you should punish Bertha and Bertha’s Mother should punish Jimmy. Forty lashes should do it.

At this the girls crying turned to loud howls of anguish:

—I didn't do anything! I don't have a swimsuit to wear!

Her mother slapped her face and said:

—Be brave. You are making fools of us. If you don't shut up, you will get eighty lashes.

This obviously scared the hell out of her, and she managed to hold herself to sobs and hiccoughs while her Mother handed her over to the man. She clenched her eyes shut in anguish while the man had her face the audience while he slowly removed all of her clothing, including her shoes and stockings. Then he had her intermesh her fingers and buckled the collar around her wrists. In another example of the double standard, the boy was allowed to leave his shorts on. They really dragged it out, slowly raising the ropes till they were both on their tip-toes. Then the preacher reached into his podium and handed them many thonged whips like we had at home. I was disappointed since I was looking forward to seeing the whip Janie had described.

They let them hang there for a while, evidently to build the excitement, then began the whipping very hard. The woman concentrated on the boy's back, butt, and legs, but the man turned her butt to the audience and gave it ten hard lashes then turned her around to put fifteen on her budding boobs and the other fifteen on her nearly hairless pussy. At the end, she was just rolling her head around and moaning.

Then they raised the ropes up until their toes left the floor and slowly turned them around so each part of their body would come into view to show the redness and welts. When the boy's back was to us, the mother pulled down his shorts and let them drop to his toes for a long look at his welted ass. The real surprise was when she turned him around. In spite of or because of the pain, he had a throbbing erection.

They finally let them down and released them. They grabbed their clothes and walked hurriedly into the wings to dress.

In spite of my disappointment about the whips, I became very excited and had trouble controlling my breathing while I moved my legs around to feel the wet lips of my cunt rubbing against each other.

The preacher stepped up to the podium and said softly:

—It saddens me to tell you that the next sinner is my very own daughter. I can't bear to tell you what she did. I will just say it was against nature.

Lew snorted:

—Haw. He finally caught her giving blow-jobs. I heard she loved doing it.

I caught some movement in the wings and then two men came out leading a very stunning brunette by pulling on her shoulders. Her wrists and elbows were tied tightly behind her back, which pushed out her boobs. She was wearing a tight strapless wool dress that really showed off her great body. I recognized the dress! My Mother had made me get rid of it because I looked too sluttish. If she had thought I looked like a slut, she should have seen this girl. She was at least three inches taller than me and with bigger boobs. The hem barely covered her ass, and her tits were ballooning out of the top. I looked at this girl and then the preacher and decided she must be adopted.

The preacher said angrily:

—I do not want to take the chance of being too easy on her. I have asked brother Bill and brother Joe to carry out the punishment.

Lew said:

—This is going to be great. Those guys are meaner than snakes!

They brought her out to center stage. She seemed resigned to her ordeal. There were tears in her eyes, but she was not making any noise and did not try to fight the men. I realized they were going to make a production out of this when all the lights went out and a spotlight came on to light her brightly. Except for her, it was so dark I could barely see Lew and Bob sitting on either side of me, and the preacher at the podium disappeared.

I don't know whether they turned up the bass on the preachers microphone or what, but then out of the dark a big booming voice said:

—Let the punishment begin!

One of the men unzipped the back of the dress just enough to get it below her transparent bra. She had big nipples showing through the transparent strapless bra. They left the dress that way and slowly turned her around in a circle.

When she faced forward again, they unzipped the rest of it and left it hanging on her hips. They turned her around slowly again to show her small waist and flat, trembling stomach.

This was not a church anymore. It was a strip show and the men acted accordingly, laughing, whistling and applauding as more flesh came into view. They kept it up through her whole ordeal.

Then they pulled off the dress and had her make the turn to show her nice ass and the shadow of pubic hair under the panties.

When they took off her bra they hardly sagged which was obvious since we got to see them from all sides.

Instead of taking off her panties, they ripped them off, which caused her to gasp. When they turned her around, they squeezed the cheeks of her ass and pulled the cheeks apart.

When she faced forward again, the men grabbed her knees and pulled her legs apart. You could barely see the slit of her pussy in the thick dark

hair. Tears had fallen on her breasts, which reflected the light of the spotlight.

By now I was really getting excited and anxious to get on with it, but the strip was not over.

The big booming voice said:

—She should not hide her shame!

One of the men went to the wings, while the other kicked at the sides of her feet to open her legs even further. The other man came out, carrying a suitcase and unrolling an extension cord. Then he stuck something in the waist of his pants and came back. The other man got down on one knee with his other leg bent at the knee to make a place for them to lay her over with her head and shoulders on the floor and her ass on his leg then they pulled her legs apart till her pussy was gaping while the man with the suitcase took an electric clipper out of his pants and proceeded to shave all the hair off her pussy and the crack of her butt while her stomach jumped from her sobs.

While the man held her over his leg pulling and pinching the lips of her now bald pussy the other man went into the wings again. He came back with a log about four feet long and a foot thick with collars screwed to the ends. He put the log between her legs and pulled her back to her feet. They spread her legs and buckled the collars around her ankles then hooked a rope from the ceiling to her wrists and began pulling her up, which forced her to bend over. When she was at a ninety-degree angle, they picked her up and pointed her ass at us. It gave us a great view of her pussy and her ass. They went to the suitcase and came back with paddles the size of badminton racquet made of leather with several holes in it. One hit the right cheek and the other hit the left with a resounding “Crack!” then they stopped, so we could see the effect. Her ass was fiery red with white circles

where the holes had been. They started again to hit alternate cheeks till her screams and the sound of the “Cracks!” echoed in the room. I got so excited before they were done, I was panting while the audience cheered.

They turned her to face us again and went back to the suitcase to bring back nasty looking whips that looked like black snakes about three feet long. One of them swung sideways at the top of her breasts, while the other hit the back to make her tits swing violently from her chin to her stomach. I was going nuts as I clutched my boobs in empathy and pulled at my nipples.

I managed to calm down a little as they let her hang there till her screams turned to moan and then sobs. I thought it was all over when they unhooked the rope from her wrists and pulled her upright. I realized I was wrong when one of the men went to the suitcase and came back with some sash cord, which he coiled around the base of her boobies to make them round and hard. This seemed to show up the lash marks even more.

I then saw something I would not have believed was possible. They hooked the rope around the sash cord at the center of her breasts and began pulling up on it while she screamed in agony.

I began panting and clutching my tits again when I felt a hand sliding up my right leg, taking my skirt with it, this was followed shortly by another hand sliding up my left leg. I slid to the edge of the chair as I felt fingers entering my pussy and ass-hole, while their legs hooked over my knees to pull my legs open widely.

Just as I felt a knuckle sliding into my ass, the men on stage pulled on the rope and her feet and the log left the stage. She continued to scream while her tits turned maroon as they went to the suitcase. They returned with whips like the one Janie had described, then pushed the ends of the log to make her spin. While she was spinning, they lashed her, letting the whip

hit wherever her body might be as she turned. I pumped my hips in time with the “Snap!” of the whips.

I felt hands pulling down my peasant blouse till it was at my stomach, trapping my arms to my sides. Then they began to pinch my nipples and slap them as I went into a series of orgasms while I watched the girls spin slow then stop and start turning in the other direction while the whips left small cuts with the tips all over her body including her nipples and pussy.

Suddenly, the spotlight went out, and out of the darkness the booming voice said:

—Repent, sinners, or you will be next!

They pulled up my blouse and took their fingers out of me seconds before the house lights came on. I looked around groggily and could tell by the facial expressions that I was not the only girl that had been treated with orgasms.

I was so shaky they had to support me by the arms when we walked up the aisle.

On the way to the car, Lew said:

—That was quite a show. Now nobody can bitch because the preacher’s kids never have to get whipped.

That had to be the understatement of the year. Hollywood would have a hell of a time beating it for excitement.

When we left the driveway, Bob pulled me over on his lap facing him and said:

—Put your arms over your head.

When I did, he pulled my blouse up and off and then dragged my skirt up the same route. I loved the feeling when the waistband compressed my tits and dragged across my nipples.

I managed to get his fly open. He wasn't wearing shorts, and I pulled out his dick to feel that it was as big as my largest dildo. While I gyrated on his dick, he pinched my nipples and slapped my breasts with his hands.

After we came, I slid to the floor to kiss and lick his prick in gratitude. Shortly later, the streetlight began lighting the car, and he had me put up my hands, so he could slide the skirt and blouse back on. I didn't want them on! I wanted to be naked in front of everyone. I wanted to be whipped naked in front of them!

I held on to Bob as we went into the house. He asked me if I wanted a drink and I answered:

—Yes, Desperately!

I chugged down the first glass and Carrie brought me another.

While we sat at the table, Lew looked at me speculatively and began talking quietly:

—You are a very naughty girl, aren't you? I can't imagine a nice girl who would go to church with no underwear and let two strangers feel her up and stick fingers in her.

—Oh yes, I am terrible. I should be punished!

—I see. Shall we say twenty lashes on your naked body?

—Yes... Twenty for each of you.

—All right. I would like to see what we will be whipping. It was dark at church. Take off your clothes and sit on the table.

When I did it, they spread my legs and prodded my breasts and pussy while they sipped their drinks. I couldn't stand any more teasing. I begged them.

—Please... please whip me, I need it. I am a very bad girl. I'll do anything, just please whip me.



Bob got up and got some rope, which he tied around my wrists. Then they moved the table out of the way and Lew held me up in the air while Bob knotted the rope at the base of the fan. When Lew let me down, my toes were about a foot off the floor and I felt my muscles stretch, and the rope cut into my wrists.

Lew said:

—That was kind of an interesting thing, having the log between the legs. Too bad we don't have a log.

Bob said:

—Hold on! We can do something like it. I'll be right back.

Carrie said:

—I have an idea too!

While they were gone, Lew kept my excitement alive by sitting in a chair beneath me and amused himself by sticking his thumb in my pussy and his index finger in my ass-hole and opened and closed them to push the knuckle of his thumb against my clit. His hand must have been wet to his wrist when they returned.

Bob used duct tape to secure my widespread legs to a two by four, while Carrie wrapped yarn around the base of my tits till they were hard and throbbing.

When they were done, Lew said:

—Let's wind her up.

He turned me around and around while the rope formed knots, and I was lifted higher. Then they got on three sides of me and Lew let go of me and I started to turn slowly. I saw I was not just going to be hit with the thong whip. Lew had the whip, Bob had a long willow switch and Carrie had a thick leather strap. As I turned I was hit anywhere they felt like it by the whip, then the switch and then the strap.

I was so hot from the anticipation, my orgasms started by the tenth lash. Finally, I couldn't cum any more and the pain got, so bad, I fainted.

I have no idea how long I was out. I woke up to stinging and cold from being slapped with wet towels on the front of my body. I was tied spread out to the walls of the opening to the kitchen.

Bob held a glass to my lips, so I could drink vodka and 7up while Carrie and Lew spread salve on my tingling body. My tits really hurt, and I looked down to see they were still tied up, and they were turning blue.

Between sips of the drink, I said plaintively:

—Please untie my boobies. They hurt something awful.

Bob said:

—In a minute. I have some presents for you. I made them for Janie.

He held up three round metal medals soldered to large safety pins. He picked out one and held it closer, so I could read the words he had punched into them with letter dies. The first one said:

—I am a bad girl.

The next said:

—I need to be whipped!

The last one said:

—I am good now!

I decided to humor him and said:

—Oh yes! They are nice. You did a good job.

—Good! I will pin them on you.

He pulled out one of my nipples! I screamed:

—No! Please don't!

—Oh, you are hurting my feelings. I guess I will have to give you the rest of your lashes on these. Maybe with my new wire whip.

While he said this, he pinched the welts on my poor throbbing tits. I panicked.

—No! I want them. I just want you to untie them first.

—Oh... I didn't understand.

He began to untie and unwrap the yarn. It felt wonderful to have the pressure relieved, but they tingled like crazy as the blood began circulating in them again. When they were loose he rubbed them for a while which felt wonderful.

Just when they were feeling almost normal, he pinched my left nipple and pulled it out while Lew and Carrie watched avidly. I clenched my teeth and braced myself when I felt the point pressing the skin. If he hadn't been such a bastard, he would have shoved it through fast, but he very slowly pushed it through to cause as much pain as possible. I saw a bump like a big pimple form on the right side of the nipple, and then the point appeared, and he locked it. I asked for a drink to give me time to brace my self for the next one. When it was gone, I had no more excuses, so he repeated the operation to my other nipple. Through eyes glazed by pain, I saw him hold up the last medal.

—You know where this one goes, don't you?

—Oh no, Bob! Please! We will do it next time.

—There might not be a next time. Don't worry Carrie, will take your mind off of it.

Carrie knelt in front of me and began lapping at my pussy. I was so scared she had to do it for a long time till I started getting excited, then I felt Lew behind me and the head of his dick working its way into my ass-hole. He held me steady by my hips and just worked his dick that was buried in my ass in a slow circle. I saw Bob kneel down too and his timing must have been perfect because I didn't really notice the pain when he put the safety

pin through both lips of my pussy just above my clit. I must have passed out again for a minute. The next thing I knew, I was lying on a bed, and they were all naked.

When they saw I was awake, they told me I was very brave and they were proud of me. Then, Bob began to eat my pussy while Lew and Carrie kissed and licked my breast and nipples, flipping my medals around with their tongues. Incredible as it seems, I began to get horny again. I desperately wanted something in my pussy, so I slid down and told Bob to get on his back, and I let my pussy sink down on his rock hard prong. Then he pulled me forward and I felt Lew's dick entering my anus. Carrie couldn't stand it, so she put her leg over Bob's chest and pulled my mouth onto her slit. I began to pant, which must have really felt good to Carrie, as she moaned and slipped off the bed to the floor while Lew was giving me a gist enema and Bob's dick began to soften.

We went to sleep just where we laid.

I was awakened by a neighbor's dog barking, so I put on my clothes and went home to sleep till noon.

I got up to see the carnage to my body in my three-way mirror. I was a mess. I still had nasty maroon welts and scabs in places where the end of the switch cut my skin. There was dried blood on my nipples and pussy where the pins had gone through. I tried to remove the obscene medals, but my nipples were so tender I couldn't bear to squeeze the pins together enough to unclasp them. I was going to take a shower to wash off the blood and soften the scabs when inspiration hit! Someone was going to pay for this and I knew exactly who it would be.

I shopped all over town until I found what I was looking for in a leather and saddle shop. They had the whips that looked like a black snake and the other whip, except it had three inch leather thongs at the tip instead

of the metal tips on the church whip. When I asked the man at the counter if they had the whip with the metal tip, he told me that they had sent them back because the customers had returned them because they cut the skin on their animals. He said he could order one, but it would take two weeks. That was too long for what I had in mind. I took the ones he had and he offered to dip them in oil to make them more flexible and to keep the leather from cracking. That was great. It took away the “brand new” look. At every stoplight on the way out of town I practiced putting a pained, haggard look on my face. I wiped off most of my make-up to improve the look.

I hurried to the ranch where I would have the girls to myself since Lance had flown my folks to Vancouver B.C. for a jazz concert. When I got to the ranch, I trudged to the house with my haggard look. The girls must have been peeking out the windows because they came running out to meet me.

I was proud of my acting skills when they looked concerned and Janie said:

—Oh Heather, what is wrong. You look sick. Shirley, help me get her in the house.

When we got into the house, I said:

—Oh Janie. I hurt so much! Let me show you.

—I unzipped my dress and dramatically lowered it slowly to reveal my welts, scabs, and blood clots.

—Oh... that is terrible, Heather. What happened to you?

Janie said:

—I think I know. I recognize those medals they were going to put them on me for Wednesday church. You have been to my house, haven't you?

I whimpered and even managed to work up some tears:

—Oh yes! Janie, it was just horrible. I just stopped by to see if they were looking for you. Your Dad pulled me into the house and began yelling at me. He was sure I knew where you were. He said he knew I had something to do with it since you went away right after I had talked to you. They tied me to a chair and slapped me and yelled at me and when I wouldn't admit to anything they took off my clothes and they all whipped me and put these medals on me. Even your Mom whipped me!

I began to howl in anguish and went on:

—They whipped me for hours hung from the ceiling fan and tied to the kitchen entry all spread out, so they could whip my poor pussy for a long time.

I stopped talking to go back to whimpering and sniffing. Janie began to cry along with me.

—Oh... poor Heather! They used to tie me to the fan and the entry too, but they didn't whip me for hours. Didn't you faint?

—Oooh yes. Lots of times, but when I fainted they slapped me with wet towels till I came to and then started up again.

Janie began to cry harder:

—They only did that to me once and that was just, so they could give me the last twenty lashes they said I owed them. You should have told on me, I wouldn't have blamed you.

—Oh no!

I whimpered:

—I couldn't tell them even if they killed me. If they find you they said, they would whip you till you died.

Shirley made me a strong drink and I sipped it and pretended to calm down. If anybody ever deserved an Oscar, it was me. They helped me into the bed and began to put salve on me which took off the clots and removed

some of the scabs. That felt really good, but when Shirley started to lick my pussy I had another inspiration I screamed:

—No... don't touch my pussy! I never want to have sex again. They raped me over and over and when they couldn't get hard on anymore, they jammed other things in my pussy! That isn't all! They were drinking beer and when they had to piss, one of them would force my mouth open and they would piss in it. They kept whipping me while I threw up.

This last part was pure luck.

Janie said:

—Oh no! Bob did that to me once. I had to throw up too. These medals were meant for me. I should have to wear them.

She reached out to take one off, but I screamed:

—No! Don't touch them, I will have to heal before I can take them out.

They kept getting me drinks, but I didn't want to get drunk because I might get out of character. After the third drink, I acted more calmly and said, At least the church and they won't be able to use those whips on anyone again. When I got the knots loose and sneaked out, I stole them. They are in the car. I hope the preacher is real mad at them for borrowing them and then losing them.

Shirley ran out to the car and brought them in.

—Oh yeah! I recognize them. Poor Mom. They will blame it on her and she will get an awful whipping Wednesday. The whip I saw had a steel tip.

I was ready for that:

—Yes, I heard them say that they wished they had borrowed the steel tipped one instead of this one. If they had, I would probably be dead.

They said I should rest and since the drinks were strong I decided it would be a good idea since I could be “recovered completely” after a nap.

I must have slept a couple of hours and then went out to the kitchen to get a beer since my mouth was dry from the nearly straight vodka Shirley had given me. I looked around for the girls and finally saw them coming toward the house from the workshop in the barn.

When they walked in the door, they saw me sipping beer at the table and Janie said:

—Oh god... you are up. Do you feel any better? Your welts look better thanks to that wonderful salve.

—Yes, I feel a lot better, thank you for taking care of me.

Janie kissed me and then sat down while Shirley brought us three more beers.

—Heather... Shirley and I just feel awful about what happened to you. It is all our fault. If you had not rescued us, you would never have had to be tortured by those men. We want you to do to us what they did to you. We realize you aren't as strong as the men, so we won't be hurt as much, but maybe if you rest once in a while, you can make it almost as bad. We know you get excited when you whip us. Maybe you might want sex again. I couldn't live with the guilt if you never wanted anything as wonderful as sex anymore.

This was exactly the reaction I was hoping for, but I was sure they would expect me to protest a little.

—I love you for offering, but you didn't torture me.

—Oh yes, we did! We might have well done it ourselves because it wouldn't have happened if you hadn't helped us. We want you to imagine that is Dad, and Bob and Mom you are whipping. We will wear gags, so you won't feel sorry for us if we scream. I won't feel better until I have



more marks on my body than you and Shirley feels the same way. Don't you Shirley?

—Oh yes, I feel doubly guilty. You took a real chance rescuing me and then when I told you about Janie you rescued her too. You took a big chance rescuing us. Our folks could say you kidnapped us and nobody would believe the truth since we are kids and they are adults. To prove that we mean it, we made these for you to put in our nipples and cunnies. We couldn't find any big safety pins. We thought you could put these in and bend them around to pinch the nipples like the pins are doing yours.

She dropped twelve four inch pieces of baling wire, which they had sharpened on one end with the grinder in the shop.

—Why so many. I only have three of them.

—Since you can't whip as hard, we thought we should have twice as many.

—Well, I would feel better if I was not the only one with things stuck through my nipples and pussy.

—I am sure you would! Please, do it, we will feel so much better. Oh... I hope this is alright. Janie and I can't decide who should be first. Would it be alright if you tied us up back to back and then put one wire in me then one in Janie and when that is done you can whip us one at a time the same way. We think if you do us one at a time with all the lashes, you will get too tired to really hurt the second person.

—That will mean you would get them all on your front

—Yes! We are both more sensitive there. We want to be hurt as much as you were. Please do it.

—Well alright. But unless I can imagine you are Bob and Lew, I won't be able to hit hard.

—Janie has an idea on that. She said that she hated the people at church who were cheering when someone was being whipped. Try to imagine we cheered while Bob and Lew hit you. If that doesn't make you mad, you should know that if either of us had been with you when you were being tortured, we don't think we would have been brave enough to say: "Don't whip Heather. Whip us instead."

—Do you mean that after all I have done for you. You would not have volunteered to replace me? That makes me very disappointed in you! I will do it! Even though it won't be near as hard. It really hurts a lot to put the needles through the nipples. I will just put one in each nipple and four in the lips of your pussy. That doesn't hurt nearly as much.

For all I knew, that might be true. I had been so bombarded with sensations I had hardly noticed it when Bob put the medal in my pussy. The real reason I wanted to do it that way was because I had visions of leading them around by the rings and maybe putting weights on them.

They were overjoyed, I would let them pay for their sins. They kissed me and thanked me profusely and then ran to the center of the room and stood under the ropes hanging from the ceiling with their butts pressed against each other and their legs spread.

—Will this be alright, Heather? It should be okay as long as you hit as hard as you can.

—Well... Okay! I won't hit you endlessly like they did me. I will only give you sixty.

It suddenly dawns on me that my arm would be tired as hell before I got to one hundred and twenty, so I added:

—I'll just give you twenty at a time and let you rest in between.

Janie said:

—Oh... heather, that isn't fair for you. We really appreciate you and we will make it up to you somehow. I hope it will make you feel like sex again. If it does, you can hit us more.

Shirley looked a little frightened.

—Heather, could you please start with the little black whip, so we can kind of get used to it? They used it on you, didn't they?

This was no concession. I planned to do that anyway. I said:

—Yes, that will be alright, although they just used the long one. I know I would have liked it a lot better if they had started out with it.

I tied them with their backs together and spread out. I cut sash cord to lock them together at the waists, knees, and biceps. I was really sorry I didn't have yarn for their breasts and a log for their ankles, but I wanted to do this while my marks were fresh. I knew most of them would be gone by the next day. I decided to use the dick gag on Janie, so she could get used to a prick in her throat. The ball gag was used on Shirley, since she could swallow a softball bat by then.

I stood by their sides and began forehanding and backhanding them with the little whip. I noticed my forehand was better since it almost always created a small cut at the tip so after ten I switched side, so they could appreciate the difference. After the forty lashes we were all sweating like pigs So I loosened their arms a little with the winch, so they could slump while I went up for a cold beer. I held the medal up on my pussy with my thumb, so I could play with my clit while I drank my beer. I was really excited, by the time, I had tightened them up again and started using the long whip.

God! This whip was marvelous. It would leave a wide red mark in the thicker section on one girl, then when the tip came around it would bury itself in the skin of the other.

I really got pretty good with it. I could hit a nipple or bury it into a cunt slit when it came around almost every time, and at the same time see the thicker part burying itself into breasts or stomachs.

When I finished that twenty, I noticed that Janie was having a hard time breathing, so I took out their gags and loosened the ropes to their arms. They thanked me for taking out the gags, so I felt a little guilty. Since they were sweating so much, I went up and got a six-pack and fed them beer while I drank mine.

They moaned, but seemed to be resigned to it when I tightened them up again. This time I would face them and just use the tip of the whip to whip their breasts down and sideways. They turned their heads sideways and held them back as far as they could with their eyes shut tight to avoid being hit on the face. On the last go around, I went sideways at their pussies to wrench the lips out of shape. When I was done there were bloody places all over their tits, asses, and pussies. I untied them and let them down, giving them another beer. They were finally able to stop sobbing long enough to drink them.

Janie asked:

—Aren't you going to put in the wires?

Shirley gave her a dirty look. She must have been hoping I had forgotten about it.

—In a little while. They let me rest a few minutes before they did it. We can put some salve on your welts while we rest. I had them lay on their backs while I got on my knees between them and rubbed on the salve. I could see they were beginning to forget the pain and start to get excited by my caresses, so I said.

This part doesn't hurt near as much as the whip, but it seems terrible because you are helping. They untied me and made me hold my tits still

while they put the medals in my nipples. Then I had to spread my legs wide and pinch and pull out the lips of my slit, so they could put it on. It is awful hard to be still, but if I didn't, they said they would tie my pussy open with fishhooks and whip the inside with a barbed wire whip. I was sure they would, so I kept still and even managed not to scream. When they were done I had to thank them and suck the men's dicks and eat your Mom's pussy.

—That must have been awful for you. I have seen Mom's pussy. It is awful ugly with all that hair and the inner lips hanging out.

—Yeah and it smells bad.

—I love licking your pussy. To make it more of an ordeal you can spank my butt with the little black whip till you cum.

—Well I didn't think I would ever want sex again, but the love you guys are showing me to volunteer to be hurt is making me excited.

Shirley said:

—Oh god! I am so happy for you. Do me first.

She gripped one of her tits in both hands to push it out to me. I told Janie to go to the shed and bring back some pliers.

They hadn't got the wires very sharp with the rough grinding wheel, so I really had to push to get it through the nipples. Shirley just whimpered and gripped her tit till it was hard. Even as slow as I pushed them through. They were both stuck evenly through her nipples when Janie came back. She seemed relieved Shirley did not seem too upset and watched me avidly while I bent the wires into a circle then used the pliers to twist the ends together.

Then I had another inspiration. I told Shirley I had an idea that might take her mind off the piercing of her pussy. I had her lay on the floor and then lift up her butt, so I could put the block with all the tacks glued to it

under her ass. At first, she was able to hold her ass off the block, but when we spread her legs real wide and had her pull up the right lip to be pierced, her legs began to tremor and her ass slowly came down. By the time, I got to the second wire, her ass had spread out on the block.

When I was done, I clipped off the excess wire where they had been twisted together and slid the knots around close to the outer skin. She got up and looked in the mirror. I told her we would replace them later with real gold rings. She said:

—Oh... that will be nice. Say... do you know all those tacks going into your butt makes it ache?

—No! I have never sat on it. When Janie is done, I will put my butt on it while you lick my pussy. I want to know if I can still have an orgasm while I am being hurt.

Janie was even more stoic than Shirley. She just gritted her teeth and compressed her lips when they went into her nipples. Her only comment was:

—Gee! I wish I had sharpened them better.

When I did her pussy, she did not even try to keep her ass off the tacks.

I felt the need for a strong drink, so I sent Shirley upstairs for a bottle of whisky. She didn't think to bring glasses, so we just passed the bottle around to take slugs out of it to chase with beer till I felt brave enough to put my ass over the block. I held it up for quite a while, while Janie ate my pussy and Shirley ran her tongue around and in my asshole, but finally I was beating my ass into the block while I orgasmed till I nearly made hamburger out of it.

Shirley was right. The tacks did make it ache, so we massaged each other's butts with salve till the ache went away, and then fell into the king-

size bed together to cuddle until we went to sleep.

I couldn't get over how powerful my orgasms had been when I was beating my ass against the tacks, and when I actually became afraid Lew and Bob were going to kill me. I wanted to get that feeling again.

Shirley and Janie's vaginas became infected from the cuts I had inflicted on them with the whip and the rusty wire. It was not a big deal. With my knowledge of medicine and antibiotics from the veterinarian supply, I had them completely cured in a few days. I used this to convince them I should be punished, since my cunt had not been cut by Lew or Bob.

We had never used the tack table because I had insisted we use carpet tack, which were longer and thicker than thumb-tacks. Lance accidentally fell against and pushed his hand into it, which had caused a lot of blood. He bought some sponge rubber thick enough to put on top of the tacks, which barely let the points come through to stick me when I sat on it.

As far as I was concerned that made it useless and I was pissed since my arrangement to lower someone onto the table to be stuck just above the knees to just below the neck was ingenious.

We found drive chain and gear pulleys to match at a farm store and then two geared down variable speed motors to turn the gears, so we could slowly raise or lower someone who was tied to the bars at each end. Even with the sponge rubber on top, he was able to pull my arms and legs down to the floor hard enough to leave tiny punctures on my whole front while he hit my back, butt, and upper legs with a paddle. I remembered straining to pull my body down deeper into the tacks. He would never do it again since there was some blood and he was afraid I would get infected.

I decided to eliminate that possibility. I ripped off the sponge rubber and poured bleach over the whole table to disinfect the tacks. Then I laid on my stomach on the floor while they stretched me out as tight as they could

by pulling the chains attached to my wrist and ankle cuffs as hard as they could and then hooking the links of the chain to the bar.

When they had me hanging from the bars while they moved the table back under me my back was bowed with my stomach at the bottom of the curve, so when they lowered me inch by inch I felt the tacks entering the skin on my stomach first then my breasts and then my mons pubis. Finally, my thighs were pulled tight to the table and my arms were pulled down till my breasts flattened against the table. I was in orgasm before they even started paddling me, but they kept getting stronger and stronger until I fainted.

When I came to, the girls were crying while slathering salve on the front of my body. I could feel their fingers touch every one of the hundreds of punctures. I flinched when Shirley touched my clitoris, which evidently had also been stuck.

Janie cried:

—Oooh Heather. We are so sorry. You never screamed, so we did not know how bad you were being hurt till Shirley noticed some blood dripping from the table.

—Don't feel bad, Janie. I told you guys to do it. I just didn't know it would be that bad, either. Didn't I scream? I swear I thought I was.

—No! You just moaned and squirmed. Oh Heather, You are so brave! I know I deserve it, but please don't do that to me.

—I won't as long as you are good. Now just leave me alone. I am very tired and need some sleep.

They ran upstairs. I really was tired, but I managed to get off one more time by pinching my punctured clit and nipples before I went to sleep.

The girls must have been checking on me because when I opened my eyes, Shirley was standing by the bed holding a tray with a glass of whiskey



and a bottle of beer. I took a shot of the whisky and drank the beer thirstily. Shirley moved to the foot of the bed to stand next to Janie and I noticed through my bleary eyes that they were wearing panties and bras:

—Why are you wearing clothes?

—We made them for you by threading cockleburs together with string. I know it is nothing next to the tacks, but there is pain all the time, and more when we move. See?

They moved up to the side of the bed, so I could have a closer look and slowly made a full turn. They had made four-inch circles for their nipples and a V for their crotches. Both were held tightly against them by strings going around their backs and up the cracks of their butts. I had Shirley lean over the bed while I pulled out the top of her burr g-string. The skin below it was very red with tiny scratches.

Janie said:

—You could spank us with the strap while we are wearing them if you like.

I was too tired to want to do that at that time. So I told them that it was enough just to wear them for me. I had Shirley make us some BLT sandwiches while Janie got on her hands and knees above me, so she could tongue my pussy while I pulled and loosened the strings to her G-string.

After eating, I had another inspiration. I had remembered seeing some gilt paint. I used it to spray their bras and g-strings.

—That is great! You look like go-go dancers. Dance for me.

Evidently Shirley had been working with Janie. They were both really good. It was a kick to watch them work up to an orgasm while they danced with the burrs digging into them. They ended up with Shirley on her back and Janie on top grinding their breasts and crotches into each other.

After that, I let them take off the outfits and just wait on me and lick on my ass and pussy for the rest of the night.

The next day, Lance flew in, so I had them dance for them then he gave them a wimpy spanking for being “naughty” then butt fucked both of them. He asked me to walk out to his car with him.

—Heather, I am bored with these bimbos. They are just too easy. It isn’t even fun to whip them, since they like it. Why don’t we just drop them off in Seattle or Portland and look for somebody new?

—Are you crazy! They have no idea how to make it in the streets. They would probably starve or get picked up and tell the cops their sad story about how we abandoned them.

—Well, they are all yours, Heather. I found a bashful virgin I was able to fuck and get to parade around naked. That is more fun to me because it is more of a challenge.

—Yeah, well you aren’t likely to find virgins over fifteen. If they get pissed off. You may be looking at statutory rape charges.

—No chance. These girls would not admit to being fucked if they had to talk with their mouth full of dick! I am careful to convince them they are better off without me.

I had Lance fly us to Portland to do some shopping and to get a decent dinner. He said that since the girls danced, so well we should enter them in an amateur nude dancing contest. They won first and second place easily. They came back to our table flushed and happy and were even more proud when the manager of the dive came over and offered them a job saying they could make three hundred dollars a night easy from table dancing tips.

Lance was obviously disappointed when they turned him down.

—Are you guys crazy? You could make big money while you got to show off your bodies. You know you liked dancing naked in front of all

these guys.

Janie answered:

—Yes, it was exciting this first time, but it would get boring after a while.

Shirley joined in:

—Yeah Lance. Look at the professional dancers. They are bored stiff.

You couldn't argue the point. Most of them went through the motions expressionless as if they were sleepwalking.

When we got back, I walked Lance to his car.

—Well, Heather, you can forget about locking up the place. It looks like you have slaves till they drop dead from old age. I won't be up unless I can't get laid by an innocent one for a week.

It was his own fault. He had no imagination and didn't really want to hurt them. Since he just wanted a fuck and suck, he was better off with his virgins. I had ideas to hurt and humiliate them for years.

I had to admit I also became bored at times. Once on a trip to Seattle, I entered a nude dancing contest. It was a little exciting, but since it was against the law for anyone to touch me, I was just in the nude the same as I was every day. I didn't even bother to dance in the last round. I thought it could have been very exciting if someone had been fucking me in front of the audience or even better whipping me.

I couldn't get the girls to really hurt me. They either did not want to hurt me or else the fact that I would want to do everything to them that they did to me held them back.

I kept dwelling on the church. It seemed to hold the answer. I would be naked and whipped in front of a lot of people. I held back for a long time, since what I had seen and felt was pretty scary. The more I thought

about it, the more I rationalized. I decided that they hadn't put on any permanent scars and that I had experienced some monster orgasms.

I didn't want to look too rich, so I went to Sears and bought some plain Jane bra and panties, a slip, an opaque blouse, and a suit. I wanted gobs of clothes for them to take off of me.

I went to their house the next Wednesday. I almost changed my mind when I parked in front, but then thought that they could never hurt me too badly because if it got too bad, I would faint.

Lew looked really surprised when he answered my knock.

—Well, I'll be damned! Bob said you would be back, but I didn't believe him. I thought if you came back you would have a cop with you.

He stopped for a moment then went on:

—It wouldn't have done you any good to go to the cops you know. It would just have been your word against ours. Three to one.

Yeah, right. All the whip marks would not have proven anything. I told him I couldn't go to the cops because I deserved what I got and besides I would be too embarrassed. He relaxed then and invited me in. Bob and Carrie were sitting at the kitchen table drinking beer.

Bob jumped up out of his chair grinning and said:

—Well son of a bitch! What are you doing here?

—I have been feeling guilty for a long time for sneaking out and stealing the medals you worked so hard to make.

Naturally, I had taken out the shitty medals as soon as I could and replaced them with gold rings, but I had put them back for tonight.

Bob said:

—Yeah, that did piss me off. I want them back and you deserve a whipping. Where are they?

God, I felt myself getting wet just thinking about it, but I didn't want them to do it.

—I am wearing them. Our preacher said stealing was not only an offense against man, it is also an offense to God. I could be forgiven if I am whipped at church.

—Well, we would still be whipping you. You had better take off the medals now. The preacher wouldn't like it if he thought you wanted to be whipped.

I took off my clothes and let Bob slide out the medals. He pinched my nipples and pussy lips hard enough to make me gasp and then said:

—Jesus!... I would like to whip her right now, but it will be better if she doesn't have any marks and we will have to hurry if we are going to get there in time.

I didn't have any marks because I had not let the girls whip me for almost two weeks, so I could be really desperate for a session.

They had me put back on my clothes except for the suit jacket. Bob had me suck his dick till he came and then lick his dick, balls and ass-hole till we got to the church.

Lew ran in front of us to tell the preacher, then came back to join us.

—The preacher was real glad we are here. There was only one other woman to punish and contributions are always better if there are two or more. He said you had the worst sin, so you would be last.

—What will he do to me?

—He didn't say, except that we would be using the thong whip since it was your first time.

That was great! I didn't really want to get cut up. My main fantasy was to be whipped in front of a lot of people. The word must have gotten out about the Wednesday meeting. The place was packed.

As usual, we had to listen to a bunch of bigoted chauvinistic bull shit, but I didn't mind since I was lost in daydreams of the excitement forthcoming. Finally, he finished with the bullshit.

—Our first sinner took the family food money to buy herself a fancy brassier. When she has learned her lesson, she won't care about brassieres for a while.

They brought out this bleached blonde wearing a plain housedress. She fought them till her husband slapped her face really hard a few times. Then she just hung her head and whimpered. They took off her dress. She was pretty fat with huge boobs. Some fancy bra! It was one of those heavy-duty jobs from Sears and if anybody needed one it was her. When they took off her bra, they dropped down half-way to her belly-button. When they took off her panties, they revealed a black, hairy pussy that left no doubt her hair was bleached. They hooked the log to her ankles and her wrist to the ceiling and lifted her till the log was off the floor. This made her body look better, but she was still pretty fat. Then the lights went out, and the spotlight went on.

Again the voice boomed:

—Do not let her hide her shame.

I expected one of the men to get the clippers, but they fooled me. The men on each side of her just reached down and grabbed hair and ripped it out of her crotch. She was screaming like mad by the time, it was bald which must have irritated the preacher because he came out of the dark and put a gag in her mouth.

Then they went to her sides and took turns whipping the shit out of those pendulous hooters with thick cowboy belts. When they were completely covered with welts, one of the men went behind her and pulled her tits up to her chin by the nipples, so the other man could get to the

underside till they were completely covered. Then they let her hang, so I thought since it was a boob sin they were just going to whip the boobs. Actually they just let her calm down a little and then turned her around and began whipping her ass. She was so fat her ass-cheeks bounced around with every blow and the skin rippled clear up her back. When they finished welting her ass they turned her around again to face us and then they tied strings around her nipples and pulled her tits up and tied the strings around her neck pulling the nipples to their maximum.

—The booming voice said:

—That is all the bra you need.

I thought this was it, but then the preacher walked out of the dark with a rubber hose. He stood in front of her then began swinging the hose like a windmill, burying it in her pussy with up swipes till her head fell forward in a faint and the stage lights went back on.

While they took her down and dragged her off-stage, Bob and Lew took hold of my arms and led me up the steps to the stage. I must have been the best looking girl they had seen for a while because they started to whistle and applaud before I even got to center stage. I stood there with my legs shaking with excitement while the preacher told the audience I was a thief.

Then, they proceeded to take off my clothes. It was much more exciting than stripping for the nude contest. No-one looked bored as they had in the strip club and they cheered even for my blouse and skirt which didn't really reveal anything. They really got carried away when my slip came off and kept it up for my bra. Lew ripped off my panties and then they grabbed my thighs and pulled my legs apart. Evidently the preacher had looked questionably at my bald pussy because Lew said:

—To save time, we shaved her at home.

I looked over to the preacher in time to see a look of disappointment. Evidentially this was one of his favorite parts.

They hooked on the log and pulled me up. That damn log was heavy. It really put a strain on my arms and shoulders. Then the house lights went on, catching a lot of people rubbing their crotches and the preacher said:

—Everybody who has had something stolen from them. Hold up your hands.

Almost everybody held up their hands and the preacher said:

—All right. Those of you have been robbed can come up here and give her five lashes.

—Shit! That would be hundreds of lashes. I consoled myself that if it got too bad, I would faint.

People started coming up the steps and they gave whips to the first in line. The one on my right would hit my front and the one on the left hit my back. After about the twentieth lash, the preacher noticed that people were moving from the line to my left over to the line on my right, so I got a break while he told them to give me one on the front and then one on the back no matter which line they were in. At least, I would get them evenly. I found out early the women were the worst. They always went for the nipples or the center of my pussy. Even if they were hitting my back, the lash would come around to hit a nipple or would come up between my legs. I was cumming by about the fiftieth lash and passed out around the seventieth.

Passing out didn't end it! I woke up just as the second bucket of icy cold water splashed against my face and tits. I was so sensitive by now, I passed out at about the fortieth. Again, they threw buckets of water at me. My body was on fire from my calves to my shoulders front and back, at thirty more I passed out again.



When I woke up again, I was lying on my back on the floor. I thought it was all over till I noticed my wrists were now tied to my thighs at the crotch and then saw the logs slowly going up in the air, pulling my legs up with it. They lifted me till my head was off the floor. They started in again! It was even worse now because my pussy and inner thighs were such an easy target. It seemed to go on forever, and with all the blood in my head, I couldn't pass out. I screamed till I was hoarse.

Suddenly it stopped. I hung there sobbing for a few minutes while the preacher babbled about something, and then pulled my head forward as the log and my legs started down until I was lying on my back. They let me lie there for a few minutes until I stopped sobbing and went to shuddering breaths, then Lew and Bob helped me to my feet.

They set up a reception line, for Christ's sake. Men and women would pass in front of me shaking my hand or worse hugging my burning body while congratulating me on being saved or being brave. One lady caught my attention when she said:

—You are a real healthy girl. Most girls would have been cut to pieces you only have a little blood on your crotch.

I looked down at my body, at least as much of it that I could over my throbbing tits. She was right! I could not believe it, I swore I felt blood running down my body, but it must have been sweat. I was one big welt, but there was only a little bit of blood on my thighs which must have come from my pussy which hurt beyond belief.

As the reception line continued, I found myself thanking them for their compliments on my beauty, bravery, and salvation. When I looked back on that, I realized I should have been spitting on them. They were the ones who were getting such a great kick out of whipping me and laughing when they made me scream.

The line lasted so long I was breathing normally and much of the pain had turned to heat. They washed off my blood and sweat with cold water before they began to dress me. I begged them not to put on my clothes because I did not want anything rubbing against me.

They led me out to the car, and I tried to keep my skin off the seat by pressing my shoulders against the back of the seat and holding my body off with my legs. I was just too tired to hold this position and slowly sunk down. My skin was so sensitive, I could feel every tear and imperfection of the upholstery. Bob was so horny he was shaking, so I pretended I was asleep. He tested me by lifting my tits, but I managed to hold myself just to moans and shudders as he squeezed my red, swollen boobies. He was evidently satisfied I was out of it because he sat back on the seat and began to talk to Lew.

—That fucking preacher really got carried away. Her twat and asshole is a mess. He screwed up my chances to fuck her or to whip her. Her skin is so weak by now, a lash with a wet noodle would bleed.

—Hey Bob. Don't worry about it. We will keep her a few days until she heals some.

—I don't think so. I think she is at the last straw. If we work her over now, we may end up with cops all over our ass. She came back once. If we are easy on her, she will probably come back again and we will keep her to ourselves. Why should we let the preacher get his jollies with her and get all those extra contributions because she is pretty.

—Damn! I was looking forward to whipping her tits and hanging medals all over her cunt, tits and ass. Maybe we could just keep her till we are tired of her.

—That's kidnapping, you fucking idiot. On top of that, her folks are rich. We would have cops, the FBI and private detectives looking for us.

—Maybe you are right. We can settle for blow-jobs and we can use Carrie to show her how we want her to act when she comes back.

Thank god Bob had convinced him. He carried me to Janie's bed and tucked me in. I went to sleep to the sound of slaps and moans from Carrie and slept soundly to late morning.

I finally had to get up to pee and they heard me get up to go to the bathroom. Bob was waiting at the door when I came out.

—The night's rest did you a lot of good. You healed up pretty good.

—Well, a lot of the red is gone, but I am still covered with welts and my pussy and ass-hole are really sore.

—Yeah, but we put salve on them last night and checked this morning. All the little cuts have stopped bleeding and nothing looks infected. Don't worry, though, we won't whip you anymore. Come on into the kitchen. We will have some coffee and breakfast if you want it.

I settled for coffee. It was a good thing because I would have probably thrown up food. They looked at me speculatively while I finished my coffee, then Lew said:

—We were pretty nice to you. We just put you to bed and let you sleep. Don't you want to thank us?

I didn't have to be told how to thank them. I knelt in front of Lew and pulled down his shorts and sucked him till I felt his dick jump in my mouth as he came. Then I did the same with Bob. I started over to Carrie who was wearing an old robe when Lew stopped me.

You don't have to do Carrie yet. She has to earn it. We are pretty proud of Carrie. When Janie ran off, we put Carrie on a diet and exercised her, she has lost thirty pounds and turned the rest of the fat to muscle. Take off your robe and show her, Carrie.

The change was fantastic! All the rolls around her stomach were gone, her ass was firm and her tits looked like they shrunk about two sizes and did not sag nearly as much. She turned in front of me proudly and positively beamed when I said she was beautiful. I could see now where Janie had inherited her beauty. With a little good make-up, Carrie could have been truly lovely. Lew said:

—Carrie, when Heather was here last time, she ate your pussy. Wouldn't you like to return the favor?

—Yes Sir. If you want me to, Sir.

This was new too. When I was there before, she had been an equal partner in whipping me and demanding to have her pussy and ass eaten. Obviously she had lost some privileges.

—I knew you would. Heather might need some working up to it. Come over and get this whip and ask Heather to give you ten lashes on each of your tits. Heather. If we don't think you hit her hard enough, we will give you twenty.

I did not need this warning. I was looking forward to getting even with her for the way she worked my tits over.

She went over and picked up the thonged whip and brought it over to me. Then she put her hands behind her head, pushed out her tits, closed her eyes, and compressed her lips.

I hit her as hard as I could while tears ran from her eyes and she screamed through her nose. When I was done, she began to sob and caress and comfort her beaten boobies while I said:

—Was that hard enough, Sir?

Hey!... You learn fast. From now on, you will call Bob and me Sir. If you forget, you will be punished. Now get up on the table. Carrie will eat

you till you cum. Just to make sure she works hard, we will be spanking her ass and pussy.

Carrie was really in for it. Considering how sore my pussy was and since I planned to do math problems in my head, it was going to take a long time to get me off.

I thought it would hurt at first, but she was really gentle, and I found myself getting in to it. Bob was standing beside her ass with the black snake whip and Lew was behind her with a wide leather strap. They stood silently waiting for me to show some excitement and as soon as I did Bob started hitting her across her ass-cheeks and Lew began bringing the strap up between her legs. In a few moments, I forgot all about doing math when her tongue drove into my pussy and her nose hit my clit at every lash she got. When I couldn't cum anymore, they helped me up to a chair and gave me a beer to drink while I watched Carrie whimper and caress her sore spots.

Bob looked at my back and said:

—You probably have some special salve at home. You probably better go home and put some on. Just jumping around on the table has got some of your welts oozing blood. When you come back we will expect you to call us Sir and to offer some ways to punish you. If we don't like your suggestion we will do one of mine.

Bob went out to the car to get my clothes and Lew followed him out.

Carrie got on her knees and literally begged:

—Please Heather! Don't ever come back. You have made my life pure hell. They never knew a woman could take so much punishment without going to a doctor before you came. Now that they saw what you took at church it will be even worse. They have changed. Now they make me come up with a new idea they can use to punish me or else they will do their favorite. I can't stand their favorite and neither will you. They take me

out to the garage and squeeze my tits in the vise to hold me in position then they run a wire from the vise to the bumper of the car and hook another wire to a spark-plug and then whip me with it. They told me the wire is carrying twenty thousand volts. It hurts so terrible I have tried to tear my tits off to get away. I am running out of ideas and I am afraid they will kill me if they hook me to the vise again.

—Why don't you run away or go to the police?

—I tried to run away. They caught me and hung me up for two days and nights, whipping me with everything they could think of. They didn't let me down until my cuts got infected and I ran a fever. By the time, I was well enough to go to the cops, most of the marks were gone. The cops went and got them, but they told the cop they had caught me giving a blow-job to a nigger dope-dealer, and the cops said I had the whipping coming and let them go.

I told her I would hide some money under the bush in front of their place and for her to wait until they were going to be gone for a while fishing or hunting and use the money to catch the first bus out of town and go as far as the money could take her.

—Where will I go and what will I do? I have never had a job. I don't have any friends or relatives.

—You can always be a whore now that you look so good. You like being fucked, you might as well make some money doing it. Just go to a big town. They won't find you. They never found Janie.

—You are probably right. They only looked for her in this town and about twenty miles around. They won't know I have any money.

I don't know if she did it or not. I left two hundred dollar bills under the bush. I never went back and don't intend to since it took so long for me to heal.

I knew I would have to drive to the ranch since I couldn't reach my back to put on the salve or to disinfect some cuts. I knew they would ask me what happened and did not want to admit my stupidity in going to the church, so I concocted a story that I knew would excite Shirley.

I told them that I had been arrested for speeding and drinking. I had begged the cop not to arrest me because my father would take my car away and would beat me up. The cop seemed interested in the part of me being beaten and told me that there was no way I could get out of the offense, then added that in the old days criminals were whipped. If I would agree to that, my father would never know. I told them I signed an agreement that confessed I was guilty and agreed to be whipped. I knew the idea of such an agreement was ridiculous, but I was also sure the girls would believe it. They did and clamored for details. I decided to incorporate a new torture device that Lance was supposed to make for me.

I told them, they took me underground to a basement that was soundproof and then tied me to two wheels with my arms strapped outside the smaller wheel and then my legs to the outside of the bigger wheel, so I could be turned around like a chicken on a barbecue spit. I told them I was stretched so tight, my body just formed a small curve when they turned me facing the ceiling or the floor. The cop who had arrested me whipped me first then made me suck him off and then the other cop who had come down with him. They left me hanging there all night and I would yell every time the door open for another cop to come in who was on break or going off duty. Then I remembered the big butch dike who had taken my money for a parking ticket and added tearfully that the lady cops had whipped me too and one of the lady cops was really big and had me eat her smelly pussy. Shirley broke in at that point.

—Oh Yes! I have seen her drinking coffee and eating doughnuts at the mall. She looks awful mean!

If they had any doubt over my story, that convinced them.

Janie said:

—I can see how that whipping thing would work. All they had to do was turn her sideways to stick their dicks in her mouth. Did anyone hit you easy enough and long enough for you to have an orgasm?

—No... the first five hit me so hard that when I did get one that hit me easier, my body was so sore it would still hurt too much.

Shirley really looked excited:

—Oh... that is too bad. If they hadn't hit so hard, it would have been terribly exciting! How many cops hit you?

—I don't know, twenty or so, I think. At the end I was so out of it, some of the first ones could have come back again.

—I believe that! You look as if you were hit hundreds of times.

—Yes, and the worst part was I never knew when it would be over and I never knew when the door would open up and a new person would be there to whip me again.

They mothered me for the next few days, keeping salve on me and catering to my smallest whim. They were always offering to eat me or to fuck me with dildos. I never had to move a muscle. They did all the work.

Once in a while, I would be awakened from one of my orgasm induced naps by the sound of power tools in the basement. On the third day, they said they had a surprise.

They took me down to the basement to show me how they had taken the wheels off an old hay rake that had been by the barn and mounted them between the big wooden door and a supporting post between the floor and ceiling. They were really proud of their job and jerked on the sides of the



wheels to show me how they had made them real strong with bolts through the wood and center of the wheel.

Janie said:

—Shirley has been dying of excitement to see how you felt. I hope you aren't mad at us for taking the wheels off the rake.

I told them I was not mad at all, but she still wouldn't really know since I could not bear to keep her on the device over four hours and of course Janie and I would not hit her as hard as they had me.

Shirley said:

—That is alright. I don't want to be hurt as bad as you were. I just want to get an idea of what it was like. Can we do it now?

We had her lay on a table while we tightened the ropes as tight as we could since the wheels were too far apart to tie her wrists and ankles directly to them. When we pulled the table out from under, her stomach sagged down as her legs and arms stretched even more.

—Oh wow! This is wild! The joints at my shoulders and hips feel like they are being pulled apart. It hurts a little already. Do they get numb later?

Of course, I had no idea, so I told her that I didn't want her to know anything that I hadn't and she would find out.

For the next four hours, we took turns whipping her and having her eat us after her twenty or thirty lashes. Sometimes, we would strap on the dildo and fuck her in the ass or pussy and then have her lick it off after we used it on her.

After the first couple of hours, she would start whimpering and moaning "No... No" as soon as she heard the basement door open. I thought Janie would feel sorry for her, but when Shirley begged her to let her down she just said:

—You asked for this, bitch. I went to a lot of work to make it. Maybe you will think twice before you volunteer for anything else.

Then, she whipped her pussy and used our biggest dildo to shove and twist in her cunt.

When we took her down, I expected her to whine about our meanness, but instead she said:

—Oh... Heather, You are so brave and strong. I could never have taken twelve hours of that the way you did. I would have been in a coma or dead. I wouldn't mind doing it again sometime for an hour especially if you guys could wear police uniforms. The first hour, I began to orgasm before you even got to me from the door.

By this time, I had graduated from high school and had convinced my parent's college was not necessary to continue my career in real estate. Since Lance had located some other property from his airplane that looked good, we had made some easy money. We really got lucky on one place which was in the path of a freeway. Since Dad had some influence, they put the exits on our property, so we were able to sell the land for a mint to be used by motels, restaurants and mini-markets. Mom had flunked out of college, so her only objection was that I would not be able to meet suitable boys to marry. Dad convinced her that I would meet a lot of influential people in my business, country clubs, and travel, so she gave her blessing and I moved into the ranch permanently, doing a complete remodel including a swimming pool. This really made the girls happy and they spent most of their spare time sunbathing and swimming nude.

Lance began to bitch about having to fly us around, so I decided to get my license. There was a really good-looking instructor standing by a plane being refueled, so I asked about him. I was told he had all the licenses to teach me all the way from a private pilot, to instrument, and then

commercial if I wanted it. I arrange to lease a Cessna 150 on a six-month lease, then he went out to tell the instructor, but he had taken off with his student. I told his boss he could bring the Cessna out to my place on Wednesday and gave him my unlisted number, so he could call me and let me know when he was coming.

The next Wednesday, the girls were sunbathing nude while listening to rock music cranked up to the maximum while I was in the basement finishing up a new torture device.

Suddenly, I heard the doorbell ring. I cursed all the way up the stairs on the assumption the girls had locked themselves up. I was wearing a t-shirt and jeans to keep the sawdust off my sweaty body. When I opened the door, the instructor was there enjoying the view of the girls lying facing him on deck-chairs wearing nothing, but sunglasses.

I yelled to the girls that we had company and they bolted to the shower room to put on their robes.

I was mad and told him I told his boss he was to call me before he came out. He apologized.

—I'm sorry. I didn't know it was a big deal. He told me you would be here all day, so when I took the plane up to make sure it was alright, I decided just to come on over and practice a landing with the engine out. You have a great air strip. Why have you marked it closed with the X's on the ends?

—It is a private field. We don't want anyone uninvited to land here.

Before I could go on, the girls came over wearing their robes.

Shirley said:

—We are sorry we embarrassed you by sunbathing nude. You should give us a spanking.

Before I could answer Curt, the instructor said:

—Yes, she should. When I caught my sister sunbathing nude, I spanked her with my belt.

He was grinning, but seemed serious, so I said:

—Well... we are all agreed you should be spanked and you are the ones who should be embarrassed, so Curt should do it.

Curt looked at me curiously and said:

—Do you mean it? I will be more than happy to do it.

I knew the girls would love it since they had not been spanked by a man for a long time, so I let them answer.

—Girls, I am sure you need the spanking. If you agree, lean over the porch rail.

They raced over to the rail and leaned over it and held on to the rungs. I took off his belt and then went over and flipped their robes over their heads.

—They just had their eighteenth birthday, give them eighteen each.

He could hardly wait. He hit them easy at first, but when they didn't protest, he started hitting them harder and harder till the belt was a blur and deep red stripes appeared across their cheeks and thighs. When he quit after the thirty-six lashes, he was shaking with excitement watching the girls still in position, wiggling their hips trying to find something to rub their pussies against.

I saw his dick tenting out his pants, so I unzipped his pants and held it while I said:

—That really excites you, doesn't it?

—Oh god... yes! My sister would never let me do it again.

—Would you like to whip them on their breasts and pussy?

—Oh Jesus! Really? Oh... yes!

—Alright, you can whip their fronts while I give you a blow-job. Try to hold off, because when you cum you will have to stop.

I went over to the girls and took off their robes and told them to face us and hold onto the rail with their hands. Then I placed him between them and told hem to forehand Janie and backhand Shirley while I worked his dick into my throat. He really tried to hold off, but when it was obvious Janie and Shirley were in orgasm, he almost drowned me in cum. Either he was super excited or had not been laid for quite a while.

We went into the house and I sent Shirley to get us some beer while I took off my clothes and told him to take off his. He had a lean, strong body when he sat on the couch, Janie pulled on his legs to get his ass to the edge and began to lovingly lick on his dick and balls. When Shirley came back, she joined her.

Curt rubbed their heads with his hands while he said:

—Oh shit! I have been doing nothing, but instrument training lately. I thought I was going to be bored stiff teaching a new student. My ass-hole boss didn't even tell me how beautiful you are.

He continued to stoke their heads while his dick began to grow and then went on:

—Jesus! I really hit them hard, but they didn't seem to care. They liked it!

—You are a really good-looking guy. Haven't you ever gone with a girl that like to be spanked?

—Well, I had a girl once that let me give her a birthday spanking with my hand. She would let me spank her if she pissed me off too. It seemed to make her excited, but I didn't try to use my belt since my sister had been so pissed off she threatened to have me arrested

—Maybe you should have. She probably would have liked it.

—Maybe... Her father got transferred and I never saw her again. I have been looking for a girl like her since she left. How did you find these girls?

I explained that they had unhappy lives at home and decided to stay with me. I found out that they liked to be whipped and I liked to whip them, but they had been missing not having a boyfriend.

He had a lot more staying power than Lance. He was able to fuck all three of us and still sixty-nine me before we went to sleep in the eight-foot by eight foot bed I had made special.

The next morning, he said he would give me my first flying lesson. I think he needed the rest, because I got a lesson every day from then on and now have ratings as an instrument commercial pilot.

By the second week, we had worked him up to using full-fledged whips, and on the third week, we showed him the torture chamber. He quit his job and moved in with us after that.

My life is wonderful now. He knows exactly the amount of punishment we need to get glorious orgasms. I bought a Cherokee Lance which is like the six except it has retractable wheels and is turbocharged, so we can fly above the bad weather. He likes to enter us in nude dance contests in Canada and California. Our incentive is that the winner gets to whip the losers till they pass out. I have been able to beat Shirley a few times.

I knew he was a man I could stay with forever when Shirley got appendicitis and he was willing to help me operate on her. He said:

—What the hell! If she dies, we can just fly her out over the ocean and drop her out of the plane. She will never be found.

We got a general anesthetic and all the drugs and other supplies we needed from a veterinarian supply house. She made a complete recovery

and thinks she owes her life to us.

We are both getting a little bored with Janie and Shirley. Curt suggested we find a girl that really hates being hurt. We have been looking for someone we can pick up without being noticed. We aren't interested in Hookers since they are already beaten down and have had all forms of sex.

We have been checking out a lot out of town high schools. Maybe, we will find one in your neighborhood.