

Allene Blake

Joan



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*Joan punished for shoplifting then blackmailed into further humiliation
and punishment.*

JOAN

I had been shoplifting for years. It had always been so easy. I had just grabbed a bunch of clothes and put them on in the dressing room wearing the new things under the clothes I wore into the store.

I was completely surprised then consumed by fear when the man stopped me on the way out of the store and said:

—I believe you have some things that belong to the store. Come with me.

I walked with his hand around my wrist in total humiliation, sure that everyone in the store knew I was a thief.

He took me downstairs where they stored their stock and to a room way in the back.

As soon as we were inside, he took some handcuffs out of a drawer and manacled my hands behind my back. He said:

—You are under arrest for shoplifting. Will you make it easy for both of us by confessing to it?

I was desperate and decided to bluff:

—No... you are wrong! I didn't take anything!

—In that case, you are forcing me to search you.

I was so frightened and full of guilt, it did not even occur to me that I should be searched by a female.

As soon as he started to unbutton my blouse, I realized there was no way my bluff would work.

I whimpered:

—You don't have to do this. I admit I took some underwear.

—You lied to me before. I will find out just what you took.

I began to cry when my blouse was unbuttoned and he pushed it down my arms to be caught by my handcuffs. Then he unzipped my skirt and let it slide down my legs to the floor.

Now the evidence was in front of him, as my tiny bra and panties still had the price tags. The bra was strapless, so he just had to unhook it at the back to take it off. I blushed when he leered at my naked breasts and then gasped when he took them in his hands to lift and pull on them as he said:

—Why in hell would you want to steal a bra. Your tits are so firm you don't need one.

I didn't answer, I just kind of cringed and closed my eyes to block out his leering face. I opened them again when I felt my panties being slowly pulled down to reveal my own pair underneath.

He laughed and said:

—You must be really modest. Most women don't wear two pairs of panties.

I whimpered:

—The pair underneath is mine. You don't have to take them off.

—Oh, yes, I do. You might have a third pair.

I turned my head in embarrassment while he slowly slid them down and blushed even more when he said:

—I guess you aren't so modest after all. You have shaved off the hair to show off your tight pussy.

I sobbed and protested:

—No! I am not showing it off. It is bikini waxed, so hair won't show around the legs of my exercise tights.

—You must do a lot of exercise. You have a great, firm body.

After he said this, he demonstrated by squeezing my butt, pressing on my stomach and again squeezing my breasts. He finished by cupping my pussy and pulling up on it to make me gasp as his middle finger slipped inside to press on my clit.

He went to his desk and brought back some lengths of rope. I asked him what they were for, but he ignored me and tied one end to my handcuffs, then looped it over a hook in the ceiling. He pulled down on the other end of the rope until I had to lean forward to keep my shoulders from being dislocated. This made me feel more humiliated, as my breasts hung down and moved with the tremors caused by my sobs.

Suddenly he grabbed my ankle to pull it out to the side to tie to a ring in the floor and then the other one, so I was standing bent way over with my legs widespread knowing that my pussy was fully visible from the back and most likely gaping open.

He cupped my pussy again and laughed when I moaned:

—No! Please no.

Then he said:

—Let's find out how much jewelry you took.

He went back to his desk as I strained my neck to watch him take out some rubber gloves. They weren't like the rubber gloves doctors use. They were kitchen gloves with rubber bumps on them to provide a gripping surface. He put one on his right hand, then stuck his finger in my pussy! I made a little shriek as the bumps slid on my clit. He felt around a long time as deep as he could, rubbing my clit while I was dying of embarrassment. Even this wasn't enough, he took out his finger and pushed it in my anus, then moved it around in a circle to stretch my sphincter muscles.

I gasped and moaned till he took it out to step in front of me, wiping off my shit from his finger with a tissue. He pulled me up by my hair to

look at his face to say:

—No luck there. Did I miss something?

—No... I wouldn't put anything in there.

I replied with tears running down my cheeks.

—That is just how you looked the last time you lied to me. I had better check again without the glove.

He went back behind me and put his finger back in my pussy, then he took it out and I felt my pussy stretch as I realized he was putting two fingers in me then three and began pushing them in and out going deeper each time till I was sure he was hitting my cervix. In spite of everything, I could not keep myself from getting excited and wet to the point his fingers were making slurping sounds as they went in and out and I was beginning to pant in excitement. If he had kept it up just a little longer, I would have had an orgasm, but he didn't want that.

He stepped in front of me to pull up my face by my hair to say with a sneer:

—You are not only a thief, you are a slut! You are getting off on this.

—No! I couldn't help it. You did it to me. Please let me get dressed.

—Not quite yet. The interview is not over, but I will let you stand up.

He took off the rope to my cuffs, so I could straighten up, but went back to his desk without untying my ankles. I felt terribly exposed and hoped my pussy lips were not wet from my juices.

I cried:

—If I can't put on my clothes, please untie my legs, so I can close them.

—Naw... You look good that way. I'll show you.

He reached into a drawer and took out a Polaroid camera to take a picture of me. When it developed, he brought it over to show it to me.

I looked like a total slut. He cut off the bottom of my legs, so it looked like I was just standing there with my hands behind my back with my legs spread to show off my body. None of the ropes showed to explain the lewd pose. To make it worse the humiliation, I was going through made my face just look as if I was in the throes of passion.

He grinned at me and said:

—If you aren't a good girl, I will send a copy of this to all the stores, so they can keep an eye out for you.

That broke me down completely:

—No! Please no! Don't do that. I could never go to a store again knowing they had a lewd picture of me. I'll be good. I'll do anything you want.

—Well... since I have never caught you before, I might let you off with a full confession. How much have you stolen from this store?

—Just the underwear.

—Wrong answer! You have to be about twenty-two. Shoplifters start out in their teens. You will get two of these every time you lie.

While he was saying this, he came over to me and took two alligator clamps out of his pocket and clipped them on my nipples.

It felt like a little animal with sharp teeth was biting me. It really hurt and kept hurting. My tears began to flow again. I began to confess to the things I took that I could remember, while he wrote them down in a notebook. When I could think of nothing else. He said you are lying and added two more clips until he was finally convinced there were no more. Then he asked me what other stores I shopped. When I told him, he wanted to know what I had taken from them. When I said nothing, I earned two more clips on the lips of my pussy. Now my breasts and pussy were now nearly covered with clips. I was in agony and I confessed to things in each

store as he asked me, even if I had to make up something to have at least one thing to report to avoid more clips.

It went on and on until I had gone so far as admitting to stealing candy from grocery stores when I was a kid. The pain from the alligator clips was getting worse. The pain seemed to radiate from my nipples to my breasts causing them to swell and throb and the same thing was happening at my pussy. I stood there trembling and shuddering from the pain. He seemed to be through with me because he put some paper into a typewriter and began to type. I begged for relief.

—I have told you everything, please take off these clips and untie me. I hurt awfully.

—I am busy here! You have been a really naughty girl, a little pain may help you remember what can happen when you steal.

That was ridiculous, even without the pain, I would remember this experience the rest of my life. Saying naughty girl made him sound just like my father before he gave me a spanking, which did not hurt too bad and did not cause unending worsening pain like the clips. I decided to bargain with him.

—Yes, I have been naughty. Why don't you take off the clips and give me a spanking instead. I won't forget that.

That got his attention:

—Alright, I will make you a deal. Five spanks in place of each clip.

I looked down to count twelve clips, which seemed like more to add up to sixty spanks.

I had never had that many, but it seemed better than continuing the present pain, including the ache in my legs from having them pulled apart. I said:

—Okay, I agree to that.

—You agree! That is a laugh. I could whip you if I wanted as long as I wanted, I am giving you a great deal. You should thank me.

Oh... God. That seemed to be the ultimate humiliation, but I was committed now:

—Thank you. Please give me sixty spanks and let me go.

He came over to me and made a big production of removing them. I found that when the blood returned, they stung even more. He took off the clips from my right nipple, then said:

—This will help get the circulation back.

He began to rub then pull on my nipple then kneaded my breast before he went on to the other one, He spent a lot of time on my pussy. It did make them feel good again, but I was ashamed that I was enjoying this strange man massaging all my private parts:

—Thank you, that feels better now.

He grinned at me and said:

—You are welcome. Let's get you into position.

He went behind me and unlocked the cuffs. It was a fantastic relief to have my hands loose, so I could cross one arm over my breasts and put my other hand over my pussy to hide them for the first time in several minutes, so I did not feel so naked while he coiled up the rope and put it and the cuffs back in his drawer. He came back and I expected him to untie my ankles, but he just held my waist, so I could keep my balance and told me to bend over and put my hands on the floor. My knees locked to cause a greater stretch to my inner thighs and I looked between my breasts to see that my pussy would be poached out behind my legs, fully visible and vulnerable. I was relieved when he put his legs beside my head because he would not be able to see it and said:

—Now we will get that nice big ass massaged.

He took off his belt and laid it over my back, so I could see the end hanging between my legs and asked if I was ready. I just nodded my head and braced myself for what I expected would be terrible pain.

I was astonished to find that it did not hurt that much. There was just a sharp sting followed by tingling. It was not nearly as bad as the bruising pain from my dad's callused hand. He hit over my back to leave a stinging sensation from the top of the left side of my cheek down to mid-thigh. Unlike the teeth of the alligator clips, the pain did not get worse, it even seemed to get less as my excitement rose. He kept whipping me very slowly moving to my left covering every inch of my left cheek and thigh until I could see the end of his belt beginning to hit my inner thigh. This was more sensitive, but the small increase in pain was compensated by rising excitement caused by the helplessness of having my ankles tied, my nakedness and the nearly constant stimulation of his belt.

My body began to tremor in excitement as I avidly watched the belt inch closer and closer to my pussy. He was barely an inch from the lips when he switched over to my right cheek to again work toward the crack of my butt. Incredibly, I felt frustrated that he had not hit my pussy because I was breathlessly braced for that sensation.

Again I watched, trembling and panting from the sensations that now seemed to go to my clitoris, as the belt again began its incredibly slow movement toward the middle. Just as it hit just missing my lips I felt this great need to feel its sting on my pussy and as the next lash descended I moved my butt to my right. I moved too far! The belt hit right on the open crack of my pussy making a new sound of "Splat!" rather than the "Slap" it had made before and I jumped and yelped at this much greater pain which quickly lessened as I moved left for the belt to hit the center of my cheek. I realized that I was very close to orgasm. From that point on, he just brought

the belt down in the same spot and let me move my ass to have it hit another place. I would inch over till it hit one side or the other of my lips to see them quiver as tingles drove into me, then retreat to recover while it hit my butt till I could work up the courage to have it hit my pussy again. Finally, I got so excited juices began to drip from my pussy and I just moved very slightly to let it come down on one lip, then the other, then down the center to let me see the tip hit on or just above my clit. I began to moan and yip as orgasm after orgasm sent shockwaves throughout my body.

Just as I thought I might lose all control he stopped. I sank to my knees and rubbed my bitten nipples on the rough nap of the rug as shock waves from my orgasms began to subside. In a few moments I began to breathe almost normally and said plaintively:

—Is it over?

—Yeah, it's over. Just in time too. If your orgasms had gotten any stronger, I think you would have freaked out.

I was ashamed he knew I was so perverted, I would cum from a spanking. I didn't know what to say, so I just straightened up and turned my face to avoid looking at him while he untied my ankles.

As soon as I was loose, I dived for my clothes, but he stopped me by saying sharply:

—Leave them alone! I'll let you know when you can dress!

He pulled me over in front of his desk, then went behind it to resume typing. I could not believe that he could be so unaffected by the experience. I stood there, still breathing erratically and trembling while holding one arm across my breasts and the other hand over my pussy now squeezed between my clenched legs.

He looked up from the typewriter to tell me to put my hands by my sides and to open my legs. It was too late to be modest, so I did as he said

while he grinned at my humiliation.

Finally, he finished typing and pushed over a box of tissue, saying:

—Here, you should clean yourself up before putting on your clothes.

That was total humiliation to wipe off the juices on my pussy and thighs that proved how perverted I was to become soaked by my excitement while he watched and grinned at me.

After he made me pull the lips around and open to show I was completely dry, he let me dress. I was so nervous I had trouble buttoning my blouse.

When I was dressed, I felt a little more under control and asked him if I could leave. He handed me the paper he had typed and told me to read and sign it.

It was my confession with a list of things I had taken and their total value. I hadn't realized It would add up to so much! It was almost fifteen hundred dollars. It was true except for the total since I had added false items to avoid more clips and you could argue with the last paragraph that said I was signing the confession with no coercion. I signed it then he signed it and stamped it with a Notary Public seal. It looked very legal.

I thought it was all over and asked if I could leave. I was shocked to hear him say:

—Are you kidding! Missy, you just confessed to grand theft. You are looking at ten to twenty years in jail.

I began to cry in frustration and fear:

—Oh no! I can't go to jail. I graduate from college next year. It isn't fair! You said you would let me off if I confessed. You have punished and humiliated me! Isn't that enough?

—Well, there is a chance I can still let you off easier if you are willing to make restitution.

Fifteen hundred would leave me broke, but that was better than jail. I said eagerly:

—I'll do it. I'll go to the bank tomorrow and pay back every cent.

—No, that is no good, the stores don't want the money it will just screw up their bookkeeping since the losses have already been written off. What I had in mind was corporal punishment, with you paying off at a dollar a lash.

—Oh... God, I couldn't take fifteen hundred lashes, I would have no skin left.

—I didn't mean all at once. I was thinking of installments of fifty per week.

I tried to determine how many weeks that was, but I just couldn't think. He told me that would be thirty weeks and then went on to say:

—I know a judge who has been willing to settle for punishment other than jail time. I will run this by him tomorrow and do my best to sell him on the idea.

If I had any doubt, that settled it. I rationalized that in spite of the humiliation the experience had simply excited me and although I felt perverse it was certainly better than jail. I thanked him profusely and said I would be glad to make restitution rather than go to jail.

He gave me a sheet of paper and a pen and dictated the following for me to write down.

—Dear Judge Hooker,

I am willing to be subjected to fifteen hundred lashes to atone for the thefts in my confession. I hope and pray you will agree that this will be sufficient atonement for my crimes.

I signed it and gave it to him, where he notarized my signature.

He gave me a piece of paper with his name, Ted Devers, and his address and told me to be there at six PM the next day to find out if the judge agreed.

The wait was endless, I couldn't sleep that night and there was no use going to school the next day since I would never be able to concentrate on my classes.

Of course, I was too embarrassed to discuss this with anyone. No-one I knew would be sympathetic, especially my parents. I was sure they would prefer me dead rather than a convict. If I had anyone to confide in, I would have known better.

It was not till months later that I discovered this whole thing was phoney. I could only have been charged with the underwear which would have been just a misdemeanor and as a first offence I would have just had to pay a fine. Also, no judge would make a decision on a discussion with a cop, especially a security guard. At the time, I could only think of the headline I had seen where a man was sentenced to fifteen years for grand theft. If I had read further, I would have found he was a habitual offender.

At the time, I just huddled in my bed, praying the judge would go along with Ted's proposition. Although the orgasms I had received from the spanking were fantastic I felt really guilty I had reacted that way and actually hoped the rest of my whippings would just hurt, so I would be normal.

I was on his doorstep promptly at six.

He met me with a big hug:

—I did a hell of a sales job, baby. He went for it. Here is the judgement.

It really looked legal. It was typed on county letterhead and had a case number and was written in legal jargon. It said I was sentenced to fifteen

hundred lashes to be applied over a thirty-week period or less at my option, with the stipulation that if I missed an appointment I would be arrested and would begin a sentence of ten years at the Walla Walla State Penitentiary.

I was so relieved, I hugged and kissed him. He kissed me back then said:

—I know why you are so happy. You think you are getting out of a jail sentence by having orgasms.

I blushed and told him that I had no idea why I had reacted that way. Normally, I hated to be hurt and had tried my best to avoid spankings from my dad.

—I don't know either. You must just be lucky, but I won't be able to go as easy on you as I did at the store. As part of the deal, the judge said I was to bring him pictures after your sessions and that you had better be good and red and they have to be spread around, so he can count the stripes to be sure you got the whole fifty lashes. If he thinks I am being too easy, he will have you go to jail, so their guards can do it.

I had a flashback of a picture, I saw in a history book, where a man was being flogged by a sheriff in colonial times. There was blood on his back and several people watching. I was scared to death.

—Oh Ted, please don't let that happen. You must hit me very hard. I am being punished, I shouldn't have orgasms anyway.

—Don't worry Joanie, we have a lot of lashes I'll work you up gradually, so you will be excited and a little numb when the hard ones come for the judge to see. Do you think you can stand still for them or would you rather be tied?

I thought about it. Fifty lashes was less than I had taken the day before and I had not fought my bonds, but then I knew they would not be that easy. On that session, I had just turned red and to my amazement even that was

gone the next day. If the judge wanted to count the lashes, I would have to be hit hard enough to leave welts at least long enough for the photos. I said:

—This will hurt a lot more than yesterday. I am not that brave, you should tie me up, so I can't move to spoil your aim.

—Yes, that will probably be best.

He went to the closet for a big box and took out padded cuffs and rope, saying:

—The judge gave me these cuffs. They will keep you from getting rope burns on your wrists and ankles. He also gave me this.

He held up a whip with a braided leather thong about a foot and a half long coming out of a handle.

I had a flashback to the picture of the man being flogged and cringed:

—Oh... God! That will hurt awful! Will I bleed?

—Don't worry, I will never hit you hard enough to make you bleed. It is no worse than the belt, except it is skinnier and heavier to make definite stripes that will be easy to count, but it is soft. Here, feel it.

I took it from him and pulled the thong through my fist. It did feel pretty soft as if it had been soaked in oil, but the fact remained it was thinner, so the pain would be concentrated instead of the wide belt.

—Ted, I don't know if I can stand all of them on my butt. I won't be able to sit down.

—I know. Also, they would be so close together, they would be hard to count. I will spread them around, so to make it easier for you because welts on top of welts are really painful.

I was convinced it was him and me against the judge and believed he would hurt me no more than necessary.

—Joan! We had better get on with this. The more you think about it the more frightened you will get.

He led me to a room that was brightly lit with no furniture except an easy chair, large mirrors on all four walls and ropes hanging ominously from pulleys in the ceiling and chains with padded cuffs attached to rings in the floor.

He told me to take off my clothes after positioning me under the ropes in front of the mirror while he sat in the easy chair watching me. Even though he had seen me naked before, it was still very embarrassing and I removed them slowly. Rather than tell me to hurry, he seemed to enjoy the slow strip. It suddenly occurred to me that I was doing a strip tease and hurriedly removed the bra and panties only to be humiliated further by being told to remove my shoes and stockings while now totally nude. He complimented me on my body as I removed clothing, especially when I took off my bra. He loved the way they stood up firmly with no sag even though I wore a “D” cup. I had mixed feelings over the compliments, they made me proud that he thought I was beautiful, but his compliments on my flat stomach, my firm boobs, and my round firm butt as they appeared just emphasized the fact that I would soon be totally naked and the skin I was baring would soon be covered in red stinging stripes.

Strangely, I found that along with the fright and embarrassment, I was feeling excitement. I reminded myself that I was to be punished, which I thoroughly deserved for my years as a thief.

When I was naked, he took off his shirt. I complimented him on his big chest and ridged stomach which really was attractive, but at the same time, he frightened me because he now looked like the man doing the flogging in the picture with his bare chest and black pants.

He came over and put on my wrist cuffs and tied the rope to them then got on his knees to grip my ankle.

I whined:

—Can't I keep my legs together? I feel obscene with them spread because I can't hide my pussy.

—It is for your own good baby, I can't get to your thighs otherwise and I want to spread out the lashes as much as possible. If I hit the same place twice, you will be bruised.

That made sense, but now my legs were spread even more than at the store and my pussy lips opened to show the pink inside in the mirror in front of me. I looked very obscene and it made me acutely aware of its appeal as a target for the whip.

Now he pulled up my arms till my stomach went concave and my breasts lifted till the crease under them went away. Seeing myself stretched this way in the mirror made me feel even more helpless, but at the same time, I felt proud, the stretching was making my body look beautiful.

He confirmed this by complimenting my beauty as he walked around me fondling my firm body till he got to my left side, shook out the whip and asked me if I was ready. I moaned and nodded my head.

He did seem to hit easy, but the whip was deceptive. Although, it was soft, the oil had made it heavier than his belt and the first lash to my butt seemed to sink in to cause a deeper pain than the sting of his belt. By the fifth I was crying and when the next wrapped around my thighs with the ends hitting the tender inner part I screamed.

He stopped long enough to tell me to scream all I wanted because he had no neighbors and it might help me take it.

I watched the lashes creep up my thigh closer and closer to my pussy. That would be too much and I began to scream.

—No! No! Don't hit it!

He must have agreed because he skipped over it to put more on my back, with the ends coming around to leave welts on my stomach. I stared

at the mirror to see the red stripes climbing slowly up the front of my body until they began to cover my right breast. When it was completely striped, he moved to my other side to hit the front of my thighs, starting the slow march up the other side of my stomach until my left breast was compressing and dancing under the lash. I became hoarse from screaming just as a strange phenomenon happened! It was no longer hurting as much and my breasts and pussy began throbbing with excitement. The girl in the mirror was no longer me. I was just a spectator, becoming increasingly excited watching the welts appear on her body. He began hitting directly on the front of my body starting at the top of my breasts aiming carefully to add stripes between the ones already there and working down slowly until my nipples were hit causing great pain to be followed by less as my boobies sunk and bounced from the lash. He kept going slowly down, leaving welts on my taut stomach, until I saw the girl in the mirror straining to push her hips forward to meet the lash at the hair line until they came across the lips of her pussy. A final one made my pussy lips rip apart as I began a series of orgasms. He stepped behind me and the lashes came between my legs to snap against my navel. Now the end started working down with the thong feeling hot against my crotch while the end worked oh, so slowly, but inescapably toward my clit. I was actually straining to lift my body to get the end there sooner. When it hit, I had such a monster orgasm, I passed out.

When I came to, I was lying in a tub of cool water while he held my head out of the water by my chin. It was amazing, there were only twinges of pain on my clit and nipples that were not even unpleasant. It was like my experience was just a bad dream.

I told him the way I felt in total wonderment. I had been sore for hours after my belting at the store.

—Yeah. I put on some pain killing salve and the cool water will help. Just stay there, I will get you a drink.

He brought back a tall glass of vodka and seltzer that was so strong I choked on the first sip, but it felt nice and warm inside me, so I continued to sip it while he said:

—God... baby, you are just fantastic. I can't tell you how excited it made me to whip that beautiful, strong body. You are really tough. You didn't quite make it to fifty lashes, but I am sure the judge will be pleased. I'll get the pictures.

When he came back, he gave me the pictures. He took them after I had passed out, but still hanging and had tied my hair to my wrist cuffs with string to hold my head up. He had taken pictures of my front, back and sides. I could hardly believe that poor girl was me. I had red stripes all over me with dark red splotches like giant hickies covering my breasts, lower stomach, and my bald pussy lips. My pussy lips were still gaping and a close-up he showed me revealed my inner lips were dark red and engorged rather than their normal pink.

I looked at him and said:

—Is this really me? This girl looks nearly dead and I don't feel bad at all except for being really tired.

—Yes, that is you. I am sure the judge will be satisfied.

—God, he should be. You can see I was unconscious from the pain.

—Really? I could not tell if it was the pain or orgasms that made you pass out.

I blushed again:

—Actually, I guess it was the combination. You must think I am really strange to get off on pain. I know I do. I don't understand it. I think I will do some research to see if it effects other people that way.

—You will find it does, but you may never know your personal explanation since there are so many complex psychological things happening. It may be from some repressed guilt, a release of inhibitions because you have no choice, a desire to exhibit courage or a lot of other things including your body's defense mechanisms.

I began counting the stripes on the girl in the picture, trying to remember how each stripe had felt. There were more than fifty stripes!

When I told him that, he said:

—No, there were just forty-eight. The stripes to your back left stripes on your front when the lash curled around your body.

I said:

—If you just gave me twenty-five to my back, we could fool the judge into thinking I had fifty.

—Do you want me to do that?

It dawned on me that the first twenty or so had just hurt and that the pain had not turned to pure excitement until I had absorbed over thirty. I needed the release of orgasms and said:

—No! I guess that would be cheating, but could you stand back further to do all my back first with the end hitting there, then do my front with the tip hitting just my front.

—If you want that, but that will make your back hurt more.

While I thought about it, he brought my clothes and helped me dress, so I could go home. I left off my bra and panties, as the straps of the bra and waist were right on the welts. When I walked and hit potholes, my boobs moved to make my tingling nipples rub on my sweater. At every stop light, I rubbed my sweater against my breasts and my wool skirt on my pussy to keep the tingling sensation until I was embarrassed when I saw a man in the next car grinning at me as he watched. By the time I got home, I felt hot

again, so I stripped. It made me excited again to be naked, so I masturbated till I fell asleep.

By the next morning, my body was fine, except for several small bruises where the tips of the whip hit me. I felt very enervated and sexy. I left off my bra and panties to enjoy the sensations as the cloth rubbed me. When I met other girls at lunch who were talking about sex, I felt very superior knowing they had no idea the fantastic excitement I could reach. I actually felt sorry for them for bragging about only occasional small orgasms they could get to with straight sex. I began to look forward to my next session.

By Friday, I began to have mixed feelings. Although I eventually got great orgasms I remembered all the pure pain before I got to that point. I finally decided that I had no choice anyway, so I should give in to it to get to the point of orgasm sooner. I was at his house promptly at six.

He met me at the door with his shirt off and his tight black jeans. Just seeing his muscle that would soon be working as he lashed me caused a tingle in my clit. I was anxious to get started because the tiny orgasms I got from masturbation during the week just frustrated me now that I knew the absolutely crushing ones. I had gotten in the habit of getting naked as soon as I got home to work out and began to love the look of my body. All my former modesty was gone, so I faced him while I slowly removed my clothes, so I could savor his compliments.

When he came to me with my cuffs, I took them from him then spread my legs even more than before to put on the ankle cuffs, enjoying the fact I was preparing myself for the pain.

I put on my wrist cuffs and offered my wrists to him to attach the rope and pull me up and moaned:

—Tighter!

Until I was stretched to the ultimate.

I realized that I was obviously a willing participant to put on my own wrist cuffs and to open my legs so wide, but I had begun to feel guilty that I was enjoying my punishment and wanted it to start as soon as possible. I actually hoped it would hurt too much this time for me to orgasm, so I could feel normal.

When I was stretched, he showed me something new.

—The judge said I did a good job on you last time, but he wanted to make it easier to count the lashes, so he suggested I use this whip.

This one was also a braided length of leather about three feet long, but it had been braided tighter to make it stiffer and had a knot on the end. It looked really mean.

—Oh wow! That will really hurt, won't it?

It isn't as bad as it looks. It is very flexible and light, but since it is thinner it will probably go a little deeper and the knot will make a definite blotch to make them easier to count. Unfortunately, I won't be able to make one lash look like two, even if I wanted to.

—Oh God! Please don't hit my breasts or crotch with it till toward the end.

It did not even occur to me to ask him not to hit me there since I knew that excruciating pain was what I needed if I was to be truly punished, but I wanted to work up to it gradually with pain to less sensitive areas. Looking back on it, I know that I was hoping I could get orgasms even to horrible pain if I was brought to it gradually. The lashes to my butt, thighs and stomach would be like foreplay.

—I can do that. Let me know when you are ready for them.

He brought one across the back of my thigh. As usual, the first few hurt really bad to make me scream, and the knot made an extra pain. The

pain was bearable to the point I could count the lashes. He put them on from the middle of the back of my thighs up to my shoulders, closely spaced, so he could get twenty-two lashes there without overlapping. They just hurt without bringing on the excitement, so I was happy to see him move to start on my front.

He started just below my breasts, as I watched the stripes and blotches from the knot going down my body in the mirror with rising excitement. At my hips, the stripes went across my lower stomach until just above the slit of my pussy, then my thighs protected my cunt as it continued down to the middle of my thighs.

He stopped and asked if I was ready to have my breasts done. I was panting and trembling so much from the excitement I could not speak. I just moaned and nodded my head.

He put five stripes across them with the whip burying itself in the skin then stepped in front of me to bring the whip forehand and backhand with just the knot hitting my nipples. The pain was unreal and I began a series of orgasms.

He went behind me and then I saw a blur as the tip came between my legs to make my pussy lips jerk out of shape. I just howled and came for the next four, then dropped my head in total exhaustion.

He let me hang there throbbing and moaning while he took my pictures, then let me down to lay on the floor while I lightly caressed my burning nipples and pussy.

When I had calmed enough to sit up, he devastated me by saying:

—I have bad news. I counted the stripes and there are only forty-five. I thought I would put on five more stripes vertically.

—Oh God... no! I can't take anymore. It isn't fair! You hit me fifty times.

—Yeah, but the ones to the nipples and pussy did not leave stripes, and those were for you. You needed them to get off. Besides, you owe them. You didn't get fifty the first time. I will make it exciting for you.

What he said was true, but I dreaded those last five because I knew they would just hurt.

He went to a big closet and dragged out a table with folding legs. When it was set up he had me lie on my back then tied my arms and legs to the table legs. I began to cry just in anticipation of what was going to happen to me. To my surprise, he dropped the whip and went over to a drawer. He came back with a thick pillow and a rubber penis that looked as if it was covered with warts. He turned a switch at the base then held it against my nipple, so I could feel it vibrate.

—I will get you excited with this so you won't mind the lashes so much.

He jammed the pillow under my butt to raise my pussy high enough for me to see it, then began rubbing the wildly exciting dildo lightly between the lips for a while before pulling my lips apart with his fingers till he could get the huge head vibrating on my clit. I yelped as it felt like electrical shocks on it, then I began to flow pussy juice and he started pushing it in to thrill me as it stretched my channel while vibrating. When all eight inches were in, he began sliding it in and out, pushing forward to make the bumps rub on my clit. He kept it up until I was sweating and panting as I strained to pump my hips. Just before I went into orgasm he pulled it out to stand between my legs to bring down the whip with the knot hitting my breasts and the lower part burying itself in my pussy. When the next one hit my nipple, I went into devastating orgasms.

When he finished, the front of my body looked like the ribs of a folding paper fan, with stripes going from the crack of my pussy to all of

the skin of my breasts.

He took pictures while I was still on the table, vibrating with aftershocks.

He said, The judge will have no doubt now I give you the whole fifty. You can count them easily. From now on, we won't have to prove anything. We might be able to give you a few less.

When he let me up from the table, I was so grateful he was doing his best to keep my punishment to a minimum that I hugged and kissed him. To my surprise, he pushed me away. I didn't understand, it did not seem possible for him not to be excited by my nudity and whipping me. I had to know why.

—Ted, you know I am grateful you try to minimize my punishment and help me have orgasms. You really excite me. Don't you want to have sex with me?

—I would love to, but I am afraid I may fall in love with you and not be able to continue your punishment. It makes me sick to think you may have to have it done by the guards. They are really mean. They aren't satisfied till their victims bleed.

That really scared me:

—I understand. Thank you for protecting me from them. If you have to hurt me more to keep the judge satisfied, I will understand.

He told me he was glad I appreciated what he was doing, then helped me dress to leave.

I was a little disappointed I did not get my cool bath or salve, but I had seen the name of the salve he had used, so I stopped at a drug store on the way home to get a couple of tubes. I was anxious to get home to get my clothes off because I was so tender, the cloth just irritated me.

When I got home and naked, I became excited again seeing my striped body in the mirror and decided not to put on the salve to feel the tingling as long as possible.

I went to bed to finger my pussy, but I found I had become so jaded from the pain and his marvelous dildo that it just felt good to relax me, but I could see I could spend hours doing it without an orgasm. Suddenly I remembered that lying on my stiff wool rug while wearing my panties to watch TV had irritated my skin so much I had gotten up and laid down a sheet.

I got off the bed and laid on the rug. It was wild! With my tender welts, it felt like thousands of pins were sticking me. I rolled over on my front and rubbed my breasts and nipples against it, while I buried three fingers in my pussy and humped my hand. That worked! I had a very satisfying orgasm, so I could go to bed and instantly fall asleep.

Fortunately, I had easy classes that quarter because I went through the week like a robot. Anytime, I was not actively taking notes in lectures or studying, I was daydreaming about my experiences. I also did some research.

My readings of psychology were counter-productive because they treated masochism as if it was an aberration that needed to be cured and their explanations referred to childhood trauma. I could not think of anything bad that had happened to me as a child. I became much more interested in books like: *"The Story of O"*, Marquis De Sade works and others that celebrated the joys of pain. I worked through subjects alphabetically from corporal punishment to torture. One book really fascinated me. It talked about nurses that were captured by the Nazis or Japanese who were able to disconnect themselves from even the most horrendous tortures and described a feeling of rapture which I translated to

orgasms. It was a rare ability and I was proud I could be included in this favored few. It was a fantastic relief to find I was not a pervert, especially when I discovered a Catholic religious group called the “*Flagellants*” That either whipped themselves or had others do it to get a “*Religious experience*” which I also assumed meant orgasm.

I began to wonder just how much pain I could endure and still be able to cancel it out. I really appreciated the fact Ted had the large mirror and for the most part whipped me without blocking my view. I found out why he did it that way later on. I spent so much time looking at my naked body in my mirror imagining the whip wrapping around my side to hit my pussy or breasts I decided to improve on it by going to expensive women’s stores that had large dressing rooms with mirrors on all the walls, so I could see how I looked in different poses and which ones gave the best view of my gaping pussy. It excited me to perform obscene poses so close to other people I could hear them talking outside my door. Sometimes I stayed in there so long, a clerk would knock on the door to see if I needed help. Once I heard a man’s voice just after I had put on a tiny bra and panty set I had brought in as an excuse to use the room. He was asking me if I needed help, obviously curious as to why I was in there so long. I thought this might satisfy my urge to exhibit myself. I answered:

—Yes, could you come in and see if I have the right size.

He probably thought I was wearing a dress, his eyes got huge when he saw me leaning against the back mirror wearing a tiny silk gauze G-string and tiny bra of the same material that brazenly showed my nipples and the slit of my hair-less pussy. He coughed in embarrassment, then turned his head and said:

—I think that only comes in one size.

No matter how he turned his head, he could see a reflection of me in the mirrors. I grinned at him and said:

—Yes, but it is loose here and here. Can anything be done about that?

At “Here” I touched my pussy and nipples. He coughed again, but no longer looked away. I could see the front of his pants growing a bulge as he answered:

—I think you just have to tighten the straps.

His dick really grew when I said:

—I tried that, but when I do this...

I pulled my elbows back to push my nipples tight against the gauze:

—Or this...

I spread my legs so wide I could see my lips open:

—They just loosen up again. See if you can fix it.

Sweat popped out on his forehead as he came over to me to pull the elastic waistband higher and tighter, then pulled up on the elastic going through the crack of my ass. He got braver then and smoothed the gauze over my pussy, pushing in more than he needed to and said:

—Try it now.

I spread my legs while we both watched it avidly in the mirror as pink appeared, then closed them again. The gauze remained tight. He took a deep breath then said:

—I see the problem. We need to take a couple of inches out of the elastic. Take them off and I will have our seamstress tighten them up and you can pick them up tomorrow.

I knew he meant after he left, but I said “Okay” and pulled them off to hand them to him. He stared at my nude pussy while I slipped off the bra. I watched his dick jump under his pants.

It was exciting at the time to make him horny, but I ended up wishing I had resisted the impulse because he followed me around like a puppy after that, ruining my chance to fantasize in front of the mirror. I was not interested in doing it for him again because he was wearing a wedding band and would only use me to get horny for his wife.

I tried rubbing on the rug again, but by the next day my skin had healed to the point it was just irritating rather than painful.

By Friday, I was desperate for excitement. As planned, I just wore a loose dress which I tucked up, so my bare butt would be on the car seat.

Again he met me at the door bare chested. I anxiously waited for him to tell me how I would be punished, since so far it had always been different. It was to be wildly different.

He seemed a little disappointed to have me take off my dress to be instantly naked. He must have missed the strip-tease. I decided that next time I would wear more clothes. I could always leave the panties and bra off when I went home.

He said:

—I have good news, bad news, and other news that I don't know whether you will like or not.

—Okay, what is the good news.

—I made you a new whip. It is just leather boot strings braided together. Feel it. It is soft and real light.

I took it from him to study it. He had braided four boot strings together and nailed them to a short broomstick. It was light and only about a half-inch thick, but there was a real hard knot at the ends of it that looked as if it may dig in. In any case, it was the lightest whip so far.

I rubbed it across my nipples as I asked:

—What is the bad news?

The judge thinks at least thirty lashes should fall on your most sensitive parts. Your breasts and pussy. That is why I made you a smaller whip.

That was not bad news. It excited me, but I was not ready to admit to him how much pain excited me.

—Oh God! I am going to be awfully sore afterward, aren't I?

—Possibly. Just in case, I have already filled the tub with cool water.

I thanked him for being so thoughtful and gave him a hug. Again he pushed me away.

Then I remembered there was more:

—What is the news you aren't sure of?

—The judge said I always had you tied up for the whipping and I had told him you would make retribution willingly. He wants you to take them in certain poses, untied, to show you are willing.

That would allow me to move to direct the lashes where I wanted them. I was quick to agree.

He took me to my room of torture. He had put pipe through the cuffs to make a trapeze about waist high. He told me to rest my lower stomach on it and hold on to my ankles. I would be able to see the lashes hit from between my legs. I said excitedly:

—Oh... this is wild. I will be able to see you hit my butt and pussy.

That seemed to interest him:

—Does it help you to see them land?

—Yes! Somehow it seems to make it more exciting.

—Well, your tits are obstructing your view. I can make it better.

He left for a moment, then came back to put alligator clips on my nipples to pull them up and out to be tied to the trapeze. It hurt awful and

worse than that I knew they would be super sensitive when they were hit by the lash, but somehow this extra pain just seemed to add to my excitement.

He straightened up and sent the whip whistling down on my ass. The lash part barely made a line. It was the knot that was the killer. I saw a deep red polka-dot appear on my right cheek, followed by a sharp sting at the blotch. That made me jump to cause the teeth to take a hard bite of my nipples. He carefully placed eighteen blotches on my ass cheeks. No matter how I tried, I could not stop from flinching to get more bites on my nipples. For the final two, he put the knot right between my cheeks, hitting my asshole. I stood up howling, which nearly jerked the clamps off my nipples. When I leaned over again, he used the opportunity to hit my anus again. It hurt so bad, the excitement of the blotches to my ass that had me nearly to orgasm changed to pure pain. I just hung over the trapeze sobbing my heart out while he took pictures then removed the clamps to lift me up, so I could lie on the floor.

I choked and sobbed:

—Ted. How could you do that to me. You said you would try to go easy on me. That was terrible. My nipples are bleeding and I'll bet my anus is too.

He went into the bathroom to wet a washcloth he used to dab at my rectum. The coolness felt good, then he put it in front of my eyes to show me there was no blood. Then he dabbed at my nipples.

—I am sorry, baby, but I was ordered to give you at least two on the crack of your ass. You can't blame me for your nipples. If you had stayed still, they would have been alright.

—Maybe, but I don't think anyone could stay still for that.

—You may be right. Just rest a while. I'll get you a drink. When he handed it to me, I drank all of it and asked for another. I sipped that one,

feeling the warmth of the strong drink as the alcohol went to my head. He got two more cold washcloths and had me lie on my back, so he could put them on my nipples and rectum.

He said contritely:

—I am sorry, baby. I didn't think that whip would hurt so bad. I will use anyone you want for the rest.

I was hurting so much I had forgotten there was more.

—Oh God! I guess you have to give me the rest, don't you?

—You know I do, but I will use any whip you want and go easy so you can cum.

It was an easy choice. There had only been one whip that had let me cum when it hit my pussy:

—Please use the one with the thong on the end.

—Sure honey! Just let me know when you are ready.

By then, my nipple pain was reduced to tingling, so I finished my drink and said I was ready.

He placed me on my knees close to the mirror, so I would have a close-up view. Then had me spread my legs to give full access to my pussy, and put my hands back, so I could grip my ankles. When he was satisfied my legs were spread enough and I had my breasts pushed out for him, he moved to my side and brought down the whip. Only the thong at the end hit the bottom of my breast to lift it and make it dance. He was a man of his word. He started easy, increasing the pain slowly to let my excitement build as the pain blended and seemed to run down to my wet crotch. I watched the welts form while my tits bounced wildly as if I was jumping up and down naked. He finished with two lashes to each nipple that I relished, knowing he would soon be hitting my pussy to make me crazy. He went from one lip to the other. By the tenth, I needed more and had caught his

rhythm, so I moved slightly to have the thong hit the crack. I screamed and began my orgasms. He stopped to say:

—Hold the lips open for me, baby.

That would be the ultimate submission. Anyone who's saw me do it would know I was suffering willingly, but the submission with the pain to follow just excited me more.

I put the sides of my thumbs inside the crack and pulled them open tight against my thighs.

The next lash hit right on my clit! I began to pant wildly as I came, while pumping out my hips to meet the lash. I was still pumping after he quit, then fell over on my side to lay there panting with shudders from after shocks going through my body.

When I calmed a little he picked me up to carry me to the tub, but I stopped him saying:

—No! No! I want the pain to last as long as possible, so I can still feel it at home.

—In that case, I can help you.

He slipped my dress over my head, then rolled up the skirt above my waist to hold it there with my belt. We walked out to my car that way. He picked up his straw door mat on the way out. When I was seated, he rolled up the mat tightly and had me raise up, so he could slide it under my crotch. It was savage! It felt like hundreds of needles were poking me from just below my clit to behind my tender rectum.

It was a miracle I got home without wrecking my car. Every bump or movement kept orgasms going that would make me squeal and close my eyes.

When I got home I was so exhausted I slept for twelve hours. The next day, I was still tender enough to become excited just by squirming in my

chair in classes.

He had given me a new toy. I decided it would be better if I had another mat for my breasts, so I went shopping. I was getting discouraged because I could only find rubber mats when I found something even better. They were steel brushes. Hundreds of dull pins. I bought two of them and hurried home to rip off my clothes. I had already rolled the mat tightly and tied string around it to keep it in a roll.

I put it on a chair, then spread my legs and let myself slowly down on it. It hurt marvelously, especially when I leaned forward, pushing it into my clit to pick up the wire brushes. I pushed them slowly into my breasts, sinking my nipples, then I leaned forward and began bouncing up and down on the mat while I slapped the brushes into my tits in time with my drops. I was soon in orgasm and began to slide my clit on the mat while I buried the brushes in my tits and twisted them. Finally, I couldn't stand it any longer and rolled off onto the floor, moaning and twitching with sweat rolling off my body.

When I had calmed enough to look in the mirror, I found I had caused a lot of damage. My pussy was raw and bleeding in a few places and my tits were covered with blood. It scared me so bad I threw the brushes and mat in the fireplace and set them on fire, so I would not be tempted to do it again.

I went into the bathroom to wash off the blood and put on salve. I was relieved to see the damage was not as bad as I thought. The skin on my nipples was too tough to be punctured and the bleeding on the rest of my tits had stopped, leaving little red dots that looked like mosquito bites. My pussy had stopped bleeding too, but it was so raw and tender it hurt when I walked, so I went to bed to lay on my back with my legs spread while I caressed it with salve, Incredibly just remembering the experience got me excited enough to have another orgasm which made me go to sleep.

My pussy felt much better when I woke up, but I resolved to let Ted bring me to orgasm from then on because I had hurt myself more than he had in the worst experience he had given me. I was very gentle with myself till Friday to be sure I would be completely healed and super horny to help me orgasm as soon as possible.

When we met, he had what I thought was a pleasant surprise. He showed me a new whip. It was just a soft leather strap. I hit my leg with it and it just caused the skin to get pink and a small sting. I thought I may need hundreds of lashes with it to have an orgasm. Then I became suspicious.

—This is obviously the good news. What is the catch? What is the bad news.

—I don't think there is a catch unless it is how you will be bound.

I had dressed for his strip-tease, but this time he seemed to be in a hurry for me to be nude. The second I was naked, he handcuffed my hands behind my back and led me to the torture room. There was just a single large hemp rope hanging from the pulley. I thought I would be tied, as I had been at the store. He seemed to confirm this by running it through the chains of my handcuffs, but then he brought it between my legs and tied it around my waist. It was really stickery. I was reminded of the floor mat. He pulled down on the rope with one hand while he worked it into the crack of my pussy with the other. I gasped as a sticker hit my clit. Then yelped when he grabbed the rope with both hands to pull it down, forcing me up on my toes to keep my weight off it.

He grinned at me and said:

—Comfy?

—Noo... It hurts awful. It feels like pins are sticking me. Do you have to tie me this way?

—Yes! You will get your lashes on your tits and pussy. Since this strap is so wimpy. I thought this would add something. Look at how the lips are pooched out.

I looked to see a wrinkle at the top of my slit from the rope being forced in me so far it was almost out of sight and the lips were pooched out in a pout.

—Oh God! Hurry and whip me. I can't stand this for long.

—I am not quite done. Just stand higher on your toes.

I was already on them, but I strained to get higher till my legs were shaking from the strain.

He came back with some skinny rope and began to wrap it around the base of my right tit. He kept making a tight coil till my poor tit was standing out round and hard. It began to throb before he finished the other one.

—Oooh! That is too tight. They will burst!

He just laughed and said:

—These are tits, not a pimple. They won't burst.

He tied another rope to the center of the rope binding my breasts, then ran it up to the hook and pulled on it to pull up on my throbbing boobs until I could feel my skin stretch clear around to my back.

By now, my tits were throbbing and becoming dark red from the trapped blood, while my pussy and clit were aching from the constant puncturing. I began to beg.

—Please whip me! Do it fast. You can hit as hard as you want! Just do it. Please!

—Hold on! There is just one more thing.

He went back to the closet and dragged back a big iron pipe with shackles on the end. He put the shackle on my right ankle, then pulled on my left to force my legs apart. That was awful. My whole weight was on

the splintery rope in my pussy and to my boobs. When he let go of the pipe after the other shackle was on, about forty more pounds were added.

I thought I would be cut in two and my tits felt like they may be pulled off. I screamed:

—No! God! No!

Till he slapped my face and said:

—I am talking to you.

I moaned piteously while he continued:

—Since this whip is so wimpy, you will want sixty lashes instead of fifty, so you can get thirty lashes on your tits and thirty on your pussy. Won't you?

—No! No! I don't want to be hit at all. You are killing me!

—Well, I'll just let you think about it for a while.

He went over to sit in his chair watching me in terrible agony while I tried to stay perfectly still to keep my pussy from being ripped while my poor tits began to look purple.

I realized he may let me hang there for hours if necessary to get me to agree, so I moaned between sobs:

—Do it!

He put his hand by his ear and said:

—I didn't hear you.

I screamed:

—Do it! Get it over with.

—Do what?

—Ooh Jesus! Whip my tits, and pussy sixty times.

—Hard?

—Yes! Hard! Just do it. Please!

He began on my tits. It was awful! They were so hard the strap bounced off them, leaving a terrible burn and sting. He was very methodical, going around the balloon of my tits and then the front till every inch was hit. I was beyond screaming, I just waved my head around gibbering and moaning till there was this new terrible pain to my pussy. It was not just the burn to the skin. The lash pushed my inner lips into the rope to make me jump to drive the stickers even deeper in my cunt. I think I went a little crazy. I spaced out and then incredibly I found I was working my way to a monster orgasm by swinging my ass to grind the pins into my clit while he burned the lips. I don't know if he gave me all thirty or not because at the crest of my orgasm I passed out.

I woke up in the cool water of the tub with my tits and pussy still throbbing with pain. I looked at my tits, which were now very red with a dark purple bruise where the rope had dug into them. I touched my pussy and recoiled at the pain.

I suddenly realized he was behind me when I heard:

—Don't worry. I haven't put on the salve yet. I thought you would want to be cooled down. You will be fine.

I doubted it. I got out to see my pussy was the same dark shade of red as my tits. I was astonished to see my pussy was not bleeding, although my tender inner lips were bruised.

He helped me out of the tub to dry me, then had me lie on his bed while he gently put layer after layer of salve on me.

It didn't help that much. I was so sore I could not even go to the store the next day. My only consolation was his promise when I left that on my next session I could pick my whip and the pose I wanted to receive them. The worst thing was, he also said that I was truly amazing to be able to cum under all that pain. I had really hoped he had not known, so he would feel

sorry for me and ease off on the pain he was inflicting. I knew I would have to pick a whip that I could stand no matter how hard he would hit me with it.

By using the salve with gentle massage, I was well in a couple of days. Actually, I was proud of my recuperative powers and glad I was in the habit of eating right and exercising to stay in shape. Perversely, I was also proud that Ted was in awe of the amount of pain I could take.

By Friday, I had decided that the only whip that had made me come without horrendous pain was the light whip with the thong. Now I only had to decide how I wanted it.

When I was naked, he led me to the other room to point out an array of whips on the floor.

My favorite whip was not there! Neither was the soft strap.

There was the thonged whip he had used the first time, one with seven tightly braided strands, a long whip I recognized as a buggy whip from cowboy movies, the whip with the knot on the end, and a weird thing. It looked like a ping pong paddle, except it had holes drilled through it about a half inch apart and a handle over two feet long. It was obviously to be used on a butt. a willow switch about three feet long, and finally a wide thick strap attached to a long handle.

At least I was familiar with the thonged whip and it did not look as bad as the others, so I chose it.

—Fine. What part of your body do you want it to hit?

I was confused:

—All over, I guess.

—No. It does not work that way. You must choose a different whip for each body part. One for your pussy, one for your right breast, one for the left then each cheek of your ass, and each thigh.

Picking a whip was a cruel joke. I had seven whips with seven places to hit. I would feel them all. The only one I could consider hitting my sensitive pussy was the thonged whip. I stared at the others, trying to make a decision. When he said:

—I will give you a little break. Since there are seven places I will hit them seven times. You will only get forty-nine lashes. Have you made up your mind?

It was a tiny concession, but it was a concession, maybe he felt guilty over my last session and would go easy. I was grateful I would not be hung up again as I had been before, which should make any whip bearable. Since I could not make a decision, I decided to leave it to him with exceptions.

I want the thonged whip on my pussy at the end, and the paddle is obviously for a butt-cheek. I don't know about the others. You must know which whip is best for a part. I will leave it to you.

—Fine. Go over and put on your wrist cuffs. Since you are letting me choose I won't stretch you tight.

I thought that was a real concession and thanked him profusely. When he was done my hands were just above my head high enough to keep my arms above my breasts and my legs, although widely spread, were not pulled open so far the inner thighs ached as they usually were. I actually felt comfortable and thanked him again.

—You're welcome. Since you are being so nice, I will give you another break and let you rest between spots.

—Oh... thank you. I am sure I will need time to recover. How can I thank you.

—Well, I am a little tense. If you want, I will loosen your wrist ropes so you can get on your knees to suck my dick.

I had never done that and it seemed terribly shameful to agree to do such a disgusting thing.

—No! I have never done that! It sounds disgusting.

—Okay! I will just take off the tension by whipping you. I'll start on that fine ass.

I had noticed when he was pulling up my wrists that he had put another mirror on the ceiling, which let me see my butt. I stood there shaking with fear as he picked up the paddle and moved away from me, sliding the paddle over my butt till it was centered on my right cheek. He pulled it way back. I heard the air whistling through the holes and then a fantastic burn as it sunk into the loose muscles of my butt since I had not been stretched. The holes in the paddle served two purposes. It cut wind resistance and caused my flesh to go into them to leave dots even redder than the rest of the area. I screamed on each one that were all put on the same spot of my cheek. That proved to be a good thing. It was so bad my nerves went dead, so the last few were not nearly so bad on my butt that I was now keeping very tense.

He gave me a nice break by fondling my red, swollen butt cheek until the sting and burn receded.

Then he picked up the strap. It was very heavy and I knew I would be badly bruised. Even though I tried to keep the muscles tight it buried itself in my ass and worse when I screamed loudly when the tip went between my butt cheeks to rip it open he aimed to make them all go there.

When the ordeal was over, he let me hang there for a while with tears rolling out of my eyes sobbing my heart out, knowing there was no way I could overcome this much pain. Again he stroked my swollen cheek until the pain lessened.

When I got my breath, he picked up the willow switch to step forward and to stand just enough to my side to keep my body in view in the mirror. I had hoped he would hit the back and front of my thighs, but this was not to be. It whistled through the air and hit my sensitive inner thigh. It hurt terribly and worse there were delays while he would rest the tip on my inner thigh to aim for the next lash. I watched the red lines creeping closer to my pussy. Finally, it was over and he stroked up and down on my striped thigh, letting his thumb slip into my open gash on the up strokes. That helped and incredibly I saw his thumb getting wet from my juices.

He picked up the buggy whip. It was twice as bad. I became mindless with pain while it sunk in to leave purplish welts laddering from the middle of my thigh to just barely missing the lips of my pussy.

Again there was no way I could overcome this much pain all to fresh nerves and I was on the verge of passing out when he finished and said:

—I will give you a little break.

I wanted to pass out to stop the pain! I begged him to get it over with, but he refused, saying:

—No. You need time to recover.

He let me stand there on my burning, quivering legs until I began taking deep breaths and stopped sobbing enough for him to give me a drink of water. Then he fondled my breasts, reminding me they were about to explode in pain. I gasped and moaned:

—No! Please no more. I will suck your cock for you if you stop.

—You know I can't stop. You have to take them all, but I may not hit as hard.

Even that sounded good to me:

—Please let me suck it. I want you to be grateful to me. I promise to make it good for you.

He reluctantly agreed as if he was doing me a great favor and loosened the ropes to help me to my knees. He pulled his pants and shorts to his knees to reveal a gnarly big dick so hard it was pointing straight up. He told me to open my mouth and pushed it down to press on the roof of my mouth. It tasted terrible. He must have not washed it in weeks and he made my humiliation last as long as possible. Every time I could tell from his breathing that he was about to cum, he would pull it out to have me lick and suck on his balls till he calmed down.

Even though I dreaded the idea of having his snot-like cum shooting into my mouth, I wanted to get it over with, so I sucked him as hard and fast as I could. He finally made a grunt and came. It would have been better to have him cum in my mouth. He added to my humiliation by jerking out his dick to shoot cum all over my eyes and face. Even that was not enough degradation. He used his finger to scrape the cum off my face and made me suck it off his finger.

I was so ashamed I could not look at him while he pulled me back up by the ropes to my handcuffs.

When I was back in position, he picked up the whip with the small braided thongs.

When he hit me with it, my right tit seemed to explode with pain. The thongs were braided so tightly it was like being hit with wire. I also found it was worse not to have my tits pulled tight by stretching me. Being loose, it was ripped into grotesque shapes with every lash. If he was being easy on me now, he would have ripped off my tits by doing it hard. When he finished, my tit was glowing with red stripes and seemed to have swollen tight. He confirmed that by fondling it and saying:

—It is nice and round and firm now. I will get the other to match.

He picked up the whip with the knot and although he did not hit as hard, he tried to hit my nipple with the knot on every lash.

Incredibly, it began to excite me. I watched my nipple avidly as it went out of sight from the knot only to pop out harder than ever for the next while I pumped my hips trying to rub my engorged clit that seemed to twinge with each lash.

He quickly picked up the thonged whip and went behind me to bring the ends between my legs to slap against the lips and my clit with a loud:

—Splat!

I got his cadence and began to squat to meet the thongs as my orgasms became breathtaking.

Finally, it was over and he let me hang there for a while, panting and shuddering with my body glowing with perspiration and juice drooling from my tortured pussy.

When I began to breath deeply, accentuating my maroon breasts, he got me loose and carried my limp, exhausted body to the cool tub.

The burning stopped immediately. I rocked my body to let the water swirl around my floating breasts. Then I began to caress my pussy that had brought me to new heights of excitement.

He stared at me in absolute wonder, then said:

—You are unbelievable! I know that must have been a terrible ordeal, but you were shuddering in obvious orgasm and pushing down to open your pussy even more to meet the whip.

—It was only the last part that excited me. Everything in front of that was just pure pain. Since I have suffered so much I may go to the judge to see if he will lessen my sentence.

He looked shocked and dismayed:

—That is a terrible idea. You are so beautiful in person, I am sure he would just want his guards to do it, so he could watch. Once he found out you are able to have orgasms from pain, he would make it worse so you would just be punished. To make it better for you, next time we will just use the thonged whip and you will be untied so you can dodge if it gets too much.

I got a picture in my mind of two burly guards whipping me with the terrible tightly braided whip while the judge yelled “Harder! Harder!” from his chair. I shuddered and said:

—Really? That would be wonderful. Could you just give me thirty with the thonged whip, then finish with the little strap on my nipples and pussy? I will hold my pussy lips open for you. If you want, you can hold them open with the clips.

I could tell the idea excited him:

—Sure! I would be glad to do that for you. The clips are a good idea. You get so excited, you may let your lips loose.

This time I was a long time healing. My bruises did not fade away until the fourth day. I was consoled in the knowledge that my next session would be pure excitement. He had even said I could control the cadence and ask to be hit softer or harder. I could even pick my pose!

Once the soreness went away, time dragged as I looked forward to my next experience. I was disappointed when he called me Friday to say he had to work a little late, but he told me where he had hidden a key to his house, so I could get in and be ready for him as soon as he got back.

I decided to go early, so I would have time to work up my excitement with a little masturbation in the torture room while I fantasized over my coming experience.

Once I got in his house, I became curious about the drawers and closets where he stored his punishment things. I thought I might find a whip I would like even better. There were frightening things in there “C” clamps that could crush my nipples, gobs of alligator clamps in different sizes some so strong I couldn’t let them stay on my finger and dozens of different whips and paddles. One whip was just terrible. It was made of four lengths of barbed wire. There would be no way I could be hit by it without bleeding a lot, even if the lashes were easy. I shuddered at the thought and was happy that Ted thought I had suffered enough to let me off easy.

Another drawer contained a soldering iron that had a hole drilled in the end to hold the letter “T” made from wire. It was obvious this would be used to brand his initial on skin. On further checking, I saw he had all the letters made. He could brand his entire name if he wanted!

I became frightened he might get mad at me later and decide to use the barbed wire whip and possibly brand my breasts or pussy. I decided to search the house to find my confession. Without that evidence, I might be able to get a lawyer to commute my sentence.

I found a big four drawer file cabinet in his office. I was sure my confession was in it, but it was locked. My dad had lost the key to his cabinet, so I knew it was easy to break the lock. I was really tempted because he had a big tool kit in the corner he must have used to build his tables and stretching devices I had found in the closet. Unfortunately, he would know it was broken and who did it. I decided to wait and see if he would really be easy on me. If not, I could now get into his house while he was at work to get it.

I decided to go back to my original plan to work myself up to my coming experience. I had barely undressed when I heard his car door slam and the front door open. He was very angry! I was relieved to find out he

was not mad at me, but at his boss for making him work overtime to guard a truck that was being unloaded.

I didn't want him to be in that mood with me under his whip.

—I am sorry! Would you like me to suck your dick so you can feel better?

—Yeah... That might mellow me out.

—Shall we go to your bed?

—Naw... I like it better with you kneeling like a cheap hooker. You still have too damn much pride.

That hurt. I really wanted to be in bed with him to make it seem like normal sex. He obviously enjoyed humiliating me and making sure I would not get any enjoyment.

He took off his uniform and sat on the edge of his chair so his dick and balls could hang over. I was surprised and dismayed to see it was soft. That meant it would take more time for him to get off.

When I knelt between his legs he lifted my chin to look at my face and said:

—That big dick just makes your mouth water, doesn't it, slut?

That was not true. Actually, I felt a little sick. I was only doing it to get him out of his nasty mood, but there was no use arguing the point. I mumbled:

—Yes!

—Well, then show some appreciation. Beg me to let you suck it.

I cringed, thinking even a cheap hooker would balk at that, but I did not have the option to say no. I whined:

—Please Ted! Please let me suck your beautiful dick.

—Well, alright, but you had better do a good job. If I feel teeth, you are in deep shit.

I picked up his limp dick to put it in my mouth, but that was wrong.

—Hold it! No hands. Just mouth, lips and tongue. I'll make sure you don't forget.

He went over to his drawer to bring back some twine and two alligator clips. He tied the twine around my wrists and to the clips, then put the clips on each lip of my pussy. The bastard let them snap shut and I jumped and yelped as it felt like two rats had bitten me.

Actually he did me a favor, I began to forget the humiliation as he directed me to lick his balls and the head of his dick because the bite to my lips with my hands so close made it natural to begin rubbing my clit. As my excitement rose, I began gobbling his dick with gusto, ignoring his comments about me being a whore and slut. Just as he and I were about to cum, he grabbed the back of my head and jammed his dick down my throat. I panicked because I was choking and couldn't breathe. I jerked up my hands to push him away, ripping the clamps out of my pussy, causing a tearing pain. He was too strong for me to push away! I thought I might pass out from a lack of air when his dick got soft enough for me to suck air around it.

When he took out his dick, he said:

—You are a pretty good cocksucker for such a classy cunt. You could probably make a living from it. Would you like me to have some friends contact you?

The idea of sucking strange men without being forced into it was too much to muse on. I said:

—I only want to suck your dick.

—Thanks! I like that idea.

He reached down to take off my clips and found they were loose. He looked at me suspiciously and said:

—When did you take off the clips.

—I didn't... I ripped them off when you came.

He had me stand up, so he could see the scraped skin on my cunt, then looked up at me to say:

—Wow! You really like an extra burst of pain when you cum, don't you, baby.

The idiot thought I had cum when he did. I couldn't let that go by.

—Actually, I did it when your dick went down my throat, choking me.

—Yeah... It takes timing to be able to breathe around a dick in your throat. We will keep working on it.

Shit! Now he thought I liked sucking him. I may have been better off not offering.

Now it was time to whip me.

He laid out the thong whip and the small strap, then said:

—Since this will be easy, you don't need to be tied. You had better not try to get away though. If you do, I will put big safety pins through your nipples and cunt and tie you with them.

I shuddered at the thought. I had seen the huge pins in his drawer and wondered why he had them. Now I knew.

I babbled:

—I won't move unless you want me to. I promise!

—You better not. You can cause real damage fighting those pins.

He placed me under the ceiling mirror and facing the wall mirror, then had me bend over, telling me I could see the lashes hit in the mirror on the other wall through my legs.

He really was nice! The thongs barely stung as I watched my butt redden. By the sixth. I actually asked him to hit harder, but he said he didn't need to and my ass was just too tough. He told me to pull my ass cheeks

apart with my hands. That did it! The thongs went into the tender crack of my ass to hit my anus and although he hit no harder, the pain doubled.

I was beginning to pant and shudder when he brought out a foot stool for me to kneel on. He told me to put my hands on top of my head and push out my tits. When I did, the thongs began making my tits red as they gyrated wildly. By the time, he had finished the ten, I was so excited I could hardly wait for him to start on my pussy.

He had me stand with my legs spread with my hands on my butt to push my hips forward. He began to swing the whip around in a circle like a soft ball pitcher just fractions of an inch from my pussy. I pushed forward to have the thongs bury in it, then back off, only to push forward again till I was pumping in time with the lashes. That did it! My orgasms became so great I could not stand up and dropped to my knees still pumping while he picked up the strap and began hitting my nipples. I grabbed the bases of my tits to squeeze them and push out the nipples.

He stopped and put the foot stool under my butt. I fell back on it then spread my legs in a split like a cheerleader and grabbed my lips with thumbs and forefingers to stretch them widely apart, so the whole strap could hit inside. He didn't stop at ten, he kept hitting me until I could not cum any more and rolled off the stool onto the floor.

I laid there pinching my nipples and pushing my fingers into my pussy until I could talk.

I got up on my knees and hugged his legs, murmuring:

—Thank you. You are wonderful. I never knew I could feel this way.

—You are most welcome, baby. Now rest. I will get you a drink.

I laid there, caressing the nipples and clit that had brought on this fantastic experience. I noticed that he had come back and was leering at me. I knew I must be the embodiment of all sluts, but I just didn't care. At that

point, I would have done it on the fifty-yard line in front of a stadium full of people.

He stopped me by saying:

—Here. Take this.

He held out a glass of whiskey. After a few swallows that burned my throat. I began to calm down.

—I have more good news. You know that mirror I put on the ceiling?

—Oh yes! Thank you. It allowed me to see my butt being hit.

—Yeah! Well, it isn't a mirror. It is one-way glass and I mounted a cam corder in the attic. I have a great tape of your orgasms. I think you will want to watch it over and over.

That was an understatement. As soon as I left, I rushed to a video store to rent a VCR. I watched it over and over, including slow motion and frame by frame. I swear, if it had been anyone else, I would have been sure the tape was faked. By just watching I could feel the lashes and with the vibrating dildo he loaned me I could cum every day till I went to sleep. The more I watched it, the more I wondered if the movies I had seen where girls were whipped were really faked. The way I was screaming and contorting my face, you could not be sure if I was in pain or orgasm. The movie people might just have girls like me that could get off on it.

About Wednesday, I remembered his parting comments and became frightened. He had said that since that session had given me so much pleasure, he would have to plan something much more severe for next time, so I could actually be punished. At the time I had been so excited I had agreed I owed more pain, but now I began to picture myself hanging from pins through my nipples while being hit with barbed wire. I became more and more frightened as I remembered the instruments of pure torture in his closets.

I would never know. On the way home from school, there was a news flash on my radio saying Ted had been shot trying to apprehend a criminal and was not likely to live. It immediately occurred to me that someone would be going through his things if he died and they would find my confession. I changed course to his house and found the key. I went directly to his office and used his tools to break in to the cabinet. In the top drawer I found my confession along with other girls. There was also a folder full of paper with the county courthouse letterhead. By opening the top drawer, the other drawers were unlocked. I opened them to find hundreds of videotapes. I went to his kitchen and found a couple of large garbage bags and emptied every thing in the cabinet. As an afterthought, I went to the torture room to get my favorite whips.

I occurred to me the cops might drop by looking for a relative, so I sped out of there directly home.

I sorted out the paper and went through the large manila envelopes till I found one with my name on it. My confession and sentence was in it along with some more pages with notes describing the top drawer listing my punishments in detail with my reactions to each one and the description of the next punishment planned. His final note on his plans for me made me happy he had been shot. He said:

—I believe Joan is now completely submissive. She has agreed to severe punishments to her tits and pussy, has begged me to let her suck my cock and in the last session took her punishments without restraints and actively participated in punishments to her most sensitive parts, reaching multiple orgasms in the process.

I believe she is ready to go into the next phase. I am going to tell her I love her and can't do what the "Judge" wants me to do unless she is willing to ask me to do it. If not I will have to inform the "Judge" that his guards

will have to do it in their new sound-proof interrogation room. I think she will beg me to do it rather than have them torture her. At that point I will tell her I was ordered to pierce her nipples for rings to keep her in restraint then whip her butt with the barbed wire whip and her breasts and pussy with rose branches till she bleeds. I will tell her if the guards do it they will use the barbed wire on all three places for the full fifty lashes, while I will quit as soon as there is enough bleeding to make the “Judge” think she got all fifty. The truth is, I will whip her till she has passed out and is hanging by her nipples. I have a Japanese market that will love that tape.

I realized I had been “Conned” and worse I would have gone along with him even on this fantastic ordeal since I had already decided the “Judge” and his guards must be horribly sadistic. Anything Ted done would have been better than submitting to them.

I began shuffling through his correspondence and found letters thanking him for videotapes saying their check was enclosed or notes of rejection saying the tapes were too severe with the suggestion he submitted them to outlets in Mexico or Japan.

I began to read the confessions. I decided to do it chronologically to see how this had got started. The oldest was six years ago and the first of twenty girls.

It seemed he had begun by accident. He had picked up a twelve-year-old girl for shoplifting and she had begged him not to notify the police or her parents because they would kill her. She offered to let him spank her with a willow switch like her dad would, only longer and harder. Interestingly, he used the same format of lashes in payment, but those who had not taken very much had to take more lashes per dollar. After the first two girls, no-one got less than five hundred lashes.

I read his notes on the first girl. On the first two sessions, he was satisfied to whip her butt on top of her panties, but then he said the girl complained that her butt was so sore the next day she was afraid her folks would notice the face she made when she sat down. He said that when he suggested spreading the lashes all over her body, she agreed, even though her body would have to be nude. She obviously began to enjoy it because on her third visit she wore a bikini bathing suit under her clothes and asked him to mark around it with a washable magic marker and just hit her where the marks would be hidden. He was amazed and delighted when she turned her back for the marking and found she had tucked the seat of her suit into the crack of her ass. That meant that all fifty lashes would hit her on the crack of her ass, her breasts and the small triangle covering her pussy. His delight increased when he said she should be tied up so she would not move to spoil his aim and she not only agreed, but suggested her legs should be spread, so he would not hit her thighs to show the marks. He must not have hit as hard then as he did with me. That many lashes on such a small area would have caused bleeding. He said she screamed at first from the lashes to the crack of her ass and to the nipples of her small breasts, but her screams had turned to moan when he got to her pussy and the pain put her into some sort of “Rapture”. He was still dumb enough at that time not to realize she had reached orgasm from pain alone.

He caught on at the next session when she brought a leather whip she had made by braiding leather bootlaces and offered to spread her legs into the “Splits” for the lashes if he would use the whip rather than the switch. He couldn’t miss that because he said the whip became soaked from the juices coming from her pussy. She kept coming long after she had repaid her debt and although he could not hurt her as much as he wanted in fear

her folks would find out he missed her a lot when her father was transferred out of town.

I recognized the next woman. She was a single woman about thirty with huge tits who worked at the student store. She admitted to being arrested before and said the judge told her if he saw her again she would be put in jail. He said she cried hysterically saying she would lose the house she had saved for years to make the down payment, her car, and her job. She offered to do anything if he would let her off. He said he assumed she meant sexual favors since she leaned over his desk to show her ample boobs. Then he said a strange thing:

—Naturally, I was not interested in sex with a woman when I had sweet little Joe.

This explained why his only sex with me was demeaning blow jobs. He hated women, he was a faggot and possibly a pedophile.

In spite of the sexually charged situation of being nude in front of him, she could never convert the pain to excitement. He said she would begin to cry before she even had her clothes off. He loved to hit her massive tits and hit them with every thing imaginable. Whips, five foot long willow switches, bamboo canes, wooden paddles and even a billy club. He said that she would often show up for a session still showing bruises from the last. He only gave her one break. In one session, she showed up with so many bruises from her last session where he had used a rubber hose on her tits for forty lashes that she came through the door crying. She told him she could not take it anymore and decided she would go to jail. He told her that if she sucked him off, he would let her choose the whip and where she would be hit. He made it as demeaning as possible. She had to crawl to him with her breasts dragging across the wool carpet and then made her beg to kiss his ass and suck him. He even made her stick her tongue in his ass-hole. When

that ordeal was over, she chose a strap to be used on her butt and back. He said he hit her so hard he was drenched in sweat and his arm got sore. He thought it was funny she had to drive home over a rutty road with her flaming ass.

I could never see her again without imagining the way her tits would look while being hit with all those instruments.

He said he did not want to forget how her tits looked under torture. That is when he installed his first camcorder. By the time, he had got to me, he had them in all four walls and the ceiling, so his view would never be blocked.

He was busy for a while. He picked up two more girls, so he was scheduled on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Unfortunately for him, they had not stolen much, so he was only able to give them five hundred lashes and that only by inventing the cruel judge and guards. They could not get off on it either and were willing to blow him with dildos crammed up their asses or pussies. Sometimes in both in order to be able to pick their whip.

I was reading till two o'clock in the morning. There were eight girls including me that reached orgasms. Four of them were still active like me, still owing lashes. I planned to contact them and two other girls that hated it to give them their confessions and let them know they had nothing to worry about. There was another girl named Jan I wanted to meet just because she was so incredible. She had continued to come to him long after she had paid her debt. She not only got off on the things he would do, she even suggested things to cause so much pain she must have had to stay over sometimes just to recover. She told him she was a slut and did not care who knew. She had him brand her left tit with "Slut", Her right with whore, and finally had him burn off her pussy hair with a candle and brand her pussy by writing "Cocksucker" up her right lip just above the slit and down the left one.

Since he had to put them on one letter at a time he had done it two letters at a session. It was at the end of the sessions after the area being branded had been whipped. She was also the girl who had given him the barbed wire whip.

I had an orgasm just reading about her while pinching my clit and had to wonder when if ever I would have refused his punishments. I had already admitted I would have gone along with his next plan for me.

I then began sorting the videotapes. They all had stick on tapes with just the girl's first name. There were a lot with my name on them, more than I had sessions, but then I remembered there would be a tape for each camera. By the time, I had them all sorted by name and date taken, it was daylight and I fell into bed exhausted.

I slept until a barking dog woke me at eleven. I decided that since she was so handy, I would take the confession to Marie at the student store and I could see her during her noon hour. I got there just before noon and caught her just as she was leaving to go to lunch. I went to her and said I would like to take her to lunch because I had something private to discuss with her. She looked puzzled, but followed me to my car.

When she got in, she said:

—What is all this about?

I told her that we had something in common since we had both been punished by Ted and I had her confession that I would give to her.

She began to cry between sobs, saying:

—How did you find out? He promised only he and the judge would know. I am so ashamed.

I told her not to worry and that I would not tell anyone. I had brought her confession so she could burn it and not have to worry about anyone finding out, since Ted was dead.

—But how did you get it from the judge?

When I told her there was no judge and that Ted had made him up and used the judge's name on the sentence Ted had determined.

She did not want to believe it:

—But I saw the sentence! It was perfectly legal and came from the courthouse. Even though the whipping was terrible, it was better than losing everything by going to jail.

I gave her the confession and sentence, saying:

—Look closely at them. They were both typed on the same typewriter. See how the “T” is crooked and the “M” is blurred.

—Oh God! Now I don't know what to think. I would have gone to jail if he had turned me in and I am grateful for that, but I hate the fact that he progressively made the punishment worse to keep me coming rather than suffer jail along with what I had already repaid. As bad as it was, there was an end in sight and when I got to the point of not being able to take anymore he would give me a lighter session.

I know. There is more. Here are the notes he took saying what he did to you.

She began to cry again as she read them, saying:

—Oh God. My breasts are aching just remembering this. Towards the end, they received almost all the punishment.

—These notes aren't complete. It was even worse. I didn't just take off my clothes. He made me do an obscene strip-tease, shaking my breasts and slapping them together.

She read on then sobbed and said:

—Did he hit your breasts with a billy club, or weighted rubber hose?

—No! Just whips, or straps.

—How many sessions did you have?

—Five! I had twenty-five to go.

—Wow! You would have taken a lot. I only had eighteen sessions. You have pretty large boobs too. Eventually he would have used clubs on them. You can't imagine that pain. My breasts would be sore all week.

She continued to read then sobbed again, saying:

—Oh God. He tells about the time he made me suck him. I am so ashamed. You have to understand, I was desperate to get a lighter session. My breasts were a solid bruise.

—I understand. I did it too.

She seemed relieved, then said:

—The note is not complete. Before he made me crawl to him with my hands cuffed behind my back, he spread a bucket of cockle burrs on the rug. My breasts and belly were raw by the time I got to him. Perversely, that excited me. I decided to find some, so I could see what that felt like.

She finished reading, then looked up with alarm:

—Where are the rest of the notes? I had eighteen sessions. I can't bear to think someone may read about them.

I told her not to worry about that. I had taken every piece of paper from his filing cabinet and desk that had writing on it and dumped it in garbage bags. The notes did not have page numbers, so I could only collate them by dates. I did not have time to finish and was sure I had the rest of the notes.

Then I got curious:

—What would be worse than this, that would make you so ashamed.

—Oh God. I guess you will read it anyway, so I will tell you so you can make sure you have found it, so I can burn it. Later on, he began giving me options of punishments. If I wanted the lesser one, I would have to do something vile for him and then beg for the lesser punishment. Once he was

drinking beer when I got there and after I was stripped and kneeling in front of him, he showed me a metal chain on the end of a handle and a thin leather strap.

I broke in to say excitedly:

—I know that strap. He used it on me.

—Then you can appreciate how much better that would be than the chain. He said I could have the chain hit my breasts or the strap hit my butt and pussy. Naturally I wanted the strap since my breasts were still sore. The payment was terrible. He said he had to piss and if I wanted the strap I would have to drink his piss. I just could not stand the thought of that chain hitting my tits. I agreed. He had to piss a lot. It made me sick and I had to run to the toilet to throw up while he laughed at me. Then he had me lie on the floor and put ankle cuffs on me with rope going to the tops of the opposite walls. He pulled me up till I was resting on my shoulders and my legs were spread wider than they had ever been before. Then he went behind me to do my butt. He cheated. Part of the strap hit my butt at the crack, but the end was hitting my pussy. After my other tortures, it felt almost pleasant because he started easy and increased the pain gradually. After twenty-five there, he moved to my front to put them dead center on my pussy that had opened from my legs being spread so wide. I don't know what happened. It was exciting me and I began to have orgasms. Worst of all, he knew it and began to call me a slut or whore with each lash.

I said:

—Don't be ashamed. It is a defense mechanism to conquer the pain. It happened to me too.

—It gets worse. At the next session, he had a boy about ten years old with him, he introduced as "Joe". He told me that Joe was mad at his mother, so he had told him he could take it out on me. This time he had the

chain and a leather thonged whip. He said I could either have him use the chain on me or the boy use the whip. I was suspicious. What do I have to do to have the boy do it?

—Nothing special. You will like it. You just have to spread your legs standing untied and ask for the lashes to your pussy. By counting from one to fifty, he will hit you at each count. You can make it last as long as you want. The only catch is that if you move out of position, I will tie you and give the remainder of your lashes with this chain. For the fun part. When this is over, you can suck his dick.

—God, That was sick. He was just a little boy, but that chain would ruin my pussy. I begged him to let me rest my shoulders against the wall to help me stay in position. He agreed, but left for a moment to go in the other room.

I knew what that was for. With her on the far wall, he would want to zoom in with the camcorder. I leaned against the wall with my hips forward and legs spread. I could see myself in the mirror on the opposite wall. I looked utterly obscene and felt worse seeing the boy grinning at me. Ted came back, swinging the chain ominously. I knew I had to stand still, no matter what I felt. They stood in front of me eagerly and I remembered I had to ask for them. When I said “One”, I delayed a moment to absorb the pain to my open lips then said ‘Two’ even though the pain was worse than the strap, I began to get excited. I began counting faster and faster until orgasms started in the thirties and got stronger and stronger. At fifty, he stopped and I dropped to my knees to take off his jeans and take all of his hard little dick in my mouth.

—Do you understand now. I can’t let anyone see that. I had become such a perverted slut, I enjoyed the whipping and even sucking a little kid. I was so ashamed all week that on the next session, I asked Ted to use the

barbed wire whip from my thighs to my shoulders in the back and from my thighs to the top of my breasts in the front. I was so sore I had to stay over and call in sick the next day, so he could put salve on my cuts, but I was glad because it had hurt too much to reach orgasm and I felt the punishment was right to pay for my disgusting behavior.

I could hardly wait to see that tape. I promised to find the rest of the notes and hurried her out of the car, so I could rush down to buy the best VCR available, even though that meant I would be skipping a lot of meals.

Her tapes were fantastic! I could hardly believe she had the courage to keep coming back. I did not blame her for her orgasms when the boy whipped her. He did not hit her really hard, although her pussy lips twisted and contorted with each lash, which I knew had to provide fabulous stimulation to her clitoris. I would have sucked that little boy until he was totally drained.

I could see it was going to take a long time for me to see all the tapes. I ran the boy tape in slow motion since he had zoomed in so all you could see was her torso with great close-ups of the lips contorting. I would lay back watching them while using the strap on my own pussy in time with the lashes she asked for and began to cum about the same time she did.

The tape where he used the barbed wire on her was just too much. She screamed herself hoarse by the time he had got to the top of her butt. It was so bad that she passed out twice. When she did, he just slapped her face with a wet towel till she was conscious and moaning, then continued. At the end, blood was running down her legs in rivulets. It made me feel sick and I did not watch it again.

He must have known how guilty the little boy made her feel and that it might stop her from coming back because he never appeared again.

He loved torturing her big tits. In one tape, he tightened the big “C” clamps on her nipples so tight she was blubbering in pain, then hung her from the ceiling horizontally to tie big dumbbells to the clamps to stretch her tits into narrow cones. Then he tied her head up out of the way with twine in her hair and whipped her tits to make the weights bounce. He also put cords around the bases to balloon them and tied the cords to a hook to lift her entirely off the floor and then they were whipped.

Occasionally he would just use a paddle or light whip on her pussy to make her cum, so he could call her a slut and pervert for getting an orgasm.

Towards the end he put big metal rings through her nipples making the holes with a nail and from then on he used them to hold her in position. By the last tape, her breasts were covered with stretch marks and scars.

After the marathon of watching all her tapes, I decided to just watch one per night of the other girls to allow me to get an orgasm every night for a long time.

That gave me time to match up all the notes and make sure I had all of Marie’s. There was one note she had not mentioned and was not on tape. He said that he was degrading her fat and huge tits, and said her pussy was so huge he could get his fist in it. She begged him to do it and he did, wearing the rubber gloves with warts. He said she liked that so much, he used it as a reward when she suggested extreme punishments. It turned out that not only did she ask for the barbed wire whipping, she also asked to be hung up by her tits and had brought him the rings for her nipples with a standard unsharpened nail to make the hole.

I thought she had suffered enough, so when I brought her the rest of the notes I lied and said I had not read them.

I suddenly realized that with the time taken in reading all the notes, and watching the tapes, I had missed a lot of school.

After one class, the professor said he wanted to talk to me. He told me that considering the classes I had missed and my poor grade on the last test, he thought it's best for me to drop his class and take an incomplete rather than flunking out. I couldn't do that. My dead father had left a scholarship fund that demanded a minimum of fifteen credit hours and a "B" average if I dropped, my weekly allowance would stop until I had that minimum back.

I missed the orgasms from whipping so decided to see if I could sell the professor on an idea.

—Oh please Sir! I can't do that. My dad used to whip me when I was bad. If you give me some time to catch up you could provide my motivation by whipping me every Friday till I have a "B".

He coughed then said:

—Is whipping a euphemism for a little hand spanking?

—No! With a leather thonged whip. My dad made me study with it, so I could get into college. He used to hang me from the ceiling and whip me while I was just wearing my panties, but if you want you can whip me while I am nude.

His face flushed and I saw his dick growing in his pants.

—Well, that would certainly provide an incentive, but there is nowhere we could do it. Certainly not here.

We can do it at my place, I live in a little farm house on a ranch dad bought before he died. It is a half-mile from the nearest neighbor. No-one will know. Please!

—Well, if you think it will help, I guess it is my duty as a teacher to provide incentives.

What a crock! His dick was so hard I could see it perfectly outlined running up to his belt.

Oh... thank you. Tomorrow is Friday. Could you come to my place around seven? I have to go to a hardware store for rope and some padded hobbles for my wrists. Oh... yeah, and a hook for the ceiling.

That really got to him. He began to take short breaths. I decided to make him crazier:

—Should I get some hooks for the floor too, so you can tie my legs apart. dad said I looked great all stretched.

—Oh... Jesus, yes! That is a wonderful idea.

I started to walk out when he said:

—Wait. How will we determine how many spanks you should get?

—That is easy. Bring your grade book. You will give me a spank for every point I need to get an “A”.

That could be a lot. Your grades are pretty low.

—Well... I guess that will just provide more incentive. Won't it.

This was great! I was sure he would not be as mean as Ted and was much better looking. If he wanted me to suck his dick or fuck him, I would love it.

I decided I would get some sexy lingerie for him, so I stopped at a sex shop that had tiny panties in the window. It was perfect. I not only found some tiny sheer panties, I discovered the back of the store had the cuffs I wanted along with an assortment of whips, nipple clamps and other esoteric material.

When I paid for it, the clerk said:

—If you would like to try out some of the whips, I will be glad to give you a sample so you will know how they feel.

I just grinned and said:

—Maybe some other time.

I was amazed it was so easy to find people willing to whip me. I had never even been spanked by anyone till Ted. I had lied about my dad, he was such a workaholic I never saw him except on weekends.

I found the hooks with a cheap hand drill and bit to make a hole to screw them in at the hardware store. I hurried home to put them in front of my mirror. When they were up, I stretched up my arms and spread my legs to see, my mirror was not big enough to see all of me. I wished I had one of Ted's then remembered the paper said they were holding off Ted's funeral till Monday because his only living relative, a younger brother, was in the service in Germany. It also said the Police had finished their investigation. I rationalized that he owed me and went back to his house for the mirror.

I could not see any screws through them to hold them in place. In frustration, I pulled on one of the side wall mirrors and it swung out. It had a long piano hinge on the right side. I used his tools to take out the dozen screws in the wall and dragged it to my old station wagon. I realized that with a swing out mirror, I could mount the camcorder in my house. He had an elaborate system to operate the camcorders remotely, but I didn't need that. I just took the camera and a bunch of blank tapes I found in the cabinet. As an afterthought, I came back and took some more whips, handcuffs and nipple clamps.

It was a perfect crime. When his brother showed up, he must have been ashamed about the torture devices because he never reported the break-in.

I spent the whole next day putting up the mirror and playing with the camcorder, so the zoom was perfect to show my whole body. Since I was closer to the mirror than at Ted's house, I would be able to see perfectly.

When he got to my place, he seemed really nervous as he stared over my shoulder to see the rope hanging down with the wrist cuffs separated

with chain. I wanted him confident, so I offered him a drink I made strong.

He sat down, sipping at it with glances at the rope from the ceiling and the ankle cuffs attached to hooks about four feet apart.

He cleared his throat and said:

—You may want to change your mind. I added your scores, you only had a grade of fifty on the last test. You need a minimum of ninety-five for an “A”. That is forty-five spanks, and there were other tests and homework you didn’t do well on.

—Oh... that is good. I thought there would be more. Please don’t call them spanks. That sounds childish. With this they will be lashes.

I handed him the thong whip.

—Jesus. Your dad hit you with this?

—Yes and it helped me get a 3.6 average. It leaves no scars. See.

At that, I stood up and dropped the robe I was wearing to turn slowly in my diaphanous panties and bra. He let out a low whistle and said:

—God, you are beautiful.

—Thank you, but I think you will like me better stretched. Are you ready?

—I have never been more ready.

I slowly pulled off my bra to show him my erect pink nipples and then slowly slid down the panties.

He stared at my pussy and exclaimed:

—It’s bald! You look about six years old. You can’t get any more naked than that.

I wanted to see him too, at least more of him.

—I feel terribly naked with you dressed. Could you whip me in your shorts?

—Yes, I feel hot anyway.

He was wearing jockey shorts which outlined his big hard dick. It twitched when I moved to the rope to begin putting on my wrist cuffs and spread my legs close to the ankle cuffs for him to buckle.

When he stood up, I told him to tighten me by tying the rope to the doorknob on the other wall. He pulled up my arms, but not tight enough.

—No, tighter. I like the way I look stretched.

He slowly tightened the rope, watching my face in the mirror. When my heels came off the floor and I gasped in rising excitement, he immediately stopped pulling and tied the rope to the door knob.

He nervously picked up the whip and said:

—I still think forty-five is more than you can stand on that cute bottom.

—No! I don't want them all on my bottom. I have to sit on it. Spread them around. Five on my bottom, five on the back of each thigh, Five on each inner thigh and the rest on my front.

—You mean on your stomach?

—No! From the middle of my thighs to above my nipples and then back down.

—Really?

He asked incredulously:

—You don't mind if I hit your lovely breasts and that cute bald crotch. That will hurt a lot!

—Yes, it is supposed to. That will give me motivation and you satisfaction that I am trying to do better.

—Well okay

He began with little wimpy slaps on my butt. I had to tell him they did not hurt at all before he got enough nerve to hit harder to let my excitement build.

Fortunately, when he got to my front, he became excited enough you hit even harder. He must have had a little Ted in him because when he got to my tits his eyes got wide and he began to pant while he gave them more than their share watching them bounce and contort. He did not hit my pussy quite as hard, but it was enough to give me an orgasm.

He watched me fascinated as I whimpered with my body shuddering from my short breaths as I felt little aftershocks of my orgasm.

He misinterpreted my orgasm as suffering and became alarmed, saying:

—Oh God! I hit too hard. I'm sorry.

I was afraid he would never come back, so I moaned:

—No! Please fuck me! Let me forget the pain.

He was more than ready. He dropped his shorts and drove his glorious dick in me and grabbed my ass cheeks to drive me into him. That restarted my orgasms, and I squealed in delight when our stomachs slapped together.

He came then dropped to his knees to unbuckle my ankle cuffs, then got up to take off the wrist cuffs. I was so grateful for the orgasms, I put my arms around his neck and kissed him then began kissing his chest and on down as I said:

—Thank you for relieving the pain.

When my chin got to his dick, he was starting to harden again. I said:

—Thank you so much!

And I took it into my mouth. It quickly grew to full size then he sat and then laid on his back pulling down on my hips as I directed it into my pussy.

I had never been on top before. It was wonderful. I could move anyway I wanted to get maximum effect.

He began jerking himself into me faster and harder by my ass-cheeks until he made a horrible face and grunted. Then he began to grin while he moved me back and forth slowly. Then he fell back, hugging my breasts tight against him, and said:

—God... You are wonderful. I haven't been able to cum twice in a row since I was a kid.

—It was good for me, too. It wasn't punishment, though. Those wimpy little spanks just excited me.

—Really? I thought I was hitting pretty hard. You turned red.

—Of course I turned red, silly. I have real white skin. The waistband of my panties makes me red, but it doesn't hurt.

That made him a little mad:

—Silly, huh? Maybe I should do it again a hell of a lot harder.

I giggled:

—You had your chance. Now you have to wait till next Friday. I jumped up and put on my robe, then said:

—Thanks. You can go home now.

That made him madder.

—Shit, I feel like I have been used.

—Well, next Friday, maybe you can use me.

He left saying:

—You had better believe it!

I wanted him mad. I wanted him to hurt me so much I could feel like his slave and totally uninhibited because I had no choice.

I teased him all week by leaning over to show my breasts in scoop necked blouses or crossing my legs in my micro skirts to flash my pussy. It was fun to excite and frustrate him. Worse for him, I got a good grade on a

pop quiz to raise my average. He stood there glowering over my perfect score while I grinned at him.

I also located some of the girls and gave them their confessions and notes. I did not mention the tapes because I wanted them for myself. I found the girls that got off on pain had already found men who would mistreat them. The girls that hated it were embarrassingly grateful, so I left early, so I would not be tempted to give them their tapes as well.

When he showed up Friday, he said:

—You think you are pretty smart, don't you, you little bitch. You frustrated me all week and now you only owe forty wimpy little spanks.

—Yeah... Maybe next week it will only be thirty.

—After tonight, you will be hoping for twenty.

This time he really stretched me tight. Then he said, since I only have forty, I am just going to hit the fun places. Ten on your butt and fifteen to your tits and pussy.

This time he hurt! Even the ones on my butt were directed into the crack of my ass and after he turned my tits deep red he squeezed my right one as hard as he could, jerking on it with each pussy wrenching lash to my pussy.

When he finished, I was so out of it from orgasms I continued to stand there panting with sweat running down my body to mingle with my pussy juice till he growled:

—Thank me for my hard work. Get your mouth over this steel hard dick.

I dropped to my knees and began swallowing his dick, so excited I lost the tendency to gag. I never got to taste his cum. It all went down my throat.

I was so impressed by his change to such a powerful man I let his softening dick slide out of my mouth applying suction all the way to get every drop out of it then looked at him reverently and said:

—Thank you, Master.

He looked taken aback, but quickly recovered and said:

—Yes! Never forget that I am your Master. Now get on your hands and knees. I am going to whip your ass till I am hard enough to fuck it.

Oh, Jesus! I had never had a dick in my ass before. It sounded wonderfully degrading. I got on my hands and widespread knees, then bowed my back, so my pussy could pooch out from behind in case he might want to hit it as well as my butt.

I had to take a bunch of lashes before he was satisfied he was hard enough, but that was great, especially since the last few hit right on my pussy. He dropped to his knees and buried his dick once in my sopping pussy to get it wet, then began forcing it into my tiny puckered anus, making it stretch until it began to be buried in my guts. He reached around me to pinch my nipples and rub my clit till I was squealing with orgasms.

When he came, I collapsed to the floor, totally exhausted. He carried me to my bed and I must have instantly gone to sleep. I didn't even know when he left.

The next Monday, I went up to him after class to thank him for the marvelous orgasms. He was still very dominant. He said I would earn them and that from now on there would be no limit on lashes. I would be hit until I could not continue my orgasms or till he became excited enough to want sex even more than whipping me. As an afterthought he said I would get an "A+" if I continued to take my whipping without begging for mercy.

That made me want a drink, I stopped at the first bar. When the barmaid came over, she looked familiar. I suddenly realized she was Jan.

I introduced myself and told her I had her confession and explained that Ted had whipped me as well as her and when I heard he was dying I stole all the confessions. I told her how to find my place and for her to come over after work to get it.

She said for that, she would get off early. She ran to her boss and came back to tell me the night girl had agreed to start early and she would be over in about an hour.

She read the notes eagerly and began to rub her crotch. She moaned then said:

—I still don't understand what happened with Ted and me. He made me feel slutty and degraded and the less I thought of myself the more I wanted to be hurt.

—I know... He had the same effect on me. I still enjoy pain.

—Oh God! Me too! I met Buck. He is a member of a biking gang. He likes to hurt me while all the other guys and girls watch. It is fantastic. You should try it. It is twice as exciting being hurt in front of an audience.

I could feel myself getting wet just thinking about it, but then she ruined it by frightening me.

—My marks are a kind of badges of my courage and I can get hot just looking at them and remembering how they got there. I'll show you!

She turned her back and began pulling off her dress. She was not wearing underwear. When the dress went over her butt, I saw it was covered with lines of scars. She looked over her shoulder and said:

—Remember the notes describing the barbed wire whip? That made the scars. When I get Buck mad, he uses it on me too. The only bad part is it takes awhile to heal and sometimes they get infected. Especially if they piss on me afterward to make the cuts burn.

She turned around and I felt sick. Her body was horribly scarred. It did not bother her, she became excited telling me how they had burned her with candles and cigarettes and said that they had slowly pushed big nails through her skin to put the thick rings in her nipples, stomach, and the three in each lip of her pussy so she could be hung from them for whipping on her front. Finally lit cigarettes were pushed against her to make her move, causing more stretching from the rings.

I cringed and said:

—My God, how can you stand that. I only like to be whipped.

—I deserve it! Don't you see? My mind lets me know when I have paid enough by letting me pass out. We are all different. Some of the girls pass out just from spankings. That is all they deserve, so they are released by unconsciousness.

—No, that is too much! I don't want to be scarred.

—That is alright. Other girls don't want that either. Buck and the other guys would love you. You are beautiful. They will only hurt you as much as you want.

I told her I would think about it. The idea did excite me, but I was not sure, I could trust them to stop since they were evil enough to do that to her.

The next Friday, John was especially horny. He brought his own leather strap and just put me over his knees for a spanking that mostly just hurt more than excited me. He fucked me and had me clean his and my juices off his dick and balls with my tongue, then he left. I felt totally unfulfilled. My only consolation was the fact that I would be getting an "A+" in his class.

That gave me the thought that I may get great grades in my German class that was giving me trouble. I had never considered that teacher in a sexual way since he was old, about fifty, but he seemed really stern and

kept lecturing us on developing self-discipline to be successful. At his next class, I pictured him in a Nazi uniform torturing me and became so excited my panties got wet from my pussy's lubricating fluid.

After class, I went to him to tell him that I agreed I needed discipline, but now that I was away from my dad there was no-one to provide the punishment to keep me from getting lax and since he reminded me of my dad he might be able to help me, so I could get a better grade.

He looked at me strangely then said:

—I suppose you mean like extra assignments, but how did your dad punish you?

—He would spank or whip me.

—I see... Do you realize that is against school regulations for me to spank you?

—Yes, but you could do it is away from school. Maybe at my house after school.

—He said sharply:

—No, I would prefer to do it at my home. Here is my card with my home address. Be there promptly at seven tonight.

His sudden gruff manner thrilled me to the core. I was sure he would provide the ultimate pain John was reluctant to give me.

Later I recalled that he planned to spank me. It would not be good if he just raised my skirt to spank my bottom. I wanted the extra thrill of being naked. I decided to wear a thick jump-suit that would pad my bottom. This way he would have an excuse to have me take it off and I would just have my panties underneath it. I had stopped wearing bras long ago, so I could feel my nipples rubbing against my tops.

Time dragged till I knocked on his door, shaking with excitement.

I was shocked when the door opened to reveal a tall blonde woman.

She put me at ease by hugging me and saying:

—You must be Joan. I am Nina. Kurt told me about you. We will be glad to help you. My daughters are both “A” students with the help of proper discipline.

She called to her husband and he came in to lead me to his office. Then he looked me up and down, then said:

—You can’t be serious about being willing to accept discipline in that outfit. I would have to hit you with a two by four for you to feel it. Is that what you want?

—Oh no... I will take it off if you feel it would be better.

—That is up to you.

I took it off and stood in front of them with my shoulders back and my tummy tucked in hoping for compliments, instead I heard.

—Those panties are disgraceful. Only a loose girl would wear them. Your parents would be ashamed of you. Take them off!

I was hurt they were not impressed by my body that I worked so hard to keep perfect and that they thought I was a slut. I took them off then stood there sniffing, holding my arms over my boobs and my hand over my crotch.

He told me to lean over with my hands on his desk. There was a “Slap!” and a burn hard enough to make me turn my head to see what he had hit me with. I was amazed to see it was just his hand. He kept spanking me faster and harder. We had not discussed how many I would get, but after the first dozen I felt it could go on forever.

I took the spanking with just gasps which must have let him know I was not being hurt badly because he said:

—I believe this is hurting me more than you. This should make you scream.

He showed me a large fraternity paddle and then moved me to the corner of his desk with my legs open to push my pussy into a carved knob.

The first spank burned horribly and pushed me forward to bury the knob in my open slit. Now the pain was much worse, but the knob rubbed my clit to just make it more exciting. Nina sat on a chair in front of me, watching my breasts jump with the impacts and my face I know was contorting in my effort to get over the threshold to orgasm. Finally, with my butt on fire the orgasms came and my moans turned to squeals of delight. I finally got so weak I laid on his desk mashing my boobs panting and squealing.

They let me lie there for a while watching my shudders, then Nina said:

—Just as I suspected. She asked for spankings or whipping for discipline because she enjoys it. She went into multiple orgasms.

Kurt agreed:

—Yes, that was obvious. Her Bartholdi glands produced enough fluid to drip out of her vagina. I believe she needs your type of discipline.

Her type of discipline amounted to tying me in terribly strenuous poses that made my joints and muscles ache and then torture my tits and pussy with clamps, clothespins, or by puncturing with hatpins. Just when it got so bad I thought I might pass out, she would stop to lick my clitoris until I went into orgasm. She didn't stop until I was so exhausted I would just lie there passively in spite of the pain of having the large hat pins pushed entirely through my nipples.

On my later visits after the initial spankings or whipping to give me a starting orgasm, all the tortures were different. They were very imaginative. They managed to provide great pain without causing scars that may have kept me from coming back.

My life is full. Between Kurt, Nina, John and the videos to give me ideas for John to perform, I am getting all the orgasms I want while I maintain a “A+” average.

I see Jan at the bar once in a while. She has told me Buck and the guys would not scar me, although I would get to a new level of pain and humiliation. I told her I might do it during summer vacation. I didn’t mean it at the time, but after thinking about the thrill of a large audience, I think I will.