

Allene Blake

Lena



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This girl is not very bright and is punished by mom father and brother for dumb things then put into very strict private school who is actually using the girls for their pleasure.

LENA

I was born just before Mom went into menopause. That seemed to be everybody's excuse for my being a klutz. I knew I was an accident. My youngest brother was four years older than me, and my older brother had gone into business before I was born into this family of yuppies. My Mom and Dad were successful lawyers and my brother maintained a four point average, so he could get a scholarship to college and law school. I don't know if I had a missing gene or what, but it just didn't seem important to me to stay perfectly clean or to keep my room neat.

As a result, at about eight, Mom gave me a big lecture about how busy she was and that I should stay neat to ease her work and gave me a spanking. It was not that I was a victim of child abuse or anything, since she only hit me hard enough to sting and burn my bottom and make it red for an hour or two.

That first spanking seemed to start a trend. The next week, my brother gave me a spanking for playing with his model airplane before the glue had set, causing a wing to fall off. He didn't hit very hard either, but he had me lean over the footboard of his bed and used his belt, which seemed a lot less personal than Mom laying me over her knee to spank me with her hand.

A little later, I was painting on my dad's desk and spilled some paint on one of his reports. I couldn't complain about the spanking he gave me, since I knew I should have done my painting on my own desk in my room. He also had me bend over the desk for his belt, but he pulled down my panties before he started. This made it sting a little more, but still not too bad.

This started a new trend. At dinner, Dad said he had taken down my panties and turned my buns red for ruining his report. From then on, my panties were always pulled down.

Even though the spankings began to last longer and hurt more, I didn't really mind since it seemed to be the only time they paid any attention to me. I actually began to confess to things they may never have noticed. I confessed a lot to my brother because he took a lot of time with me when he spanked me. After he spanked my buns, he would rub them lightly with his hands till the red faded. It really felt good and made little tingles in my crotch.

I averaged about two or three spankings a week. Mom noticed I was getting pretty good grades, so decided I was ready to go into the fourth grade a year early. The school objected, but she raised hell and had them give me IQ tests, which they admitted were close to the nine-year-old's. The first week, I brought home a test paper marked "D". She had a fit, telling me that I was smart enough to do the work and was just lazy. I tried to explain the other kids were ahead of me since they had third grade, but she wouldn't listen.

She decided I had disgraced the whole family. After dinner, we all trooped to my room. I was wearing a jump-suit, so my skirt could not just be lifted, so for the first time I was spanked naked. They gave me ten spanks each to make my butt really hot and I cried a lot. Then she said:

—If you are going to act like a baby, we will treat you like one.

She made a diaper out of a towel and pinned it on me then told me to stay in my room and study. The diaper was really humiliating and I was ashamed I had cried so much.

I was really grateful when my brother came in later while I laid on my bed sniffing. He took off my diaper and put salve on my red bottom. This

time the tingling in my crotch was stronger because there was some red between the cheeks of my butt and on my inner thighs, real close to my pussy. When he left, I touched my pussy to locate the tingle and found it made me real excited, then I got this great feeling of release.

I really tried to do better. I made it almost three weeks till I was given a math test. I had no idea what they were talking about. When I complained to the teacher, she just said:

—I told you Monday this test was coming, and what chapter it was on. If you had questions, you should have asked sooner.

I guess I had not paid attention. I assumed it would be on chapter one, and that was the one I read. My paper was marked “Failure”. That was exactly what I felt I was and went home resigned to my spanking.

This time, Mom said my spankings must not be impressing me, and said they would give me fifteen each. On top of that, she had bought a wide leather strap bigger than Dad’s dress belt to use on me. I was wearing my jumpsuit, so I ended up naked again. Mom was first and the strap hurt a lot more. I couldn’t help jumping around and covering my butt with my hands. She said I was being a baby and left to come back with a pair of nylon stockings she tied around my wrists and over my door to tie to the knob. They weren’t quite long enough, so I was stretched up with my chest pressed against the door. You would think that would make it worse, but not having to keep myself from trying to escape actually made it better. When she finished, she said she had to make some calls and for Bill, my brother, to put on my diaper when he finished. Dad was next, but he did not hit as hard, just fast, then he left. I was crying like crazy. Bill began by rubbing my butt and said:

—Don’t worry, Lena, this won’t hurt much.

The rubbing made my crotch tingle and I began to want his spanking.

He pulled my footboard chest over to the door for me to stand on to take the pressure off my arms and let my hips go away from the door. Then he pulled my legs apart and began to hit me upwards lightly on my crotch. This just made tingles and I spread my legs open more and pushed out my butt to arch my back to let the strap get to all of my pussy. When he quit, I began rubbing it while he rubbed my butt. I got this great release.

He said:

—You have done that before, haven't you?

—Yes! Is it wrong to do it?

—Not to me, but you had better never let Mom or Dad catch you doing it. She had a fit when she caught me.

—You do it too?

—Sure, it is great, isn't it? Have you tried this?

He put his finger in his mouth and turned me over on my back on the bed to stick his finger in my pussy, then rub it in and out on my clit. It was a lot better than just rubbing the outside.

I giggled and told him it felt wonderful, but asked if it would hurt my insides:

—No! If it hurts, you are pushing in too far or using too many fingers. If it doesn't hurt, don't worry about it.

I told him I liked to have him spank me, since it just stung a little and tingled.

—I like to spank you. It is fun to watch your lily-white butt turn pink, then red, but I have to get out of here before Mom and Dad wonder why I am in here so long.

I tried the new way to play with myself and liked it a lot. I still do. I don't know if all the stimulation caused it or not, but I began to blossom. Hair began growing on my pussy and my breasts got bigger.

Now that I knew I could get nice spankings from Bill, I was confessing things all the time until he began doing it whenever we were alone. It really was exciting because he made me feel good by having me get naked and telling me that I was getting a great body. Best of all, he would rub my nipples while he spanked my butt and pussy until I would get orgasms. I really tried hard to avoid Mom's spankings though because she would just bare my butt and hit much harder, which seemed to get worse all the time. Even so, I brought home another "Unsatisfactory".

To my surprise, Mom just said:

—That's alright! I know you need extra help. On Monday, you will be going to a private school. A friend has her girl in there and she said she is now an "A" student. If she can do it, you can. This is a very innovative school. Two grades are taught in each class. If you can do fourth grade work you will go directly to fifth grade, and if in that class you can do sixth grade work you will skip to seventh. I am told that the girls are often doing eighth grade work by their fifth year. If they can do it, you can. Best of all, they do not have the wimpy rules of your school. They believe in spankings like me to make you work.

That gave me mixed feelings. I was afraid they may hurt me more, but Bill's compliments of my nude body made me proud and I wondered if they would like it too.

Monday, I went to the new school. It was a lot different than the public school. Even with two classes to the room, there were only twenty students. I thought it was a little strange that although it was a girl's school, all the teachers were men.

At my interview with the principal, I was told the school went from nine AM to four thirty with a half hour lunch. This was an hour and a half longer than the public school. I was to wear a uniform consisting of a blue

jumpsuit and rather than regular gym classes we would learn ballet, modern dance, and swimming. We were to maintain our weight according to our height and if we got too fat or thin we would be put on a diet. Then he said sternly:

—We believe in corporal punishment, and so do your parents. Do you know what that means?

—Yes sir! If I am bad, I will be spanked.

—Not just that. You will be spanked for disobedience, late work and poor work.

He sent me to class. I felt real out of place because everyone, but me were in jump-suits. My Mom had sent mine to a tailor and they had not come back in time.

The teacher said that since I was coming in late, I would be doing extra homework till I caught up. If I wasn't caught up by Friday, I would be penalized for late work. Then he gave me the rules on grades:

—You will never get less than twenty spanks. Each point under one hundred counts a spank. If you always get hundreds you will never get spanked, but if you get eighty every day you will get spanked every day. Then he gave me a ton of homework to catch up. He said I should be able to do it with three hours of study each night.

I could see that I would learn a lot more here than in public school. The teacher was always around to help and told us if we wanted extra help he would stay after school to help. We never had to read entire chapters. He had marked all the important stuff in our books.

—During lunch period, I met Mary:

—Hi! I'm Mary. You are obviously Lena, the new girl. Why aren't you wearing the uniform?

—My Mom is having it tailored.

—You must be a rich girl. There are only two kinds here, rich girls or delinquents. I am a rich girl too. I suppose both your parents have careers.

—Yes, they are both lawyers.

—Dad's a doctor and my Mom is a hospital administrator, whatever that is. They are happy to pay the big bucks to have this school babysit me all day and make me obedient. I have told them about the beatings, but they just say that if I am spanked, I must deserve it. Speaking of that, get serious about your study, they aren't kidding about punishment and believe me you won't like it. You can't avoid it altogether. I just hope to keep it down to once a week.

I said:

—It should be pretty easy to get good grades. The teacher helps a lot more than in public school.

—Yeah, you get more help, but there is a lot more work too. Don't forget the homework grades count too. For God's sake, don't sass the teacher. I made that mistake. I was sent to the principal. He is so mean, it is unreal.

We talked some more, then arranged to meet for the weekend.

Gym class was much better than the dumb calisthenics and games in public school. On Monday, it was ballet, Tuesday was aerobic dancing, Wednesday modern dance, Thursday gymnastics, and Friday swimming. It was embarrassing at first since we just wore white leotards that became transparent when they got wet from perspiration and they always got wet. In the swimming class, we were naked because the teacher said it caused less drag, so we could swim faster. Since everyone, but the teacher was naked I got used to it. Unfortunately, we were graded on that too and it took a while for me to learn to be graceful. Our teachers had to have many talents. The same teacher taught all our classes. At first, it seemed strange for him to be

in the shower room with twenty naked girls, but he said if he didn't supervise we might horseplay and slip and fall, hurting ourselves.

At three thirty, we were tested on the daily work. I was really pleased to get an overall score of ninety-seven. With the ten points, I had lost in ballet I only owed thirteen, so I was alright for today and I thought I would do better tomorrow.

Two girls weren't so lucky. The teacher announced one had a seventy-eight and the other had a seventy-six. I was really curious about whether he would take them over his knee for a hand spanking or use a strap bent over his desk. I decided neither would hurt much over that thick uniform. I was wrong on everything.

I found out there was a regular ritual. The girl with the least spansks coming was first. She began sniffing as she got out of her chair. His desk was a step up from the main floor. He sat on the edge of the desk while she went to a closet and brought back a whip with a handle about a foot long and four leather belts coming out of the end, a little smaller than Dad's dress belts.

She went over in front of him, got on her knees then held up the whip in both hands and said with a quaver:

—I have been a bad girl. Please give me twenty-two lashes with this whip.

When he reached out for it, she kissed his hand then began taking off the uniform. She took off her panties too. He gave her a couple of pieces of rope. She pulled two rings out of the floor, then spread her legs to tie her ankles to the rings. Meanwhile, he pushed a button and a flap opened in the ceiling and two ropes with what looked like dog collars except they were lined with sheepskin slowly began to descend. She held out her hands for

him to buckle on the collars, then he pressed another button and the ropes began rising till her heels were pulled off the floor.

He stayed in front of her and brought the whip around her side to have the ends of the belt hit her butt until it was awful red, then began wrapping it around her thighs just below her crotch. Finally, he stepped closer to her and it was obvious the ends were hitting the front of her body. One must have been especially bad because she kind of “Yipped”. He stopped and said:

—Remember that we don’t want to make a fuss. If you scream, you will be gagged and get ten more:

She sobbed:

—I’m sorry. That one hit my pussy!

He had no sympathy for her:

—It won’t be the last time that happens.

He went on to give her the last four lashes. He must have aimed for her pussy because she made little “Yips” with each one.

Her body shuddered with her sobs as he lowered the rope to unbuckle her wrists. When she bent over to untie her ankles, I saw red lines crossing her hairless pussy.

The next girl was about the same, except she didn’t have to go to the closet for the whip. She was braver, though, she didn’t cry, she just made little moans at each lash.

After the whipping was over, we were to use the remaining time to help each other in our studies, or read. It was hard to concentrate on anything after seeing them whipped. It was strange. Seeing that should have horrified me, but at the same time, I was excited about the idea of being tied helpless and naked for a whipping that I knew could be more exciting than

painful. The teacher left the room shortly after the whipping, telling us to leave when the bell rang.

When I got home, I found my jump-suits had been delivered. I went up to my room to try them on, but before I put them on, I could not resist standing in front of my mirror with my arms raised and my legs spread to try to imagine what the girls felt like being tied that way. With my legs spread, I could see how easy it would be for the lashes to hit my pussy. I shuddered at the thought. Bill had just hit it easy and it had stung, as hard as they hit it would really hurt. I was sure it would not cause the excitement I got from Bill.

The jump-suits fit okay, so I left it on to show Mom.

When she got home, I showed her all my work, which were all one hundred except the ninety-eight paper. She was real happy and said:

—I knew you could do it with a little motivation.

—Mom! I can't go to that school. It is scary. They don't just spank girls, they hang them up by ropes and whip them.

She had me describe the whip then said:

—That doesn't sound bad. You said the belts were smaller than your Dad's. That whip will just cover a little more area so it won't leave bad welts. You should be glad they don't use a blackboard pointer like the nuns used on me. It left terrible welts. Don't be a baby.

I hoped to get some sympathy from Dad, but before I got a chance to tell him, Mom said:

—Lena did excellent at school. Her lowest paper was a ninety-eight. She told me the girls were spanked with a wimpy little whip. It must have scared her because she really went to work.

He laughed and said:

—Way to go, Lena. Maybe we should have bought a whip. It must be more frightening than a belt.

—Dad! It really hurts. The girls were crying and they do it on the bare skin!

—That doesn't surprise me. You bawl and carry on with a little belt spanking that barely turns your skin red. I'll bet the girls were crying before they were even hit.

—Well... yes, but it was because they knew how bad it would hurt.

—Well, if you come home with some bad bruises, I will talk to them. Otherwise, if you don't do well, you will just have to accept them.

The next day, at gym, we did aerobic dancing. We wore the same elastic white tights we used for ballet. By the time, we got all sweaty we might as well have been naked. They became transparent and since the legs were cut up so high on the legs the bottoms all crept into the crack of our butts to leave them bare. I really felt like a klutz. The other girls went from one exercise to the other like the chorus lines in movies. I was always getting confused and having to catch up.

At the end of the class, the teacher stopped me after my shower to tell me I needed to practice at home. The best grade he could give me that day was a seventy. I was good enough at math to know I was facing forty-two lashes, counting my other grades under one hundred. I had never gotten more than thirty spanks before and watched in dread as the clock hands moved forward. If that wasn't bad enough, one of my tests was a ninety-seven. I just moved up to forty-five.

When all the marks were in his grade book, he stood up and said:

—Lena has not done well today. She will get forty five-lashes.

There was a collective gasp from the other girls, and everybody turned to look at me with sympathy or excitement on their faces as I got up to

move toward the closet with shaky legs.

I remembered the ritual and gave him the whip with the kiss to his hand. I was so scared I had trouble getting the buttons unbuttoned and making the knots at my ankles. He was waiting impatiently with the collars when I straightened up and held out my hands for them.

Surprisingly, it felt kind of good to be stretched. The padded collars didn't hurt my wrists.

Then the teacher did something differently than he had the other girls. He said:

—Since this is your first time and you are getting so many lashes, I won't hit as hard as normally and I will spread out the lashes, so you won't be hit on already sore skin. You will be hit here.

At that, he caressed my butt:

—Here!

And he caressed my thighs:

—And here!

At that, he slid his hand up from my crotch over my tight belly and across both of my boobs that I was so proud of. Not surprisingly, that felt good, since it reminded me of my brother caressing me.

I had my eyes closed when I felt a sting and burn to my butt. It shocked me and I cried "Ow!". He stopped to say:

—Will you need the gag?

I certainly did not want that with the extra ten lashes it carried. I shook my head and promised to be quiet. I managed to keep my responses to just gasps and moans as the spanking went on seemingly forever. I found the ones to my tender inner thighs hurt the worst. It was a relief when the next lash hit my lower stomach. Then a strange thing happened. As I watched the thongs slowly working up my tummy to my boobs over the pain, I felt

my pussy begin to tingle as it did when I played with myself. When I watched the lashes making my boobies jump, the excitement rose dramatically to increase as lashes began hitting my pussy. At the last lash where the ends hit right on the tiny slit of my pussy I got this great release and hung by the ropes with my head down, panting and trembling.

He untied my ankles, allowing me to squeeze my legs together, compressing the tender lips of my pussy. Then he lowered the ropes and unbuckled the cuffs as I stood there trembling.

He handed me my clothes and watched me put them on. When I pulled my panties tight against my pussy I gasped and he grinned at me seeming to know what I was feeling.

When school was out I found out, I was a heroine. The other girls gathered around me and gushed over how brave I was. It turned out no-one had ever taken that many lashes without fainting or having to be gagged. Naturally, I never told them that it had only hurt at first and then became so exciting I had an orgasm. I just enjoyed my new popularity. Even some of the older girls went out of their way to say hello.

I was only two blocks from home. As I walked it, I swore I could feel the lips of my pussy moving. My brother was home and said Mom and Dad were eating in town, so they would be home later and for me to put a TV dinner in the microwave. I was too excited to eat, so I watched cartoons, then went up to my room to do homework.

I couldn't concentrate on my books, as much as I tried. I kept reliving my experience, keeping me in a state of excitement. Suddenly my train of thought changed. I remembered the teacher grinning at me as he lashed me and assumed he realized I came to enjoy the pain and that he had hit me easy. This made me think that since the whole idea of the lashing was to punish me he may decide to hit me much harder next time. I had barely

been able to ignore the pain because of excitement with that lashing. The possibility of a harder one frightened me. To make matters worse, I began to fantasize about being beaten with baseball bats or the nasty wood pointer Mom had described. I began to sniffle at the thought. I heard my parents cars coming into the driveway and ran down to meet them at the door crying. Mom asked what was wrong and I sobbed I had been whipped at school and they had to take me out of there.

Dad said:

—You remember what I said. Show us the marks.

I saw Bill looking at us from the stairs. I wanted him to see the terrible things they had done to me, too. I took off the jumpsuit and pulled off my panties, then turned my back to them and said:

—Do I need to go to the doctor?

Dad laughed!

—What the Hell for. It is just pink.

I couldn't believe that. I ran to the mirror to look at myself. He was right and when I looked at my front there were only a couple of little bruises on my pussy.

I began to defend myself:

—It was terrible... really! It is just that it was four hours ago and it healed.

My brother was no help at all:

—She is really a little phoney. She was not bawling at all when she came home. She just watched cartoons with no complaints. She didn't start bawling till you came home.

Mom was mad:

—You remember what I said about the school whip getting you to study where our belt didn't? Well, I got a whip we can use at home.

She pulled a whip out of a bag that was kind of like the schools, except the thongs were made of like leather shoe strings braided together.

Dad took it from her and said:

—I think we should use this to let her know what a real whipping is like.

Mom agreed and held me down over an overstuffed chair while he hit my ass with it. The pain was ten times as bad as the school whip. Thankfully, he only hit me five or six times before Mom let me up and I ran screaming and bawling to my room. Mom followed me:

—Alright, young lady. You have an extra incentive to study. Anytime your school believes you need a spanking, you will get another at home.

That really scared me, If they planned to give me as many lashes as the school, I wouldn't have any skin left on my ass. I realized I would not be able to tell them about a school spanking, no matter how bad it was.

My brother was real sweet. A little later, he came into my room to put some salve he had bought to put on the dark red stripes on my butt. He rubbed a long time and the pain went away, just leaving a nice heat and the start of the tingling to my pussy. If I had been a cat, I would have been purring. Then he went to the bathroom to get a towel to put on my bed, so I could lie on my back without staining the sheets. He told me Mom and Dad had gone to bed, which didn't surprise me since they had to get up at five-thirty to beat the traffic into the city. He asked me if I wanted him to help me with my school work. With his help, I was done in about an hour. He helped me from then on, so I always got nothing, but hundreds on my homework.

I had pulled the towel over my hips and laid on my side to do the work. When we were done, he rolled me over on my back and pulled off the

towel. He squeezed my budding breasts and said I was getting to be a big girl. I said:

—They spanked my boobies too and it made them swell up. Do you think whipping them will make them bigger?

—I don't know. Maybe. Tell me all about your whipping.

Rather than making him feel sorry for me my story just made him excited and when I said at the end, they hit my pussy, he was so excited he was kind of panting and touched my pussy. I lifted my hips to push it toward his hand. He grinned and said:

—Have you been playing with it a lot.

—Oh yes! It feels wonderful.

—I like it too. Let's play with each other

He took off his clothes. I was fascinated by his hard dick. I had never seen one before. He put his head to the foot of the bed, so we could both use our right hands. He showed me how to wrap my fingers around his dick, then move my hand up and down while he put his finger in my pussy. His finger was a lot bigger than mine and it felt wonderful as his knuckle rubbed against my clit. In a little while, he began to pump his finger in and out faster, so I did too. Just as I got a release, white stuff that looked like snot shot out of the head of his dick to land on his stomach. I had received absolutely no sex education, so I asked him what it was. He explained that it was semen and that was what caused women to have babies. He ended up getting his health book from his room and told me all about sex and menstruation and pregnancy. He also said I did not have a hymen. I did not know what that was either, so he explained that, telling me I had either torn it while playing with myself or I had never had one, which is fairly common. He also said that until I started menstruating, he could put his dick in my pussy, since I couldn't get pregnant.

I said that it was way too big to go in there, but he explained that I just had to get it wet with my spit like he had his finger. I began to lick it and it got really hard. Then he laid on his back and told me to slide it in my pussy while I straddled him, so I could slide it in as slow as I wanted. I found my pussy would stretch around it, and in a few seconds, I was sitting on his thighs. Then he pinched my nipples in his fingers and began pulling them up and down, I followed with my body and it felt wonderful! I got a release he had called an orgasm and another just as he made a face and let go of my tits to push down on my hips as hard as he could.

From then on, we fucked almost every night after our parents went to bed.

I don't know if the fucking caused it or what, but my body began developing rapidly after that, with my boobies growing almost daily and wisps of hair growing on my pussy. I noticed three other girls at gym were developing too, so we became best friends. They were as ignorant about sex as I had been, so it was fun to be the expert and explain everything. I found out all of us played with our pussies, which seemed to explain our development. We felt superior to the flat-chested girls, who obviously did not know our secret.

Bill was really smart. Thanks to him helping with my homework and teaching me study tricks, I got hundreds all the time. Mom was delighted and stopped nagging me about my sloppy room.

Just because I made good grades did not save me from whipping. I was still a klutz at gym classes.

I was dreading my next whipping, still thinking he would hit me a lot harder. I needn't have worried. I had thirty coming the next time. He didn't hit any harder, but he did move closer sooner, so more of them stung my boobs, my lower stomach, and pussy. I am sure he knew it caused me to

have orgasms, but he never said anything about it. The reason I think he knew was because he became so expert at making me cum. He would hit my pussy longer and as I got excited he would hit it faster and harder till I got fantastic climaxes.

Even though I loved the whipping, I was bothered by my friends kidding me about being so clumsy, so I asked Mom to buy some exercise and ballet tapes, so I could practice at home. She also got me another leotard to use. I would work on the tapes while Mom was getting dinner. It was fun because it made Bill excited, especially when I was sweaty enough to make the leotard transparent. It made Dad excited too. Sometimes he would take Mom to bed right after dinner and we would hear them in there with him grunting and her making little squeals.

It helped my classes a lot. Too much! I started going almost all week without a whipping. I finally told the teacher I felt bad about being so clumsy and offered to take twice as many spanks. They still referred to our whipping as spanking. That allowed me to get back to a whipping two or three times a week.

At first, I thought I must be crazy to be excited by pain, but when two of my friends also admitted they enjoyed them we rationalized that we were just very brave and special and that the girls that just cried were cowards.

Mom had hung my whip on my wall at the foot of my bed, so I would see it the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night to remind me of the consequences if I let my grades slip. She never got to use it on me because they did not grade gym. They just reported it as satisfactory or not and I was okay because the teacher would add the extra spanks I had volunteered for to my grade.

One night, Bill had an idea he said would be silent. He took my whip and held the handle in his left hand then gripped the thongs in his right so

only about eight inches of it protruded from his fist and then used it to hit me easy on my nipples and pussy until it was really red and my clit would harden enough to let the thongs hit it. This became my foreplay. Sometimes before, he would cum before I was ready, but now I was so excited when he put his dick in me, I would start getting orgasms in seconds.

One day, Mom told Bill to dust the bookshelves since he was now taller than her. On the top shelf he found a book called “The Kama Sutra”. That was great! It showed us a lot of new positions and also taught us to mutually suck each other.

One Friday, my folks said they were going to spend the weekend at a friends house and said it would be no fun for us so we would stay home. There were microwave dinners and a roast in the oven for sandwiches.

I had always described my and the other girls whipping in detail for him, since it made him excited. They were hardly out the door before he said:

—You know, the stories you told me about the whipping really made me excited. I wish I could see it once. It would be more exciting if you were tied.

I said:

—We can’t. We don’t have any rope and my whip would hurt too much to let me have an orgasm.

—I have thought about that. Mom threw away some sheets and I saved them. We can cut them in strips and braid them into ropes. I watched them hang the chandelier, it has a huge hook that will support you easy. I took a big dowel from the wood shop. I can slit a couple of my old belts in two to nail to it. It should just turn you red.

The idea excited me and I knew it would really excite him, so I agreed.

He got the sheets and helped me cut them in strips, then left me to make the whips while I braided. It seemed extra exciting to know I was making rope to tie me and make me totally helpless and at his mercy. I didn't have to worry about a specific number of lashes because I knew he would whip me until I couldn't cum anymore. I had never found out how many orgasms I could have in a row and was anxious to find out. Also now I would not have to be silent I could scream all I wanted since we had no close neighbors and I could tell him to hit me harder if I needed it.

He finished the whip before I had finished the rope. It made me wet just looking at it. He had sliced his belt into six narrow strips the length of his waist, thirty-two inches. Each braid as the rope got longer increased my excitement.

Since we didn't have any rings in the floor, he had me stand on a heavy marble-topped coffee table so he could tie my legs to the legs at the ends. This brought my feet about three feet apart and he told me that the lips had opened a little on my pussy. I wanted to see it and also realized I had never seen myself getting whipped, so I asked him to bring in Mom's freestanding three-way full length mirror. He was right. The slit of my pussy had opened slightly, but I wanted it open even more. I was curious to know how the thongs would feel if they could actually get to the pink inner lips and my oh so sensitive clitoris. I had him pull my legs apart until my feet were at the edge of the table. My tendons in my inner thighs showed as my legs trembled from the strain, and the pussy opened to show all the inner lips and an opening big enough to put in his thumb. He could not resist doing that, which made my clit hard enough to make a bulge. My excitement rose just at the sight of my pussy so vulnerable to the lash. My only other request was that he get naked too so I could watch him get excited. There was nothing to see. He was already rock-hard just

anticipating what was going to happen. He got the kitchen stool to put our make shift rope over the chandelier hook and pulled it down to stretch me. I had him pull harder, fascinated to see my boobs raise and tighten into hard balls as my stomach went concave and my waist shrunk. I didn't let him stop until my joints began to dislocate and real pain began. He tied the end to the legs of a heavy cabinet and grabbed the whip, but I asked him to wait a moment, so I could gain more excitement from the pain and the sight of my body so helpless.

He really made me feel proud. He felt all over my body and said:

—Jesus... Sis, you are more beautiful than ever stretched like that. Look at yourself in the mirror.

I had been and knew I looked great. I pictured myself in front of a large crowd of people who would be cheering. I was proud of my body anyway now that I had boobs and was so firm from gym classes and working out with the tapes, but now my stomach was even flatter and my tits pointed up proudly. My pussy lips were open as wide as possible without pulling them open more with fingers. I wondered how the whip would feel with the thongs going inside. I told him the teachers would start on my butt, then my thighs, then my lower stomach and finally my pussy.

He said:

—I want to add one more thing. I am going to whip your tits too. I'll do your butt, thighs, tits, and then work down your stomach to your pussy.

I said:

—That will probably hurt a lot, but I want you to hit fairly easy at first, then harder until I am screaming. Ignore my screams even if I beg you to quit unless I scream "Mercy". That word will mean I can't take anymore. I want to take at least fifty lashes. That will be five more than the amount I took at school. Give me fifty even if I yell "Mercy". Keep giving them after

that until I yell “Mercy”. I want to know how much I can stand. If by twenty the whip is not leaving welts, you will know you need to hit harder. I want to see my skin striped.

He stood at my side to do my butt, so I could see the whip coming and brace myself. The whip he made was perfect! It stung and brought on heat, but no deep pain like my braided whip. He must have thought I could take sixty because he gave me fifteen to my butt. When he finished with my butt, he began encircling my thighs with the whip for another fifteen. I could see it coming through my legs, just scraping on the bottom of my pussy. Then he started on my tits. By then it was leaving stripes and we both were excited by the way they compressed and shuddered at impact, but my excitement really took off as the whip slowly moved down my stomach closer and closer to my pussy. I began to cum just as the first lash came across it, but then he went behind me and began bringing it up between my legs, so I could see as well as feel one or more thongs bury themselves in my slit.

At ten on my pussy, I had a massive orgasm and screamed:

—Hit my tits and start down again!

My orgasms continued as stripe after stripe made my tits distort then swell. Then he started down then stepped back so just the tips of the whip dived into my pussy, ripping the lips wide open until I was so overcome I moaned “Mercy”.

New kinds of orgasms started because he got so excited, he jumped up on the table facing me and began pumping into my now sopping wet and tender pussy while holding on to my shoulders and biting my nipples. I don't think I ever came that hard again. I still think about it when I want to masturbate.

After he came, we were both dripping sweat and I was burning hot, so we took a cool bath together in Mom's big tub. He really made me proud by saying:

—God! You are awesome. You took over sixty lashes as hard as I could give them before you moaned “Mercy”. It was perfect, since I was going to quit then anyway.

We washed every part of each other's bodies. We were both amazed to see my redness and welts going away from the cool water and his caresses. Then we laid back to enjoy the swirling water when he turned on the jets. That was a mistake, all the soap we had used to wash each other began to foam like crazy and began to run over the top. We wasted about an hour of our time together cleaning up the mess. When I was laying over the edge of the top to wipe up the bottom, he began to play with my pussy, then he stuck his dick in me. It was great! It seemed like he could get in further than ever that way and it left his hands free to pinch my nipples and clitoris. He came before I did, so I told him I would like to do it again that way, only he should make me hot first by slapping my pussy with his whip.

He was fascinated by the rope I had made. He tied me tightly lying in a back bend over the top of the couch, then slapped my pussy with his whip till I began to moan and try to lift my pussy against it. This time I was hot enough to get my orgasms before him.

For the rest of the night, he tied me in all kinds of poses for me to be whipped or fucked. I loved it because the rope we had made was soft since it had been made from a satin sheet, so it didn't cut into my wrists, legs, or ankles.

I found out girls were different than boys. After cumming about four or five times, he couldn't get hard anymore no matter how long I licked and

sucked on him. He made up for it by licking or finger-fucking me until we fell into bed exhausted.

We slept till about ten the next morning and woke up just starving because we had not stopped to eat. We made a huge breakfast and then just dozed on the couch till about eleven-thirty. Mom and Dad said they would be back about noon, so we didn't dare tie me again, since they could walk in before I could be untied. We just went up to my room and put some shorts and T-shirts close to us so we could throw them on when they came home. We needn't have worried. They didn't get home till about eight PM, so exhausted, they went directly to bed.

Things were fine the rest of the school year. Between the school and Bill, I was able to get at least one or two orgasms a day.

I had been doing fifth grade work, so I graduated that summer to sixth. Mom was overjoyed. She said she would throw a party for me. By now I had found four girls that got orgasms from whipping, so I invited them. Two of them brought their brothers. It was obvious to me their brothers were fucking them from the sneaky touches to their pussies when they thought no-one was looking. I took them aside and told them I knew and that it was alright since I was fucking Bill too.

Summer was great since my folks were gone from seven in the morning to six at night. I invited my friends over one at a time. We learned from each other. Bill and I taught the girls who brought their brothers the positions out of "The Kama Sutra". One girl had boobs as big as mine, and her brother showed us how to tie twine around the bases of our tits and wind it around till our tits were real hard and throbbing. That made them a lot more sensitive to be whipped.

The girls with brothers also had both parents working. The other two girls had Moms at home, so they couldn't come as often. They almost killed

off poor Bill. Once they had been fucked, they couldn't get enough. They eventually brought over neighbor boys or cousins, so I didn't have to share Bill and I got a chance to fuck someone new. None of them were as good as Bill since we had been practicing so long.

The only bummer was that Mom insisted Bill and I go to camp for three weeks at separate camps. It was a real drag! We could hardly wait to get home. We were so horny, we almost killed each other the first day home.

The other girls and I continued to work out to the tapes because the boys loved to watch us do them naked. By that fall, we looked great. I had an eighteen-inch waist and my boobs grew to a thirty-four C cup. My Mom noticed and bought me some bra's. I hated them and took them off any time she was gone.

That fall we had a new teacher. He was about thirty and a fitness nut. He had a gorgeous body and unlike my old teacher who wore baggy shorts and a T-shirt during swimming, he wore a tight suit so we could giggle over the huge lump his dick made in it when he would get a hard-on.

Some of the girls had dropped out because of job transfers or other reasons, so there were now only fifteen girls in the class. That was great because we could get even more attention and help.

On the first day, he said that there was no excuse for girls to be overweight and that three of us would be weighed every day and anyone overweight would get five lashes for every pound over the chart. It really worked! The fat girls starved themselves and lost one or two pounds every week. By the end of the year, they looked great.

He said he had also decided to let us choose our position to be whipped. He told me to come forward to demonstrate. When I got to him,

he told me that my old teacher had told him I was his best student and that I wouldn't be hurt bad. I wondered what all he had told him.

He first tied me in the regular position, then hit my butt twice with a wide, thick strap. It really stung. He let me hang there whimpering while he explained that this was position one and we would get the whole number of spansks in that position.

Then he untied my ankles to turn me sideways to the class, and retied me with my legs spread even further. He said that this hurt a little more and that girls choosing this position would get a twenty percent reduction in spansks. He picked up the same kind of whip my old teacher had used then hit my butt, my breasts, my pussy then hit them all again in that order. By that time, I was panting and trembling in excitement. While I hung there, he explained the third position was even more painful, so it would allow a forty percent reduction.

He took me loose then had me kneel down where he tied my knees to the rings which pulled my legs widely apart. Then had me put my head down on my arms. I knew this opened my pussy lips and brought it back because I could see it between my tits. Then he picked up another whip with some real soft leather thongs and hit between my legs to put four lashes right on my pussy. I almost came and when he helped me up I was so dazed he had to help me button my uniform. He gave me a little kiss then said:

—Thank you for helping with the demonstration. I will deduct these lashes from your next spanking if you like.

There was no question which position I would choose, although just for variety I sometimes took position two.

He chose the girls to be weighed in alphabetical order, one girl was five pounds over. He said that he would allow two pounds in grace to allow

for water retention. She chose position one and he gave her fifteen spanks that just made her butt red.

The next girl was ten pounds overweight, she also chose position one. I think he was disappointed he would not get to whip her big tits. He said:

—Forty spanks are a lot to take in one place. Are you sure you wouldn't prefer position two?

She just whimpered and shook her head. I think it made him mad because he hit her harder than the other girl. She had terrible welts on her butt when he finished. I felt sorry for her because I knew she hated to be hurt and told her after school to take position two or three because the whips weren't nearly as bad as the strap. She whined:

—I couldn't do position three. It would be too embarrassing. You didn't see yourself. Your pussy was in plain sight and even open a little.

She said that next time she would try position two because nothing could be worse than that strap. Even the next day, she was so sore she brought an inflatable pad so she could stand the pain of sitting.

My friends and I avoided the weight whipping because we were in such good shape, but at least one girl was whipped every afternoon for either weight, grades or both. Most of them chose position two after seeing the fat girl's butt. I had a great seat at the front corner desk. I was thrilled to see their tits and pussy lips wrenched out of shape by the thongs.

After a few weeks, he began reading letters aloud from parents complimenting him on causing the weight loss after all their failures with all kinds of diets. If any of the girls thought he might stop doing it, the letters quashed that hope.

My first whipping happened on Thursday. Naturally, I went for position three to get my spanks. I had earned thirty-two, but after discount it was rounded off to twenty. It made me cum like crazy! When he hit me he

would drag the thongs up my crack for the next one. My pussy got wet right away and the thongs began to get wet, so the pain got a little worse at each lash. At the end, the thongs were so wet they made a “Splat!” sound when they hit and caused all of it to burn. I could see every lash hit my pussy and if my knees had not been tied, I would have spread my legs more to let the thongs hit inside.

When he finished and helped me up, I hugged him, mashing my breasts on his chest and said:

—Thank you. Oh... thank you.

He grinned and said:

—Now that is the right attitude class. You all should thank me for trying to make you a better person.

It didn't fool anyone. My friends knew I had enjoyed a great orgasm, and now all the girls suspected it. I didn't care. They still treated me as a heroine, since I did not cry or yell. Best of all, my friends and some of the other girls started going for option three. I loved to watch them get spanked because I knew just what they were feeling and the empathy would get me excited enough to run home for a quick fuck from Bill before my parents came home.

Bill was really excited by my descriptions of my and the other girls whipping. I told him I had no idea where we could get one of those soft leather whips. He said he would look around and try to get one for the weekend our parents would be gone. He found something real close with deerskin. He cut it in strips and nailed it to a mop handle Mom had thrown out. He was waiting for me when I got home. It wouldn't be the same since we didn't dare tie me since we never knew for sure when one or both of our parents might get lucky on the traffic and get home early. I knelt and spread my legs for him. It was perfect! We could hardly wait for the weekend so

we could have time for me to be whipped and fucked from behind. I told him I thought it might even be better if he figured out a way to keep my pussy lips open, so the whip could get wet faster and easier.

By that weekend, he had figured it out. He got four paper clamps, tied twine to them, then clamped them on my outer lips. It hurt some, but that just added to the excitement. When he tied the twine around my legs, the lips were stretched wide open. It was a little too successful. I had to tell him to hit easier till I was really excited because the whip was now hitting directly on the tender inner lips and my clit. He could tell I was ready when I began to push my pussy out to meet the whip and hit faster till I screamed in massive orgasm and he buried his dick in my now very tender pussy.

I told him the pinching of the clamps hurt some, but that it was kind of foreplay to get me excited for whipping. That gave him an idea. He tied my legs apart and my hands behind my back, while he very slowly pulled the hair off my pussy with tweezers. I watched the skin pull out as pain increased until the hair gave and the skin popped back only to be pulled out again until it was bald and I was in orgasm. I felt bad about that in a way because it seemed to be a symbol of womanhood. I felt better in swimming class when my teacher saw it and said it was an excellent idea and that all the girls should remove their hair too as it would be easier to keep our crotches clean. I think the real reason was because it was now easier to see the skin redden by his lashes. In any case, I became proud to be a trend setter.

Things were fine with me getting school spankings once or twice per week and sex with Bill at night until midterm exams. It had all the girls worried because if you just got eighties in the exam you could get up to a hundred lashes.

My friend, Buffy, was really worried about the history exam because it involved memorizing a lot of dates and she had trouble with that. I told her that it would be a multiple choice exam, so it would be easy to copy off my paper. Bill had taught me memory tricks to make it easy for me.

We were caught!

Our teacher grabbed our arms and dragged us to the principal's office. God, he acted like we had killed someone! He called us rotten little cheats and said no-one had cheated for over ten years. He said we would remember our punishment the rest of our lives, and no other student in school would cheat after they witnessed our public example. We were scared to death and blubbered apologies, but we were ignored. The principal asked my teacher if we were copying off each other's paper. My teacher told him that Buffy was copying, but I had made no effort to hide my paper and even had it at the edge of my desk to make it easier for Buffy to see it. The principal said we were both guilty, but Buffy was more so. I was to be whipped with the standard thong whip my teacher used for position two, but poor Buffy was to be whipped with a whip like the one Mom had brought home.

They took us to the auditorium just before the first class break. They stripped us, then tied a long iron pipe to our ankles to hold our legs widely apart. When they pulled us off the floor, the extra weight of the pipe stretched us to our limits. This was different than our classroom whippings, as now we would be facing the audience rather than our backs to avoid some humiliation. Just as we were lifted, there was an announcement over the P.A. system.

—During breaks between classes, all teachers and students will report to the auditorium.

Buffy whimpered:

—Oh God! It was bad enough when just our classmates saw us whipped with our backs to them. Now the whole school will see our breasts and pussies.

She seemed crushed by the idea, so I didn't tell her that this would realize one of my fantasies.

When everyone was seated as close as they could get to us next to the stage, the principal said:

—The girls you see in front of you attempted to cheat on their exams. To make sure the rest of you won't be tempted to do the same, they will receive ten lashes from the staff at each class break till further notice. I shuddered, there were four teachers and the principal. We would be getting fifty lashes every hour. I was wrong. I had forgotten about the principal's secretary and the janitor. There was no way to get an orgasm because they used the whole ten-minute period to whip us. They would whip Buffy for ten lashes, so I could hear the "Whap!" of each lash and her pitiful cries, then wait a moment for her sobs to subside then whip me. I worked up some excitement on the first teacher because hearing the lashes to Buffy while watching the excited looks on the audience's faces excited me, but the delays would not let the excitement build and it just became torture. They knew our tenderest places. Almost all the lashes hit on our tender inner thighs, our nipples or our pussies, with only an occasional lash to the tougher parts like our asses or the backs of our legs. It seemed to last forever. For the first time I found myself screaming along with Buffy.

Finally, it was over. They loosened the ropes enough to let our feet rest on the floor, but our legs were too weak to hold us up, so we just hung there sobbing with our heads down to see our red, throbbing breasts.

It took over ten minutes for me to get my strength back enough to stand and turn towards Buffy, who was still hanging her head and moaning.

I said:

—Buffy... Buffy, are you alright?

She slowly raised her head and said:

—Oh... Lena! I hurt terribly. Am I bleeding?

I had her turn from side to side, so I could see. I told her she had some bad welts, but it didn't look like she was bleeding. She was relieved, but then got a stricken look on her face when she turned back and saw the clock on the wall.

—Oh God... Lena! In forty minutes, they will be whipping us again! I can't stand it. This is your fault. You talked me into cheating.

She began to sob again, but stopped when I said loudly:

—What a shitty thing to say. You said you were desperate, if I hadn't tried to help you I wouldn't be here.

—I'm sorry. You are right. I am twice as guilty. I was doing the cheating, I should have made sure the teacher was not looking. Please forgive me.

—I don't need to. I know what that whip they are using on you feels like. It is much worse than mine, so you are paying the biggest penalty.

—I believe it. It hurts more than anything I have felt before.

I guess being young gave us good recuperative powers, as the minute hand jumped minute by minute toward eleven. The pain began to subside and we became alert.

The bell rang to signal the start of another ordeal. I hated the girls coming in. They were obviously excited, with no sympathy at all for us. They even giggled as they pointed out particularly bad welts. I thought they liked us and couldn't understand their attitude. Some of them were even surreptitiously rubbing their pussies.

This time they decided to have us watch the other being hit. They turned me sideways so I could see each lash sinking into her body to leave welts. I am ashamed to admit watching her get hit excited me and I couldn't blame the audience for becoming excited. I looked back and forth from the audience to Buffy. The man must have thought he might make some of the worse welts bleed because he looked for places to hit that were just red or still white. The girls and men in the audience were loving it. They actually cheered the harder lashes.

—Cracking!

Against poor Buffy.

Then it was my turn. It helped fight the pain to stare at and hate the audience as he hit my breasts. I think they were jealous of my big boobs because they loved seeing them tortured. The bitches began to chant:

—Hit them again! Harder! Harder!

Like cheerleaders at a football game and the teacher used all ten of his lashes on my tits causing them to lift, separate, and crash into each other while the burning and throbbing returned. Because of the breaks waiting our turns, we did not get the pain long enough to either cum or faint. At least, Buffy already had bad welts on her breasts and pussy, so they did not hit them much. Since I was just red, I didn't get that break. The lashes came across the lips of my pussy, upward from the front and through my legs from the back. My asshole even began to burn. Eventually my breasts and pussy were maroon so they began hitting my butt, stomach and legs instead. It felt almost good in comparison.

They must not have hit us as hard this time because it didn't take us as long to recover. Buffy looked at the clock and said:

—Only thirty minutes left. Oh... shit! Lena, they have a whole half hour next time. They will drag it out so we hurt the whole time.

I said:

—No! They don't have that much patience. Remember, some of them hit so fast, my tits never stopped bouncing.

—God, I hope you are right.

At about ten till, the principal came in and began to feel and pinch our weals:

—I have decided to give you a break. This will be the last session and we will be using these whips. He held up the deer hide whips and we began to gush thanks as if he had given us the world rather than just lessened the pain a little. Then he said after this session you may cool yourselves in the pool then come to my office to take the rest of your tests.

The girls started coming in, as excited as ever. Buffy and I stood there and glared at them as they pointed at us and giggled.

The principal said:

—Quiet down! I have an announcement.

They settled down and he went on:

—I have decided that these girls have hurt all of you by cheating. Therefore, you will all be able to give them one lash.

The bitches clapped and cheered.

Buffy and I gave each other stricken looks. We knew there were about a hundred and sixty girls in the school. Our only hope was that the younger kids would not be able to hit too hard and we hoped some of the girls would hit easy either because they were friends or felt sorry for us.

He went on:

—Just so the girls will have no hard feelings against you, they will be blindfolded, so they won't know who is hitting them. Line up at the stairs to the stage.

The girls pushed and struggled to be at the head of the line.

We sobbed. As excited as they were they would have no inhibitions about hitting us hard and with blindfolds we would not even be able to brace ourselves for the oncoming lash.

Buffy was right. It took almost the whole half hour for all of them to take their turn. Most of them hit our breasts and pussies. I expected to have our tits hit a lot, since there were a lot of flat-chested girls that envied us.

In spite of our dread, the lighter whips over the long period was much better. Now the small delay while they passed on the whip just let us savor the last lash and both of us became excited enough to go into orgasm. Thank God the light whips did not cause any more damage and it was finally over. We walked naked to the pool and sank gratefully into the coolness.

The principal let us soak in the pool for a half hour, which was long enough for most of the pain and heat to go away. He led us back to his office, still naked and wet.

After we went through the outer door, we went behind his desk to go through a thick door into another room. It was totally silent when he closed the door, so I knew the room had been soundproofed like a music studio I had visited once.

Buffy and I looked at each other, shocked. There were all kinds of whips hanging on the walls, enough hooks in the ceiling, walls and floors to tie us in any position. There was a “T” shaped table with winches at the ends to pull our legs into a split while our arms could be stretched over our heads. I knew why the girl had warned me not to do anything that would have the teacher send us to the principal’s office. He had us lie side by side on a waist high padded table, about the same size as a single bed. We braced for the whip we assumed would be hitting our ass. To our surprise, the thing we felt was greasy hands on our butts. He was gently massaging

some kind of salve on us. We relaxed and made little sighs at the soothing of the gentle massage. He rubbed us for a long time. Then he said:

—This is hot work!

And took off his shirt and pants. I was astonished. He was old! Over fifty, but his body looked really good.

He had us turn over and began putting the salve on our fronts. He said:

—You see, I can be nice, especially if girls are nice to me. Will you be nice?

Buffy said we would and I went further:

—Oh yes! We will do anything you want that makes you happy. Anything!

He grinned and kept rubbing. I don't know what he was putting on us, but it was miraculous. The red began fading, and even Buffy's bad welts flattened out and began to fade from maroon to a dark pink.

Buffy and I sighed in the great soothing of our bodies, then he got to our pussies and the comforting feeling changed to excitement as he spread our pussies with his outer fingers to put in his middle finger to push in and out and in circles. In a short time we were panting and squeezing our breasts and nipples trying to get to orgasm.

He said:

—You girls have had fingers in your slits before, haven't you?

We both moaned that we had and begged him not to stop because it felt wonderful.

He grinned:

—Would you like something bigger in there?

I beat Buffy to moan:

—Yes! Oh... yes. Put your dick in it. Please. I'll make you happy.

That made him grin and chuckle. He pulled off his shorts and laid on his back on the rug. His dick was bigger than Bills and real gnarly with big veins. I straddled him and loved the stretching feeling as the big head slipped in and then the moving of my organs as his eight-inch dick worked in till I was sitting on his thighs. When I began moving up and down twisting my hips, he had Buffy straddle his face, then he put his long thick tongue in her. She had a look of pure ecstasy on her face. I reached out to squeeze her breasts, and she grabbed mine. I found another thing was different. He lasted about three times as long as Bill, I was in my third orgasm before he came.

We laid down next to him to hug and kiss him. I could taste Buffy's pussy juice on his face. It didn't taste bad, so I began to lick it off. Buffy began to do it to the other side of his face.

We held on to him and looked at each other over his chest, giggling with the after joy of our orgasms.

He pulled up our chins and said:

—Would you like to change positions with Buffy on my dick.

We both said "Yes" at once, then giggled again at our lack of reticence.

—Fine. You will have to get me hard again.

I started sliding down his stomach to fondle and lick his dick. Buffy followed along and licked the other side of it and the head. I found out another thing different between him and Bill. He lasted a long time, but he also didn't get hard right away.

Buffy had an idea:

—I know it excites you to see us whipped. I want to find out what it is like to lick a girl's pussy. Would you like to see me lick Lena while she spansks my front with the soft whip?

I said:

—Really? I would think you would never want to be whipped again after today.

The principal frowned at me and said:

—If that is what she wants, you shouldn't interfere.

—I want to. That salve is great, I don't hurt at all now, and I want to feel you inside me. My boyfriend's dick is tiny next to yours.

I got up to pick one of the soft whips off the wall, then straddled her face and leaned forward. When her tongue touched my clit, I began to spank her pussy. I knew his cum must be running out of me into her mouth, but she didn't seem to mind. As I got more excited, I began hitting her harder. Suddenly he pulled me off of her and I was looking at his dick that was so hard it was pulsing.

He got on his back again and I settled down on his mouth. He was wonderful. His tongue was huge, but he could make the end flit against my clit then stick it deep inside me while his front teeth scraped against my clit. It made Bill's simple licking seem amateurish. I must have had the same look of ecstasy as Buffy had because she grinned at me knowingly, then picked up the whip to swing it across my nipples. I pulled my elbows back to push out my breasts and get my arms out of the way so she could hit every inch of them. I got so excited, it took what little sense I had not to bounce on his face or smother him. I came over and over until he lifted me off his face by my ass cheeks.

He had Buffy clean his dick with her mouth and tongue, then dressed while we laid on the floor with silly grins on our faces.

When he was dressed, he said:

—You will both be excellent. I will put your names on the list.

Buffy said, What list?

—You girls obviously enjoy both sex and pain. You are going on an exclusive list of girls who have exceptional talent. On occasion, you will be notified to report for further education in sexual techniques. The combination of nudity and whipping makes your teachers very excited. You will relieve that excitement. I am proud of you. You are among the youngest to make the list. As a further reward, you don't have to take midterms. You have a good daily record, so you just made "A's" on all your tests. Now go to the auditorium and get your clothes and take a shower, then you may go home. Be proud. There are only ten of you in the entire school that have both the beauty and talent to be on the list.

I had wondered about the teachers. It was obvious from the tent their dicks made in their pants that they had become really excited. I assumed they went to a bathroom to jerk-off like Bill used to before I could relieve his hardon for him.

We skipped down to the auditorium to get our clothes, then washed each other in the shower. I said:

—At least we know why the teachers were always in a hurry to leave after we were whipped.

—Yeah, but he didn't say where we would go and whether or not it would be the same teacher every time. I can hardly wait for our teacher, that humongous dick in his bathing suit practically makes my pussy drip.

—Yeah, me too.

Then I giggled:

—My mouth waters too.

She giggled too, then we dressed to leave. We could hardly wait to get home so we could teach our brothers how to lick our pussies the right way.

Bill was very cooperative and except for his smaller tongue he learned to do it very well. I made up for his smaller dick by sliding back to make it

rub on my clit.

The next morning, Buffy and I were handed envelopes by our smiling teacher. There were four pieces of paper in it. The first was a nice letter from our principal advising them that I had volunteered for extra credits by working as a tutor for younger girls with a paragraph at the end telling them they should be proud of the fact I had done well enough in my studies to qualify to teach and that I would be brought home between five and five thirty. I didn't really need the letter since they were never home that early, but my folks were really pleased to get it. Mom even put it in a picture frame and hung it in my room.

The second paper was a map of the school that showed how to go to the basement and through the furnace room to another door leading to a hall with rooms marked B1, B2, B3, and B4. I had always assumed the basement was just furnace room and storage

The third paper was my schedule indicating I was to go to B3 on Monday, B4 on Tuesday, The principal's office on Wednesday, B1 on Thursday, and B2 on Friday.

On the back of the schedule, it said to report to the room of the day after the three thirty punishment sessions. It also said my special status would not relieve me from punishment sessions because it was important to maintain my grade average, but that I would now get perfect scores in all my classes as long as I maintained a minimum real grade of eighty-five.

That was great! My folks had raised my allowance since I was doing so well in school and Dad said he would give me a ten dollar bonus for every "A" on my report card. Since report cards came out every three months, I would be getting an extra hundred fifty dollars to spend any way I wanted.

The fourth paper was in two columns:

Room B1 Sexual techniques and positions

Room B2 Dance and art of stripping

Room B3 Group sex

Room B4 Fantasy day

Principal Joys of torture

NOTICE:

Letter is to be given to your parents. All other papers are to be kept in your locker. You are not to discuss this with anyone other than your peer group. You are very special and we do not wish to have girls who are not qualified become jealous of the fact that they are excluded. Some parents may not approve, so we strongly suggest that you do not discuss your special training with them.

I had no problem with that. My Mother had given me a big lecture about not letting anyone touch my “Private parts” and that I should not have sex until I was married. Thank God she told me too late or I may have believed her and missed out on all this pleasure.

Since it was Thursday, I would be going to B1.

Only one girl was punished that day. She picked position 2 and had twenty-nine lashes coming, so I was really excited when the teacher said I was excused. I ran all the way to B1.

When I went in, the room was empty except for a bed and an overstuffed chair. There were a few soft leather straps from one to four inches wide and some whips made from different lengths of leather boot laces. I felt all of them and none seemed very bad.

My teacher walked in a few minutes later. I was glad to see him. I had been dying to see his dick out of his bathing suit.

He explained that the teachers rotated from room to room, so I would have a different teacher in room B1 next time to allow me to enjoy different tastes. He asked if I had any questions. I understood the function of the rooms except Fantasy day and the Joys of torture.

—Right. I was going to get to that. On Mondays, you will give me a paper describing a sexual fantasy that either you have thought up or have heard about. We need advance notice in case some special equipment is needed. Some of the girls fantasies are impossible to do, either because they would have to be outdoors or involve animals or other things we can't provide. I don't want that to hold you back though because we may be able to come up with a compromise. For instance, one of the girls a few years ago wanted to be whipped in front of a large audience. We couldn't do that in Room B4, so we arranged to have it in the auditorium. Incidentally, that happened to you. Did you get orgasms from it?

—No, not until the last part where they used the soft whip and it went on long enough to let the excitement make me forget the pain. I think it might have been better if I had not been blindfolded, so I could see how excited it made them to whip me. Seeing the audience getting so excited kind of made me feel like a star.

—Yes, I can understand that. You have to remember you were being punished for cheating. There was no intention of having you enjoy it. Someday you may want to do it again starting with soft whips then harder ones as your excitement and the audiences grows. Are you ready for your lesson or would you like to be whipped first to get excited?

I was already so excited my panties were wet, so we got undressed. I was amazed by his dick. It reached above his navel and was as thick as my wrist. I couldn't get all of it in my pussy, let alone my mouth and throat. This class was mostly right out of "The Kama Sutra" and Bill and I had

done most of the positions, but it was still exciting enough for me to orgasm several times.

When he said I could leave, I dressed hurriedly to talk to Buffy. I waited at the main door until she came toward me with a glazed expression on her face.

We compared our experiences. She had gone to the principal's office. She said in there most of the orgasms came from pain, but no pain was unbearable and it gave her a real feeling of accomplishment when the principal said she was brave enough to be rewarded by him giving her head and then fucking her:

—God... Lena. I have never cum so many times before. I feel like I am vibrating and I still get little after shocks just by walking.

I asked:

—Is your body marked up much?

—No, that is the weird part. No-one would know I had even been hurt. There is no whipping except directly on your clit and that is not hard. Most of the excitement comes from stretching, pinching, and just the helpless feeling of being tied so tightly. It is hard to explain. You have to be there.

I told my experience, which seemed pretty tame, but she said that would be valuable to keep our boyfriends or husbands from even thinking about other girls.

I showed Bill some of the little improvements in technique I had learned for both of us to maximize the pleasure. He could hardly wait for the next lesson and said he would write down some of his sex fantasies to add to mine Monday.

The next day I could hardly wait till three thirty. It turned out no-one was being punished, so I got to B2 early. When I opened the door, I saw a

big chair facing a stage with a chrome pole going from floor to ceiling. One wall was sliding doors, I opened it to find gobs of dance costumes. In a few minutes, the eighth grade teacher came in with one of his students, he introduced as Charlene. He told us to pick out our costumes and put them on. I found a cute costume with tiny pink panties and bra and seven veils of pink gauze to tuck into the bra and panties. Charlene was still looking through the costumes when I was dressed, so the teacher said I would be first. He took off his clothes and sat back down in the chair naked. Then he said:

—You will dance to two songs. In the first song, you will teasingly remove your costume. During the second song, you will be naked. The object is to get me excited. You can use my dick as a gauge of your success. If it gets hard, you will know you are doing well.

This is a contest between you two. The winner will be fucked by me in the position of her choice and then have her pussy eaten by the loser. The loser will be whipped and then do whatever the winner wants to help her get to orgasm.

He had me pick out my music from CD's on the shelf. I picked out a rock group with a hard beat.

He pushed a button on his remote and the music started. I thought I had a better chance than Charlene since I was cuter and was happy. She looked sullen. I bounced around, flipping out veils and grinning at him. It wasn't until I was down to my tiny panties that I noticed his dick was limp. I was disappointed since Bill would have been really hard by then, but I was sure he would get excited when I was dancing naked. I was almost desperate before I found I could see a rise when I knelt in front of the stage with my knees widespread and shook my boobies and some more when I bent over with my butt to him and reached between my outstretched legs to

spank my pussy with my fingers. He clapped his hands and had me kneel by his chair while we watched Charlene.

She stepped up on the stage wearing a little leather bra with holes cut out for her nipples. He pushed the button and this slow sexy music started. She danced around as smoothly and sinuously as a snake, then dropped to her knees and began crawling toward him, dragging her nipples on the floor with her eyes nearly closed and a sexy look on her face. I looked at his dick and knew I had lost already. It was hard as a rock and he stared at her, licking his lips. Then she took off the bra and began whipping her tits with it. When she took off the panties she twisted them as if wringing out a rag then used the big rope like thing to saw it back and forth between her legs with a kind of sick look on her face and her tummy pulsating. Then she pulled it out and began slapping her pussy with it. I had already lost, but her second dance even got me excited. She would grip her nipples with her fingers and stretch out her tits till they looked like cones with beads of sweat on her brow from the strain. Just as it looked as if she might come, she pulled them up to her face, then a bit one with her teeth and held it up that way while she flexed her knees to make the free one bounce wildly.

As a finale, she stuck four fingers of her hand in her pussy and pumped it to the music until it was obvious she climaxed.

The teacher looked at me and said:

—I guess we know who won.

I pouted:

—It wasn't fair. She is older than me. This was my first time.

—You were told to make it sexy. Your little cheerleader routine isn't sexy. Work on it.

We watched Charlene lying on the stage, still panting and moaning. She sat up and the teacher said:

—She is all yours, Charlene. How do you want her?

Charlene grinned at me, then went over to bring back the soft whip and the dreaded braided one.

She had me get up on the stage, then said:

—I love whipping cute young girls. Put your hands behind your head and spread your legs wide. Your tits are big enough to bounce good. If you stay in position I will use this soft whip, but if you let go of your hands or try to close your legs we will tie you and I will use the other whip till you pass out.

I was scared to death and braced myself. Thankfully, she was not as mean as she seemed. She began whipping my tits easy and watched my reactions to hit harder as my excitement built up, then began whipping my pussy till I had obviously climaxed.

She jumped off the stage and onto the teachers lap as I sank to my knees dazed and taking deep breaths.

When I got my breath I watched her squirming on his lap letting out little squeals of delight till she fell backwards gripping her tits with a look of sheer bliss on her face. She pulled herself up to hug his face against her tits till they calmed down, then she slid off to lick and suck on his soft, sticky dick.

He waved me over, then lifted her up to have her lay back over the chair seat for me to lick and suck at her cunt while he chewed on her nipples. In a few seconds, she was letting out her little “Yips” of pleasure while she soaked my face and mouth with her juices and his cum.

When she came, he got up to go, pointing out a door to a shower.

Charlene and I showered together, rekindling some of our excitement while washing each other’s pussies.

I said:

—It is bad news to lose. Thank you for giving me my orgasm. It would have been terrible if you had been mean and quit just before I came.

—I felt sorry for you. You were right, it wasn't fair. I did the same kind of dumb dance you did the first time. It takes awhile to learn just what turns them on.

—You sure know how to do it. You even turned me on.

—Yeah. Me too. It makes me proud and powerful to know I could get them to beg to fuck me. As soon as I am eighteen, I want to work in a strip club to make hundreds of them horny.

We giggled and I said:

—That is one of my fantasies, to have dozens of men crying for me.

—Believe me, with the training they are giving us it will be no problem. Even my Dad gets hard when he watches me do aerobics by the pool in my tiny bikini.

When I got home Bill met me at the door to tell me Mom had called to say there were going to dinner and a movie and wouldn't be home till about ten.

I decided to use him to practice my dancing, so I went up to put on my skimpiest bra and panties then had him sit naked like the teacher had, but he was too easy. His dick was hard before I even got my panties off. He was some help though by having him tell me what was most exciting to him. It pretty well confirmed that dancing had nothing to do with exciting. What worked was looking sultry, moving sinuously, and rubbing breasts and pussy with the hands, floor or whatever and most important looking as if what I was doing was really getting me excited. I found out what excited me would excite him.

We had a long slow fuck then made something to eat before going upstairs to do my homework.

The next day, at punishment time, I really got turned on because both the girls getting punished came. I could tell the difference now between the girls who were suffering and the ones that were going into orgasm. I am amazing how similar it looks between great pain and orgasms, the difference shows up in how wet they get and a pulsating of the tummy. The girl who chose position two caused her muscles to stand out in her legs to open them even more for the lash and the girl who chose position three soaked the whip as she pumped her butt to meet each lash.

I was so excited I couldn't keep my hands off my pussy as I ran to room three. I thought group sex would mean two or more couples, but to them, it was two guys and one girl or two girls and one guy. I was lucky to be so horny because that day it was two guys and I was fucked standing up in my pussy and asshole at the same time. Or fucked by one while I sucked the other. Between times, it was up to me to get them hard by licking their balls, dicks or assholes or holding my tits out to them to be whipped or my pussy lips open so they could spank my clit.

Bill was disappointed when I got home because I was so tired I just wanted to take a nap till he woke me for dinner.

When we got back to my room, he wanted to know what had happened to me that day, but I wouldn't tell him until my homework was done. When we finished, I told him about my day. He wasn't very impressed about my fucking, but when I told him about holding my tits up for them to spank, he really got excited:

—You're kidding me! You mean, you just held them out for them? You weren't tied or anything?

—No, I wasn't tied anywhere and it is strange. Being tied I don't seem to have any choice and I can pretend I don't want it to happen. Untied, there is no doubt It gets me excited and I want it to happen. That makes me

feel a little perverted. They made me feel proud by saying only a few girls could do it. I like it both ways, but I think it is a little better to be totally helpless.

He wanted to try it, so we got undressed. I got on my knees and grasped the bottom of my tits with my hands to pull them out and up. He got Mom's whip off the wall and I cried:

—No! Please don't use that. It will bruise them.

—Relax. I am just going to use the end of one thong. Say:

—Please whip my tits, Master!

It seemed to add to my excitement to ask for them, so I went even further, saying:

—Please whip my tits till they are striped, Master.

Between the pain, watching red lines slowly covering my tits and his throbbing dick in front of me threw me into a glorious orgasm and I grabbed his butt-cheeks to pull his dick in my mouth and swallowed till it was in my throat and my nose was bumping into his crotch hair. My orgasms continued till he flooded my mouth with cum and he sunk to the floor.

—Oh Jesus! That was fantastic. You satisfied one of my fantasies. It was just like you were my slave.

—I guess I am, kind of. I know I will let you do anything you want as long as it doesn't hurt so much I can't cum.

—Oh yeah! I am sorry, but you drained me so much, it may be a little while before I can get hard so I can fuck you for your orgasm.

—Are you kidding. I came like crazy. I don't need to be fucked any more today. Let's just go to bed. I am exhausted.

I left my table lamp on, so I could trace the lines on my tits with my fingers till they began to fade and I fell into a deep sleep.

When I took my shower in the morning, all the lines had faded. It seemed I had just dreamed it.

The next day, no-one needed to be punished. I had mixed feelings about it. I would have liked to be excited when I went downstairs, but now there would be more time for fantasy.

I was down there first, so I had time to look around. It was a big room with all kinds of strange furniture, leather harnesses to hold you in the air in all kinds of positions. The wall had every kind of whip imaginable. I shuddered to think how much some of them would hurt especially some made of wire and paddles with the points of nails sticking out of them. I realized that all this stuff was a result of some girl's request and began to think I was not as brave as I thought. One thing was really weird. It looked like a dress form, except it was made of barbed wire. It was hinged on one side, so a girl could be put in it to have her whole torso encircled by the wire. Three strands of wire were hanging from the bottom strand at the back. I was still looking at it when the first grade teacher walked in, so I asked him about it.

—That has not been used for quite a while. A ninth grade student requested it about four years ago. It was so wild, all the teachers came to see it used. As you probably guessed the girl was put inside it then the wires were tightened till the barbs just touched her skin and then the loose strands were brought through her legs to press against her crotch and pussy. When she was in it, the wires were touched by a cattle prod. Every time the electricity hit, she would jump and drive the barbs into her skin. We couldn't do it very long because she began bleeding. To our amazement, she didn't want to be taken out of it.

I shuddered at the thought. I didn't know what a cattle prod was, but I thought it must take a lot of electricity to make her jump into the barbs.

He asked me for my fantasy sheets. I only had three. One was my brother's idea. It involved putting bowls of red ants on my tits to wear while being fucked. He discarded that for the time being since they had no red ants.

The second had me lying on my stomach on a bed of rose branches while I was fucked in my ass. This was also put aside because they had no roses.

The third request was that I be fucked in my pussy, my ass, and my mouth all at the same time until they could not get hard anymore. This they could do.

The second grade teacher, the janitor and a girl a little older than me came in. Her fantasy must have already started. She was naked and had iron manacles with big chains on her wrists and ankles. There were tears coming down her cheeks. I couldn't understand that, since she was coming to satisfy her own fantasy.

The janitor read our fantasies aloud. Her fantasy was to be hung up by iron manacles and to be whipped till every bit of her was red from her armpits to mid-thigh by two men at the same time, then she was to suck them off and they were to shoot their cum in her face. That did not appeal to me at all. It looked like the men would be the only ones to enjoy it. If I had not known it was her idea, I would have assumed the men had come up with it.

Since she already had her manacles on, she was first.

She cried and moaned:

—No! Please no...

And "I hurt. I hurt" till it was over. The men ignored her and it took a long time as they stopped to locate white or pink areas to hit. Then they loosened her arms enough to let her rest on her knees and took turns getting

blow-jobs. She got a look of ecstasy on her face and kept it even while her face was covered with cum.

Now it was my turn. They tied my arms loosely to the ceiling, then sat on a bench till she was able to get them hard again by alternately stroking two of the dicks while sucking the third. When they were hard, the janitor was seated on a swing and lifted to the level of my face. I was glad to see his dick was skinny enough to go down my throat, then they all began feeding their dicks into me at once. It was as excited as I had imagined when I thought up the fantasy and I had several great orgasms.

On the way out I asked the girl why she had picked that fantasy since she seemed to be really suffering under the whips.

She said:

—I do hate being whipped. It really hurts, but my mother and my church lecture me all the time about sex being a sin, so the only way I can avoid guilt is to be punished for the joy I get.

—Yeah... but you weren't fucked. You just gave the men pleasure.

—I know, I don't understand that either. It is just that the more humiliated I am the better the orgasm. My boyfriend leads me around on my hands and knees with a leash going to clothespins on my nipples till I beg him to whip me and let me suck his dick.

When I got home Bill, was not there. I remembered what she said about the clothespins, so I dug around till I found a couple, then went upstairs to undress and try them. They hurt! They kept hurting for about ten minutes, then I guess the nerves got numb, so they just ached. I was amazed at how strong they were. I could pull my nipples way out and stretch my breasts with them without having them pop off. When I took them off there was another sharp pain then they ached until I rubbed them to bring back the circulation.

Bill ran in yelling at me to come upstairs because he had something to show me.

—Lena! This is great! I have a new friend whose Dad owns a sex shop. Look at these magazines.

They solved the problem of trying to think up fantasies. There were gobs of pictures of women in all kinds of bondage, costumes, and being stimulated by pain in all kinds of ways. I dog-eared the pages of the things that most excited me or Bill.

—That is not all. Look at this!

He pulled a rubber dick out of his pocket that really looked real. I looked and felt of it, then he turned a switch at the base. It began to vibrate!

—This will be great! Remember how much you liked having dicks in your ass and your pussy at the same time?

We can do it anytime with this in either hole.

It was hell waiting for our folks to go to bed. Finally, Mom said:

—You kids are driving me crazy pacing around. If you don't want to watch TV go upstairs and study.

We tried to be casual going up, walking slowly.

The fake dick was great! Once he had his dick in my pussy, he put the fake in my butt. It not only vibrated, it made his vibrate too. We enjoyed it so much, I was afraid Mom might hear Bill's moans, so I held my hand over his mouth then pulled it into my nipple. We tried it in both holes, I found it was best for Bill to fuck my ass while he held the fake tight against my pussy at top speed.

That weekend Bill and I went to the college library to read everything we could on sadism, masochism, corporal punishment, and torture. I recognized the fact that I was a masochist and everything mentioned under that and most of corporal punishment appealed to me. Torture was

something else. It always seemed to involve burning, cutting, dislocations, or electrocution. Joys of torture seemed incongruous.

I was very apprehensive at school Monday. I kept picturing myself tied up while red-hot pokers were pushed into my nipples or pussy or whipped with electrical wires.

The ten of us elite girls always ate together. They were no help at all. They said things like:

—The school nurse should be able to fix you up so you won't have to go to the hospital.

And:

—Don't worry, they will give you a ride home. There is no way you will be able to walk.

I couldn't believe they could be so mean as to giggle after saying that. I got so frightened, Buffy took me aside and said they were teasing me. The principal considered this voluntary and if something hurt too much I would just say "Mercy", and he would stop:

—Remember when you talked to me after my session? I had cum so hard, I was like a walking zombie. I had dreams about it for a week. I know you like pain as much as I do.

I wasn't so sure. At our cheating whipping in the auditorium, she had absorbed as many lashes as me with the bad whip and stayed conscious. I wasn't sure I could have.

I was so frightened I couldn't get excited at punishment time when one of the girls chose position three for her thirty lashes.

I walked slowly to the principal's office, hardly noticing the giggling girls running to the basement.

When I went into his office, he smiled and kissed me then had me sit down.

He poured a small glass of whisky for each of us. My folks had liquor, so Bill and I had drunk small amounts they would not miss. I took it gratefully and sipped on it as he talked.

—These sessions will test how much pain you can enjoy. The key word here is enjoying. I want you to obtain orgasms from pain. If something hurts too much for you to build excitement to a crashing climax, you only have to say, “Mercy” and I will stop what I am doing to move on to something else to help you on your way. When you reach climax, I will either fuck you or lick your pussy. Since you will be too excited to make a choice, then I will ask you now whether you prefer being fucked or licked first?

I remembered the big lump he had in his pants at the auditorium, so I said fucked and then had to choose my ass or pussy. I decided on pussy.

He took me in the other room and took off my clothes, stroking my body as it was revealed. It felt great and I was already excited when he put me face up on the “T” shaped table to put padded cuffs on my wrists and ankles. Then he began turning the winch behind my head to pull my arms tight. Then he moved to my legs and began turning the winch out to the sides of my hips. I looked up at a huge mirror in the ceiling to watch my legs being pulled apart until I was doing the splits. He kept turning it slowly till I began to feel pain in my legs and hips. When it got bad, I said:

—Mercy!

My legs in the mirror were at right angles to my butt and the tendons in my thighs were standing out. Then he went to my arms to tighten them while watching the mirror to leave my pussy and inner thighs just off the edge.

He went to a cabinet and brought back a box, then took out a long pin with an ornate head. He said:

—These have been sterilized so you won't be infected. One will go through the lips of your pussy, the other two will go through your nipples. The pain is nothing compared to having them whipped.

That may have been true, but it was frightening. He made it hurt as much as possible by pushing them through very slowly. My pussy was not too bad, but the nipples really hurt. I screamed, but he ignored that since I did not say:

—Mercy!

He began flicking them with his fingers and my excitement began building again. He went to the cabinet and brought out two buckets with long nylon cords, he rested on my stomach. Then he put loops at the end of the cords onto the pins, lifting the buckets in the air. I could see my pussy lips just above my clit lift up to the ceiling and my nipples stood up. Then he got a box and rested it on my stomach. It was really heavy and flattened my stomach so much I was taking small breaths.

He began taking lead weights out of the box and into the bucket to my pussy. I watched in fascination as the lips stretched and my excitement built till I was afraid the pin would tear through my flesh and moaned, "Mercy". He began putting weights in the nipple bucket and I began to pant as my tits formed cones. I yelled:

—I'm cumming!

He pushed the box of weights off my stomach and began fucking me. At each lunge, the heavy buckets danced, jerking on my nipples and pulling my pussy tight against his prick. I screamed and came stronger than ever. I must have passed out because the next thing I remember was lying on the floor with my legs together while he licked and sucked on my nipples. I was totally exhausted and just watched him in the ceiling mirror in pure rapture as his lips moved from my nipples to my pussy and back until I had

recovered enough to raise up and push him down on his back, so I could suck his dick covered with my juices out of pure gratitude. When he came, I rolled his cum around in my mouth with my tongue and smiled at him as I swallowed it.

I asked:

—Will it always be like this?

—If you mean will you always have great orgasms, the answer is yes, but if you mean will the method will be the same, that is no. The only thing that stays the same is the pain will build slowly until you think you can't take anymore, but you will. With some of the girls, I have to stop because they will never say:

—Mercy!

He dressed me and I walked out knowing just how Buffy had felt. My legs were shaking, I felt spacey and I kept getting little after shocks radiating through my body from my pussy.

Bill was not home and I went to bed to fall immediately asleep until I was awakened for dinner.

When my folks went to bed, I told Bill about my experience. He was fascinated by my punctured nipples and had me put earrings in the holes so he could pull on them with his teeth. I liked the effect so well, I began to wear earrings in them all the time. They didn't work very well to pull on because they would pull out, so Bill found some locking gold hoops at his friend's sex store. With those, I could be tied by them or led by a leash. We found a lot of uses for them.

The next morning I woke up early since I had slept so long. My breasts were tender and I had a little cramp in my stomach. When I got up, I noticed a spot of blood on my sheets. I panicked a little, thinking Bill had hurt me internally when he had pushed the fake dick all the way inside, then

realized my menstruation must have started. I ran down to tell Mom. She was surprised it had come so early since she had been thirteen before hers started, but showed me how to use tampons and a douche.

She left to work shortly after, then the thought that I would no longer be able to be fucked in my pussy struck me, since I did not want to become pregnant.

I went to school early and was crying by the time I got to the principal's office. When I blubbered out what happened, he hugged me and said it was no problem, except that I would not be fucked for the three or four days while I was bleeding. He gave me a business card with a doctor's name on it who would prescribe birth control pills without notifying my parents. I was really relieved, except I resented the three days per month of sexual activity I would lose. I had already become to hate the boring weekends, since most of the time my parents stayed home.

Bill decided he would fuck me even during my monthlies, but the school wouldn't because they would not be able to tell the difference between menstrual blood or injury to my pussy.

The weekends have turned out not to be a problem. Bill's new friend's father wants the weekends off, so he has his son work in the store on week ends. Mom thought Bill and I were such great students she was all for it when we told her we would be at libraries or galleries on Saturday's.

Bill introduced me to his friend, Dan, on a weekend my parents were gone.

Bill said that Dan did not really believe I liked getting spanked and whipped, so when Dan got there, told me to beg them to let me get undressed and hung up to be whipped. When he walked in, I knew he would be great. He was totally different from Bill. Where Bill was blonde,

stocky and always grinning, Dan had black hair, lean and wiry and looked tough he was also older, about twenty.

It really excited me to slowly strip and watch him stare in amazement when I held out my hands for Bill to put on wrist cuffs and say:

—Please, hang me up and whip me.

When I was hung up, I really felt like a star, especially when Dan said:

—Jesus! She is beautiful!

He came over to me and squeezed my breasts and stroked my bald pussy. Then he said:

—How old did you say she is? She doesn't have any hair on her pussy.

—I know. I keep it plucked off, so I can see it turn red.

—She is beautiful and has a great firm body. I thought you said she liked to be whipped. Why is she tied up?

—I broke in to say breathlessly:

—I kind of like to be tied. It makes me feel helpless.

—Well... I don't want you helpless. I want you to help. Let's get her down.

When I was loose, I stood there panting slightly with my arms hanging by my side and my legs a little apart, curiously awaiting his next command.

He kind of sneered at me, then said:

—She isn't bashful. She doesn't try to hide anything. You are a real slut, aren't you?

That hurt my feelings:

—No... I'm not... I just like sex.

—Yeah, you like sex and you like to be whipped. You are a slut, but I like that because it means you deserve unending punishment. You know

what your mother would think about the things you do.

I knew all right. She thought the girls on MTV were sluts. She would have a fit if she knew what I did. I suddenly felt guilty and understood the girl that asked to be whipped, even though she just felt pain.

—Yes, you are right, I should be punished... Hard!

Dan turned to Bill and said:

—Do you have a whip, or do you just use a belt?

Bill reached over to the couch to get the thonged whip. I stopped him, because I wanted to prove I was willing to be hurt bad by saying:

—I'll get it.

I went up to get Mom's braided whip. When I got to the foot of the stairs, he stopped me and told me to hold the whip in my mouth and crawl over to him. I started going on my hands and knees, but he stopped me again:

—No! Crawl on your stomach.

I laid down and began dragging myself over to him, kind of like swimming with a frog kick. My nipples and stomach rubbed against the thick pile wool rug, making me tender and excited by the time I got up to my knees to let him take the whip out of my mouth that I had been sucking like a cock.

—I took a deep breath then said:

—Where do you want to whip me and how many?

—This is a nasty whip. You are lucky I am not mean. It will be all over, but I will leave the amount to you. When you have had enough on your butt and thighs turn around and when you have had enough on the front just fall back and open your legs for your fuck. If you are really brave, I will eat your pussy too.

He told me to kneel, then bend over and rest my head on my arms. This brought my ass way up in the air, which lowered when he told me to spread my legs.

He was really good at it. The lashes got harder in perfect time with my rising excitement. I didn't turn around in spite of the welts he was raising until two lashes in a row hit right on my puckered ass-hole

He had me kneel with my hands behind my head and my tits pushed out. He moved from my right side then my front and then to the left side to cover every inch of my boobs including lashes underneath hard enough to make my boobs jump up almost to my chin. The pain was terrible as I looked down to see dark lines crossing my tits as they got hot and began to swell. Just as I thought I couldn't stand anymore and was going to fall forward to protect them, he seemed to read my mind and stopped.

He said:

—You seem to be very brave. How many can you take on your pussy?

I was sobbing from the pain and excitement I was tempted to say none, but I had gone too far to stop and not get the orgasm he had promised. I moaned:

—About half the ones you put on my poor boobies.

—That would be ten. That seems like a lot with this whip. If you want, it can be five if your pussy-lips are opened.

—Oh yes! Give me five on my open pussy. I'll even take six so you can each have three. Can I please be tied for that? I don't think I am brave enough to keep my legs open.

I said I would take six because he hit harder than Bill and I thought at least half would not be bad.

To my relief, he agreed and they put a pillow on the dining room table to raise up my butt and expose all my pussy, then tied my legs in a split to

the legs at each end and my arms to the center leg.

They let excitement build while they caressed my swollen tits and ran their fingers up, down and in my pussy.

Then Dan said:

—Her pussy still isn't open as far as it could be is it?

Bill replied:

—Well... no, but she is doing the splits now. Should we get a couple of clothespins to hold it open more.

I was about to object to that when Dan came up with an even more painful idea.

—Clothe pins would get in the way. Get my sack. I have some alligator clips with cord on them.

I began to moan:

—No! Please no...

Bill got the sack then there were sharp pains as they closed the sharp jaws at the edges of my pussy lips then an even sharper bite as they pulled the cords tight and tied them to the table leg...

Dan said:

—That worked great! Would you like to see, Lena?

I whimpered:

—Yes, it really feels stretched and the teeth are biting me horribly.

Bill grabbed a mirror off the wall and held it over my pussy. It couldn't possibly have been further open. My outer lips were tight against my thighs and would provide no protection at all.

I moaned:

—That is awful. All the lashes will hit the tender inside and my clit. I won't be able to stand it.

Dan said:

—We'll make you a deal. We will just use the thong whip as long as you ask for each lash, but if you don't ask for all of them, we will start over with the bad whip.

—I'll do it. I promise!.

Then he came up with something heinous, saying:

—Since you are worried about your clit. I'll protect it.

At that, he put another clip right on my clitoris. The bite was five times as vicious as on my lips and I yipped then began sobbing.

—Okay, say: "Please hit my pussy".

That gave me mixed feelings. It seemed perverse to ask for pain I knew would be terrible, but on the other hand I could allow myself time to recover between lashes.

—Oh God, you are so mean! Please hit my pussy.

He put the whip on my boobs and slowly pulled it down until it was dragging on the clip on my clitoris to make it pull and bite. I looked into the mirror, Bill was still holding to see the ends of the thongs were right on my clit.

He pulled the whip back over his shoulder, then brought it down hard! Nothing had ever hurt that bad! The clip on my clit jerked to cause even more pain than being hit by the whip. I screamed and my body arched up and jerked at my bonds, causing the clips to bite and rip my pussy until I fell back to the pillow blubbering, only to feel the whip again sliding down my stomach and onto my burning pussy.

Finally, Dan said:

—We are waiting.

—Oh god! I don't think I can ask for another.

—Sure you can. It will get better as your pussy gets numb and you get more excited. But if you want, we will just give you six with the bad whip

without your asking.

That would be totally unbearable and I found my pussy was recovering and pain was lessening, so I said tremulously:

—Please... hit my pussy.

Either, he was right or else he did not hit as hard because it only took seconds to absorb that pain and ask for his last one.

Bill gave me a break by standing at my head, so the tips bit into my ass instead of my clit. I was at the peak of my excitement when he finished his three and Dan immediately took the clip off my clitoris and began making his tongue flutter against it. It was more sensitive than ever and I soon reached intense orgasms. Meanwhile, Bill had taken off his clothes and as soon as Dan stepped back he stuck his hard dick into my pussy, causing the darts to pull on the lips at each thrust to make my orgasms continue.

I came so long and hard, I got spacey. When Bill got off me, I just laid there panting with my eyes closed, getting little after shocks.

They must have thought I had fainted because they began talking about me as if I wasn't there.

—Jesus! Bill, you weren't shitting me. She is fantastic! My girlfriend can't take near that much.

—You didn't tell me you had a girl that was in to this.

—Yeah I'm sorry. I wanted to be sure you weren't talking about little wimpy spankings. She will be at my place Saturday when you come over. You can whip her too.

—God that will be great to whip someone different, but Lena is in to other kinds of pain too. She has had her nipples pierced and her pussy lips too.

—Really. That is great. I have nipple rings and pussy rings I will give you that I stole from Dad.

He laughed:

—Dad thinks he has a shoplifting problem, but it is mostly me. You have to be twenty-one to go in his store, but I have a key to the store, so I can go in the back and turn off the alarm. I have all kinds of goodies. I'll show them to you when you come over.

That interested me, so I sat up:

—What do the rings look like?

He grinned and said:

—Glad to see you are up. The nipple rings are about the size of a silver dollar and the pussy ring about like a quarter. Let me see your nipples.

I went over to him to offer my breasts:

—The holes aren't big enough, but that is no problem, we can make them bigger.

For the rest of the afternoon, they fucked me in the pussy or my ass and played games Dan and his girl had invented.

They cut cards three times. Any card of five or less was lashes to my pussy, five to ten went to my tits and eleven or more went on my butt. If all high cards were drawn, the highest went to my butt the next to my tits and the lowest to my pussy. They used the thong whip that Bill had made since the braided whip had marked me pretty bad, so I enjoyed even all high cards.

The other game he said his girl invented. He brought out a sack full of darts and a long bottle cork. He showed me a dart and explained:

—My girl likes to be punctured, but not deep. She made these darts by straightening little fishhooks and putting them in dowels. Even though

they only go in a little way, they won't fall out because of the barb.

I looked at them doubtfully, but they were no bigger than a pin and there were only ten of them, so I agreed. They put a loop of rope down from the ceiling to go under my stomach, then tied me bent over so far my tits were pressed against my legs. They put the cork in my pussy and threw darts at it, with the winner getting a blow job while the loser had to eat my pussy. They weren't very good at it. The first ten darts all landed in my pussy lips or ass-crack. It didn't hurt too bad, but then I found the game was not over. They jerked out the darts to start over and I found they hurt a lot more coming out than going in because of the barbs. It took more than twenty darts stuck in my ass, pussy-lips, or thighs before Bill finally hit the cork. I lived in fear one would hit my clit. I was lucky that didn't happen. I knew a dart being pulled out of it would hurt awful.

The pain was worth it is. I loved my "Master" having to lick and suck my pussy till I came.

One Saturday, Bill and I biked way out of town to where there were farms and woods. We thought it would be fun to fuck out in the open air and it was, but the best part was when we found an electric fence to keep cattle in. Out of curiosity, I touched it. It jolted me and made my muscle jump, but it didn't hurt, so I pulled my shirt up and rested my boobs on the places between the barbs. It was neat! My boobs would jump as the electricity went off and on in pulses. I grabbed Bill's hand and he jumped and jerked loose, but when I called him a pussy he began slapping my bare ass, which brought shocks to him too. I got him to fuck me from behind while my tits were on the wire. We both got off on that. Bill was going to buy a fence charger, but our local hardware store didn't have one and he never bothered to find a farm store.

At school, I found I was getting pretty jaded. Rooms one, two, and three were things I could get at home and on weekends. The other two would keep me interested forever.

Since I was not afraid of electricity anymore, I decided to try the barbed wire dress form they called “The Barbed Maiden”.

It took awhile to set it up. Once I was in it with my arms tied above my head to raise my tits, the wires were all tightened, so the barbs were lightly pushing into my flesh. Then the three wires were brought up in my crotch, with the wires on the outside digging into the lips of my pussy and the center one actually inside my pussy and resting on my clit.

When everything was ready, they asked how many jolts I wanted. It always took twenty lashes at least, so I asked for twenty, thinking if I didn't quite get to cum I could ask for more.

It was nothing like the fence. The jolt was just fierce and my body bounced forward and back and twisted with each jolt as the barbs dug into my skin.

It only lasted about twenty seconds according to the teacher. I let my body settle into the crotch wires, ignoring the points buried in my pussy lips in total exhaustion. They took it off me while I cried and moaned.

To add insult to injury I was bleeding all over from the barbs tearing into me and they put some kind of powder on me to stop the blood that set me on fire. I screamed till I was hoarse, because it kept burning for several minutes.

They took me to a bed to rest and recuperate before I went home. I got home just before my folks. I told Bill to tell them I was not feeling well and was going to bed. I guess Mom came up to check on me, but I was already asleep in a flannel nightie buttoned to my neck.

Bill told me later that she said I didn't have a fever and would be all right. He also checked on me later, but I was still asleep.

Naturally I woke up early starved since I had missed dinner and began making breakfast for the family. My folks ate and run since they were weekending with friends again.

As soon as they left, Bill asked what had happened to put me into bed, so I told him.

—Jesus Lena! Are you nuts? Why didn't you have them touch you with the cattle prod before you were surrounded by barbed wire? It is a miracle you didn't skin yourself. Let's see the damage.

I took off my nightie to show hundreds of scabs all over my torso made by the powder they had used to stop the blood.

He put me in a warm tub and gently bathed me. Most of the scabs came off to leave red blotches all over, but no new blood. I actually felt good after the long sleep and good breakfast. I gave him a blowjob in gratitude for taking care of me. Then we just made love and played with or massaged each other's bodies for the rest of the day. We could have gone to Dan's, but I was ashamed I had been stupid enough to let my body be turned into hamburger, so Bill called him to make a date for next Saturday. e my head to raise my tits

It was Monday and time for Joy of torture. I was scared since I thought he might make it worse than last time. In a way it was.

There was a lot of preparation. He had me lie face up on the "T" table and tied my legs apart, but not so wide, I was uncomfortable, then he put a strap around my waist and the table to press my butt into it. He hung a grey box from the ceiling then put long rubber gloves covering my hands and arms, then flexible metal gloves on top of the rubber ones. Finally, he hooked wires from the grey box to my gloves. When he was satisfied all the electrical connections were tight, he explained.

—This is an experiment to test your will power. When I turn this on, your gloves will carry forty thousand volts of electricity. Twice as much as the cattle prod you experienced Friday. Unless you want to experience excruciating pain, do not touch yourself with your gloved hands. It is even possible it could bring on a heart attack. You will know the electricity is on by a blinking light on the grey box. Do you understand?

I said that I did and held my hands out and behind my head as far from my body as I could get them. He plugged in the grey box and the light began blinking. He picked up a vibrator that looked like a thin cock and moved it around on my nipples, then my clitoris. In just a few moments, my excitement grew to that terrible point just before orgasm. He stopped! When my breathing got back to normal, he started again, running it around my anus then slowly up the slit of my pussy till it touched my clit. He stopped again! He knew just when I was about to climax, then would quit till I was going crazy. I tried to breathe normally, so he wouldn't know I was close, but it didn't work. He kept bringing me up to frustrate me until I didn't care if I died, I just had to climax and jammed the metal finger into my pussy. Nothing happened! I thought it had malfunctioned and rubbed my clit till I had the orgasm I had earned over and over.

When I stopped vibrating from my glorious release, he unplugged the box and removed my gloves and released my bonds.

I felt safe now, so I told him the box didn't work.

—I know. I didn't turn it on. I suspected you were willing to take a chance on dying rather than being cheated out of your orgasm. That doesn't mean other things will not be real. From now on, we may just see what is the limit of your tolerance to pain.

I found I was now totally jaded, I never came in room B1, or B2 and only in B3 because I was fucked for such a long time.

For my fantasy, I didn't want to be fucked or even have my pussy licked. I just had them whip me on my tits, pussy, and butt all at the same time till I fainted from the combination of pain and orgasms.

On Saturday, we went to Dan's place. He introduced us to his girlfriend, Olga. She was real plain looking with straight hair pulled back with a bow and wearing a shapeless grey dress. She looked sad when he said.

—Bill and Lena meet Olga. I know she doesn't look like much now, but she looks better naked.

She sat forlornly in a chair with her hands in her lap while he showed me the gold nipple rings. They were bigger than the pins put through my nipples. I undressed to show him. Olga seemed surprised that I offered to do it.

Dan pulled out my nipples and looked at the ear-rings I had in them to keep the holes open.

—Yeah, they will have to be opened up a little, but it shouldn't hurt much since you already have holes. The needle to do it is in the box with the rings.

I took out the rings and lifted the cotton they had rested on. The needle was underneath, if you could call it that. I had never seen a needle that big, it was more like a big nail.

—Oh God. That will hurt awful, but I don't care, I want the rings.

Olga looked incredulous and got up to watch as I was seated in a chair while Bill got behind me to grip my tits to hold them steady for Dan. I don't know if he was trying to be kind or mean. He lined up the point of the nail with my holes and very slowly pushed it through. It hurt awful. It was too big to just stretch the skin as the needle had. It made my flesh tear to allow it to go through and tears came to my eyes as my pussy got wet.

He showed me how to open the ring and pushed it through my nipple. It was big enough to put a rope through it. I asked him to put the nail through my other nipple faster. He did make just a short sharp pain much better than the first one.

Olga watched wide-eyed as they took turns tugging on them and agreed how great they would be to tie me for whipping.

Then Dan turned to Olga and said:

—Olga! Get those ugly clothes off, so they can see your great body.

—No! I won't! You will have to make me.

Dan seemed to expect that. He had Bill help hold her over the back of an easy chair and began spanking her hard with a big wood paddle. She began to cry right away, then after about twenty spanks said while sobbing:

—I'll do it! I can't stand the pain.

He let her up and she began taking off her clothes. It was quite a production. She took off her shoes, knee socks, dress, slip, a big cotton bra, and cotton panties. While she was taking this all off, I whispered to Dan:

—What is the deal with Olga? The spanking seemed to hurt her instead of turning her on.

—She may be braver than you. She is never excited by whipping and does not want to be. If I don't hit her hard enough to really hurt, she will beg to be hit harder. Her folks are religious freaks. They and the preacher are always telling her sex is a sin she must be punished for. The bigger sin she thinks it is, the more she needs to be punished, so she won't feel guilty about it. The first time we fucked, I had to rape her. She loved it, so asked me to whip her to relieve her guilt. It is great. She goes to church on Wednesdays and Sundays and comes to me to tell what they lectured against. We have gone through nude dancing, straight sex, oral sex. Today,

she told me about sodomy, which is supposed to be a huge sin. I am anxious to see what punishment she will need for that.

Now that she had been punished for nudity, she was no longer bashful. She put her hands behind her back to let her fingers rest on her nice big round butt and showed off her big breasts that looked round and firm. Although, her stomach was not flat like mine, it just had a small bulge at her navel.

She began to speak in a monotone as if she was reciting:

—Today, some men working on the streets said, “Great tits and ass, Babe” to me. Mama said my body made them think of sex and sin. She is getting me a training bra to make my breasts smaller and a tight girdle, so my bottom won’t move under my dress.

Dan said:

—They should be punished, shouldn’t they?

—Yes! I brought a whip like the one mama made to use on me.

She handed Dan a whip made by tightly braiding hemp twine. It was bristling with little stickers.

—This looks pretty nasty. Do you ever bleed when your Mom uses it?

—No! She uses it on top of my clothes. It just makes red lines that sometimes get purple.

—About twenty lashes with this should do it.

—Yes, twenty on my left breast, twenty on the right and twenty on each cheek of my bottom.

—Are you sure?

—Yes! It should hurt more on bare skin. Then I won’t feel bad if you lick my pussy.

His Dad must have been into S&M because the spare bedroom had pulleys with rope and wrist-cuffs in the ceiling, and cuffs in the floor for the

ankles.

Dan explained that his Dad had put in the room because some women customers liked to have various whips tried on them before they bought them.

We put on the cuffs, then Dan pulled down on the ropes to lift her off her feet, but this wasn't enough.

—No! Pull me tighter. It doesn't hurt yet.

Dan jumped up to put all his weight on the ropes, then had Bill tie them that way as she moaned and sobbed:

—Oh yes. That is right. I hurt awfully. I deserve it for letting you all see me naked. Please whip me. Hard!!

When she said that the whip left welts when used on top of her clothes, I doubted her until I was handed the whip to hold while she was tied. The hemp twine had been braided, so tightly the thongs were very hard. More like wooden dowels than regular strands and the stickers were so sharp I punctured my finger feeling them. I shuddered at the thought of them hitting my breasts, especially the stickers hitting my nipples.

Dan brought the whip behind him to bring it forward in a blur to hit her left butt-cheek. The thongs sank deep into it, leaving a nasty welt, but she just let out a small:

—Aiee!

As each lash dug in for the first ten, then just moaned and shuddered for the last ten. When he switched to the other cheek her little shrieks started over again and I realized that it only took ten lashes to deaden the nerves because she again just moaned at the end.

Her poor butt looked awful! There was blood dripping from it and the maroon welts were already turning purple. I looked closer and saw her butt

was covered with the stickers that had broken off the whip. I thought that might make the whip a little less painful to her breasts.

Dan must have realized that putting, so many lashes on a small area had caused the nerves to deaden because he did her tits differently.

He stood directly in front of her to hit her left breast up, down, sideways, and diagonally to cover every inch of them leaving no white places and dragging the lash over her nipples on each one. They were all hard lashes that made her tits form grotesque shapes and cause screams to the very end.

When he did the other one, she screamed “No!” piteously with each one, but he ignored her.

When he finished, he was panting and sweating almost as much as she.

I felt sorry for her and thought she should know all whipping was not bad, so I asked Dan to let me make her cum.

She moaned:

—Yes! Yes! Make me cum. I have earned it.

I did, but not in the way she expected. By then, all the sticker had broken off the lash to make her butt and breasts look like a pincushion, so I lightly whipped her pussy with it. She moaned:

—No!

As her pussy lips squirmed under the lashes, but after a few she began opening her legs even more and began pumping toward the lash until she screamed, I’m cumming! Oh... God! I am cumming.

We watched in awe as her body shuddered and her tummy pulsed with orgasms until she had calmed.

Then she began crying very hard, with tears running down her cheeks to splash on her tits.

I didn't understand. I thought the orgasms would make her forget the pain. I asked:

—Are you alright? I am sorry if I hit too hard.

She howled:

—I came from being whipped!

I still didn't understand and said:

—Yes! I thought that would help you forget the terrible pain to your tits.

She moaned:

—You don't understand. Whipping allows God to forgive me for enjoying sex. If I cum from being whipped, it is not punishment. What can I do now? I can't stand any greater pain.

I thought fast and then, said:

—You don't understand. God is proving his forgiveness. Haven't you noticed the pain lessened to each cheek and breast as the lashing continued? This proves he was forgiving you. By accepting the additional pain to your pussy, he let you have that fabulous orgasm.

She gabbled at that concept:

—Really? Yes, I think you are right. I never got that great an orgasm from sex after a whipping, so I must have not accepted enough pain for total forgiveness.

—Right, and now it is time for you to be soothed. We will pull out the stickers and put on salve.

It took quite awhile to pull all those stickers out of her and put on salve. I was wrong about all the stickers being gone from the whip when I used it on her pussy because I found a few more stuck in the tender inner lips of her pussy close to her clit. Doing all this must have been like

foreplay to her because she came right away when the boys fucked her pussy and ass at the same time while I nibbled on her dark red nipples.

What I had told her about the pain lessening was true, but I didn't understand why until I read an article in one of Dad's sports magazine reporting on marathon runners who told them when pain became too intense it would fade away, but other feelings could continue. At that point it even felt good and they called it a "Runner's High". They went on to discover torture victims had discovered their pain would leave too. After a lot of research they discovered that when pain became too intense the brain would release endomorphins to give the same effect as morphine and that there was a portion of the brain that could block pain.

I suddenly felt much better about myself. My ability to block pain had nothing to do with my being a slut. This proved that having the courage to withstand pain provided a reward. The fact that other feelings remained intact explained the wonderful orgasms. I was proud that I was brave enough to get to that wonderful point, but I didn't tell Olga because she was happy with the idea that God was rewarding her.

It occurred to me that Olga had been very brave to ask for her whipping now that I knew she had not done it to get an orgasm and thought I should show that I was brave too. She had asked for eighty lashes, I decided to ask for ten more.

—It is my turn. You were brave to ask for eighty lashes, Olga. I am brave too. I will take them untied without trying to escape. If I don't hold position, you can tie me and whip me a hundred times. I'll bend over and hold on to the ankle cuffs while Dan whips across my butt ten times, Olga whips down ten times, and Bill whips upward ten times.

Then I will kneel with my hands behind my head while Olga hits across my breasts ten times, Bill hits down ten times, then Dan hits up.

Finally, I will lay back over a chair while my pussy is hit across by Dan, down by Bill, and up by Olga.

I may need a little break before assuming a new position, since I have never been whipped with such a nasty whip. Is that alright?

Everyone, but Olga said:

—I think you are crazy. You will probably end up with a hundred. No-one is that brave.

After the first twenty, I was afraid she might be right. The pain was terrible, but then, Bill hit upwards a little easier, letting the end hit my pussy to let me have an orgasm.

Thankfully Olga's whipping had taken off the stickers, so I was not bleeding although, I had welts much worse than any other whip had caused.

After a few minutes, I got my breath back and worked up the courage to kneel on the large box Dan brought in to get my breasts up high enough so they would not have to bend over for the lashes sideways. The pain was too much to let me cum! My breasts danced and burned under the lashes while I cried and howled. I was so exhausted from the pain when Dan finished with his lashes that caused my tits to hit my chin, I just slumped over sobbing.

It took longer to recover and even then, my breasts burned and throbbed. Bill felt sorry for me and said:

—This is too much. Would you like us to tie you for a hundred with a less painful whip?

My pride wouldn't let me do it:

—No! It was my idea and I'll go through with it if it kills me.

I laid back over the chair, but had to be told to open my legs and told again to spread them more until the tendons in my inner thighs were bulging and my pussy lips had opened.

They must have been impressed by my bravery because none of them hit as hard. I was cumming by the fifteenth lash and continued to the end when I slumped into a faint.

When I came to, I was lying on the floor with Bill's jacket under my head and Olga was being fucked in the ass by Bill while she sucked Dan.

When they came, they noticed I was awake and told Olga to suck my pussy as a reward for my bravery.

She refused:

—No! I could never do that! That is lesbianism! It is a terrible sin.

I was mad. I deserved a reward after my ordeal:

—Yes you will! If you don't do it right now, I will make you beg me to do it.

—No! You can't make me do that.

—Guys. Tie her ankles to the ceiling cuffs. Spread her legs wide and get some nipple clamps to tie her hands to.

When she was in position hanging upside down with her legs widespread, I stepped in front of her and brought the whip down on her pussy hard because I just wanted her to have the worst pain possible. She kept screaming:

—No! No!

While she pulled her nipples and breasts into grotesque shapes trying to get her hand over her tortured pussy until I made the tips of the whip hit directly on her clit, causing an anguished scream followed by:

—I'll do it. I'll do it! Please stop.

—Say, Please let me suck your pussy. I am a slutty lesbian. I'll love doing it.

—No! I am not a lesbian.

I brought another lash down, with the tips digging into her ass-hole to bring blood. That must have been horrible because she ripped the clamps off her nipples to bring blood and grabbed her crotch.

— Stop! Stop!

She wailed:

— I am a dirty lesbian. I want to suck your pussy.

They let her down and I made her suck until I couldn't cum anymore while her tears rolled down her cheeks.

When I let her get up, she wailed:

— I am so ashamed. God never forgave me. The pain just got worse and I was not brave enough to atone for this and never could be that brave.

I went too far. From then on, she would not come to Dan's place if I was there. I was disappointed. It had given me a great feeling of power to make her eat me and I wanted her to do even more degrading acts, but Dan and Bill didn't want to lose her.

The next day, my breasts still hurt and were covered with nasty purple welts. Bill caressed them with salve and made gentle love to me all day to make up for it.

Bill had a worried look on his face, so I asked him what was wrong. He said:

— What you did to Olga scares me. If you hadn't stopped, she would have had to go to a doctor and there would have been no way to explain how she was hurt. We could be arrested. From now on, I am just going to use easy whips, so I know you won't be hurt bad if I get carried away.

— But I trust you and those wimpy whips don't really excite me anymore.

— I don't care. I like hurting you. I am afraid I will really hurt you bad with the bad whips.

For the next few weeks, he just gave me a wimpy whipping that was not nearly enough to make me cum.

To make matters worse, one of the girls was caught in the shower at home and her mother saw welts. She complained to the school and it scared them, so they just whipped hard enough to redden the skin. I was totally frustrated.

I remembered what Dan had said about women coming to the shop to have his Dad test whips on them. He looked really mean, but I was sure he was experienced enough to cause enough pain to really get me off without the need for medical treatment.

Dan had said that business was really slow in the mornings because most of their customers did not come in until after work, so I skipped school and went to his shop. I had to wait around until he opened at ten am, but the wait just increased my excitement as I imagined what he may do.

I was sitting on a bus bench playing with myself under my coat when I turned around and saw the lights in the shop were on. He evidently entered from the rear.

I went in, but as soon as he noticed me he yelled:

—Hey kid! Get out of here. Didn't you see the sign? No Minors!

—Wait! I just want to talk to you a minute.

I had opened my coat, so he could see my tiny cut-off shorts and my tight t-shirt over my bare tits and he must have been impressed by my body.

—Well, you have the body of an adult, but you can't be out here. Come back to my office.

The only thing that made it an office was a desk in the corner. The rest of the room had various whips and paddles hanging on the wall and chains coming down from the ceiling and on the walls.

I told him I was excited by whipping, but the little wimpy whipping my brother gave me were not enough to get me the really great climax. I pointed out a really evil looking whip about six feet long with three small tails at the end.

—That really looks exciting. It would be like the whips they used on slaves during the civil war. I saw a picture in a history book.

—I don't sell that one. The whipper has to have a lot of experience because if not used right it can cut you to ribbons. Even used easy, you would have to be worked up to it with smaller whips to get excited enough to stand it.

I shuddered in a combination of fear and excitement, then asked:

—I want to know what it is like. I don't mind if you work up to it.

—If you are tough enough, you will get to orgasms, so strong you will pass out. I doubt that you are that tough, but you can think about it for a while. There are some pictures in the top drawer of women being whipped. You can decide on the position you want to be in for the whipping. The pictures are in color, so you can see the effect of the various whips. I have some work to do in the shop. I'll be back in about fifteen minutes. The pictures may convince you to go home.

He left and I ran to the file cabinet. They were Polaroids evidently taken after the whipping was over. The whip used on them was hanging by their side. Some were conscious with a totally exhausted look on their faces and some were obviously unconscious. The common denominator was a shininess on their pussies or thighs, indicating the juices that had come from their cunts.

I picked out a few that had a frontal view with blossoms on the skin from knots, or lead tipped whips, the one on the wall, and one I was just curious about. This whip just had two shiny metal wires on a big handle.

There were barely discernible lines on her body from the wires, but her thighs were wet and she had a wild look on her face. I thought it must be one he used just to start out with, but she had obviously had a fantastic orgasm.

I opened another drawer and found a scrapbook full of newspaper clippings of murders around the country from women being whipped to death. That scared me. I was still reading it when he walked in.

—What are you doing? I told you the top drawer!

—Why would you want these? These are terrible. The women must have suffered terribly before they died.

He snatched it out of my hand, but then offered an explanation.

—I keep those to remind me not to get carried away.

That made sense. I was relieved he would keep them to make sure he didn't hurt someone too badly.

I changed the subject to ask him about the strange wire whip that had created so much excitement without leaving bad welts.

—That is my own invention. The handle contains several batteries to create a painful electric shock when you are hit. Nude dancers have me use it because the marks are gone in an hour, but the pain is plenty bad enough to get them off.

—Oh yes! I know what that is like. I was touched by a cattle prod while wrapped in barbed wire.

—God! That must have cut you up!

—Yes, but they were just little cuts that healed in a few days.

—The whip is better. It won't cut you.

—Okay! Should we try it?

—No! Not yet. Like I said, you should be excited by lesser things first. Pick out two other whips.

I decided to let him know I was tough and picked out a long buggy whip and a cat of nine tails that had knots in each tail.

He was impressed:

—Those are mean whips. You are lucky, I know how to use them.

—Don't be too easy. I won't be excited unless there are welts.

—There will be welts. How do you want to be tied?

—I think if I spread my legs real wide, I can fit those iron manacles on the wall.

—If you do that, I can only hit either the front or back of your body. It might be better for you to hang in the center of the room, so I can spread the lashes around more.

I began to think he would be wimpy too and said:

—I don't want them spread around. I want to be hit where I am sensitive. I'll face out, so you can hit my front. If I stay conscious, you are a wimp.

—I think you are all talk, but we will see. Strip, so I can see my targets.

I just had on the shorts and T-shirt, so I was naked in a moment and backed up to the wall stretching out my arms and legs, so he could snap the padded iron manacles on me.

I said:

—About twenty with each whip should be about right.

—I'll make that decision. I'll know when you are ready for the next whip and when you have reached the ultimate orgasm. I can't have you screaming. This place is not sound-proof enough.

At that, he jammed a rubber ball in my mouth so big it stretched my lips and tied it behind my head. That scared me because I would not be able

to beg for mercy if it became too bad, but it also excited me to be so completely helpless.

Then he said:

—Watch your tits. You will be fascinated by the effect of this whip.

He picked up the buggy whip, which I thought was worse than the cat. He had to step way back because it was almost eight feet long.

Then it hit at the top part of my tits. There was a loud “Snap!” followed by a deep sting as I saw it sink into my breasts to pop back out leaving a deep red stripe. It really hurt and tears popped out of my eyes.

He came over to feel the welt, then said:

—You have good strong skin. The rest can be a little harder.

I shook my head and moaned, but he ignored me and brought another about an inch lower. This brought out another scream through my nose, but he ignored it and brought it into me again. He was really expert with the whip. I saw the red lines perfectly spaced, slowly working toward my nipples. The next hit just at the edge of the pinkness on the outside of my nipple. I closed my eyes tightly because I knew the next would hit directly on them and I could not stand to see it.

There was a terrible pain as it hit dead center on both nipples. I came! I had never cum with so few lashes. He had only hit me six times and more amazing, he knew it.

—Good. That is your first orgasm. I’ll give you some more with the Cat, then you will be ready for the electricity.

He picked up the cat and used it on my breasts and pussy until they were covered with polka-dots and I began coming some more.

Finally, he picked up the electric whip which he only used on my nipples and clit to make my muscles spasm so bad I thought I may dislocate

my joints, although I was crying hysterically monster orgasms ripped through my body until I passed out.

I woke up lying on the floor. He was putting ointment on my welts and blossoms. When he saw I was awake, he said:

—This stuff is for sunburn, but I found it works very well on skin made red by the whip. I did a good job. I never broke your skin. Aren't you going to thank me?

—Oh yes! Thank you! I have never cum so hard so fast. You are wonderful!

—Good! You can thank me by swallowing my dick.

—Oh yes, that is the least I can do.

—I want it to last, so I don't want you to use your hands. Kneel with your legs apart. He wrapped fish line around my wrists with alligator clips on the ends, then pulled my hands down to my pussy and snapped the clamps on my pussy lips.

—How does that feel?

—It hurts bad. Will you take them off when you cum?

—It must not hurt enough because you aren't crying and are asking questions.

He took out more clamps and lined them up on my lips, then put two more on each nipple. By then, I was crying as the pain was relentless and seemed to be getting worse by the moment.

—That must be about right. You can take your mind off the pain by playing with your clit while you suck me.

He was right. I began a new series of orgasms and hoped he would take a long time to cum, so I could continue to stroke my clit with one hand while tugging at the biting clamps with the other.

Just when I thought I would collapse, he flooded my mouth with his cum, then stood up to pull his shorts and pants back up. He pushed me onto my back and began taking off the clips. Amazingly, they hurt more being taken off than they had when he put them on.

I just laid there kind of dreamy, then asked:

—Did you take a picture of me?

—Of course! You are a star of my collection.

—Thank you. Could I see it please?

He went to the drawer and got it to hand it to me. He had taken three. One of all of me, then close-ups of my tits and pussy. I was amazed. My body looked awful. Either I was unconscious for quite a while or that ointment did miracles. I was proud that I could stand that much pain. I was sure other girls would feel sick just by looking at them and imagining how their bodies would feel.

—You are really good with the whip. I must have been just on the verge of bleeding. Maybe next time you could let me bleed just a little. Then my picture could really stand out from the others.

—Maybe, but we would need a couple of days for you to heal and if you were willing to go that far we should go to my cabin in the woods miles from anyone, so you can let yourself scream.

—You have a cabin? That would be great. I saw a picture once where a black woman was hung from a tree and whipped with a long black whip while a crowd of people watched. We couldn't have a crowd, but you might be able to get a whip like that.

—I have one. I haven't used it because it is so long and heavy it is impossible to use it lightly and up to you no-one has been willing to be cut.

—Oh... I don't want to be cut much. Just enough, so I can have a few scars on my tits, stomach and crotch, so I can see them in my mirror to

excite me.

—I don't know. Young girls have a tendency to have big mouths. If you can keep your mouth shut about today, we may arrange a weekend sometime, but you can't tell anyone. Not even your brother, who knows you like to be whipped.

Oh I won't. I won't even let him see me naked until all the red is gone. Next weekend would be perfect. It is a three-day weekend and my folks are going on a trip. I can tell my brother I am going to visit a friend. I know he would like the house to himself. He has a new girlfriend he is training to be his slave.

Tonight is the night. I am going to meet him at the bus station. He has promised three days of glorious orgasms.

As usual, I am re-reading this journal before going to a whipping to get me excited. I am a little worried about the clippings I saw at his place, especially since Dan and him had moved here from the town that had the latest murder.

It has to be just a coincidence. Actually, it excites me. It would have to be the ultimate, to be whipped until you die.