

Allene Blake

Lisa



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Glyphes Éditions

ALLENE BLAKE

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JON JAYMES WALL

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Website

<http://jonjwall.free.fr>

Blake Allene

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Glyphes Éditions

The exhibitionist girl enjoys showing off in videos done by brother which leads to sex and more exotic things such as whipping.

LISA

Everything seemed to start happening for me on my thirteenth birthday. I can't think of anything that really mattered to me or excited me until then.

My boobies had been growing since I was eleven and were a now a nice 34 C cup, but my period didn't start until a week before my birthday.

My grandparents, my uncles and their kids came to my party and since it was a family gathering, my Dad bought a camcorder. The only thing was he didn't know how to operate it, so my brother Sam who was fifteen and real smart on electronic things took pictures of all of us. It was fun and I guess I was kind of a camera hog.

The video came out great and I was really proud when my folks said I was photogenic and the camera loved me.

I watched it over and over, fascinated by the way I looked, moved and the sound of my voice.

Sam really got into it, using all his allowance to buy tapes, extra lights and other stuff to tape car races and football games. Best of all for me, he shot a lot of me cheerleading. It was the nineties and the grunge look was in with all the loose clothing. I had worked hard to lose my baby fat to have a tiny waist and nice legs with a round, firm butt. I kind of resented the style that hid my body. The cheerleader outfit had a big sweater that hid my growing boobs, but at least it had a short skirt to show off my legs and when I jumped high and stretched up my arms I could flash my butt in the tights and give glimpses of my tight tummy.

I loved watching them with him, since he complimented me on my legs when I did the splits and my butt and waist when the sweater or skirt went

up. I thought if he liked them he would go crazy over my firm round boobs, but I had no excuse to show them since I was allergic to the sun and didn't even own a swimsuit. I even had to wear pantyhose for cheerleading, while the other girls were cooler in bare legs.

For a while, he took a lot of tape of me riding my bicycle or rollerblading, but he began to lose interest. One weekend, when my folks were gone, I told him I was going to practise some new tricks on my rollerblades and asked him if he wanted to record them. He said:

—Naw! I have too many of those tapes now. It is boring.

—Well, how about shooting me doing aerobics. I would like to know I am doing them right.

—Naw. With your baggy sweat outfit, you can't see your body move.

I don't know what got in to me. I could have offered to wear my gym shorts and t-shirt I wore to gym class. He had never seen me in them since boys were not allowed in girl's gym, but for some reason I said:

—I could wear my panties and bra. They are like a swimsuit.

That got his attention:

—Yeah! That might be good. We will be able to see all your muscles working.

—Okay! I'll be right back. Get the lights set up.

I could have just taken off my bulky shirt and slid off the baggy jeans, but I was wearing a big cotton bra and cotton panties and wanted to really impress him.

I went to my room and put on a little stretch bra and white bikini panties. Then I put on a robe, feeling excited.

I went downstairs and waited until I had his full attention before slowly opening the robe, then letting it slide off my arms to the floor.

It was great! He said:

—God sis! You are beautiful. I had no idea you had such nice boobs. Them and your great butt make your waist look tiny.

I thanked him and put on some music. He directed the session having me do back bends, splits, and other things that had me spread my legs and especially running in place and the side straddle hop that made my boobies jump in the flexible bra. I was really sweating when he ran out of tape and I put my robe back on.

We sat on the couch while he rewound the tape and put it in the VCR to show on our 52-inch TV, which made me almost life-size.

I thought it was real sexy. I looked great and he confirmed it by saying:

—You are in great shape. Look your boobs and butt are so firm they just jiggle even though your bra and panties give no support at all.

It got sexier. When I got sweaty, my bra and panties became transparent! I could clearly see my pink nipples and the slit at my crotch, bare since I had shaved the hair, so it wouldn't slip out around my tights. I blushed and said:

—Oh... God. Our folks will never be able to see this tape. I am almost naked!

—Yeah! You look great, don't you?

I did! And as sexy as any movie star. I blushed again and said:

—Maybe... But I am embarrassed. You will have to erase it.

—No way! This is the best tape I have made. The lighting is perfect and you look great. I may show it to my friends.

—You couldn't! They would tell everyone and I would die of shame:

—That was true, but the idea of a bunch of boys seeing me also excited me. I felt ashamed that I would feel that way and jumped off the couch to run to the VCR to get the tape now showing me opening and closing my legs to cause my panties to slide into my slit.

I laid on my stomach, frantically looking for the eject button. I didn't even get to the eject button when he grabbed my legs to pull me back towards the couch. I hadn't tied the belt and as he dragged me back with my arms still stretched out in front of me. I felt the nap of the rug catch on my bra and slide it up to my neck then the rug was brushing my bare nipples to make me instantly excited.

He flipped me over on my back and stared at my breasts, saying:

—You don't have to feel embarrassed about the tape now. I have seen them naked.

He began caressing my breasts and twiddling my nipples with his thumbs. I knew I should stop him, but it just felt too good.

I began to shudder and pant with excitement, then he said:

—If you like this, You'll love this.

He slid his hand into my panties and began tickling my clitoris with his finger. I was not naive about sex. We had cable and I had seen a lot of "R" rated movies. I suddenly realized I wanted his penis in me and knew that was wrong. I moaned:

—You have to stop. You can't fuck me. That would be incest!

—I don't have to fuck you to get you off and you can do the same for me.

He continued to play with my pussy with his right hand while he played with my breasts with his left. Now it was different, he buried two fingers in my wet pussy while using his thumb on my clit. I stretched my arms behind my head and laid there, panting and shuddering as I felt myself going into orgasm. I had reached orgasm by playing with myself, but now I realized I stopped too soon. He kept working on me as even stronger orgasms convulsed my body until I felt drained.

I moaned:

—No more...

He stopped and laid beside me. I hugged him until I calmed down, then said:

—Oh God, that was fantastic. I didn't know I could feel that way.

—Yeah! Now it is your turn to make me feel good.

—What do you want me to do?

—Just put my dick in your fist and rub up and down.

I wanted to see what I was doing. While he took off his pants and shorts, I unbuttoned his shirt and kissed his stomach, then knelt between his legs to follow his direction to tickle his balls with my left hand while rubbing it with my right. He said:

—Kiss the head of it.

I said:

—No... that is gross!

—No, it isn't. It is clean. I just took a shower.

I gave it a little kiss and he was right, There was no taste. No worse than kissing a thumb. When he told me to lick it, I didn't hesitate and when he said:

—Put it in your mouth.

I let it slide past my lips until it hit my throat, which made me gag and I pulled back to let my head bob up and down just short of my throat. He told me to use my tongue and I rubbed on it until it began to twitch and he made a gasp as what felt like snot flooded my mouth.

I said:

—That was gross! Why didn't you warn me?

—Sorry! It felt too good. It didn't taste bad, did it?

I realized I had swallowed it:

—No! I guess not, but it is slimy.

He laughed and said:

—Just think of it as jello.

—God! Now I'll remember this every time I eat Jello.

We just laid there hugging each other until he said:

—I have an idea for another tape. Do you remember the scene in “9 1/2 Weeks” where Kim Basinger stripped?

—I sure do! I have that audio tape. I used to play it in my room, dancing and imagining I was her.

I know. I heard it through the wall and would jerk off remembering it. Mom has some sexy clothes she wears to cocktail parties. Why don't you put them on and we will see if you can be that sexy.

I went to their bedroom and found a sexy low cut cocktail dress that looked easy to get out of, then went to her drawers and was surprised to see she had tiny see through bras and little thong panties. It had never occurred to me, she could be sexy.

When I came down with the tape in my boombox, he turned on the music and I began stripping, trying to be as close to her performance as possible. Sam cheered me on. My performance was different because I got totally naked. When he put in the tape, we watched it while we masturbated each other.

I really looked lewd and said:

—Promise you won't show this to anyone.

—I won't as long as you are good.

—What do you mean?

—I mean as long as you are good and do whatever I want.

I giggled and said:

—I won't have any problem with that. Everything you have wanted has been really exciting.

—Yeah, but you may not want to do some things.

—Like what?

—It is easier to show you. I'll be right back.

He ran up to his room then came back carrying a magazine saying:

—One of the guys brought this to school. Some of the poses are really exciting and it would be better if you were moving.

I had never seen anything like it. It had a bunch of pictures of women tied up in all kinds of obscene positions. Some were in series with a story line about the woman being held for ransom or having been arrested by Russians as spies and being interrogated.

Some of them looked really exciting, but I thought I would really be slutty to agree to them. I objected.

—I don't think so. I would have to be a slut to let you tie me like this.

I showed him a picture of a woman tied to a table with her legs pulled apart so far her pussy lips had opened:

—This is obscene! You can see clear inside her. Besides, look at all the leather harnesses and cuffs and things. We don't have any of that stuff.

—Yes we do. I have had this for a long time and made some cuffs out of dog collars padded with sheep skin from the seat covers Dad threw out and I have gobs of rope. I thought I would save my allowance until I could hire a model, but no-one is as pretty as you. I just planned on poses that make you look good like this one.

He showed me a picture of a woman hung up to the ceiling by her wrists with her toes barely touching the floor. She did look good. Her tummy had sunk in so far you could see her rib bones. Since my waist was already small, I thought I would look even better. It excited me, but I still thought I shouldn't agree to it.

—This is kind of scary. I would be helpless. You could do anything to me. I don't think so.

Actually that thought excited me more and when he said:

—Come on. You will look great. Would you rather have the guys see your tape? If you do it, I will give you a special reward. I will lick your pussy like you did my dick.

That convinced me. My clit tingled at the thought of his tongue on it and I had an excuse.

—Well... okay, as long as you promise you won't show the tapes.

—Great, but we need a scenario. Go put on a button blouse, a skirt, and panties and bra. We will act like you have been arrested as a spy and I will strip search you. When I don't find anything, I will hang you up and search some more. We will just wing the dialogue. You just keep saying you aren't a spy and try to look frightened and struggle to give me an excuse to tie you.

When I came back down, he was holding a pair of handcuffs he had found at a toy store. He was wearing a suit with a badge from the toy police set and holding the toy gun.

There was a rope with wrist cuffs wrapped around our ceiling fan, pulled out of camera range.

He pulled my arms behind me and put on the cuffs, then turned on the camera behind the desk, pointing toward the fan.

He must have decided to be a Nazi because he said:

—Welcome Fräulein. We know you are a spy. Where have you hidden the micro-film?

I got into the part and acted frightened, saying:

—No... I am innocent! I am not a spy. I don't have any micro-film. They have made a mistake!

He sneered and said:

—We will see about that.

He unbuttoned my blouse and let it slide down my arms, then dragged my skirt with an elastic waist down to puddle at my feet. I remembered I should struggle and began twisting around as he unsnapped my bra to make my boobs swing and bobble.

He hit my tummy with the back of his fingers, saying:

—Be still! I have to search you.

—It stung, but that just excited me more and I yelled:

—No! Don't touch me!

He hit me a couple of more times while I continued to struggle, watching my boobs bounce in the mirror behind the desk and my white skin turn red at my belly button from his fingers.

Then he said:

—Since you won't be still, I will have to tie you.

He took off the handcuffs to pull my wrists in front of me, then pulled down the cuffs to put on my wrists. I was really into the role and stood there trembling in a combination of fear and excitement.

He pulled down on the rope to pull me up until I was on tip-toes. I really looked beautiful and sexy! I watched in the mirror as my waist lengthened and became tiny and my boobs became tight and round.

He stepped behind me and slowly pulled down my panties. It was really exciting as they inched down slowly, revealing my pussy I was sure was wet from my excitement.

He pulled my boobs around to see if the micro-film was taped underneath while standing behind me to not obstruct the view, then used two fingers of each hand to pull my pussy open until it formed an oval hole to show all the pink parts inside. I struggled and gasped as he buried three

of his fingers in me as deep as they would go, supposedly feeling for micro-film.

By the time he had decided he could not find the film, I was almost at orgasm.

He said:

—You were great, sis. Here is your reward. He pulled my legs up on his shoulders and began licking my pussy. It felt wonderful. In no time, I was into stronger and stronger orgasms.

He let me down and I collapsed to the floor, panting and covered with sweat. When I recovered, I took a shower and came back down naked, enjoying the breezes on my skin.

He said:

—You are fantastic. Let's have a drink.

He handed me a glass of coke and whisky. I had never drank anything stronger than a beer. Just one drink made any inhibitions I had left, go away.

He said:

—That scene only used fifteen minutes of tape. Let's look at it and maybe do something else.

I could hardly believe it was so short. It had seemed to last longer, but seeing it brought back my excitement. Something seemed to be missing. I remembered the thrill of his fingers stinging my tummy.

—It is exciting, but it shouldn't end with you kissing my pussy. I am supposed to be a spy. Shouldn't I be threatened with torture or maybe spanked to make me talk?

—You're right. Maybe later I can get some whips or something I can threaten you with to make a new ending. Hey... a spanking reminded me of something. Remember in "9 1/2 Weeks" when she dug around in his stuff and he threatened to spank her?

—Yeah, but he didn't do it. He just fucked her roughly.

—Yeah, but that was the movie. I read the book and in it, she was spanked and it made her excited. Do you think you could act as if you were getting excited if I spanked you?

—Shit no! Spanking hurts. I can still remember Mom spanking me with that wood spoon and that was years ago.

—It wouldn't have to. I could just use my belt easy. Just hard enough to get your butt pink. At most, it would just be a sting. I'll show you. It won't be bad.

At that, he slid the belt out of his pants and swung it around his waist to make the end land on his butt. It made a loud "Snap", but it didn't seem to bother him.

—See... it is just a little sting.

I looked at his butt to see a pink line with a darker pink part at the end. I touched the line and imagined my butt covered with them. The idea excited me.

—You promise you won't hit any harder than that?

—I promise. Once your butt is pink, I can stop because I can edit the tape to give you hundreds of spanks if we want to. Try not to talk. Just gasp or moan so it won't be obvious the spanks are repeats.

I gulped, feeling excitement rising and said:

—It would make a better ending. Would you lick my pussy again afterward?

—Sure! If that is what it will take for you to do it.

—Okay! Let's do it!

He hung me up again and said:

—Since the film is not on you or in you. It must be hidden. Tell me where it is.

I forgot I was supposed to be innocent and cried:

—Never! I'll die first.

He began spanking me, making a “Splat” that at least sounded painful, although it just caused a sting that was not unpleasant. As sting followed sting, I began to get really excited. I was almost at orgasm when he said:

—That's enough. Your butt is nice and red. I can repeat over and over.

He was surprised when I cried:

—No! Don't stop. Hit harder.

Now the stings were sharper and heat began building. After a few more on my butt, one hit at the top of my thigh. The end went between my legs to cause an even sharper sting to make me gasp and my pussy convulse. I opened my legs to feel more on my tender inner thighs. He stopped and I moaned:

—No!

But it was only to turn me to face the camera and now stings began covering my boobs and crotch to bring me to a fabulous orgasm that exhausted me so much I just slumped in the ropes and hung my head.

I sunk to the floor as the rope loosened, then laid on it with my body convulsing until I calmed enough to breathe normally.

Sam was awestruck:

—God. That was unreal. It will be a fabulous video. The lashes really turned you red and it will look like they really hurt. You really got into your part as an heroic girl who would not betray her cause, even though the pain made you gasp and scream at the end.

By then I was calm, but very confused. I knew the idea of a little pain had excited me, but I had no idea that I would want more.

I moaned:

—Oh God! I hurt and I feel so hot!

He said:

—I can fix that. We haven't used the jacuzzi lately, the water will be nice and cool.

He must have realized I was exhausted and carried me to the tub and gently let me sink into it. When I laid back, he caressed the cool water on my breasts and tummy, saying:

—You are a great actress. Anyone seeing the tape would be convinced you were in terrible pain.

—You don't get it, do you? Something weird happened to me. It did hurt, but it was an exciting hurt and I wanted more. I didn't scream from the pain, it was from an indescribable orgasm. I am afraid. You will have to take care of me. I may want to be hurt really bad.

Don't worry. I won't let you be hurt bad. I have read about people like you. You are a masochist. You feel guilty about something and pain lets you enjoy orgasms.

—God, I know what I feel guilty about. It is everything since I let you see me in my underwear.

—No! I think it must be before that. Otherwise, you would not have agreed to everything.

—You are older than me. Do you remember anything I should feel guilty about?

—No! Not really, but you might feel guilty about something no-one else thought was serious.

—Oh God. Is there any cure?

—Yeah! According to what I read masochists either decide they have suffered enough and don't need pain anymore or else while suffering will remember why they feel guilty and realize it is not that bad.

—Oh Jesus! Either way means I will have to be tortured.

—Yeah! I understand it is kind of like a drug. Once you have reached fabulous orgasms from pain, nothing else seems important.

Miraculously, all the pain and heat were gone in just a few minutes. I got out of the tub to look at myself and the red had faded almost completely.

—Look at me! My skin is almost back to normal. Maybe I just imagined it hurt so much. Maybe I am just real horny.

He said skeptically:

—Maybe! I owe you a cunt licking. Do you want it?

I did, but I wanted something else more. His dick was about eight inches long and as thick as my wrist. I had to know how it would feel.

—No! Get a rubber and fuck me. After what we have done, incest is nothing.

He had one in his wallet and suggested I get on top, so I could take my time getting it in. I became so wet waiting for him, it slid in easily, although it stretched my pussy. Being on top was great. I could move any way I wanted to get it deep and rub on my clit. I had an orgasm about the same time he did.

I was overjoyed:

—I came! I am not a masochist! I came!

By that time it was late and our parents had said they would be home by midnight, so we went to bed.

I idly played with myself then I realized that it was not giving me the instant excitement it had in the past. I also realized I had been fooling myself. Sure, I had an orgasm from fucking, but it was tiny next to the one when his belt hit my crotch to make my pussy sting.

I tried hard to remember anything that had made me feel guilty, but there was nothing. I finally decided to go with the flow until pain cured my

perverse need.

The experience changed me. I had been fascinated before by sex, but now my whole universe became centered around my pussy and pain. I had almost constant fantasies and I looked at things differently. Now anything I saw that could be used to whip or spank me made me excited. When I walked down the street, the limbs on trees and bushes I hadn't thought about made me instantly horny as potential whips. I couldn't even go to stores without having to stop to feel belts, rubber bungee cords, canes, billiard sticks, ropes, and chains and feel excitement. Even at school there were the teachers pointing sticks, tennis racquets, and trapezes in the gym I could be hung from. I often became so excited I would go to a bathroom to masturbate, but that was never satisfactory since I couldn't become naked and often had to give up frustrated without an orgasm.

The only thing that saved me was the fact that Sam's bedroom was at the opposite end of the house from my parents and I could sneak there after they went to sleep.

Of course, he couldn't spank me or anything, but it was good enough for a few nights just to watch myself doing the strip tease while he fucked me doggy fashion. That position made me feel like an animal and that combined with the shame of looking so slutty on the screen let me have orgasms for a few days. He wouldn't let me watch the tape where I was whipped until he was finished with it and on the third night it was not enough and I couldn't cum.

I cried:

—I can't cum and I need it. Hurt me!

—Shh! I can't! You'll make too much noise. The folks are going to a dog show this weekend. I want to finish the "Spy" tape. I guarantee you will cum.

I went back to my room, but remained frustrated as even though I played with myself a long time, I couldn't get to orgasm. I wished I had asked him what he had planned for me, so I could have used it for fantasy.

My folks had purebred German shepherds they showed all over the country. I had hated their hobby since I had to clean up after the dogs as one of my chores, but now I was grateful since it took them away for weekends or longer.

Finally, it was Saturday. Before they left, Mom said that while they were gone, she wanted the flowers weeded and the dog pens cleaned. I complained since it would take time away from Sam and I, but it didn't do any good. As a concession, she left money so Sam and I could go to a movie and eat at a restaurant.

As they left, Sam said:

—I'll do the dog pens. Change clothes and get on the weeding so we can get it over with and get on with our movie.

I would have liked to do the weeding naked and I could have since we were so isolated, but we were in the flight path to the airport and I was afraid a plane may see me. As a compromise I took off my bra and panties then put on a micro-skirt and an old denim shirt I cut off just below my boobs.

That made my job bearable. I enjoyed the feel of my nipples sliding on the denim as I moved and the breeze caressing my naked pussy.

I was about half done when he returned, saying as soon as he ran the dog with him, he would help me finish.

He watched me for a while, saying:

—You really look sexy with your cute pussy and butt flashing when you move.

I thanked him, then squealed and jumped up when the dog suddenly jammed his nose into my pussy and gave it a lick.

He laughed and I said:

—That isn't funny! That is disgusting! That damn dog doesn't need running. Help me.

He got a thoughtful look on his face and said:

—Come on! He didn't hurt you. You must be excited from being so naked and he could smell your pussy.

—Maybe, but it is gross to have a dirty dog lick me. Now help me.

—No! I have to get some things ready for the movie. I have an idea I know will excite you.

I tried to get him to tell me, but he said it would be better as a surprise and to come in to the office when I was done.

I hurried and went in to see he had rolled back the area rug and had screwed four big eye screws into the floor.

I said, what are those for? Mom and Dad will shit when they find out you made holes in their hardwood floor.

—They won't know. I'll just take them out and roll the rug back. I am going to tie your wrists and knees to the eye screws and give you a spanking with this paddle I made.

He held up a paddle about four inches wide, narrowing to a handle about two feet from the end.

I said:

—Ooh... that will really hurt.

—Naw... It will just sting, but best of all, it makes a lot of noise. See!

He hit the side of my thigh just below my micro-skirt. It made a loud "Splat!" and it made a sting all around my thigh as the end wrapped around to make a red mark on my tender inner thigh.

I gasped and said breathlessly:

—Oooh it stings! Don't hit any harder than that.

—I don't need to. The noise will make it look worse than it is. Here is the scene. I am making a fade-out to explain why your skin isn't red anymore, then I'll question you some more and when you refuse to answer I'll tie you to the rings and spank you. You won't struggle because I'll tell you I will shoot you if you do.

He had me put on an old blue housedress he had found at Goodwill and had painted a number on it with a marker to look like a prison uniform.

He began questioning me as I stood there trembling in excitement and a little fear with my hands handcuffed behind me to make my breasts bulge to show them nearly to the nipples in the partly unzipped front of my dress.

He said:

—Well Fräulein. Since you won't listen to reason. I will have to use force.

—On cue, I said:

—No! Please don't hurt me.

My excitement made my voice tremble to make it look real.

He took off the cuffs and pulled off my dress to have me get on my hands and knees, then pulled my knees apart to tie to the rings and then my wrists to the front ones. Then he put a wide belt around my waist and used it to pull me up tight towards the ceiling. He tied other ropes to the belt and to hooks by the walls until I was secured so tight I could only move from the waist forward.

He turned off the camera, then said:

—I am going to get some close-ups. You look great that way. You can struggle now and try to look frightened.

That wasn't hard. I really was a little scared since I realized if he hit real hard I was tied so tight there would be no way I could move to try to protect myself.

He got the camera to take close-ups of my boobs hanging down and trembling from my struggles then moved to the back and I realized he was taking close-ups of my pussy I knew was totally exposed and even partly open because of my wide-spread legs.

By then I was really excited and when he had propped the camera up on the floor to show the rearview and asked if I was ready for my spanking I moaned:

—Oh yes! I am so excited, it shouldn't take much to make me cum.

—Okay! I'll just hit hard enough to make a good slap. If you can take it a little harder, say "No". If you can't take anymore, just let your front drop to the floor.

He turned the camera back on and straddled my back to bring the paddle down each butt-cheek and the top of my thighs with loud "Spats!". It just excited me more and I wanted a sharper sting so began yelling "No!"

After a half-dozen or so of the sharper stings, I went into orgasm. I guess I gave him a mixed signal because I let my breasts down to drag the nipples on the floor while moaning "No" to let him know I had cum.

I guess letting my breasts down to tilt my pelvis made an inviting target of my pussy. I felt sharp stings on it that threw me into a massive orgasm, taking my breath away and causing me to slump to the floor moaning:

—No more! Please no more!

I expected him to let me loose, but he went to the other room. When he came back, I was still trying to catch my breath.

He said:

—Well Fräulein. Pain does not seem to work on you. Perhaps humiliation would be better.

I heard panting and scratching behind me and saw our dog being held back with a leash. I yelled:

—No! You couldn't!

But he just grinned and released the dog. It began nuzzling my pussy with its nose, then licking me. I yelled No! Take him away!

But in a few seconds it began to feel so good, my “Nos” changed to just moans as he licked my pussy greedily.

Suddenly he whimpered, then I felt his paws on my shoulders and his wet dick poking between my butt-cheeks. I screamed:

—He is trying to fuck me!

I tried to squeeze my butt-cheeks together, but that just seemed to excite him more. I began struggling, but when I bobbed down, it allowed him to drive his dick into me. I screamed as his slimy dick was going into the wrong hole. It became buried in my rectum and worse, I could feel it swelling as the dog frantically pumped and wrapped its paws around my shoulders to pull him in deeper. It was awful, but then I felt excitement rising again and I just let myself slump hanging from my waist-belt as his lunges dragged my nipples on the floor until shamefully I came with his dick swollen so big it wouldn't come out. I continued to cum as he whined and pulled back until it popped out.

I cried in shame:

—How could you do that to me. Oh, God! He made me cum! I am so ashamed! I should really be punished!

—I just meant for him to lick you. When I tried to pull him off, he tried to bite me. At least he didn't hurt you and you came.

—That is the terrible part. I must be awful to be excited by something so gross. I should be whipped hard!

—God... I am glad you feel that way. I wanted a big finish, but I was afraid you might not go for it. This won't hurt you terribly, but I think it will be worse than leather. It is just a willow switch, but I painted it black to look like a whip.

By then I was untied and I took it from him. It was about five feet long and looked really evil. I whimpered:

—Oh Jesus! I'll bet this will hurt awful!

Before he could answer, I blurted out:

—It should hurt! Only then can I forgive myself.

—Good for you! This will let you forgive yourself and might even cure your masochism.

He led me under the rope and put on the wrist cuffs, then said:

—I don't want to ruin the scene by your saying something inappropriate, so I am going to gag you with this rubber ball in your mouth held in by a scarf. When you have decided you have had enough, just nod your head.

The ball was big enough to fill my mouth and very effective. I could only scream through my nose.

He went behind me and turned on the camera, then pulled up my arms. I felt my toes drag on the floor as he used the wall ropes to pull my legs apart.

I heard a "Whish and Snap!" at the same time I felt a terrific sting across my butt. The stings began going up my back, really hurting as he yelled:

—Will you talk Fräulein?

Something snapped in my mind. I got totally into the role, believing I really was a spy and that it was important not to talk. I shook my head frantically as pain began enveloping my body. There were two sharp stings to my inner thighs, then he stopped.

He pulled the rope off the hooks in the wall and turned me around. Seeing the camera brought me back to reality. My back from my shoulder blades to my thighs was on fire and I was deciding I had suffered enough and happy there had only been pain without excitement when he said:

—You are very brave Fräulein. Spanking, humiliation, and having your back whipped is not enough. Perhaps your front is more tender.

I moaned through my nose and shook my head frantically, forgetting completely I could stop it by nodding my head. I was now facing the mirror with Nazi flags he had made on his computer.

I looked wild. My whole body glistened with perspiration and there were thin red lines on my tummy, thighs and breasts where the tip had looped around my back. I began to feel like the heroine I was portraying when there was a “Snap” and a red line crossed my tummy at the belly-button. I began shaking my head and attempted to scream through my nose as more red lines and stings spread up and down until red lines were evenly spaced from my navel to my pubic bone and up just below the base of my breasts.

He brought the whip back again and I shook my head, screaming in the knowledge the next would hit my breasts.

There was a terrible sting just below my nipples, but something snapped in my mind. The pain was now pure excitement and I began pumping my hips or breasts out to meet the whip as orgasms grew stronger until I was so exhausted I dropped my head and hung limply in the ropes,

only shuddering as two more lashes crossed my nipples and dug into my pussy lips.

I just hung there limply as he said:

—Well Fräulein. You must be innocent to withstand that. I apologize.

He turned off the camera and took off my gag. He said:

—Christ... you are tough. I was watching you to stop as soon as you nodded your head. Everything is red, so I don't need any more.

I sobbed:

—I am not so tough. I forgot what I needed to do to stop you. I was almost cured of wanting pain when you hit my boobs and suddenly it became pure excitement. I came until I was exhausted!

—Well... at least you came close to a cure. We will keep on working for it. But now seeing your striped body has my dick so hard it is aching. Let's fuck.

—No, I don't want to. I am tired and I know it won't make me cum.

—If you don't want to fuck, suck my cock. I made you cum. Now it is my turn!

It seemed fitting. I deserved the humiliation of sucking his cock in broad daylight.

I crawled over to him and arrived just after he had unbuttoned his jeans. I slid them down, noticing that like me, he no longer wore underwear. I felt like his slave and even said:

—Yes Master!

When he directed me to lick his balls and the greatest humiliation of licking his asshole. He finally came so hard he dropped to the floor in exhaustion. That gave me satisfaction. My submission had given me the power to weaken him. I cuddled up to him and we went to sleep on the floor.

We must have slept for hours. When I woke up, the sun was nearly down. I went over to look in the mirror and was amazed that there were only a few purple lines on my skin. I felt them and remembering what caused them made me horny again.

I woke him by licking his dick and putting it into my mouth to let my teeth scrape it. I was amused by the fact his dick began to wake up before he did.

He awoke saying:

—What's happening?

—I am sucking your dick... Master! I am rested now. Would you like to fuck me?

—No! I'm hungry and I want to work on the video. Why don't you make us some sandwiches and bring them to my room.

He pulled up his pants to my disappointment, hiding the dick I wanted inside me.

I made sandwiches and filled glasses with lemonade, then put them on a tray to take them to him. He had bought a dubbing VCR on Moms credit card. Dad just paid the bottom line without looking at the charges, so they didn't know.

I laid on his bed and finished my sandwich, watching him punch buttons to edit the tapes into one long one. I soon became bored since I couldn't see the little monitor he was using and said:

—I am bored! You can do that anytime. Why don't you fuck me? I think I could cum.

—No! This fascinating. Besides, it is no fun fucking with a rubber. I can barely feel anything.

—We can't do it without one. I could get pregnant.

—We could if I fucked your ass like the dog.

That reminded me of my humiliation. I blushed saying:

—Damn you! I was trying to forget about that. It isn't normal! Besides, your dick would never go in me. It is bigger than the dog's and that was stretching me.

—Okay! Just be quiet and let me work. If I get horny, you can suck my dick.

That didn't appeal to me. It was fun to get him excited and watch his face as he tried to cum, but it would never let me have an orgasm. I hoped I could get him excited enough to want to fuck me. I began posing on his bed like the girls I had seen in his magazine, but he didn't look at me. I began putting my fingers in my pussy, but that didn't excite me until I remembered my helpless feeling being tied while the dog fucked me.

I went over and kneeled by his leg and felt his dick through his pants.

—Maybe it would be alright if you fucked my ass, as long as you had a lot of vaseline on it and if I was tied up, so I couldn't stop you.

—Yeah! That might be better for me too. We have to clean you out though. I don't want shit on my dick.

—How?

—I'll just give you an enema. At the same time, it may get your asshole loosened up a bit.

—Oh! I haven't had an enema since I was a little kid. It was embarrassing and I think it hurt.

—Do you want to be fucked or not?

I decided the enema would be kind of like foreplay and said:

—I guess it will be alright if you have to.

He took my hand and led me to the bathroom and put me in the tub while he filled Moms huge douche bag with water. He hung it on the

shower rod and I noticed it had the big douche nozzle on the end of the hose.

—You don't use that! Dummy! That is for douches. It is way too big. The enema nozzle is in the drawer.

—No! This is better. It will stretch you to let my dick in.

He put vaseline on it, then had me lean over to rest my boobs on the bathtub floor and hold my butt cheeks open with my hands. It was skinny at the point, getting wider at the base and he began inching it in. It wasn't bad at first. I felt my asshole stretching, but about halfway in it began to hurt. I pleaded:

—No more! It feels like it may rip me open!

—Naw... It will be okay. I just need to get in more vaseline.

He began moving it in and out while twisting it. It began to be thrilling and I felt my rectum stretch and release until he said:

—It's in!

And flipped the clamp to let water go in. It was wild! He began plunging the nozzle in and out to make my rectum stretch, while at the same time I felt my guts moving and stretching to make room for the water. Suddenly there were sharp pains in my guts. I looked down to see my tummy had swollen to take the gallon of water and cried:

—It hurts! No more!

He said:

—That's all there is.

He pulled out the nozzle and it was gross! Brown water shot out of my ass and ran down my legs. He handed me the shower nozzle and turned on the water, so I could wash my shit off my legs and down the drain. I cried:

—God... that was humiliating! I am glad it is over.

He took down the bag, saying:

—It isn't quite over. The water was still brown. One more so it can be clean.

I protested, but it didn't help. He filled the bag until it would hold no more. This time it went in easier and I found I was working up to orgasm with the pain in my guts seeming to help. I was almost there when he jerked out the nozzle. This time the water was almost clear.

I whined:

—You stopped too soon. I was almost there.

—I can't wait to get my dick in there. You'll get to cum.

He tied me as he had for the dog and slapped my ass to make sure I couldn't move. The pain reminded me. I said:

—I don't know if just being fucked in my ass will make me cum. With the dog there was humiliation and pain from his claws and with the enema my guts were hurting.

—I guess I could whip you while I fucked, but I have an idea that will let you add all the pain you need.

He left to come back in a few moments carrying two electrical wires with spring clamps on the ends saying:

—I took these off the battery charger. They should hurt.

He snapped the clamps on my nipples! There was a sharp pain that seemed to radiate all over my breasts. I moaned:

—No! That hurts too much!

—I know you... In a little while you will be jerking on them.

He pulled on them forcing me to bow my back and tied them around my knees. The pain to my nipples was so great, I hardly noticed the stretch to my rectum when he forced in his huge dick.

He was right! My nipples seemed to numb and I could now feel his dick invading my guts. I began to pump back, jerking on my nipples until I

had a monster orgasm made fantastic when I jerked upright to rip the clamps from my nipples.

I let my upper body collapse to let my scratched and bleeding nipples drag on the floor as he jerked my hips into him until he gasped and came.

He untied me and I continued to lie on the floor and fell asleep.

When I woke up fully recovered, I found my nipples were stinging with little blood clots on them and my asshole was very sore. I found him back working on the movie and said:

—My nipples and ass are real sore. I don't want to do that again.

—Why not? I know you came.

—Yes, but now I just hurt and not in a sexy way. Besides, it is better for me to be fucked in my pussy, so my clit can be rubbed.

—Then get some birth control pills. I am not using those damn rubbers. I'll settle for blowjobs.

I didn't know what to do. Blow-jobs did nothing for me and I was afraid it may cause bad damage to me to get fucked in the ass.

The experiences changed me. I was now proud of my body and when I went to school I wore a hip hugging micro-skirt and a short blouse that would bare my tiny waist and cute belly-button when I raised my arms. I took every opportunity to raise my arms. I am sure my teacher was surprised to see me acting like the "Nerds" stretching up my hand to volunteer answering questions. It was a thrill when I noticed him staring at my bare belly and bra-less boobs, with my nipples making lumps in the tightened blouse. I thought I must be really attractive to interest an older, sophisticated man.

The boys in the hall whistled and made compliments, but my girlfriends did not approve. They said I was out of fashion and looked slutty.

They hurt my feelings and in defiance at lunch I sat with the girls that looked like me. Debbie who was a known slut looked at me and said:

—Wow! Who would guess you could look sexy. What brought on the big change? I know. I'll bet you got laid!

I blushed and said:

—God! Is it that obvious?

—Yeah, at least to girls who have been laid. Once you have had sex, you like to be attractive to get more.

—Oh yes! I can barely think of anything else.

—Well, you had better get some birth control pills. Boys hate rubbers and you are too young to be saddled with a rugrat.

—I know, but you have to have your parent's permission to get them and Mom would never give it.

—No problem! Do you know the little drug store on 8th and walnut? The owner is semi-retired and runs it all by himself. He keeps the pills in a shelf just under the counter on the left side of the prescription counter. Just wait until he is busy with a customer and grab them.

—Oh God. I have never stolen anything. What if I got caught?

—You won't get caught. Would you rather have that cute belly sticking out past your big boobs?

That convinced me. That picture in my mind made me feel nauseous.

I realized the store was really small when the door was locked and there was a little hand lettered sign saying "Gone for coffee. Be back at 4:00".

I had five minutes to wait and used it to look at the interior through the window. I could see the counter and by getting on my tip toes even the pills stacked under the counter just as Debbie described. There was a display of toothbrushes and toothpaste on the counter just behind my pills.

When he came back, he let me in and offered to help me. I said:

—I know I need something, but I forgot what it was. I'll just browse until I am reminded.

—Okay! I'll be at my desk. Let me know when you remember.

He went to his desk and turned on a little TV. I thought I would have to kill time until another customer came to distract him, but when I wandered over by the prescription counter, I glanced his way and saw he was hidden by a filing cabinet. If I couldn't see him. He couldn't see me. I snatched up the pills and slid them under my waistband into my panties. I picked up a tube of toothpaste and said:

—I remember. I was out of toothpaste.

And walked to his desk which had a cash register.

I laid down the toothpaste and he rang it up then said:

—What about the other thing you took.

I was sure he hadn't seen me and tried to lie, saying:

—No... that is it. I have a good toothbrush.

He sneered at me and said:

—Bullshit! Let me show you something.

He pushed a button on a VCR and it hummed a minute then he turned his TV around, so I could see it. I was on TV. The camera had to be right above me. I looked over at the prescription counter and saw a camera with a red light and a little sign saying:

—Smile! You are on TV.

I felt really stupid and even more frightened.

He was angry:

—Too many of you little bitches have ripped me off. I was forced to buy the camera. You are the first to make it pay off. You are going to jail. There is no way you can refute this evidence.

To make it worse he played it back again as my left hand pulled out my skirt and panties to slip in the pills.

He said:

—Are you going to take out the pills or should I get them?

I began to cry as I humbly got the pills and handed them to him:

—Please don't call the police. I'll pay you double for the pills. I wouldn't have taken them if I had a prescription.

—I couldn't take your money if I wanted to. I have to have a prescription on file. Besides, you must be a real slut to need them so bad. I will get a lot more satisfaction seeing you be punished. Parents are too lax today. If you had been punished properly, you wouldn't be a thief.

That gave me a ray of hope:

—You are right. But the police can't put me in jail. I am a minor. It would be better for both of us if you punished me with a spanking. That would hurt more than being arrested.

That wasn't true. He could whip me until I passed out and it would still be better than having to call my parents to get me out of jail, especially for stealing birth control pills.

He said:

—You are too old for a childish spanking. In the old days, thieves were whipped.

I sobbed:

—Yes! I deserve to be whipped. That should be better to make amends than the police.

I knew I had said the right thing when I noticed a lump growing in his pants.

—Are you sure about this? I guarantee it will hurt and you won't be able to change your mind.

—Yes... it should hurt, so I will never be tempted to steal again.

—Okay! Go over to the wall and bring me a nine-foot electrical extension cord and a pair of pantyhose.

I did as I was told. I could see the extension cord could be like a whip, although it was light, but I was curious about the pantyhose. He went over and locked the front door, putting out a closed sign.

When I went back to him, he was pointing a camera at the floor in front of the desk. He took the cord from me and said:

—I'll give you a taste.

Before I knew what he was talking about, he folded the cord in half and swung it to sting my butt. I just gasped, more in surprise than pain.

—See? That doesn't hurt over your clothes. You will have to take them off.

He said:

—I am not about to be sued by you or your parents if you change your mind later. I want you to kneel in front of the camera and say: "I have been a bad girl. I stole from you and deserve to be whipped with this while my naked body is hung from the ceiling with these".

Suddenly this was like Sam's movie and my fear turned to excitement. I improved on his script by saying:

—I have been a very bad girl. I stole from you. I feel terribly guilty. I want you to whip me very hard all over my naked body with this cord while I hang from the ceiling from these pantyhose.

He brought the camera with him while he led me to a store room. He placed the camera on a box facing the center of the room, then he got a chair and put the crotch of the pantyhose over a beam in the ceiling.

He turned to me and said:

—Are you ready to take off your clothes for your whipping?

I was so excited, I stammered “Yyyes”.

I slid off my skirt to show my bikini panties I am sure were already wet at the crotch, then slowly unbuttoned my blouse to show my bra-less boobs with my nipples sticking out like a little hard-on from the excitement. I turned my back and slid off my panties then turned to face him showing my freshly shaved pussy in order to make it easier to feel Sam’s lashes.

He seemed surprised. I suddenly remembered from the picture in my history book that people were whipped on their back. He must have expected me to just take off my blouse. Just being hit on my back would not be sexy and I was sure it would just hurt. I decided to let him know I expected to be hit on my sexy places.

His eyes widened when I felt my butt with both hands and said:

—Oh! You will make this really red.

Then I squeezed my breasts and said breathlessly:

—And these too.

I put my hand on my pussy and moaned:

—Even this!

His dick jumped and he had to move it with his hand to be more comfortable. He looked at me a moment then had me get on a chair while he stood on another chair to wrap the feet and ankles of the pantyhose around my wrists, saying:

—This will pad your wrists, so there won’t be any marks.

I didn’t care. I was so excited, he could have tied me with barbed wire.

He had me lift myself up by gripping the legs, then took away the chair. The pantyhose and I stretched until my toes touched the floor. I hung there, enjoying the stretch, then he doubled the cord and swung it to snap against my ass. There was just a little sting and I made no protest. He hit harder and harder until he was satisfied by my gasps and moans.

He moved to my side and began hitting my breasts. It stung more, but my only regret was not having a mirror to see the lines form. There was satisfaction in seeing them bob violently with each lash.

Suddenly there was a sting across my pubic bone followed by one lower, but my thighs protected my pussy lips.

He stammered:

—Ooh Jesus!

When I spread my legs to let the cord hit my lips. He hit them a few more times as I started into orgasms, then he brought one up from the floor to slip into my open gash. I came fantastically and begged:

—Fuck me. Please fuck me!

He dropped his pants and drove his dick into my sopping pussy while gripping my ass cheeks to bury it to his balls. He was so excited he didn't last long, but it was enough to continue my orgasms.

He was so exhausted by his excitement, he sank to the floor wet with sweat and panting, watching me hang there with little after shocks shuddering my body.

He finally got up and picked up a knife used to open cartons. He hugged me to him, then cut the legs off the hose to let me down.

He said:

—Jesus baby! You can steal from me anytime, even though you get off on whips.

I was embarrassed he knew and also that I had asked a man as old as my Dad to fuck me, so I lied:

—Oh... I am so ashamed. I didn't know I would react that way. I just thought it would hurt.

—It did! You are just one of those lucky people who are excited by pain in the right situation. Being hung up naked would excite a lot of girls. I

am going to give you the pills. When you need more, come back.

—But you would whip me again, wouldn't you.

—Yeah! It excites both of us.

That made me caress my breasts, which didn't hurt anymore. I looked at them and was amazed to see the red was nearly gone and there were no welts. It must have been just the situation and my imagination that had made it seem so painful. I wondered how bad it would be if he had hit harder or had a real whip.

—Maybe if you got a real whip, it would be like the old days. I would feel better about myself if it hurt so much it didn't excite me.

—I don't want to hurt you that much, but I will get a real whip.

He seemed to solve my problem. It was a little sick to have a man so old fuck me, but if I needed it real bad when my folks were home, I now had a solution.

I hurried home and took a pill. I could barely wait for my folks to go to bed, so I could sneak to his room to say:

—Sam, I have birth control pills. You can fuck my pussy now. I was disappointed to hear they didn't work instantly and we would have to wait a week for them to kick in.

I told him how I had attempted to steal the pills and was caught and whipped.

He said:

—You must not be as bashful as you say you are if you got naked and let a strange man whip you.

—No! I didn't have a choice. He was going to have me arrested.

—Bullshit! You know other kids who got caught shoplifting. They just got lectured and sent home. Cops don't want to do all the paperwork on kids they know won't be prosecuted.

I blushed, knowing that was true, but I protested:

—He was real mad. I am sure our folks would have found out and Mom would shit if she found out. Besides, it wasn't bad. See?

I opened my robe to show there were no marks. I became excited as he inspected my body. He found a few small bruises on the underside of my breasts and one on my pussy. I remembered the one to my breasts that had made them jump up and the one on my pussy must have been the one that gave me the orgasm.

He said:

—It must have been a pretty wimpy whipping to only leave three little bruises. Did you cum?

It seemed disloyal to admit someone other than him had made me cum. I lied:

—No... of course not! It was punishment. I did it for you so you could fuck me without a rubber and it worked out okay because he gave me the pills.

He said he had good news too. The tape was finished. He put it in the VCR and turned it on. It was really professional. He had added dialogue at the start by acting as if he was on the phone, telling his boss that he had caught the spy and would make her talk. At my first orgasm on tape, he said:

—Jesus! No-one would guess you are cumming. It just looks like you have reached terrible pain. Somehow that made me feel better, but seeing it made me so excited, I sucked his dick and let him butt-fuck me. He made it better by using his hands to pinch my nipples and twiddle my clit. I managed to cum and had to drive my face into the pillow, so my folks wouldn't hear me squeal.

I told Debbie I had my pills and thanked her for telling me about the store. I didn't tell her how I had to earn them.

She said:

—Shit! You were lucky. He must not have put in the camera until after you left. It didn't occur to me he would put in surveillance cameras. I got caught. He gave me a choice between the cops or a whipping. It was the third time I was caught and I had been warned if I did it again I would go to juvenile hall, so I let him whip me. It really hurt. Go to the bathroom with me. I'll show you.

I noticed she was wearing a loose dress, which was out of character for her. She unzipped it and took it off, explaining:

—I am so sore, I can't stand to wear panties or bra or anything tight and this happened last night.

There were several angry red and purple lines on her butt, back, breasts, stomach, and in a diagonal pattern on her pussy I noticed was shaved like mine. I traced a welt on her boob which made her wince and my pussy dampen and said:

—Jesus. What did he use on you?

—I don't think this was his first time. He had a regular leather whip like in our history book used on slaves and he hung me from the ceiling with wrist cuffs padded with sheepskin to keep my wrists from being cut. It was awful! He made me get naked for it!

—Yeah... it must have hurt, but it must have been kind of exciting to be hung up naked.

She looked at me strangely and said:

—Are you nuts? It was frightening and it hurts to be all stretched. He tied my ankles to floor bolts and pulled me down until I was sure my joints were coming apart. I have to admit I like showing off my body and I was a

little excited when he felt me and said I looked beautiful, but the first lash hurt so much my excitement left and there was just pain. Terrible pain.

I was disappointed it had not thrilled her. Just hearing about it was making me excited. I managed to hide my excitement and said:

—You poor thing! I guess you will have to stay away from him.

—I don't need him. He must have felt guilty because he gave me years supply of pills. Just for the hell of it, I stole some pregnancy tests. I'll give you some.

Sam was real proud of my performance and his editing. We watched it every night and I didn't tire of it since my imagination let me feel everything that happened to me on screen and he made me cum by putting clothespins on my nipples and pussy lips to pull them open for his tongue.

I was really happy when he said it would be safe to fuck my pussy, but I found even though it was better I still needed pain with it and just pinching was not enough.

I was really happy that night at dinner when Mom announced they were going to a dog show in Seattle the next day, but was crushed when Sam said:

—Good! I want to go along. There is a huge software store and I want to look at some programs for my computer.

Mom told him to pack some clothes as they would be leaving at six in the morning.

I followed him up to his room and whined:

—How could you do this to me? We finally have a chance to do something really exciting and you leave! I need to have a great orgasm. I am going crazy.

—Jesus! You are really hooked, aren't you? Don't worry. I'll just be gone a couple of days. I have something to keep you occupied.

He reached under the bed and took out a bunch of leather thongs:

—Here! You like to do macramé. Braid these into some whips and when I get back we'll go out to the clubhouse and try them out. I can put hooks all over to tie you in any position.

I knew about the clubhouse. It was just a deserted cabin out in the woods. Brush and trees had grown around it so much you had to look close to find it. I followed him out to it once. He and his friends had formed a club, but all they used it for was to smoke cigarettes and drink beer they had stolen from their parents. It was all shaded and gloomy and seemed a perfect setting for torture.

When they left, I started making whips. On the first one I just braided a handle out of thongs about a half inch wide to leave four thongs hanging out the end a couple of feet long. Out of curiosity, I took off my clothes and hit myself with it. The thongs were light and it just caused a small sting. I knew I could take a hundred lashes with it, so I made another by braiding narrower thongs all the way with a knot on the end. It was about four feet long and I swung it around my body, letting the knot curl around to hit my pubic bone. It was much worse, causing me to squeal and it left a round deep red mark at the knot.

Strangely, it didn't frighten me. I just thought how brave Sam would think I was to let him use it on me and that I would have marks to remind me of my whipping for days.

I laid out the whips on my bed and looking at them, imagining how they would feel made me so excited I began digging at my pussy, but I could only get to that terrible place just before orgasm and couldn't get past it.

I felt guilty I couldn't cum like a normal person and suddenly Debbie's marked body appeared in my mind. She hated the whip. Maybe that would

cure me of wanting pain.

I went to the drug store. There was a little old lady in there who talked endlessly to him about her aches and pains. Waiting for her to leave was killing me.

He must have known why I was there because he followed her out and put up the closed sign and locked the door.

He came over to me smiling and said:

—Hi! I have missed you. Did you come to steal something?

—No! You whipped my friend, Debbie. I feel really guilty for not warning her about the camera. I think I should be whipped as bad as her to make up for it.

—Oh yeah! I remember her. I think she has stolen a lot of things. I must have hit her too hard. She didn't react like you. I won't hit you that hard.

That wasn't what I wanted. If he hit easy, I may just have orgasms and want the whip even more. I needed to be cured because the long delays waiting to be alone with Sam were killing me.

—No! You have to hit me just as hard or it won't let me relieve my guilt. How many times did you hit her?

—I got carried away. I guess about forty times.

—Then give me fifty.

—Really? I have a real whip now. It really leaves welts.

—I know! I saw them. I want them all over so I can show Debbie I have been punished for not telling her.

I was wearing my coveralls in case I got welts below the hem of my micro-skirt. We went to the back room and I stripped staring at the ominous cuffs hanging from the ceiling and other cuffs in the floor.

He put on my wrist cuffs going to a pulley on the beam then pulled down on the rope until my toes were off the ground. I really felt stretched, but I was even more stretched when he put on my ankle cuffs and pulled on the ropes to open my legs and pull them down.

He came over to me and began feeling my body saying:

—Oh yeah you are stretched tight. Your belly is flat and firm and so are your boobs and butt. Your skin won't give much when you are hit.

His squeezes to my butt and boobs with little pulls on the nipples and caresses on my tummy was getting me excited. I didn't want that. I wanted to be cured.

—I moaned:

—Don't feel me! Hit me!

He went over to the wall and took a whip off the wall. It looked like the one I had made except it had tassels at the end instead of a knot.

He said:

—I don't think you can take fifty with this and you have not made me angry to want to give you that many. You count. When you stop counting, I will quit.

He stepped back and I said:

—One

I heard a swish then a searing sting across my butt. It took my breath away and I let the sting die down a little before saying "Two". It was just as bad and I thought this might cure me. I said:

—Three

And this one came at the crease between my butt and legs causing incredible pain and so close to my pussy it shuddered. I waited even longer then realized I was savoring the pain and by being able to delay them until

excitement made me want another was letting me cheat to work up to orgasm.

I moaned:

—I don't want to count. Just hit me fast and hard.

—I think you may scream and someone could hear you. I think I should gag you.

—Yes... I may! Nothing has hurt this much.

He got a roll of duct tape and wrapped it around my mouth and head. I suddenly realized I couldn't beg for mercy which would stop him, but that would be best if I really wanted to be cured.

He started in again on my back. I found the worst ones were at my shoulder blades and my lower legs far from any erogenous zones. It seemed to go on forever. Tears were pouring out of my eyes then he started on my front to cause terrible pain as he wrapped the end around my tender thighs then started up my belly. When he hit my breasts I screamed through my nose then sobbed hysterically. I was sure I was cured. I only felt pain, but then he stepped back further and swung the whip so just the tassels stung my nipples and pussy lips. Suddenly the pain became pure excitement and I struggled to shift from side to side to let the stinging tongues go into my sodden pussy.

I began going from one orgasm to stronger ones until I became so exhausted I let my head fall to just shudder at the impact of the whip. I don't know if I took all fifty. At that point, it didn't matter. My whole body had gone numb and he could have hit me a hundred times without hurting me anymore.

I realized he had stopped and was fucking me jerking my hips into him, but my pussy was so numb from the flaming tongues I could barely feel him and I couldn't cum any more anyway.

I don't remember being taken down. The next thing I remembered was lying on a cot while he was caressing me with some kind of salve. Miraculously, the pain was gone. I looked down at myself to see that now I was no longer stretched the welts were practically on top of each other.

He must have known how exhausted I was because he asked:

—Can you stay for a while to rest up? My apartment is upstairs and I have a great bed.

—Oh yes. I am too tired to walk home. My folks are gone so I can stay all night.

—Good. You are in a perfect place. I have salves that will make those welts gone by morning.

—I don't know if I want them to go away. They are proof I really tried to cure myself of masochism. I think I might have been cured if you had kept hitting me the way you started, but when those tassels began giving me fiery kisses, I went right back to loving pain.

—I am not sure that would work. It could backfire on you and you could desire even worse pain. It would be a shame to scar that lovely body. Now let's get you upstairs.

He carried me up to his bedroom and laid me down on his king-size bed.

He traced a welt with his finger going from my armpit across both nipples, saying:

—This one must have hurt.

—Yes terribly. I thought it might be the one that cured me, but then you started using the tassels.

—Does it still hurt?

—No! There is just a throbbing sensation that is kind of pleasant. I only hurt at my shoulders and hips from being tied so tight and struggling.

—I can fix that too.

He picked up a bottle of massage oil and began massaging my shoulders, back and hips. It felt wonderful and I became so relaxed I went to sleep.

When I woke up it was dark. I smelled food cooking and I hadn't eaten so I was starved. I followed the smell to his kitchen where he was frying steaks. He was just wearing tiny undershorts and I noticed for the first time he had a great body with muscles and a ridged stomach.

I reached around him to hug him feeling his tight stomach.

I said:

—You have a lovely body too.

He laughed:

—Thanks. I try to work out everyday. I have to stay in shape to whip girls.

—Have you whipped a lot of girls?

—No! Just a few. I didn't get started until you, but I have found all the girls I have caught stealing so far have agreed to be whipped rather than go through the embarrassment of being arrested.

—Did you tape them like me? I would like to see the tapes, especially mine.

—Alright, right after dinner.

I wolfed my food, not only because I was starved, but to hurry to see the tapes. I fidgeted in my seat, waiting impatiently for him to finish. He teased me by eating slowly, but he finally was done and I jumped up to clear the table.

He took the tapes out of a cabinet and said:

—I'll show you the less interesting ones first.

He put in a tape to be shown on his big screen TV. The first tape was a little fat girl about twelve. When she was naked I think he was disappointed in her fat body with small boobs because he just had her lay over the desk and spanked her ass with a ping pong paddle until she was crying hysterically and had a fiery red ass. It didn't do much for either of us.

Then he showed Debbie's tape. It was much more exciting, but still not great because she was obviously suffering and I felt sorry for her.

He told me he had put both my whippings on the same tape. That was really exciting! My imagination let me feel every lash and when the last whipping started I dropped to my hands and knees and said breathlessly:

—Fuck me doggy style so we can both watch it.

He did and it was great, especially at the end when he began slapping the sides of my boobs with a belt. I came gloriously and thanked him. I even offered to clean his dick and sucked it until he came again and it softened to slide out of my mouth.

He said:

—Maybe you aren't a real masochist. You came big time with just fucking.

—Yeah! But it helped when you slapped my boobs.

—That didn't hurt much. Let me show you a real masochist.

He put in the last tape and I was amazed. It was my gym teacher! She was about twenty-five and had a hard body from exercise with round firm boobs and butt. Once she was naked, she said breathlessly:

—You can only hit me from my crotch to my armpits. I am a gym teacher and just wear shorts and T-shirt. I don't want any marks to show.

He agreed and picked up an old-fashioned razor strap. Evidently he had not bought the whip before she came.

He led her into the store room, but when she saw the cuffs she said:

—You don't need to tie me. I won't try to get away.

She laid down on the rough concrete floor on her belly and spread out her arms and legs.

He began whipping her and it had to hurt. Each lash made her skin shudder and left angry red stripes, but her only reaction was to moan and drag her nipples around on the rough concrete. I was sure she would grind them off. When her whole back and butt was red and welted she seemed to be reaching a peak of excitement, raising the top of her body to grind her pussy into the broom-finished concrete.

He paused and she rolled over and brought her feet back and opened her legs. He began hitting her stomach and she just gasped as she pumped up to meet the strap with her legs, then brought her hands down to lift her upper body to push her tits into the descending strap.

She finally must have reached orgasm because she moaned:

—Pussy! Hit my cunt!

I was astounded. It must have really hurt, but she just kept pumping her pussy into the strap as juices began running out of her open slit. She kept it up until her pussy was almost maroon and had swollen before she made a huge sigh then fell back and closed her legs, causing her swollen pussy to pooch out between her thighs.

I was so caught up in it, I forgot he was there and had been digging at my pussy until I reached orgasm at her sigh.

I remembered where I was when he said:

—Do you think you could do that?

—Oh God. I don't think I am that brave. The first ones hurt a lot. I have to be hit several times before I am excited enough to want the pain.

—See. I don't think you are a masochist at all. You are just an incredibly sensuous girl that wants the ultimate in sensations.

—Maybe, but it amounts to the same thing. I still get orgasms from pain.

—Yes, but you also get them even without pain with proper stimulation.

—Oh God. I hope you are right. I was afraid I was going crazy.

—Just enjoy the thrills. Now suck my cock so we can fuck once more to let us sleep.

I just sucked it until it couldn't get any harder while he laid on his back, then sank my pussy onto his throbbing dick. He lasted a long time so I had a nice orgasm with only minor pain from his pinching my nipples. Maybe I wasn't a masochist, but I was definitely hooked on orgasms.

The next morning, we slept in. We were awakened by the ringing of his doorbell. He got up and slipped on his pajama bottoms, saying:

—I'll get rid of them as soon as possible.

He had a down comforter and I was hot so I pushed off my covers and laid there caressing my body feeling some tiny welts still left on my boobs kind of dozing with my eyes closed.

I heard the door open, but didn't open my eyes until he said loudly:

—Here she is. Isn't she beautiful?

My eyes sprang open and I grabbed the covers to hide myself when I saw him standing there with a big cop in uniform.

I began to cry:

—Oh God! Are you going to arrest me?

The cop said:

—Hell no! I just stopped by to see if Jim had some new tapes and he said the star was here.

It didn't even occur to me he would show my tape to anyone. I cried:

—Oh no! Has everyone seen it?

—No! Just Bob here. I have known him since we were kids. He won't tell anyone.

—It is still embarrassing. Do you think I am crazy, Bob?

—No! Just sexy. You are sexier than any of the girls in the Men's magazines. Give me a look at that great bod.

I felt proud and let the cover slip off my boobs. He pulled it the rest of the way off. He surprised me by cupping my pussy and pushing in his middle finger while saying:

—Oh Jesus! It is just as tight as it looks.

Jim said:

—Her whole body is tight and her skin is flexible enough to take a whipping without being cut. You are just in time. She doesn't know if she is brave enough to be whipped untied. Should we try it, Lisa?

Before I could answer, Bob said:

—Jesus! I have just the things for that. I stopped at the sex shop to bring you a couple of new whips. I'll get them.

He hurried out the door. I said:

—Oh God! I don't think I am ready for this. He looks really mean!

—Hey! It is just an experiment. If you can't stand it, we will stop.

—Ooh! You would both whip me? That would take a long time.

—Not really. We will both whip you at once. I'll take your front in case he hits too hard.

I pictured myself being whipped and it excited me to be whipped by a man in uniform. It would make me the heroine being tortured for information.

Bob came back with two whips. One was just a leather strap split at the ends to make four skinny thongs about ten inches long the other was nine heavy bootlaces coming out of a handle. He handed them to me and I felt

them. They had been soaked in oil and seemed real soft, Feeling them made me excited enough to want to feel their sting.

I stammered:

—I guess I could stand a few with these.

—Good girl! This will be real simple. Just stand there with your arms folded on the top of your head. If you can't stand any more just let your arms down.

—Okay, but could he put his handcuffs on my wrists. It would help me to think of myself as a prisoner.

That was no problem. Bob snapped his handcuffs on me and I took a deep breath then put my arms on my head. This lifted my boobs and I sucked in my tummy to make it tight.

They began hitting me. Only the strap stung bad and it was landing on my butt that could take a lot of punishment. Bob was standing close enough to let the little thongs wrap around my body to sting my tummy and thighs. Jim's whip just made an exciting light sting.

My excitement grew and grew as it continued. My whole back and front became hot as if I had a sunburn then Jim said:

—Open your legs, Honey.

I spread them really wide as Bob exclaimed incredulously:

—Jesus!... She is doing it.

There was a terrific sting on my pussy. I looked down and pushed my hips forward to watch in fascination as thongs from Bob's whip appeared from between my legs to cover the lips followed by Jim's coming up from the floor to bury center thongs in my slit to sting and drag on my clit. Pain, heat, and excitement radiated from my pussy as it squirmed under the lashes becoming red and swelling as their whips became soaked from my juices until orgasms began shuddering my body.

I brought down my hands to jerk down Jim's pajamas then put my hand-cuffed wrist around his neck and threw my legs around his waist to frantically try to capture his hard dick in my pussy. He staggered then used his hand to lift my butt while his other hand directed his dick into my engorged pussy.

Suddenly I felt Bob's dick rip into my asshole. It was wild! Their dicks filled me completely and collided with each other as I went from one orgasm to another.

They fucked or sodomized me for the rest of the day until finally they could not get their dick's hard no matter how long I licked and sucked them Bob said that he was fucked out and got dressed and Jim agreed, so I dressed and went home.

Amazingly in spite of the fact I had been fucked so much and was tired just walking home with the coveralls rubbing my nipples and the crotch digging in to my pussy made me excited again.

When I got home I stripped again and walked around naked fondling myself, but it just made me more excited with no possibility of getting to orgasm. I finally gave up and went to bed to take a nap.

I slept until my folks got home. Sam went directly to his room and began loading his new programs into his computer. I decided not to tell him about my weekend and when I asked if I should come back later he said he was tired and was going to bed after he had checked out his programs.

The next afternoon, he began working on our film again. He was all excited because with his new equipment he could add music and extreme close-ups, but I wasn't interested I begged:

— Sam I need sex bad. Please?

— Just hold off until Thursday. It is teacher's conference and we'll have all day until the folks get home at 6:30. The wait will make you need it

more and I will be able to use the new whips on you.

That made me more excited. I told him about my weekend in hope it would excite him enough to forget about his dumb computer.

It made him mad!

—You are such a slut! Here you didn't want me to show my film to my friends, but you go off and let strange men torture and fuck you. You are going to pay for that!

—But it is different! I will only see those men at the drugstore and they can't tell anyone. Your friends will tell everyone and next year I will be in school with them. I'll die in shame. Whip me all you want. Torture me! Just don't embarrass me for years.

—I'll think about it, but in any case, Thursday will be hell for you.

—Yes! I deserve that! I welcome it! If it is bad enough, I will be cured of my masochism and will be able to enjoy normal sex.

On Thursday, after my folks had left, he pulled back the rug and told me to screw the eye screws into the holes in the floor. It seemed to be the ultimate submission made stronger as I spread my legs to be tied and held out my hands for the cuffs.

When I was stretched like a capital X he brought out the whips I had made plus the four-inch paddle and willow switch he had used on me. He said:

—I think I will give you a little foreplay. You can look at these whips and imagine how they will feel.

He had attached toothed clamps to the whips. He held my thong whip to my left breast then let the clamp bite my nipple to leave the whip swinging from my stretched nipple, then put my knot whip on my right nipple and finally the paddle and switch on each pussy lip. He jerked on each one as I chose. It was easy to decide order. I wanted the least severe

first so I chose my thong whip followed by the paddle, and the switch knowing I could only stand the knot whip after being numbed by the others. He said:

—That's the order I would have chosen. At the end, you should just be a quivering mass of pain. If this doesn't cure your masochism nothing will.

I began to protest, but he jammed a rubber ball in my mouth and held it in with a scarf.

He said, I will leave you now. By the time I come back, you should be excited enough to beg for pain.

It was foreplay. The bites made pain radiate through my body and as it lessened I shook my body to make them bite more.

My excitement grew until I was about to beg him to start whipping me when the doorbell rang. I panicked and fought the ropes, but that just created terrible bites to my pussy and nipples, then I heard boys voices saying:

—We brought beer!

And:

—This is going to be a wild party.

Sam spoke loudly, I was sure for my benefit:

—You are about to see my masterpiece. I produced, directed, wrote the script and did the editing. You don't know the girl involved, but I am sure you will be impressed by her bravery.

He started our tape with the volume loud. When the whipping began, my body shuddered at the sound of the loud slaps. At first, I felt kind of proud as the boys exclaimed over my beauty and courage, but towards the middle I felt shamed when one of the boys yelled:

—Jesus guys! She is getting off on this. Look... she is so wet you can see juice from her pussy glistening in the light.

Then later I realized they were seeing the finished product when one exclaimed:

—God... these slow motion close-ups are unreal. You can see the thongs go into her pussy and come out wet.

There were no close-ups or slow motion in the version I saw.

I hoped they were just there to provide approval and maybe suggestions on the movie, but it didn't explain why I was tied naked.

Fear overcame me when the door suddenly opened and Sam led in three boys, saying:

—Here is our star ready to complete the movie.

They scurried over to me and began feeling my body, marvelling at my tight skin and tiny waist that made my boobs and butt look bigger. That felt good and I was proud that they thought I was beautiful, but fear returned when one of the boys said:

—The end when she confesses will be awesome. We can hit hard now that we know she gets off on pain.

I shook my head violently with tears in my eyes, but Sam said:

—She may cry and protest, but just ignore that. It only hurts her at first. She eventually is only excited. Get into your uniforms and lets get on with it.

He had bought pajamas at Goodwill and dyed them black, then added swastikas to the shirts he told them to take off when it was their turn to whip me so the camera could see their muscles flex.

I watched them change in a combination of fear and excitement when I saw their pricks already hard in anticipation. I was sure they would not be able to whip very long before they needed to fuck me.

I was really frightened when I heard his instructions:

—Steve! You can be first. You use that thonged whip. Stand by her side and back hand her back and forehand the front so you will not block the cameras. Bill, you do the same with the paddle. Concentrate on her butt, pussy, and tits. That is the area that turns her on. Jim... you use the switch to make lines from her thighs to the top of her butt at the back while also making lines across her pussy and tits. On the last three try to put the tip right on her nipples and in the slit of her pussy. I will finish by standing behind her to make the knot just hit her tits and pussy. I am sure that would convince anyone watching she would confess.

Steve said:

—Jesus this will really excite me. How about I fuck her when I finish mine, for humiliation's sake.

Bill said:

—Yeah! I could fuck her ass when I am done.

Jim said:

—I could fuck her pussy made sore by the switch.

Sam said:

—Yeah! That's a good idea. When I am done two of us could fuck her at once. That should really humiliate a normal girl.

Steve said:

—Great! How many times should I hit her?

—Twenty should do it. Remember to hit hard. I want the slow motion close-up to show the whips digging in. If she is still conscious at the end, we might add more.

I panicked. That would be eighty hard ones. It would be the worst ever. I frantically shook my head and screamed through my nose. Sam just turned on the camera and said:

—Great! She really looks scared.

That made me mad to just improve his damn movie. I stopped struggling to stare at him defiantly. That didn't help. Sam said:

—Wonderful. She has decided to be defiant and not talk no matter what!

I couldn't win! I sobbed and watched fearfully as Steve took off his shirt to show bulging muscle and moved to my side. I felt a searing sting to my butt followed closely by one to my lower stomach. I screamed through my nose as the burning climbed up my body culminating with two terrible stings as my boobs jerked. My only consolation was that he had hit so fast, it was over in seconds. So soon I didn't get wet and there was a stretch at my pussy as he jammed his dick in the dry tunnel while yelling:

—Oh God! She is really tight. The fucking didn't last long either, but at least it took my mind off the pain.

When he pulled out his soft dick, I realized the next part would be even worse when Sam said:

—That was too fast. I want to get her reaction to each lash. That time she just screamed constantly. Count to three between lashes.

—Surprisingly the delay allowed me to savor the pain to my butt then my pussy then my tits and in spite of the sharp pain my excitement rose. When he stopped sweat was running down my body the sweat running into the crack of my ass may have helped me since he didn't bother to grease his dick. He pinched my pussy lips to pull me back into him and I had an orgasm.

When he pulled out, he said:

—Shit! I must have torn her. My dick is bloody.

Sam showed no sympathy for me. He just said:

—Great! Stretch it out so I can get close-ups.

I stared at him in hate, but he just said:

— She is still defiant.

Jim use the switch hard. Five stripes on her ass, five on her stomach, five on her tits and five on her pussy. Try to make the tip hit nipples and dig into her snatch.

It was terrible. I was sure the switch would cut my skin. Each stripe left a sharp sting that lasted to the next. When he finished my pussy felt raw, but incredibly as his dick pumped into my sore pussy and sweat stung the stripes I had another orgasm.

I was exhausted and just hung there shuddering with sweat running down my body, tears dripping on my red tits and cum leaking from my pussy.

Sam must have anticipated that because he said:

— Throw the water on her.

I jumped and screamed, fully awake, when ice water cascaded down my back and front. My heat turned to shivering as Sam said:

— My whipping should get her into an orgasm strong enough to make her pass out. If she does fuck her anyway. Jim and Bill have the biggest dicks so they can fuck her.

That gave me an out. I planned to fake a faint right away, but it hurt too much. I felt the knot dig into my nipples and pussy as the tip came around my sides to cause a deep terrible pain. Unbelievably, I went into fantastic orgasms until I honestly passed out just as Jim's dick tore into my asshole.

They must have all been satisfied because when I awakened I was alone with Sam who was putting salves on the welts from the switch and the nasty looking bruises from the knot.

I whined:

— That was terrible! Look at what you have done. Don't you feel guilty?

—No because you came. If it had been really awful, you wouldn't have cum and may have been cured. If you cum, I have no problem and if you had been cured. That is what you wanted.

—I may have been cured even though I came. I never want to hurt that much again.

—Maybe. We'll see.

I was still bruised the next morning and didn't know how to explain them in gym class, so I skipped school. I spent the day naked after putting on more salve. I couldn't resist posing in front of the mirror and found myself stretching my arms up and spreading my legs in the "X" position. It excited me and I had to remind myself how badly being in that position had hurt in order to calm down.

My folks didn't have a dog show that weekend, but Mom was going to Seattle. Dad said he had to stay home to finish a project, so she insisted Sam and I go along to keep her company while she took a bitch to a stud for breeding. I watched it, but seeing the dog humping our bitch excited me so much I had to turn away. We stayed overnight in the same motel room with me sleeping with Mom so there was no opportunity to be with Sam.

The next day, he bought another program that would let him change the background.

Mom said:

—You have spent a lot on these programs. When can I see one of your tapes?

Sam said:

—Soon! It takes a lot of time to get it right.

—Well, have something for me to see Thursday. I want to see if the programs are a waste of money.

Sam said he would have something. This was bad for me because when I went to his room he said:

—Go away. You heard Mom. I have to have something “G” rated for her by Thursday or else I won’t be getting more tapes and programs and I have another project I have to do after school.

It was the same Tuesday and Wednesday. On Thursday he showed the film. I had to give him credit. He had put together my old tapes to make a lot of special effects like me jumping over myself on roller-blades and riding on water or clouds on my bike. They were impressed, Dad said it would be great for an audition tape if he wanted to go into TV when he graduated.

That night, I got to lay with him, but he came before I could even get very excited. When he just rolled off me I began kissing and licking his dick to get it hard again, but he said:

—Forget it! I am too tired to get hard.

I pleaded:

—Please lick my pussy then. I need to cum. I need it real bad. It has been almost a week.

—No! That is special. You have to earn it.

—How?

—You know how. The same way, you have always earned that privilege.

—Oh, you mean by suffering, but I told you I don’t want to be hurt anymore.

—Fine! I am tired anyway.

All the time we had been talking, I had been playing with myself, but that just kept me excited and wanting more. I decided to try a bargain.

—You can't whip me. The folks would hear. If you will lick me until I cum, you can spank me tomorrow.

—No! I know how you can earn it now. In the bed table, you will find some thumb tacks. I will lick you for ten seconds for each tack you push to the head in your pussy.

—Oh... I couldn't do that.

—Okay. Go to bed, so I can get some sleep.

—Maybe I could stand it if you did it.

—No, if I did it, you could pretend I was forcing you.

That was ridiculous. He was forcing me to hurt myself. I decided to try just one.

I turned on the light to reach in the drawer and took out a pad of tacks stuck in cardboard. I held my breath and pushed one into the puffy lip of my pussy. Tacks aren't very sharp. It felt like it tore my skin as it went in, but it wasn't unbearable. I held my breath again and stuck another in the other lip.

—Okay... you bastard, I did it. Lick me.

—Do you really think you can get off in twenty seconds?

—If it takes longer, I will put in another tack.

—No, I get nothing from licking you. Decide on what it will take. When the time is up, I am going to sleep.

I decided to be sure I should go for 120 seconds. By the fourth one, it seemed easier. I lined up six tacks on each lip then gasped as he pushed on all of them to make sure they were in as deep as possible. He began licking me while moving the tacks with his fingers. I came twice before the 120 seconds were over and it got better when he fucked me crashing into the tacks.

He pulled out the tacks, saying:

—I am proud of you. You were really brave.

I went to bed happy that I had been brave and had also become orgasmic and went to sleep almost instantly.

I woke at the sound of Mom's van going down the driveway. I hurried to Sam's room to shake him awake. He muttered:

—What's the matter.

—What's the matter? Mom and Dad are gone and I am horny. What will you do to me.

He looked at his watch and said:

—Jesus it is six in the morning. I am not going to do anything now. You can wake me at eight with a blow-job.

I wandered around the house naked, then saw a note from Mom saying she had made the dog food and we should feed them before going to school. As I went into each kennel the male dogs would lick me and I saved the dog who had fucked me for last and let him lick and nibble on my pussy until I knew I had to leave or I would let him fuck me.

I ran into the house and threw off Sam's covers to suck on his dick. I just meant to get it hard enough to fuck me, but he grabbed my head and held me on it until his warm, slimy cum flooded my mouth.

When he let go of my head, I whined:

—You came! Let me suck it some more so you can fuck me.

—Naw... I have to get to school. I have two tests. I'll take care of you later. I have something for you to think about. I have another idea for a movie. The clubhouse is perfect for it. It is set during the Spanish Inquisition. You will be arrested as a heretic and tortured until you confess you are controlled by Satan.

—But I told you I didn't want to be hurt anymore.

—It will just be exciting hurt. You may change your mind.

It was all I could do to force myself to go to school. I really wanted to let the dog fuck me. At school, my mind was in turmoil, going from one fantasy to another. I couldn't get Sam's "exciting hurt" out of my mind. I had never heard of the Spanish inquisition, so I read everything I could find about it during my study hour. I was amazed. It had gone on for fifteen years and thousands of people were tortured and killed. All of the authors agreed it was a terrible thing and had become perverted to eliminate mainly non-Catholics. Interestingly, although both men and women were tortured they usually described humiliations and torture done to women. I shuddered at the terrible things that were done to them, but also thought how proud the women who suffered without confessing must have been. I wondered if I could be that courageous and was excited by descriptions of how women were stripped naked and flogged in front of hundreds of people. I couldn't understand how Sam could make a movie since all the tortures would leave permanent scars, but assumed he had thought of a way to torture me in a realistic, but lesser way.

I couldn't think of anything else and when I failed to respond to my teacher's questions for the third time I was sent to the principal's office.

He threatened me with "Swats". Other girls who had been "Swatted" told me it hurt terribly. I decided that this unsexy pain may let me stop considering agreeing to Sam's new movie. Rather than apologizing and saying I would try to be better, I said:

—Yes! I probably deserve them. Maybe that would make me pay attention.

He seemed surprised, but called in his secretary to be a witness, as demanded by the rules for corporal punishment.

He had me lean over his desk and gave me five swats with a big wooden paddle. It was not sexy since it was done on top of my clothes and

it hurt bad. The aftermath was sexy. My butt tingled for hours as I squirmed in my seat and imagined how it would have been if I had been spanked naked in front of everyone at school.

By the time, I got home, I was so excited my panties were wet. I decided to surprise him. I took off my clothes and hung myself by my arms by tying the end of the rope to the leg of our heavy desk, then climbing on a stool to put on the wrist cuffs. I kicked away the stool and hung there imagining hundreds of people staring at me until I heard him come in and call for me. I told him I was in the office. He came in and his eyes widened when he saw me and gulped then said:

—I guess you have changed your mind about pain.

I groaned:

—Yes! Oh yes! Please whip me and fuck me.

He said:

—You look so sexy, I will fuck you, but I want to save the whipping for the movie.

He teased me by slowly taking off his clothes to fold them neatly on a chair while I whined:

—Hurry. Please hurry!.

He simply lifted my legs up to his waist and fucked me, but it was not enough. It was exciting, but I knew I could not get to the really great orgasm and begged him to hurt me.

He ignored me and I felt frustrated when he came and pulled out to let me down.

I begged him to fuck me again and even offered to push out my boobs for him to whip, but he said:

—No! I want you super horny tomorrow.

I told him I had read about the Inquisition and all the tortures were too bad to endure without bad injuries and asked him what he would do to me.

He said:

—I am not going to tell you because the real heroine wouldn't know and I want an honest reaction. When you are real horny, you get a desperate frightened look on your face that will be perfect. Your only lines will be begging for mercy and protests that you are not a heretic and do not consort with the devil.

For the rest of the evening, he teased me by playing with my body and giving me light spankings that brought my excitement to a desperate level. Finally, he held out his hands with his thumbs barely touching his first fingers and told me to put my nipples under his thumbs. When I did it, he pinched them very hard. I pulled back in pain and he laughed saying:

—That's the idea. Try to get away.

I pulled back again harder, but my nipples stretched alarmingly as my breasts formed cones and I had to move forward. He laughed and said:

—Nice try.

Then led me to my bedroom by my nipples. By then my excitement was overriding the pain and when he let go to tell me to get in bed and began tying my wrists to the head posts and my ankles to the foot posts I was sure I would be fucked and that I would surely cum. He didn't fuck me! He just walked away, leaving me frustrated and no way to masturbate. I finally went to sleep crying in frustration.

The next morning, he released me to feed the dogs naked while he watched, smirking as I shuddered as the dogs licked me. I swear if he had not been there, I would have let all of them fuck me, but I thought that was what he wanted and was determined to frustrate him as he had me.

When I went in, he dressed me in some old-fashioned panties, a full slip, a crinoline slip, and a dark dress he had found at goodwill. The dress was too big for me, but the crinoline slip held it out, so it did not drag on the ground and he seemed satisfied with it, showing me a picture out of the encyclopedia of a woman in the 1600s in a dress much like mine. He also showed a picture of a torturer in a black hood, bare chest and dark pants.

He led me out to the clubhouse. The three boys were already there wearing black ski masks and dark pants and carrying whips. They looked frightening, but also exciting.

There were some things in the clubhouse that were not there before, but they were indistinct shapes under tarps.

Sam set up the camera looking over his head and a wood table. Bill and Steve took my arms and led me up to the table, then Steve said:

—We have brought you a Satan worshiper, Lord Inquisitor, there are witnesses that she was out in the full moon.

Sam said:

—Good... Wench, you may as well confess to consorting with Satan now rather than wasting our time and causing yourself needless pain.

As instructed, I pleaded innocent.

Sam said:

—Strip her and search for the devil's mark.

While Bill and Steve held me, Jim began ripping off my clothes until I was totally naked. Jim went to the table and came back with three hat pins. He handed two to Bill and Steve, then they began poking me with them. They concentrated on my butt cheeks, boobs and pussy leaving little red marks where the points went in. It didn't hurt too much and I started to get excited, especially when they poked my cunt lips and only gasped and

flinched. But then Bill pulled out my nipple and jammed the pin clear through it. It hurt horribly and I screamed.

Sam said:

—Good. You have found it. The devil made her scream.

By then I was totally in character and sobbed:

—No! I am innocent! Anyone would have screamed!

Sam said:

—She is stubborn. Take her to the broom.

They just held me until Sam moved the camera to face one of the tarps. He took off the tarp to show a low sawhorse with a broom stuck through a hole in the top of the sawhorse. Sam turned the camera back on while they led me over to it to have me straddle the broom, then tied my ankles to hooks in the floor and my arms behind my back. When I was secure, Steve slid the broom up to prick my pussy with the sharp straws, forcing me up on tip toes.

They just watched me until my legs began shaking from the strain and I let myself go flat-footed to feel a hundreds of straws sticking my open pussy and asshole. I would strain to raise myself again only to settle back down until I became used to it and excited by the sharp points sticking it.

Sam said:

—That is obviously not enough. Make her move.

Bill and Steve walked up to my sides with big leather paddles and began alternately hitting my butt and pubic area to make me slide back and forth, dragging the broom straws through my slit. I began screaming, but at the same time I found it was exciting and was nearly at orgasm when Sam said:

—Hold it! She is getting raw. Bend her back and take out the broom.

Jim grabbed my shoulders and bent me back until my tailbone was resting on the end of the sawhorse and my pussy was pulled off the broom straws. I cried:

—Too soon! I was almost there!

Sam said:

—We owe you one. Bill, you can fuck her, but disinfect her pussy first with this.

He handed Bill a bottle of rubbing alcohol. I began whimpering: “No! No!”, but he ignored me and poured the alcohol on my pussy. My pussy seemed to catch on fire, but perversely, it was just the thing to throw me into orgasm. Bill kept them going by fucking my burning pussy. I reached back and pulled down Jim’s pajamas to capture his dick in my mouth glorying in the feeling of suffocation as he drove it into my throat to make my orgasms continue until they came and let me hang doing the back-bend with my throbbing pussy dripping with Bill’s juices and mine.

They saw I was exhausted and let me loose to lie on the floor where I caressed my pussy until I fell into sleep, enjoying their excited comments about my incredible courage.

When I woke up, Sam said:

—Do you think you can take one more torture? If you do, we will just fuck you and eat you until you are completely satisfied.

It seemed totally perverse to agree to even more pain and I said:

—No! I don’t think I can stand anymore.

—Okay! Get up and put on this spare dress. You may be ready for more next weekend.

The idea of no orgasms for an entire week was devastating. I knew Sam would avoid fucking me to make sure I was incredibly horny for the next session. I decided to bargain.

—No wait. I may do it, but just one session of good orgasms is not enough. I'll do it if you will promise that at least one of you will fuck and suck me every day through next week.

Bill and Jim were quick to agree, but Sam said:

—I don't know. That may keep you satisfied and you won't agree to more pain. When you are horny, you will agree to anything.

It was if he read my mind. That was exactly what I was hoping for. Nearly constant satisfaction might relieve my need for pain.

I tried to convince him by saying:

—No! You know I may become bored with straight sex and want the pain again.

As Bill and Jim told him that was possible and urged him to agree, I suddenly realized that what I said could be true.

Sam relented saying:

—Okay! This last bit may cure you of wanting more pain anyway. Get her ready for the rack of pain.

I had seen the rack in my studies and the idea of being stretched and probably whipped just added to my excitement.

They led me over to two homemade winches made by putting handles into logs with ropes on the ends and had me lie on my stomach while padded cuffs were put on my wrists and ankles. They tightened the ropes until I was stretched enough to make my back bow, but still left my tummy and nipples touching the floor with my arms and legs pulled open. I swung myself sideways to feel my nipples drag in the dirt.

Sam said:

—See if you can lift your body off the floor.

By straining hard, I was able to lift myself a couple of inches, but it took, so much effort I could only hold it a few seconds.

Sam said:

—Perfect. Put a rope around her stomach to the ceiling to hold her up.

When he had moved the camera to face another tarp he pulled off, I suddenly realized why Sam had volunteered to prune the roses. He revealed a two feet by three feet sheet of plywood with boards around the sides to hold a bed of rose branches. I had pricked my fingers while picking roses and realized my whole torso would soon be lying on them.

I whimpered:

—No! Please no. That will hurt awfully.

Sam said:

—Are you ready to confess?

I stayed in character, convincing my self confession would bring about my being burned at the stake and again said I was innocent.

They grabbed the bed and dragged it under my body.

Sam said:

—You can hold yourself off them if they hurt too much.

Bill slowly lowered the rope around my stomach until thorns dug into my nipples and I stayed off them by straining to lift myself as he untied the rope. It took too much effort. I could only hold myself up for seconds before my muscles cramped and I let myself down, only to strain up again as thorns dug into my skin and nipples.

They watched fascinated as I strained to lift myself only to sink again until I was too tired to lift again and simply laid on the thorns, trying to remain perfectly still to avoid new punctures.

They soon became bored with me just lying there and Bill stepped on my butt to push my pussy into the thorns and cause my nipples to drag across them. I screamed as hundreds more thorns dug in with one right on my clitoris.

Sam said excitedly:

—That’s the look of agony I wanted. Go to the winches.

I used the last of my strength to lift up my nipples and pussy hoping the tightening of my body would lift me completely off them.

To my horror, rather than tightening the ropes, they loosened them and my body settled into the thorns with no possibility of lifting myself. I struggled at first, then realized the movement was just making it worse and remained still as they moved my arms to stretch out at my sides and retie them. Then they pulled my legs out to the sides and retied them, allowing my pussy lips to open to let in even more thorns. They let me lie there with hundreds of thorns digging in to me I cried at first, but then the thorns at my breasts and pussy began to excite me and I began rolling from side to side to let them move.

Sam exclaimed:

—Shit! She is getting into this. I want the look of agony back. Bill, you are the heaviest. Fuck her ass.

Bill picked up clippers and trimmed the branches behind my crotch to avoid being stuck, then laid on me to drive his dick into my ass. He began undulating his body to move his weight from my back to butt as he drove in his dick to cause even more thorns to bury themselves into me. Sam said:

—Great. The look of agony is back.

It wasn’t really agony. I was working myself into fantastic orgasms as I squirmed to move the thorns buried in me by his weight. I reached the ultimate orgasm and passed out shortly after Steve replaced Bill.

I woke suddenly when a bucket of icy water was thrown on me. Now that the orgasms were over, I was simply in great pain and began sobbing.

Sam said:

—Perhaps she isn't a heretic. Maybe she is just a common slut out at night for sex. Would you like to suck and fuck us slut?

That would get me off the thorns. I cried:

—Yes! Please fuck me.

They lifted me off the thorns making me realize I had been lying there untied. They stripped and Steve and Bill stood at my back and front. Steve directed his dick in my asshole. Bill drove into my pussy then Sam stood on a chair to pull my head around to jam his dick in my mouth.

It felt so wonderful to receive nothing, but pleasure that after they came I thanked them then went to my knees to lick their juices and mine off their dicks.

In return, they washed the blood off the front of my body. I think we were all amazed that the only marks of my ordeal were tiny punctures that had already healed to form pinpoint scabs. We were all relieved because when they had lifted me off the thorns my whole torso was covered in blood.

Sam had me put on another dark dress then had me face the bench he sat behind with the camera behind him to say:

—You have convinced me of your innocence. You are herewith absolved of guilt and are released. He got up and turned off the camera and we all realized the film was over.

Steve and Bill were disappointed and so was I. Steve said:

—Is that it! Jesus, this has been great. There must be more things we can do to her.

Sam said:

—No! To follow the storyline, each torture would have to be worse than the last and there is nothing more we can do that would not leave lasting scars.

I argued:

—Actually whipping with the willow whip hurt more than the thorns. You could whip me some more.

—No... we have done that and the agonized look on your face while you were being fucked on the thorns was perfect and your total submission at the end would convince anyone that if you were guilty you would confess.

Bill said:

—I have an idea. We could start over with another girl. Lisa, do you know any other girls like you?

—No, I don't think so. Oh wait. I don't know any girls, but I know a woman who can get off on greater pain than me. It is my gym teacher.

Steve said:

—Hey! I know her. She is pretty and has a great bod, but everybody thinks she is a lesbian.

Bill said:

—It would be great to force a lesbian to fuck and suck men. How do you know she gets off on pain?

I told them all about the tape I had seen. Steve thought that was great:

—If you can get a copy of that tape, we could use it to blackmail her into doing a movie.

I said I would try, but I didn't have much hope since I couldn't get a copy of my own tape.

Sam said sternly:

—I want a copy of her tape. Even you have not been willing to be punished that bad untied. Even if I can't get her as a subject, I can still dub her into my next tape.

—Well, I'll try, but he wouldn't even let his best friend have a copy.

—You get it no matter what you have to do. If you don't your ass, tits and pussy will be black and blue for a week. As an extra incentive tell him he can have a copy of the movie we made.

That scared me as I had no doubt he would carry out his threat.

I was sure Jim would not let me have the tape without payment which would be painful, so I decided to wait until the folks went to their dog show the next weekend to let me heal if I needed it.

I was fucked by one or more of the boys all week, but that just whetted my appetite for something spectacular.

Shortly after my folks and Sam left I walked down to the drugstore. I was disappointed when Jim said he had a lot of prescriptions to fill to be picked up and to come back after three PM.

I spent the time in the park at the arboretum getting more and more excited as I watched branches moving in the breeze and imagining them hitting me and seeing trees I could be tied to. I even hung from a branch to imagine myself naked while people walked by on the sidewalk and men in cars looked at my belly button made bare by my half-shirt and low cut shorts.

By three o'clock, I was incredibly horny. I went into the store and waited impatiently as a little old lady paid for her prescription while recounting all her aches and pains. It seemed endless and I was happy Jim also got impatient and finally took her elbow to lead her to the door.

When he locked it he came over and gave me a big hug and said:

—God I am glad you are here. I have missed you.

—Me too. Do you have any more new tapes?

—No! The word must be out that I have cameras. I have only caught a few shoplifters who were either too old or ugly for me to want to whip, so I settled for double charging them.

—Jim, my brother makes tapes too. He wants a copy of your tape of Miss Stevens. If you will let me have it, he will give you a movie he made of me. It is real sexy.

—I don't think so. I want to keep control of it. If the wrong person saw it, I could be in trouble.

—Oh Jim. Please. He just wants it for himself. If I don't get it, he will do terrible things to me. I'll do anything you want if you will give it to me.

—Anything?

—Yes anything. I know you won't be as mean as Sam.

—I might be meaner. I'll tell you what. You make some suggestions as to what you are willing to suffer, if one of your suggestions sounds interesting I will let you have the tape.

That was diabolical. I would be asking for punishment possibly worse than he would have come up with on his own. I began suggesting positions I could get into for whipping and things he could use on me, but he said:

—Your suggestions all involve simple whipping that we both know will make you cum. Try to think of something more exotic.

I shuddered then said:

—Sam made me lie on a bed of rose branches. It made me bleed, but didn't make scars. You could whip me with a rose branch until I am covered with blood. It would make a spectacular tape.

—Yes, but you have done that. It might be good if something else was added.

I thought of a nightmare that had wakened me in a cold sweat.

I had this nightmare, but I know I would have to be tied up for it. It scared me terribly.

—That sounds interesting. Tell me about it.

—I was captured by Indians and tied spread out to stakes in the ground near an anthill. The ants began crawling towards my open crotch and I woke up just before they got to me. There is a red ant hill in your alley. You could kill them with your whip as they crawled on me. That is the worst thing I can think of.

—Now that sounds wild. I could use a rose branch to kill them. If you agree to that, you can have the tape.

—Oh God! Do you really want to hurt me that much?

—It is your idea. Anything else now seems minor.

—I shuddered and moaned:

—Okay. I guess it will still be better than being beaten black and blue by Sam.

—Great. There is a shovel and a garbage sack in the store room, go out and get a couple of shovel fulls of ants.

That was terrible. He was making me fulfill my own torture. I went out and filled the sack. I got a taste of what was going to happen to me when an ant crawled up on my ankle and bit me. It was like being stuck with a red-hot needle, and I frantically killed it.

When I went back in, I whimpered:

—One bit me. it hurts awful. Like a red-hot needle, You will kill them right away won't you?

—Sure. As soon as enough get on you. Now go out and cut some rose branches. You better make them long and thick, so I can kill several at once.

That was even worse. When I went out to the rose bushes I found that the thicker the branch was, the longer the thorns. Fortunately they all had little side branches to cover a big area to kill several at a time.

I brought in three branches, so he could choose.

He said:

—Good you have spare branches in case one may break.

That frightened me more. Being hit hard enough to break a branch would hurt terribly.

He had me undress then led me into the store room. It seemed eerily silent and I said:

—It seems different.

—Yeah. I soundproofed it. You can scream all you want to without being heard.

That was no consolation. It just meant I had no chance of being rescued in case it was too much.

He had me lie on the rough concrete then tied my wrists to hooks on the side walls. When he was satisfied the ropes were tight enough to keep me from moving much he began on my legs. He put on ankle cuffs then put the ropes through pulleys and began pulling my legs apart until I was nearly doing the splits.

I whimpered:

—Not so much. My pussy will be open. They may go inside.

—That idea may just frighten you more. I am going to rig a mirror, so you will be able to see everything.

I whimpered:

—I don't think I want to see it.

He ignored me and brought out a mirror with rings on the frame he pulled up to the ceiling and angled, so I could see my whole torso. When I looked at my pussy my normally tight slit was open.

Then he said:

—You can lie there while I make some sugar syrup to give them an incentive to go for you. Anticipation should be terrible.

He left me and I tried to twist to close my pussy, but it was no use and I began reliving my nightmare of hundreds of ants moving toward me.

He came back saying the syrup had to boil awhile and pulled up a chair to begin using the clippers to cut off the side branches and leaves off the rose branches.

I cried:

—Don't do that! You won't be able to kill as many.

—Sorry, but the little branches and leaves will keep the thorns away from you. We don't want that.

When he was done the branches had become skinny thorned whips with only the thorns removed to make a handle.

He left again and came back with a sauce pan. He said:

—I put the pan on ice. It is still a little hot, but it won't burn you.

—What do you mean. Aren't you just going to put it near me?

—Oh no. The ants need direction. He began making a skinny trail about six feet from me then to my horror let it drip into my open slit then make a trail up to my breasts where he let it drip on my nipples.

I cried:

—Oh no! You aren't going to let them get all the way to my breasts!

—You said their bite was like a hot needle. Your nipples should make you beg for the whip.

—I'll beg now! Forget the ants. Just whip me. You can whip me bloody!

—Oh! I'll whip you alright, but not until you are ready.

He took off his clothes except for his shoes, evidently to be ready to fuck me at the end of his ordeal. I noticed his dick was hard just in anticipation of what was going to happen to me.

He dumped the ants and dirt out of the sack at the end of the trail of syrup.

I whimpered as I watched them in the mirror scurry around, then start up the trail. It took longer than I anticipated as they stopped to eat, but then as more found the trail, they got closer and closer until I felt them crawling on my pussy. Then red-hot stings began first on my outer lips then my inner ones until I screamed as one bit my clitoris.

I screamed:

—Kill them. I can't stand it

He just replied calmly:

—As soon as they get to your nipples.

I watched them crawl up my stomach in the mirror creating redness from their bites until I felt a bite to my nipple:

—I screamed:

—My nipples are burning! Hit them.

He was kneeling behind my head to get a close look, but he just ignored me staring at my shuddering body as I tried to shake off the ants until my breasts were covered with them.

Suddenly there was new and different pain as he began swinging the rose whips down diagonally across my right breast to snap the end into my burning pussy with his right hand then down my left breast to my pussy with his left.

A long skinny "X" formed on my torso as the thorns brought out blood while crushing and scattering the ants. It was a losing battle! My blood attracted even more ants as I screamed:

—Faster! Faster! Harder!

The thorns hurt, but the ants seemed worse and it was kind of like where you scratch an itch relishing the pain replacing the itch.

My “X” became wider as my mind snapped and it seemed it was happening to someone else. My screams turned to moans as I stared fascinated at the thorns coming down to start rivulets of blood dripping down my sides which attracted yet more ants.

He finally yelled “Enough!” and got up to pick up a spray bottle off the chair. He sprayed a clear liquid on me that brought back my screams as liquid fire covered my torso. But then the burning subsided to change to cold as I watched the ants scurrying away to avoid the spray. He picked up a broom and began sweeping my body to create a new pain as the sharp bristles swept off the ants. The lessening of the pain to my torso let me feel bites in my vagina causing me to scream:

—They are inside me! They are eating my pussy!

He jammed the nozzle into my pussy to douche me causing indescribable pain. When even that subsided he began sweeping up the ants into a dust pan to put them back in the sack as he frantically stepped on others to kill them.

I laid there, enjoying the coolness of the alcohol evaporating on my now itching skin while he cleaned up.

Finally he was satisfied that he had picked up or killed all the ants and made a tight knot in the sack and came over to untie me. I noticed his dick was soft which reminded me that for the first time pain and fear had not excited me and this extreme ordeal must have had the same effect on him.

As he untied me he said:

—I don’t think we should use your ideas anymore. This turned out much worse than I expected. How are you feeling?

—It was the worst ever. It didn’t excite me I just suffered, but I am alright now except my whole front is itching.

—I am sorry, I made you suffer so much. Do you think pain will ever excite you again?

—I don't know. I may be cured. I do know I love you because your dick became soft proving you also didn't want me to hurt so much.

—To be honest, I was terrifically turned on at first as I watched the ants crawl on you and imagined the pain moving slowly up your body, but when I began trying to kill them and saw your blood begin to flow I just felt guilty and ashamed that I could do such a terrible thing.

—I forgive you. It was my idea and I could have devised other things not as bad, but down deep I must have wanted to live out my nightmare or I would have kept it to myself. Do you have anything to relieve my itching. It is real irritating, but if I scratch terrible pain comes back.

He carried me to his bed and then began caressing a soothing ointment on me and into my pussy. It felt wonderful and I felt very grateful for his kindness ignoring the fact he had created the pain in the first place. I felt very loving and when all the itching stopped I said:

—I want to give you a reward.

And slid down the bed to take his slightly harder dick in my mouth. It soon became hard and he pulled me up to straddle it to let it inside me to slide against my bitten and super sensitive clitoris. I began pumping madly and soon began having orgasms not stopping until his dick could no longer stay hard and slipped out of my squirming cunt.

He said:

—Marvelous! That was wonderful and you came with no pain. Maybe you are cured.

I was not so sure. Before I went into orgasm I had been reliving the feeling of the thorns and bites and that had helped me get over. In any case I

didn't want to suffer any more that day and lied to him to keep me from having the opportunity for another ordeal.

—Probably. At least until I can forget how bad it was. I have to go home. My folks are there. May I have the tapes?

—Sure. You earned them. Do you want a copy of the one we just finished?

—God No! It may give Sam ideas. Just my whipping and Miss Stevens.

—Okay. I am starved. Why don't you cook us some hamburgers while I copy them.

I was glad to do it. I was afraid if I watched the tapes again they might excite me enough to ask for more pain. I put on my clothes to get my mind off sex and made burgers and fries. He had brought a high speed dubber and brought me a tape that had both of us on it.

After eating I got up to leave and he said concerned:

—You will be back, won't you? I will understand if you no longer want pain. I can be satisfied by your marvelous blow-jobs and tight pussy.

—Oh yes! I'll be back. You are a great lover. Who knows I may even want the whip again.

—If you do I promise to only give you enough pain to make you cum.

That made my clit twinge and I hurriedly got up before I changed my mind.

At home, I did all my school homework to keep my mind occupied and then began reading the next chapter in my history book. My mind began wandering and I felt an itch in my pussy, so I took off my clothes to put some more of his ointment on it. When I took off my clothes and looked in the mirror, I was astounded to see the only evidence of my terrible ordeal was a pink "X" that reminded me of a sexy one-piece bathing suit. It didn't

seem possible to have so little evidence of such an ordeal, but the fact that there was no pain and only an itch in my pussy seemed to confirm that my mind must have exaggerated the pain. I also remembered that the thorn whipping had not really hurt and I had been able to watch them hit me without screaming.

I felt like a wimp to have made such a big deal about it. After all, my first spanking by the principal had caused pain for an hour. I decided I did not deserve soothing and since I had noticed little pain from the thorn whipping, I decided to whip myself to see in a calmer climate if it was as bad as I imagined.

I walked out to the roses stark naked, actually hoping I would be seen and humiliated, but no-one came and Sam had cut the roses to short stumps.

I went back in feeling frustrated my pussy could not be punished as it deserved and then decided to settle on the next worse thing. My whip with the hard knot.

I went to my room and put my desk chair in front of the closet door mirror and sat on the very edge and opened my legs to see that now even the pinkness had faded.

The whip was too long to hold by the handle, so I held it about a foot away from the knot with my right hand and the handle with my left to keep it from flopping around. I took a deep breath, then brought the knot down on the right lip of my pussy. It wasn't hard enough. It just stung enough to excite me. I began talking aloud as if directing someone else saying:

—Harder! You wimp! It is supposed to hurt!

I hit harder on the left lip, but that just excited me more. I began chanting:

—Harder! Harder!

As the knot dug into my pussy to make it red and begin to swell, but no matter how hard I hit it just continued to excite me until I knew what I had to do. I brought it down very hard aiming the knot to bury itself in my slit and hit directly on my clit.

I came so hard I fell from the chair onto the floor, digging at my tortured clit as orgasms continued until I was exhausted.

When I recovered guilt enveloped me. I was lost! I had been eaten by ants, whipped with thorns and finally beaten on my pussy worse than anyone had done and I still came. I decided I must be the slut of all time and would not complain no matter what anyone wanted to do to me.

I went to bed thinking I may as well enjoy orgasms as it was all that was left in my life. I couldn't sleep. Fantasies of punishments that could be done to me kept me awake, but even with them, I couldn't get to the orgasm to let me sleep until early in the morning.

I woke up still feeling horny, so I decided to do my chore of picking up dog poop and feeding them to get my mind off sex. I put on my short robe and made their food to take out to them.

It didn't work. The dog that had fucked me would not leave me alone. No matter how many times I pushed him away and slapped his nose, he would keep coming back to jam his nose in my pussy. In spite of the fact it reminded me how humiliating it was to be fucked by a dog, I gave in to it and lifted my robe to let him lick and make little nips to my pussy until other male dogs began to gather and growl at each other. That frightened me and I let him follow me out the gate knowing I would let him fuck me, but decided I deserved the humiliation of risking someone see us and that I should also suffer.

I took off the robe and got on my hands and knees on the sharp gravel of our driveway in full view of any airplane that may fly over us. The

gravel dug into my knees painfully, made worse when his weight landed on my back and rocked me as I felt his dick swelling in my pussy. I leaned over further to let my nipples and breasts drag in the gravel as orgasms rocked me until he pulled out whimpering and walked away. I let myself down all the way and dragged my whole body on the gravel thinking I deserved the pain for being so sick and depraved until I decided I had suffered enough and put the dog away to walk back to the house caressing the scratches and abrasions on my tummy and nipples.

At least that had finally exhausted me. I went to bed and fell into a deep sleep not even awakening when my folks got home.

I woke very early and pulled off the covers to see that some of the scratches had bled and left little scabs. I began picking them off until I was ashamed to realize that was bringing back the memory of my experience and was exciting me. I got up and took a long hot shower to soak off the rest of the scabs, thankful for the sting of the soap to relieve my guilt.

Sam slept in and he barely had time to see the tape. I was a little disappointed that he fast forwarded through my whipping to get to hers. He loved it saying:

—She is perfect! Have her at the clubhouse Saturday. By then I will have a storyline. I was disappointed he didn't ask what I had to do to get the tape, but I wasn't sure I would want to tell him about my weekend anyway. I just said:

—What if she won't go?

—She'll come, tell her if she doesn't I will send copies to the principal, school board and the newspaper.

School was uneventful until my last class, gym. The girls saw my scratches and asked what happened. I lied and said since I was alone I sunbathed naked, but I heard a noise and got up to run and hide, but tripped

and fell on our driveway. They thought it was funny and said I deserved it for running around naked.

My gym teacher Alice Stevens noticed too and asked about them. I was in my shorts and t-shirt then and could have just said I fell in the driveway letting it go at that, but I said:

—I am embarrassed to tell you. I was sunbathing nude since I was all alone, but I heard a noise and tried to run and hide, but I tripped on a curb and fell in the gravel of our driveway. The girls said I deserved it for running around naked. I read somewhere that there are no accidents. When you hurt yourself it is because you feel guilty. I felt guilty. Do you think that is true?

—Possibly. Some of those cuts look deep. Come into my office after class and I'll put some ointment on them.

I waited until all the girls left before going in becoming excited as I remembered her whipping.

When I went in she said:

—Do you have scratches on other places besides your legs?

—Oh yes. Especially on my boobies.

—In that case, you better take off your clothes and lie on your back on the massage table.

She began lightly caressing some ointment on my scratches. It really felt good especially when she began on my boobs twirling around and lifting my nipples. I was excited and it must have excited her too. Her voice caught when she said:

—My God. You are lovely. There is something strange. From a fall the scratches should all run the same way. These on your breasts go in all directions.

I thought fast and said:

—Yes I guess I made more by sliding around to see if anyone was there while pressing into the gravel to hide my front.

—That must have hurt. Maybe you were punishing yourself. I can understand that. I often confessed doing wrong things to my step-dad because the spanking he would give me would relieve my guilt.

—Did he just spank your bottom?

—Yeah. Well no. Once he caught me not wearing my bra which Mom insisted on since they were so big. He thought it would be appropriate to spank them with a little switch.

I thought it was time to get to the point:

—It really excited you. Didn't it.

She looked shocked:

—Why would you say that!?

—Because it excites me and I know you are excited by it. I saw your video-tape at Jim's drug store.

She began to whimper:

—Oh God! I was afraid he might show it. How did you happen to see it?

—Because he whips me too. He knows it excites me and showed me your tape to show other girls like it too. He didn't know I knew you. Have you gone back to him?

—No... I am afraid to go back. It was the first time since my step-dad who was killed in a car wreck. I liked it too much. I am afraid I may let him really injure me. He hits hard. I was sore for days.

—I saw your tape, there is no way he could tell it was too hard. You obviously were having monster orgasms.

—Oh God. Is it that obvious? I thought it would just look like I was in pain.

I grinned and said:

—I don't think anyone in unwanted pain would end up with her crotch soaked in her juices.

—Oh God! I feel so ashamed.

—Don't be. My brother and I think it is a gift to be excited that way and I can provide fantastic orgasms for you. My brother likes to make videotapes of girls being tortured. He thinks you are great and wants you to come to our secluded clubhouse to make another movie.

—Oh God... no! I couldn't.

—I don't think you have a choice. He said if you don't he will send copies to the principal, school board and the newspaper. The publicity would ruin you.

—Oh God! I am trapped. I would rather die than have them see it. A couple of men on the board tried to date me. They would love to see me whipped! Is your brother very mean. I am frightened.

—Don't be afraid. It hurts, but only enough to be excited. I know you will have orgasms like me.

—That is what I am afraid of. I may like it too much and will die of shame.

—No! You will be a slave like me with no choice, so you don't have to feel guilty.

That seemed to make her feel better. She brightened saying:

—That's true. If the tape came out I would never be able to teach again. He can force me to do anything!

—Actually it is they. He has two friends who also enjoy inflicting pain. Her voice shook with excitement as she said:

—Oh God. I could be hit on my butt, breasts, and pussy all at the same time!

—Yes! They have done that to me. They can also all fuck you at the same time using your ass, pussy and mouth. That should be the ultimate submission from you since you just like girls.

—Why do you think I am a lesbian? I have never touched any of the girls.

—We noticed how you watch us in the shower and you seem glad when we get a sprain, so you can massage us.

—Oh... it is true. That is one of the reasons I deserve punishment, although I always feel degraded after an experience with another woman. I have never been fucked by a man. The thought seemed disgusting. They are so big and hairy.

—In that case it may be good for you to be fucked. It would be an ultimate submission.

—I doubt it. The idea seems disgusting. When does he want me to come over.

—Oh it won't be until Saturday. He has to write a script once he gets an idea of what he will want us to do.

—Oh Jesus I will be a nervous wreck by then.

—Maybe, but if you are like me the wait will just make you so excited you will be willing to do anything.

We made the wait more exciting by trading stories after class of our adventures.

Her experiences were much different than mine. While I had progressed from exhibitionism to sex then whipping and sex with several boys and me, she had been introduced to spanking by her step-father then progressed to whipping where she began getting orgasms when whipped on her breasts and pussy. Her step-father had a strange set of morals. Although he thought it was alright to whip a naked teenager until she achieved

orgasm, he told her it would be wrong for them to have sex and that she should save herself for her husband. In college, she agreed to corporal punishment by a homosexual professor to raise her grades. Her only sex came when he introduced her to a lesbian who would reward her for bravery by licking her pussy.

On Thursday, we got our script for the first episode. I didn't think it showed a great deal of imagination. Alice was to play my Mom and would whip me then my "Father" would come home to say I was unjustly whipped and let me whip her in retaliation. I was disappointed that no sex was in the script, but Alice seemed relieved, saying:

—This should be exciting. We have both been whipped, so we know exactly where and how hard to whip to guarantee orgasms.

As the scene opened I was sitting on the couch wearing a robe and reading a magazine.

Suddenly the front door burst open and Alice came in to yell:

—What did you do to your father's car! There is a big dent in the door!

She was really good. She looked so mad I actually was a little frightened as I protested my innocence, but she said:

—Don't lie! You were the only one driving it. He is going to be mad at me for talking him in to letting you have it. You must be punished!

I continued to protest while she stripped off my robe to leave me naked and hung me up to face the mirror.

She began whipping me and she was right about knowing how to whip with the thonged whip. She started on my butt and thighs to work up my excitement, then began backhanding and forehanding my back and butt to let the ends come around to make painful, exciting stings to my breasts and pussy until I was screaming as orgasms ripped through my body.

Then as per the script she had me stand in the corner and said:

—Stay there until Your Father come home to see you were properly punished!

I stood there with tremors passing through my body from aftershocks of orgasms until the door opened again and I heard a man say:

—Jesus! What happened to her?

I turned to see Jim standing there! I had wondered how Sam could make up one of the boys to make him look old enough to be my father and evidently he had also seen the problem.

It seemed to shock and surprise Alice as well, since she stammered while explaining how I had been punished for damaging his car.

—Christ! Didn't she tell you she had not caused it? That happened in a parking lot. The guy's insurance will pay for it. I have told you we should agree on her punishment and I should be present. How many lashes did you give her?

—Forty. I thought she was lying. You know she lies!

—Lisa. You may get even with her by giving her eighty!

That scared her, even though she must have been relieved that I would be doing it rather than Jim.

She whimpered:

—Oh... God no! That is too many! I can't stand it.

I remembered she had told me that she hoped that there would not be a set number and I would stop when she came because once she came there was just terrible pain.

They tied her differently, pulling her legs wide open until the slit of her pussy opened to show the pink inner parts.

I tried to make it as exciting for her as she had for me. I started easy, which caused little reaction. Sam said:

—Scream! For God's sake. You are being whipped!

She just said calmly:

—She isn't hitting hard enough to make me scream. Maybe Jim should do it.

I took that as a challenge and hit twice as hard. I guess I did too good a job. She was screaming in orgasms at fifty when I began concentrating on her breasts and pussy.

Jim yelled:

—You have her attention! Put the rest on just her breasts and pussy.

Her screams began to be agonizing until she became hoarse as her tits and pussy became maroon colored and swelled. At eighty, she had let her head fall just gasping at each lash as tears rolled from her eyes to splash on her hot tits.

It was too much for Jim. He ignored the script to drop his pants and jam his dick in her pussy, causing her to moan:

—No! No!

As he ripped through her hymen. When he came he pulled out to look at his dick which was covered in blood, saying in wonder:

—Jesus! She was a virgin!

That was the last straw for the boys. They stripped and began fucking her in the ass and pussy. I sucked the blood off Jim's dick to get him hard again to fuck me.

I had never seen the guys so excited. All of them managed to fuck her three time each or more. She became so exhausted she would pass out only to be brought around again by slapping her with wet towels.

You would think the guys would be grateful to her for all the pleasure she had given, but it seemed the more she endured, the more they wanted to hurt her. When they couldn't get hard-ons to fuck her they made her go from one to the other sucking their dicks and when the one she was sucking

did not get hard they whipped her with a straightened out coat hanger to leave bloody stripes until she became so exhausted she would not react to anything.

By two in the morning none of them could get hard for either fucking or sucking by me or her, so they loaded her up in their car and the boys took her home while Jim followed to bring them back in his car.

She was not at school Monday. When I asked about her, I was told she was in the hospital.

I went to see her, but left quickly when I saw her bed surrounded by policemen.

We were all arrested. Jim is in jail. The boys are in reform school and getting psychiatric help and I am seeing a shrink once a week who is trying to convince me that it is bad to get orgasms from pain. It is obvious I will be seeing him forever if I am not cured, so I am agreeing with what he says, so I can get back to my life. Right now I am not being let out of the house alone, so I am writing this to let me relive the only experiences that made me feel truly alive.