

Allene Blake

# Lynn



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*Glyphes Éditions*

*The high school cheerleader kidnapped by rapist and sadist.*

## LYNN

I had a pretty uneventful child life till I was thirteen. My menstrual cycle started, and my breasts had changed from just lumps to a 32 “C” that got the attention of boys. I enjoyed the admiration and became a cheerleader to provide an excuse to show off the legs that now had a good shape and my tight round butt in my tights. By the time I was fourteen my boobies had grown to a 35 “D” and all the exercise had shrunk my waist to 23 inches to make my boobs look even bigger and my butt cheeks became firm and round. I was really proud of my body, since showing it off as a cheerleader got me tons of dates. I only let them fondle me except for the quarterback who wouldn’t accept “No” and that was not enjoyable, so I double-dated from then on to prevent a re-occurrence. I became to hate my body later because of the trouble it got me into.

That fateful morning it was really important for me to get to school because we were having a pep rally for the upcoming game and I loved them since we would get all the attention that was often diverted at the games. I was dressed in my short cheerleaders skirt and tight sweater and had spent a lot of time on my hair and make-up to be perfect. I spent too long at it and missed my bus.

I ran after it, but the driver didn’t notice. When I stopped cursing the fact that I would have to walk the two miles to school a car stopped beside me.

A nice looking man in a suit told me he had noticed I had missed the bus and offered me a ride to school. He was about my Dad’s age and looked respectable, so I jumped into his car.

I kind of ignored his small talk, thinking of the pep rally, when he suddenly turned into the entrance to the freeway.

I frantically told him he was going the wrong way, but he just said he thought I was going to another school, and he would just take the next exit.

When he went past that one I became alarmed and told him to stop and let me out.

At that point all pretense stopped. He took out a gun and told me to shut up and get down on the floor. I begged him to let me out and that my folks had no money for ransom.

He just laughed at me and said:

—I know that. I have been watching you for a long time flashing your butt at the games. Haven't you seen me?

I hadn't, but that was not surprising since I had no interest in old men. I had been concentrating on the reactions of the boys as I twirled to show off my curves.

I began to beg him to let me go and when that didn't work jumped up to try to open the window to scream. I suddenly saw stars when he hit my head with his gun. Then he yelled:

—Get your ass back on the floor and shut up, or I will hit you again only this time I will knock you out.

I crumpled on the floor sobbing as he drove on for miles then I saw trees in the windows and realized we were going up in the mountains. We must have driven another hour over roads that kept getting rougher until he stopped.

When he got out I scrambled out the door and began to run, but then I heard shots and saw bark fly off a tree near me. I fell onto the ground and curled into a ball waiting for a bullet to plow into my body.

He came up to me and said if I tried to run again, he would shoot my legs then grabbed my arm to drag me to a log cabin.

I stood in front of him sobbing scared to death while he began to talk in a stern voice.

—You girls make me sick! You have no respect for your elders and become prick teasers the moment you get breasts. I have seen you doing your best to excite those pimply boys. You should be ashamed.

I protested that I was just doing the standard cheers to get people excited over the game not me and pointed out I was no different than the other cheerleaders.

He really frightened me then by saying:

—I know. Once you have learned respect and obedience, I will get them as well.

He just watched me for a while quaking in fear, then said:

—Let's see that body you are so proud of. Take off your clothes. All of them! Do it nice and slow.

Naturally I refused and hugged myself to try to hide.

—Just as I thought! You have no sense of obedience. You will have to be punished!

He snapped handcuffs on my wrists and used them to drag me to the center of the room to a rope hanging down from a ceiling beam then tied the rope to the chain of my cuffs. He walked to the side of the room and began pulling down on the rope to pull up my arms till my feet left the floor. The handcuffs were really hurting my wrists, but he made it even worse by dragging over a big pipe with cuffs welded to the ends. He put a cuff on my ankle then pulled my other leg apart to put on the other cuff. The pipe must have weighed about fifty pounds which really hurt my wrists and now my ankles. I hung there sobbing while he went outside.

He came back in with a willow branch about six feet long. He began stripping off the leaves and branches while he said

—I got you a nice fresh one, so it can wrap around your legs. You will soon be begging me to let me see you naked when they are red from your knees to your crotch.

That really scared me and I sobbed:

—No don't hit me. I'll take off my clothes.

—God. You are such a slut! You are willing to show me your tits and pussy before you are even hurt. Have you no shame?

I cried in frustration. By not being obedient I was going to be punished, but if I agreed I was a shameless slut.

He said:

—It is going to take a lot of lashes to get those long legs red.

I looked into the mirror I was facing and saw what he meant. The shoulder straps to my skirt had pulled up the hem until it barely covered my butt.

I whimpered:

—No! Please no...

But he ignored me.

He stepped back and began whipping my legs. He took his time starting just above my knees and slowly working up the back of my thighs. I gasped at each one then screamed when the sharp sting hit right at the juncture of my thighs and butt. It hurt awfully and seemed to get worse when he started on the front of my legs. I watched in fear as it started up heading toward my pussy. I strained to tuck it in out of danger as the branch became perilously close.

I lost my view as he stepped in front of me to cause much sharper pain as he forehanded and backhanded against my tender inner thighs. I

screamed and screamed, but he just laughed and told me I could scream all I wanted because there was no-one around for miles.

The whip began to get really close to my crotch and I panicked. I began to yell that I would do anything he wanted if he would just stop whipping me.

He stopped and said:

—You would say anything to get a break, but I will give you a little test. If you will ask me to give you ten more on your butt while you bend over holding your skirt up to your waist I will let you down.

—No! Please! I will take off my clothes for you.

—That is not what I asked for.

He began hitting me again, but now every lash was going to my tender inner thighs millimeters from my pussy. The pain was awful! I began to blubber:

—I'll do it. I'll do it.

He stopped again to say:

—You'll do what?

I sobbed:

—I'll hold up my skirt while you hit my bottom ten times.

—That was then. You missed your chance, now I want twenty spanks.

I sobbed, but I just could not stand anymore on my thighs:

—Please let me down. I will hold up my skirt, so you can give my bottom twenty spanks.

He said:

—Now you are learning.

He went over to loosen the rope and then took off the cuffs. It was really a relief and I rubbed my sore wrists then caressed my poor legs covered with dark red stripes while he took the cuffs off my ankles.



He led me a few feet forward then had me bend over and pull up my skirt to my waist. I was glad my satin panties would help protect my bottom. They helped a lot! It was not nearly as bad as being hit on my thighs and I cursed myself for not agreeing to ten.

I found my butt was not as sensitive as my inner thighs and I managed to take the first ten with only gasps until he hit the same place twice. That stung so bad I dropped the skirt to rub the burn.

He laughed and said:

—Oh too bad! You dropped your skirt. Now we have to start over.

It was not fair! He had not warned me, but there was no sense in arguing. I just sobbed and held the skirt back up. I thought I might get used to it, but each lash just hurt more than the last on already welted skin. I concentrated very hard on keeping my skirt up.

When he quit, I kept on holding up the skirt over my burning butt in fear that there was still one more lash coming. I had never experienced sustained pain before. I could not even remember a single spanking. I was as tired as if I had run for miles. My body was drenched in sweat as I sobbed and panted for air. The terrible sharp pain subsided to an ache while I fought to keep my balance totally exhausted.

Then he came around in front of me and put his palm on my tear soaked cheeks to pull up my face to look at him and said:

—I think that is enough for your first lesson. Come with me.

He took me over to a couch and had me lie across his lap then pulled up my skirt. I blushed when he pulled down my tights and braced myself for more pain, but he just began caressing my wounded butt with some kind of salve. His cool hand felt good on it and I made no protest when he pulled my legs apart to caress the welts on my inner thighs, laid there as the burn and sting of my butt and thighs began to go away along with my shuddering

sobs. To my shame as the pain subsided I began to notice his thumb would rub my pussy as he did the upper thighs to cause a pleasant tingle that I did not want stopped.

I found out later that was to be a standard pattern. He would hurt me till my body would protect itself by having the nerves go numb or until I was about to become unconscious then he would stop to let me recover and do something that was pleasing.

When my sobbing changed to just deep breaths he began to talk to me in a soothing voice as he continued the nice feeling of caresses on my bottom.

—There is no need for you to suffer. All you have to do is be obedient. You should blame your parents for your lack of respect for your elders. As long as you do as you are told you will have minimal pain. Do you understand?

—But I have always been good. My parents love me and have never had to punish me. Why do you want to hurt me?

—You are not good. You are willful and an exhibitionist otherwise you would not have become a cheerleader. You should be quiet and obedient. Surely, there are girls and boys like that at your school.

—But they are nerds! They just wear funny clothes and keep to themselves studying all the time. Only the teachers like them because they never have to tell them to be quiet or study.

—Exactly my point. They are liked by their teachers because they are properly obedient and submissive. To use your term you will become a nerd.

I thought defiantly that there would be no way he could make me that way. I was popular because I was the complete opposite of the nerds, but I realized I would have to try to convince him that I had changed if I was to

get away from him. By now most of the pain had gone away, so I decided I would do as he wanted unless it was too much, because I could take the pain now that I knew it did not last long. If he wanted something gross I would accept the pain. I was almost sorry when he pulled my tights back up and gave my buns a light slap.

—You are right. I have been stubborn sometimes. I will be obedient from now on. I promise. Please let me go home.

—I have a few tests first. Do you remember why I had to use the switch on you?

—Yes! I didn't want to take off my clothes in front of you.

—Are you willing to do it now?

That was not fair! I had paid for my refusal. I shouldn't have to do it now and said:

—You have punished me for refusing to do that. I don't have to do it now, do I?

—Yes, of course. You aren't, are you? My arm is a little sore from your last whipping.

I began to cry again as I realized that I had suffered for nothing. Refusing just meant that I would be whipped over and over till I agreed.

I sobbed:

—I'll do it if I have to.

—No! You will do it because you want to please me. Say: "Please let me show you my body."

I cringed, but said:

—Please let me show you my body.

He let me up and I started to slide off the shoulder straps, but he stopped me.

—No! Let's do this right. To music.

He put on some music. Some kind of jazz song I didn't recognize with a heavy beat. I slid off the shoulder straps and began pulling up my sweater, but he stopped me again:

—No! Dance to the music as you take off the clothes.

I blushed realizing he wanted me to act like the slutty strippers I had seen in a movie, but realized refusal would just earn me a whipping and began dancing as I slowly lifted my sweater. I blushed furiously at first, but when he applauded when I was down to my panties and bra it occurred to me that if I excited him enough he might want to make love to me and that may make him grateful enough to take me home.

I moved closer to him and didn't object when he squeezed my boobs after the bra was off with little tugs to the nipples. To my utter shame I realized I was becoming excited. I turned my back to him and slid off the panties he took the opportunity to squeeze and caress my butt cheeks. Then I bent over wagging my butt to the music to untie my saddle shoes. His hand cupped my pussy then his finger slid in to rub against my clitoris as I continued to pump my butt to the music shuddering and panting in excitement.

I began to feel like a slut. I thought that my mother and some of my friends would have been beaten senseless rather than go through my humiliation. To make myself feel even more guilty all the pain was gone from my whipping and I began to think I had exaggerated the pain while it was happening.

He put his hands on my hips to turn me around, then used his feet pressing against mine to spread my legs. I expected him to pull me down on his lap to fuck me, but he reached into the side of the cushion in his chair for handcuffs he put on my wrists to hold my hands behind my back.

Guilt enveloped me as I stood in front of him with my legs spread and my hands behind my back now in handcuffs. He sat there smiling in triumph lifting and squeezing my breasts with little pinches to the nipples that made me moan then he spoke:

—Your tits are real cute. Nice and round and tight. They kind of look like a little butt. Why don't you go over to that cabinet and get the leather strap in the top drawer, so you can ask me to give them ten spanks?... With your hands in cuffs you will have to pick it up and bring it to me with your teeth.

That was the last straw. I could never live with myself if I agreed to do that without a struggle.

—No! I did what you asked. I should not be punished.

He just shrugged his shoulders and said:

—Suit yourself.

He grabbed my cuffs to drag me under the rope then tied it to my cuffs to raise my arms up behind me until I was forced to bend over. I bent over with my shoulders hurting dreading the first lash to my now bare bottom, but he stepped in front of me to grab my hair to pull up my head till I could see his face.

He waved a thick strap in front of my face and then said:

—Since you won't ask me nicely to give you ten spanks on your tits I will give you twenty.

Then he grinned and continued:

—That is twenty on each one. Since you may have trouble keeping your head up I will tie your hair to the rope.

This took some time to find some twine to wrap around my hair and to pull my head back and up to cause an ache in my skull. In the meantime I had time to build up dread of the coming ordeal. I decided pride was not

worth it and began to beg him to just give me ten. I got so desperate I offered to hold them out for him and beg for each lash. He just said I was already committed to twenty and that next time I may be more cooperative.

The first lash turned out to be a double slap. My breasts were hanging straight down and when he hit the outside of my right breast it slapped violently into my left. I howled like an animal in pain!

He made it worse by laughing at me and saying:

—Wow! Who would think such young firm boobs would flop like that. Let's try the left one.

Again there was a sharp sting to my left breast as it was wrenched over to hit my right one. My screams hurt my throat. He waited till my screams turned to sobs then said:

—This time I will hit the top of the right one and see if it will stretch to your stomach.

He asked me if I was ready and when I moaned:

—No... No, please!

I heard the strap whistle then pain and a great pull to make me scream again.

He waited again then said:

—It didn't quite hit your stomach. This time I will use more follow-through.

That one was so bad I was afraid it would be ripped off.

Again he paused then said he would hit the underside to make them hit my neck. I just sobbed then felt the underside burn as it was torn forward to hit my neck then while I was still screaming he hit the other one. He let me sob and scream until I stood quietly feeling my poor boobies burn and swell from the deep pain.

Then he caressed my throbbing boobs and said:

—Only sixteen more.

The delays while my boobs burned and throbbed trying to brace myself for the next spank was killing me. I sobbed:

—Please do them fast and get it over with.

—Shall I hit them hard?

—Yes, what ever you want, just get it over with I can't stand this.

My agreeing to have them hit hard evidently pleased him. He did not hit as hard and hit them very fast covering every inch of them while I kept screaming as my boobs jumped and twisted and burned through the whole ordeal. When he finished my poor boobies were burning and throbbing. They also felt like they were swelling till the skin was tight.

He seemed to like that too. He said:

—That is great. They have swollen so much you look like you have had a boob job.

When I looked down at them when I was released I was shocked by their dark red color. I caressed them gently while he led me back to the couch. He had me lie face up on his knees then began putting some kind of cool ointment on me while he said:

—Poor baby, will you never learn? You must feel really guilty about being such a slut to ask for so much punishment.

I didn't know what to say. As bad as it was ten spanks would have been much better than twenty and I knew that when I had refused the ten I would get much worse. Except for a deep throbbing, my breasts were feeling much better after several minutes of his caresses. I became confused, did I feel guilty like he said or did I want the punishment, so I could enjoy the caresses afterward? When he twiddled my nipples I felt a twinge at my clitoris and my guilt came back with the realization that this

crazy, mean man was getting me much more excited than my boyfriend had with his kisses and fumbling of my breasts.

He realized I was no longer in pain and said:

—How do you feel about being naked?

—I guess I am getting used to it. I don't feel quite as embarrassed now. Do you like to see me naked? I don't have great big boobies like the girls in calendars and posters.

—You have nice breasts. They will get bigger as you get older. I think I would like to see you completely naked.

—But I am! I don't even have on stockings.

—No... The hair on your crotch hides your pussy. I would like you to get the tweezers out of the top drawer and pluck out the hair.

That did not bother me much. I had been plucking them out at the edges anyway, so they would not show around the edge of my tights, but out of curiosity I asked:

—What would you do to me if I refused?

—Normally I would let that be a surprise, but this time only I will tell you. I would pull them myself while you are tied in the “splits” counting each one. When I finished I would spank your pussy, one spank for each hair.

God there were hundreds of hairs. The pain would be so bad he would probably do it very slowly, so I would not pass out. I decided I owed him a reward for telling me.

—Please let me pull them all out then you can give me ten spanks on it when it is bald.

—I am glad you are getting the idea. Get that footstool to sit on and spread your legs, so I can watch.



Although it did not hurt very much to pluck them I felt fantastically lewd with my legs spread so close to his staring eyes. My pose was a lot like the girls in my brother's girlie magazines. Maybe worse. Perversely being so exposed and the almost constant small pain was making me excited. When I found that it was hard to see hairs toward the bottom, I asked him if he would pluck them for me.

He did what I wanted to, but it had a weird effect. He would rub and pull on the lips of my pussy with his left hand to locate hairs to pluck with his right. I began to feel little shocks to my clit, by the time, he was sure there were no hairs I was panting with excitement. I let out a deep sigh when he began to slide his thumb up and down on my clit and it only excited me more when he said:

—This should be nice and hard for the strap.

I was really confused. I was excited nearly to orgasm and I knew that the boys I knew would have been cumming in their pants by now, but he seemed perfectly calm. It just seemed to confirm that I was a terrible slut to be excited by something he thought was punishment.

I had my first real orgasm when I saw him pick up the strap to give me the spanks I had asked for. He told me to ask for them by counting them as I stood in front of him with my legs spread to the point my pussy slit opened to let a cool breeze evaporate my juices. At "One" he brought the strap up into my left pussy lip to cause a sharp sting, I relieved by caressing it until he said "Well?" and I moved my hand to say "Two". He brought up the strap to make a sharp sting to the right side and didn't protest as I briefly caressed it then said "Three". This one came right up the middle to cause a sting all the way from my anus to my clit. By then I didn't want the sting to go away and gripped my breasts with both hands and counted faster as the pattern continued to make my pussy burn and throb as I went into orgasm

followed by even stronger ones. At the tenth, I didn't care how slutty I looked and dropped to my knees to rub and dig into my sensitive pussy to continue my orgasms.

I was exhausted, but felt a sense of triumph. I had beat him! He had received nothing from my punishment, while I had experienced feelings I did not know existed. I had a smile on my face while I looked at the hard lump in his pants that demonstrated his need.

I remembered the older girls talking about how wonderful it felt for their boyfriends to make love to them and decided maybe an older man would last longer to let me have another orgasm. I crawled over to him and put my hand on the large lump tenting his pants.

—It excited you to spank my bald pussy. Would you like to make love to me?

—God! You really are a slut. I am not about to put my dick in your pussy. It is probably diseased. You can suck my dick!

I was hurt and embarrassed. He was right about my being a horrible slut. I felt terribly guilty! After all I was asking a cruel old man to fuck me, but sucking his dick seemed really gross and I hated the thought that he believed I could have a social disease. I considered myself a virgin and my date rape didn't count.

—No... no, I am not sick! I am a virgin. I just asked you to make love because I was excited and I thought you might like me better.

—Well, maybe later if you are really good, but for now you can just undo and unzip my pants and suck my dick.

—Do I have to? It sounds gross, I might get sick.

—No... you can always take the alternative.

—Maybe I should, just so you will know I am not a slut. What is the alternative?

—I told you that I would only tell you once.

I thought about it. I had been whipped with a willow switch and my breasts and pussy had been spanked. It had hurt a lot, but the pain had not lasted too long and the caresses afterward felt good. I told him I would take the alternative.

He tied me up again bent over with my arms pulled up behind me till it felt like my shoulders might dislocate then spread my legs so far my inner thighs and hips were aching.

—You don't seem too impressed by whipping or spanking. I think you need pain that is longer lasting.

He brought over a big sack and began taking out things he called alligator clamps. They had strong springs and metal teeth. They really hurt, like little animals biting me. The pain built and built as he put clamp after clamp on my breasts till there was no more room. The ones on my nipples hurt so bad I was crying. Then he began pinching the lips of my pussy until it was bristling with them. I screamed when he put the last one on my clitoris. It was awful. I begged him to take them off and whip me instead, but he just ignored me and made it much worse by tying large lead weights to the clamps on my nipples and clitoris. By then I was crying hysterically as I saw my breasts stretched down so far I could feel the skin pulling at my armpits and I was sure my nipples would be bitten off my cone-shaped breasts. My clitoris hurt terribly and I was sure it must be stretched out too.

He just let me suffer for a while then took off his clothes. His dick looked like a big cucumber. He walked over in front of my face then forced his dick down in front of my lips and said something. I was in so much pain I didn't hear him.

He slapped my face hard causing the weights to swing and yelled:

—I said, for your own good you had better get my dick good and wet.

I opened my mouth and he began fucking my mouth slowly. Every time the head hit the back of my throat I would gag causing the weights to jump and take terrible bites to my nipples and clitoris. I thought he may fuck my mouth till he came and tried to tighten my lips around it, but that was impossible with my gagging and screaming.

He took it out of my mouth and went behind me to jam that monster into my tiny anus. I was sure it would rip from the stretching, but the worse part was when he began jerking my hips into him making the weights jump and swing until thankfully the weight to my clit slipped off. He made it last forever by slowly pulling back till just the head was in then jerking my hips to bury it again. There was just too much pain for me to be excited by it. Even after he came he just sat on the couch watching me suffer for several minutes.

Just as I felt like I might lose consciousness, he untied me and said I could take off the clamps. Naturally I took off the ones with weights off my nipples first. I found out taking them off hurt too as the blood returned to the blue-white skin under the clamps which immediately turned dark red.

Again he had me lie across his lap while he caressed my breasts and pussy with salve. This time it took several minutes to lessen the pain enough to let me stop crying.

When I stopped crying he said:

—Do you feel better now?

—That was terrible. I could never have imagined there could be that much pain. I will never refuse you again!

—Maybe. Right now you made a mess of my dick and it is beginning to itch. Clean it with your mouth and tongue.

It was resting against my side out of my sight. I rolled off his lap to kneel in front of him. It was just gross! It was covered with my shit and

blood from my torn asshole along with his snotlike cum.

I gagged just looking at it, but I knew I had no choice. I tried to cheat by letting my saliva and the stuff off his dick drool down my chin and onto the floor rather than have it go down my throat, but he caught me saying:

—You made a mess on my floor. Lick it up.

This seemed much worse and as soon as it was clean I ran to the sink and threw up till I was having dry heaves.

As soon as I stopped heaving he made me come back to suck him some more until he came again then gently lick all of his ball sack.

When he was satisfied that he was totally cleaned by my tongue and that I was properly humiliated he said that it had been a long day and we would go to bed.

I assumed he would want me to sleep with him, but he just locked a chain around my neck with the other end welded to the bed and went into his bedroom.

I tried to think of a way to escape, but I was just too exhausted and hugged the blanket to my tortured body and cried myself to sleep.

In the morning I was awakened by a crackling fire. He had started a big fire in the fireplace. I was cold under my single blanket, so I asked him if I could get up to stand in front of the fire. He agreed and unlocked the padlock holding the chain around my neck.

While I stood in front of the fire enjoying its warmth, he asked me if I was used to being naked.

Actually I was, but I was afraid if I admitted it he would call me a slut again. I finally said:

—It still makes me embarrassed. Especially when you have all your clothes on.

My clothes were piled on a chair by the fire and I hoped he might let me put them on, but he said:

—Good... You won't want to run around outside naked.

He threw my clothes in the fire! I began to cry as it seemed to confirm he never planned to take me home.

Then he really surprised me. He said:

—I am pretty impressed by your bravery. If you don't mind going naked the main road is ten miles down this road. The door is unlocked. I won't stop you.

I didn't care if the whole world saw me. I ran to the door as fast as I could. When I pushed it open I found it was a cruel joke! Before I could stop I found out it had snowed all night. The snow was above my knees and made me fall forward flat on my face into icy cold. I decided I would get away if it killed me and got up to run through the snow by lifting my knees as high as I could.

I only got a few blocks before my lungs and side hurt from the exertion and my skin to burn from the cold. I turned around to trudge back in the tracks I had made crying from the pain to my feet and my feeling of hopelessness.

He let me pound on the door till I was shivering uncontrollably before he opened it to let me fall inside. I scrambled up to run to the fire only to find thawing out hurt too.

He finally came over and began to massage my legs and feet. I thanked him and I meant it. It was a cruel joke, but it was my stubbornness to keep going that had caused my pain. Not him.

Then he sat back in the couch and had me sit between his legs while he caressed my breasts and stomach and pussy. It really felt good. I lifted my legs on top of his and spread them widely, so he could slide his finger

up the slit of my pussy to wet my pubic bone with my juices. I knew I was being terribly slutty, but it felt wonderful and I told him so.

He said:

—Aren't you ashamed you hurt yourself by running away now that you know how nice I can be?

I was getting very excited by his caresses and thought of the fantastic orgasms he had given me. I also knew that although he had caused me terrible pain I had asked for it by not obeying him and in trying to escape.

—Yes, I am ashamed. You should punish me. Would you like to spank my pussy? I will hold my legs open for you.

He laughed and said:

—Don't try to shit me. That would not be punishment. You got off on it, but I will let you have your pleasure this time.

He got off the couch and had me lie on my back with my right leg up on the back of the couch and my other leg stretched over to the coffee table. He told me to use my thumbs to hold my pussy lips open then began to lightly slap it. He watched my reactions and as my excitement increased he hit harder till by the time I went into orgasm the "Slaps!" were echoing in the room and I was pumping my hips up to meet the strap to make the pain even stronger. Just at the height of my orgasms he dropped his pants and buried his monster dong deep inside me. I began to chant: "Thank you, thank you, thank you, and I love you", in his ear.

Finally, I had one grand orgasm, then fell back to go into a deep sleep.

When I woke up I felt very weak, but satisfied. I felt my still tingling pussy then went over to him while he was putting wood in the fire and hugged him and kissed his neck.

I thought our situation had changed. I was hurt when he pushed me away and said:

—Just because I let you cum doesn't mean you have any right to make a move without my approval. You are my total slave and are here for my pleasure. If it pleases me to see you cum I will allow it, but for the most part you are just my toy. Do you understand?

I whimpered:

—But I thought you liked me now. I love what you do to me. I want to please you.

—I like you as a slave. Love and passion are fleeting. Fear will keep you the way I want you.

I began to cry. I had thought that I could convince him to let me go if he liked me, but now I saw there was no chance of that. To make it worse I felt guilty about letting myself have orgasms from his treatment.

He told me to stop bawling, but I argued that I had a right to cry since he wanted to treat me like I was some kind of animal and would never let me go. I finally screamed at him that I would escape somehow if I had to kill him.

That was a mistake. He said that he would make sure I never had that chance and handcuffed my hands behind my back and looped a rope around my neck to hold my hands up so I could not slide the cuffs under my butt and off my legs to get my hands in front of me.

Then he told me that I was insolent and to beg him to give me ten spansks on my tits with a bamboo cane. I knew better than to refuse him and begged him to whip them. It hurt just awful! The cane would bury itself in my poor boobies and cause a deep pain with swelling and throbbing. When it was over he said he would reward me by fucking me, but he did it by having me get on my knees and rest my head on the floor, so he could fuck me from behind which just increased my feeling of being an animal. The pain to my breasts as he used them to pull me back on his dick caused so



much pain and the position so much humiliation there was no way I could enjoy any of it.

It seemed to please him that I just screamed and cried till he came and pulled out.

He said:

—You didn't like that at all. Maybe you are learning not to be a slut.

I felt just awful. The breasts I had been so proud of were now just objects of torture. I hated them. I thought if they weren't so big and firm he wouldn't be fascinated by them. I began to think of them as separate entities deserving all the punishment possible until they would no longer be attractive.

From then on my hands were cuffed behind me whenever I was not tied. Now I really was treated like an animal. With no hands, I had to drink water and eat out of bowls on the floor just like a dog.

Then he began playing games with me. He told me that I could ask him to do something to me or take an alternative he had written on a piece of paper. It was to be a guessing game. The alternative could be better or worse than the punishment I would ask for. He made up several pieces of paper and put them in a bowl.

The first thing he asked me to do was to lay my breasts on a board with hundreds of nails sticking out about a half inch while he added rocks to a box on my back until it weighed a hundred pounds. I knew the weight would flatten my boobs to puncture every inch of them and refused. With a lot of dread I reached into the bowl. To my surprise and delight the alternative was that he would lick my clitoris for five minutes or until I came whichever was first.

That was wonderful! It not only felt great and gave me a great orgasm I got to have him in the humiliating position of kneeling between my legs to

lick me.

After I came, I pulled up his head to kiss him tasting my own juices and thanked him for putting in such a wonderful alternative. He told me I had been lucky. For every one good thing there were two bad ones and the notes would go back in the hat, so the odds would not change.

In a way, it was a trap. Although the odds were against me there was always the chance I would get lucky again.

On the next "Game", I blew it. He said I could suck his dick while he spanked my butt with a leather strap till he came or choose a slip. I had put his dick in my mouth when it had been covered with my shit. Clean it would not have been bad and my butt was not nearly as sensitive as my tits or pussy, but I decided to gamble.

I drew a slip that said my breasts would have cord wrapped around their bases then I would be hung from them while they were given ten lashes with a wire coat hanger.

He wrapped cord around the bases until they were round throbbing balls then tied a rope to the cord and lifted me off my feet. It hurt terribly and I was afraid they may rip off my chest. He let me hang until they were maroon and throbbing with pain before he began striping them with the wire. They were so hard the wire barely sunk in and hurt terribly. My tits were pulled up so high I could see the wire sink in to pull back leaving a bloody stripe with each one as they crept down to my nipples. When the first lash hit my nipples I threw back my head and howled in pain.

Even after he let them loose they kept throbbing for several minutes. He said he had gone easy on me. He could have cut me for the whole length of the wire if he had hit harder. I knew that was true and also that I had caused the pain. I didn't really mind sucking his dick when it was clean and if I had agreed to the spanking it would not have been bad. I said:

—Yes, I know you could have cut me terribly. I am grateful. May I suck your dick to prove it?

He grinned and said:

—Yes! I am glad you know that you needn't have suffered.

I had suffered for nothing since I still had the humiliation of sucking him and swallowing his cum, but I was genuinely grateful and even proud that I could get him so excited with my lips and tongue. For some reason, it did not occur to me that either choice would have caused pain he enjoyed giving to me.

Just knowing that slip was in the bowl kept me from gambling for a while.

He loved to come up with things to make me cause my own pain.

Once my choice was to have alligator clips put on my nipples and the lips of my pussy with strings on them tied to the wall. I could take them off anytime by just backing away. It didn't seem too bad after having them tied and cut with the wire. I chose that rather than the alternative.

They began to hurt as soon as they were on. I could hardly wait for him to get them tied to a hook on the wall, so I could pull them off. I backed up slowly to find the strain increased the pain a lot and caused my nipples and pussy lips to stretch alarmingly. I would lose my nerve and move forward, but the constant pain would make me back up again only to lose my nerve as the teeth would begin to bite and drag on my tender stretched nipples. I did it for several minutes until I finally got smart and took a deep breath then lunged backward to quickly rip them off. It hurt awful and caused them to bleed, but at least it was over. He made me feel proud yet stupid by saying:

—I am proud of you. It took a lot of courage to rip them off. You could have just stood quietly until the nerves became deadened.

Again he had me lie on his lap while he caressed me with salve until I felt like purring.

He said that just to satisfy our curiosity I could draw a slip. If it was bad I would know I had made the wrong choice and if good he would do it as a reward. He had me draw a slip that just had him lie on his back while I sat on his dick and went up and down till we came.

It felt wonderful and I loved being on top to control the speed and movement of his huge dick inside me. I was sick about not drawing, but also realized that since I had drawn two good things my next draw would probably be bad.

The next thing he came up with was for me to sit on the board of nails while I sucked him. This would be a lot better than hanging by my tits while they were whipped or some other horror I might draw, so I chose that.

I let myself down on the board slowly and found that once the little nails had punctured my skin it was bearable.

I assumed he would kneel in front of me to bring his dick down to my mouth, but he knelt between my legs then pulled them apart to give me a tearing sensation at my ass to sit on the floor between my widespread legs. He said:

—Okay... Suck!

I had to lean forward to reach his dick with my mouth and this caused the nails to dig into my pussy. To make it worse he pulled my head around to make my pussy squirm on the nails. It is hard to believe, but those damn nails digging in my pussy excited me. I found I was letting my back down and up as I sucked to let a nail poke and retreat from my clitoris. When he came, I let my legs spread even more and let myself down to have my clit be stuck over and over as I rocked my hips until I exploded in orgasm. My poor pussy was raw and bleeding when it was over, but again it was my

fault and I didn't think to blame him for sitting to make me pussy contact the nails.

He had me lie over his legs on the couch to put on salve. The punctures were tiny and the bleeding and pain stopped quickly. He noticed my pussy was sopping wet and smiled saying:

—You came, didn't you? Don't lie.

—Yes... I think you are making me crazy. Those damn nails digging into my pussy caused so much excitement I could ignore the pain. Do you think I will get to the point that all pain will bring on orgasms?

—No... Some pain will be just too intense. Draw a slip and see if what is on it would cause you just enough pain to cum.

The slip I drew said that small candles would be put in my pussy and asshole and would burn till they went out while I was hung upside down. I had only been burned once when grease from bacon had spattered out on my hand. The pain had been terrible and I was glad that I had accepted the nails instead. I told him about my experience with burns and said that burns would only cause pain.

He said:

—You might be surprised. The pain would come very gradually. At first, you would just feel the hot wax falling into your pussy then the wax would slowly become hotter and hotter until the ultimate sensation of actual flame close to your clitoris and the sensitive tissues of your rectum. Since you know that pain can bring orgasms you may eventually volunteer for this. The bad part is that burns cause long-lasting pain to hurt you after the excitement is over.

Perversely, I pictured myself hung upside down watching the flame getting closer and closer to my pussy and it excited me. I said:

—Your wonderful salve would stop the pain.

—Yes, but it wears off, so you would have to keep putting it on for a day or so.

It intrigued me and I said breathlessly:

—It would be wild if there was a mirror on the ceiling to let me see the flame slowly burning down.

He laughed and said:

—I will put one up just in case you draw that slip again or wish to see your pussy punished in some other way.

I was allowed to heal a few days and only had to give him blow jobs, but as soon as my butt and pussy healed, it was game time again.

This time he wanted to tie my legs open then put alligator clips on the lips of my pussy to hold it open for him to spank with a leather strap. I realized that meant the strap would hit the tender inner parts and especially my clit, so I refused and drew a slip. I drew the slip that said I would be hung from my breasts! I began to cry remembering that horrible long-lasting pain.

He decided to give me a break. He said that since I had done that already, he would let me draw another slip. I was so relieved, I went to him and kissed him while I thanked him. By that time I had become completely convinced that pain was inevitable and only hoped it may be possible to have it be exciting.

I rummaged around in the bowl and pulled out a slip.

I shuddered as I read it because it would take a long time and involve humiliation. I had to walk out in the snow to cut a willow switch. Then I would have to hold out my breasts, pussy, or butt till I had received ten on the left, ten on the right of my butt cheeks then ten on each breast, and finally ten on my pussy while I kept my legs spread for him. I could take them in any order I wanted, but no more than two at a time in a certain

place. I could see that he could spread this out as long as he wanted and I would not have the excuse of being tied and helpless. I would be offering myself for the pain and even asking for it. Worse by limiting the lashes to two I would not get a chance to have the area get numb. To make it even more demeaning, I would have to say “Please” when I asked for the whip.

He gave me a big knife and told me the willow tree was just to the left of the front door. I began to shiver the moment I went out the door. The snow was now up to my butt and still falling. The willow tree was about fifty feet away, but even that short distance with the fluffy snow brushing against my pussy as I rushed to it to hurriedly cut a switch then rush back made me shiver uncontrollably by the time I was back to the cabin.

My mind raced on the way to the tree. The man was making me crazy. I was getting to the point of not minding so much being hurt since He would give me orgasms afterward or else soothe me till I felt wonderful. I had to admit I could get them from pain alone if the pain was not too bad. I decided if I did not do something soon I would not only be his slave I would be a willing one. I made up my mind that when I gave him back the knife I would stab him with it.

But when I entered the door he was holding a big fluffy robe he put over my shoulders then hugged me to warm my quaking body while telling me how proud he was of me for trudging out in the snow to get a whip to please him.

When he stepped back holding out his hands I handed him the switch and knife without thinking. As soon as I did it I felt ashamed of myself for being so submissive.

He took the switch and coiled it in steaming water in the sink. I looked at it coiled there like a snake and thought that seemed appropriate since it would soon be biting me.

He came up behind me and said:

—Look at it, darling. The hot water will make it nice and limber, so you will be able to feel every inch of it on your pulsating body as you strain to get to your mind-boggling orgasm. In order to help you in your quest, I have decided you may have all twenty on your butt at once and all twenty on your breasts as long as you agree to twenty on your pussy.

Believe it or not I was very grateful. I knew he could make me cum if he wanted to or cause great pain. I not only agreed to it, I told him if it made me cum, I would suck his dick and lick his balls and asshole until he was completely satisfied.

I put my hands on my head and turned sideways to him, so he could stripe my butt.

He was right about the switch. I felt every inch as it curled around my ass with the end leaving a thin stripe and then a blotch where the end hit just above my pubic bone. It didn't hurt nearly as much as it thrilled me. I took my hands off my head to pull my breasts apart to watch in fascination and increasing excitement as the stripes slowly moved down little by little until it had moved past my pubic bone and the blotches began to appear on my left pussy lip as the thin stripes went across the face. When it got just above my clitoris I opened my legs wider and actually felt disappointed when he adjusted to have the end continue to hit the lip rather than sink into my gaping slit. I was beginning to pant and pulsate with passion when he had me turn around. I moved my hands under my breasts to hold them up and together as I watched the stripes covering them inching toward my nipples. When the first one crossing them caused me to gasp with the extra pain I found I was squeezing my breasts to push out my nipples and began to chant:

—Hit them!... Hit my nipples, make them burn!... Make them burn!



By the time I had twenty stripes on them, I was in orgasm and without being told I turned to face him and spread my legs even more. When he began hitting my pussy underhand I began to pump it to meet the lash. I don't know if he hit me more or less than twenty strokes. My orgasms became stronger and stronger till I became so exhausted I could not keep my balance and fell to the floor to bury the fingers of both hands in my pussy to rub my smarting clit. I don't know if I passed out or just went to sleep, but every thing went black.

When I woke up, I was lying on my back on the couch with my head on his naked legs and his hard dick pressing into my ear while he caressed my tingling breasts and pussy.

When I turned my head to smile at him, he said:

—You still owe me, you know?

I knew and I wanted to make him beg to cum like I had. I knelt between his legs and began to lick the sides of his dick and balls, then put his dick in my mouth. I kept working at it till I was able to get the head into my throat, but when I felt his body tense I would take it out to lick his thighs and balls till he calmed then I would put it back in my mouth. I made it last a long time, but finally he had to cum so bad he held the back of my head, so I couldn't take it out and fucked my mouth and throat. He came so hard he made me choke.

He hugged me then said:

—You are learning. You can cum now from pain alone and you no longer mind sucking my dick. How do you feel about that?

—I don't know for sure. I think you have made me insane. I feel like I have nothing in common with the rest of the world anymore. I feel like a slut that deserves to feel pain and humiliation because the only thing I want is more and stronger orgasms and I don't think I can have them anymore

without pain. I used to get little orgasms by playing with my clitoris, but last night I played with it a long time. I even tried hurting myself by pinching my nipples, but I could not cum. The pain has to come from you.

I began to cry:

—What is going to happen to me. If you get tired of me, I will never find anyone like you again.

—I may never tire of you, but if I do, you will find there are a lot of men out there who are looking for girls like you. Real men are sick of this feminist shit. This is why there are so many divorces and men that won't commit themselves. In just a few dates you will find out who are wimps and the real men will recognize you for what you are. There are a lot of girls out there who hate the feminist idea too and are looking for a man who will take care of them and love them rather than just become a partner to bring in a double income, but their peers won't let them be their selves.

—Yes, I know. We used to make fun of the girls taking “Home Ec”. We planned to make big salaries and eat out all the time, but I knew Mom was never happy having to work all the time. We didn't really need the extra money she just worked so we could have “Nice” things.

—Yes, and by the time she paid for your day care, clothes, and car expense to work there probably was not much left from that small salary she gets.

—Gee... You know a lot about us. Don't you?

—Yes I have been checking on you for about a year. It started when I was sitting behind you in a restaurant listening to you bitching about “Wimpy” boys and bragging about what a success you planned to be because you were good-looking and would be able to control your bosses. You even bragged about being a “Prick teaser”.

I blushed realizing he could have heard that conversation almost anywhere. Then said:

—But why me? The other girls were saying the same thing.

—Because you were leading the conversation and I later found out you were a cheerleader who all seem to be arrogant and teasers.

—But how could you tell that I would end up welcoming the pain and degradation?

—I didn't. In fact that was a surprise. I expected you to hate all of it and still I am not sure you aren't just putting on an act to make me drop my guard.

—I'm not! Really, there is no way I could fake the fantastic emotions and orgasms you bring out of me. I don't even care if the pain is terrible because I know you will soothe me and give me orgasms after it is over.

He looked doubtful, so I went on:

—I will prove it to you. I will take out three slips from the bowl and beg you to do the worst one to me.

I jumped up and got the bowl and handed him three slips to read.

There was no doubt which was worse. The first slip was just to do the 69 which I would have loved doing. The second was for him to fuck me doggy style while he hit the sides of my breasts with straps. That just sounded thrilling and I planned to volunteer for that later, but the third slip sounded horrendous.

I was to lie on my back on the bed with the wood block of nails under my butt to hold my pussy up with my arms and legs spread while I was given one hundred lashes with the willow whip from my thighs to my breasts. It was alright to hold my butt up off the block by arching, but if I closed my legs or got my hands in the way I would be tied in position by putting fishhooks in my arms and legs.

He offered to let me draw another slip, but for some reason I decided I had volunteered for the worst and therefore I deserved it.

I went over and got the limber switch then knelt in front of him and begged:

—Please give me one hundred lashes with this. Make them leave welts.

He helped me hold up my butt while he slid the block of nails under it then stood between my legs to gently lay the whip diagonally on my body, so the tip was just above the nipple of my left breast while the thicker part pushed into my pussy.

He said:

—You know this will cause a lot of pain?

—Yes! It should. I asked for it and deserve it.

The amazing thing is that I actually wanted the pain and it had to be bad to prove to myself I had not gone insane and welcomed pain.

He brought the switch behind his head then brought it down with a “Whish!” He followed through to bring the handle way below my butt as I felt a sharp sting run the whole length of my torso from the left lip of my pussy across my stomach till the tip buried itself in my breast. Then he lifted again and brought it from my right cunt lip to my left nipple. At first, it was terrible and I screamed with each one. It took all my will power to keep my legs and arms stretched out to the sides to allow him full access and the pain made me forget about the nails. My butt was bouncing off them with each lash. I don’t know what happened, but after twenty or so something snapped in my brain. I began to be thrilled by the pain. My screams changed to shrieks and moans of ever-increasing excitement that changed to more and more powerful orgasms until I became so exhausted I just laid on the block of nails and shuddered at each lash.

I don't know if he gave me the whole hundred or not. It did not really matter. My whole front had gone numb and he could have hit me hundreds of times without bothering me anymore.

He lifted me off the block then took off his clothes and held me. The last thing I remembered was my breasts sliding on his chest from a combination of my sweat and blood while the sweat on his hands stung my butt torn and bleeding from the nails.

The next morning I woke up miraculously with no pain. My body was slippery with some sort of ointment which seemed to have stopped the bleeding and removed scabs. The only reminder of the night before was a dull ache to both ass cheeks.

I realized that if he had wanted to he could have broken my skin with that switch all over my front, but there were only a few raw places on my breasts. I knew the damage to my butt was caused by my letting myself down and squirming on the nails, so I had myself to blame for that.

I was terribly thirsty, so I got up to get a drink. On the way back, I looked at myself in a mirror. I looked really wild. There was a dark red v from my crotch to each breast. It looked like a kind of costume, like a wide length of deep red cloth that seemed to come out of my pussy and run to the top of my breasts. Remembering the thrills this costume had brought to me, I became excited and hurried back to the bed.

I woke him by gently licking the head of his dick. I giggled when I noticed it began to wake up and get hard before he did.

When he , he just smiled and pulled me up to nibble on my nipples while I directed his now hard dick into my pussy. It felt wonderful and he lasted a long time, but I could not cum. I finally began to moan:

—Bite them! Bite my nipples! Hard! Harder!

That did it. When the pain from his bite began to radiate through my body I came!

That made him realize that he had trained me to need pain and from that point as long as I did not make him mad, he would only give me enough pain to have orgasms.

He really loved the fact that I would accept the pain. He even began to let me suggest ways for me to be punished since I began to test my limits. I had discovered that the more things hurt the stronger orgasm I could get.

When I suggested that he make a striped bikini for me by using the coat hanger he was so impressed by my courage he told me that I could stop him if it became too severe, or I became too exhausted by saying “No”, but it was natural for me to scream and say “No”, we finally decided on the word “Mercy”, because it was not a word that came naturally like “No, Don’t, or Please”.

He began my striped bikini with stripes across my butt then my breasts. It hurt awfully at first, but by the time he moved to my crotch I began going into fantastic orgasms.

The stripes lasted for several days. He was really impressed that I had never said “Mercy”, although he hit me all he wanted to make the stripes perfect with horizontal lines about a half inch apart covering my breasts and the v of my crotch. He acted as if he really loved me. He kissed and hugged me a lot and was even willing to lick my pussy to keep my orgasms going after he had whipped me.

I know it seems strange, but we became lovers in spite of or because of my submissiveness to him. I knew he trusted me now because he introduced himself as Tom Parsons. We began having long conversations and I asked him how he knew I would come to love and need pain. He said:

—I didn't know. I had married a cheerleader like you who had made my life hell. She wanted constant attention and thought nothing was too good for her. When I could not afford the Mercedes convertible, she wanted she divorced me to marry a doctor taking everything I had in the divorce. I was so depressed I lost my job. Fortunately she did not know I had bought stock in a software company that skyrocketed and made me rich enough not to need to work, so I decided to take revenge. I knew I couldn't kill her myself because I would be the prime suspect. I had been hanging around in skid road bars after the divorce and met a man who offered to kill her for a thousand dollars. He made it look like a robbery and killed her with a shot to the head. It didn't satisfy me. I had not killed her and it had been painless. I decided there were a lot of girls out there just like her and decided to punish them before they could ruin a man's life. I really planned to punish you until you died. I had no idea you would be able to have orgasms from it. I have never met anyone like you. I love you very much.

I had never met anyone like him either. The men I knew had no time for me and the boys at school just fawned over me and acted silly. I told him I loved him too and that if he had punished his ex-wife she might not have left him.

—You may be right. Sometimes she taunted me for not having any guts. She may have wanted me to be strong.

—Yes... Girls expect to be punished when they do something wrong. If they aren't, they think their parents or husband don't care about them.

Suddenly I knew I was describing me. The pain not only gave me orgasms, it also relieved all the guilt I had bottled up for years.

He decided to go to town to get me some special treats. His clothes closet door was open and I knew I could escape easily by just putting on his clothes and shoes and walking out following his tire tracks. When I

considered it, I just didn't want to go back to my former boring life. I didn't want to think about it much though because I knew my old friends would think I had become perverted and that made me feel guilty which just provided a reason for more punishment.

He was back in an hour. Less time than it would have taken him to do his errands. He ran in to hug and kiss me saying:

—God! You really do love me! That was a test. I left my closet open so you couldn't miss the warm clothes and boots. I have been waiting for you determined that if you tried to escape, I would be forced to kill you before you had a chance to kill me.

—Oh, I am sorry you thought you had to test me, but I am glad I passed. I could never leave you. My life would just be incredibly boring now that I have experienced so much excitement.

Our relationship changed at that point. He unlocked the knife drawer and since he was such an excellent cook taught me all about food preparation. I loved serving him and I reminded both of us of my slave status by serving him by carrying the food to him on my knees.

He no longer suggested punishments only doing things I requested knowing they would excite me. Thinking up things made me realize I had been fascinated by pain for a long time. My favorite course in school had been history and remembered reading of whippings to indentured servants and slaves had given me nightmares. But they weren't really nightmares. I would dream I was stripped and hung up ready to be whipped by some burly man in front of a large audience. I would wake up just before the lash hit excited and panting with my pussy so wet and my clit so hard I would always masturbate until orgasm.

Then I remembered my fascination went even further back than school. For some reason I had suppressed the memory, evidently from



guilt. When I was about nine or ten my folks let me stay at my uncle's ranch, so I could ride horses. My cousin about eleven taught me to ride and we had a great time riding in the woods and to an irrigation canal where I saw my first penis when he talked me into skinny-dipping. We didn't fuck because in our ignorance we were sure that if we did, I would become instantly pregnant, but we masturbated each other. I was fascinated watching his penis grow and spurt with cum and had my first orgasm that kept me masturbating from then on.

His mother taught me how to make clothes for my Barbie doll and I was almost finished when he asked me to go riding. I said I want to finish the dress first, but he said he was hot and I could meet him at the canal later.

His mother came in to see how I was doing and asked where Bill was. I innocently told her he was swimming in the canal. She got instantly angry saying:

—We have told him to stay out of the canal. He'll be sorry.

She jumped in their Jeep and took off coming back in a few minutes with his horse tied to the back and Bill whimpering in the front wearing just his undershorts.

She had him stand in the corner wearing his wet short now almost transparent and said:

—Stay there until your father gets home.

I asked him:

—What happened? Why is she so mad?

—They told me not to swim in the canal because it is dangerous, but I have never had a problem. They just worry because a little kid drowned in it. Now I am going to get a whipping. I don't know why she went down there. She never did before.

I was ashamed to admit I had told on him even though I didn't know it was a crime.

His father came in carrying a willow switch and took his arm to drag him outside to lay over a log. He jerked down his shorts and began hitting his butt with the switch.

I should have felt sorry for him, but I was fascinated watching the red stripes covering his naked butt and realized I was feeling the same excitement I got from masturbation.

That night, I played with myself reliving the scene while trying to imagine how he felt. He had been brave trying not to cry out, but his gasps and shudders proved it hurt.

The next day his folks went shopping and I asked him if he was okay. He said:

—Yeah, I am now. It only hurts while they do it and a little while later.

I asked if I could see his butt and was surprised to see only a few purple places. His whole butt was covered with red stripes the last time I had seen it.

He said:

—I wish I knew why she decided to go to the canal. Do you think mothers are psychic?

I rationalized that his punishment was my fault, but actually I wanted to know how it felt.

—No... It was my fault. I told her you went swimming. I am sorry. You can give me a switching if you want to make up for it.

—Really? It would make me feel better for you to know the pain you caused me.

—Then let's do it. I hate feeling guilty for telling on you.

We went outside and he cut a branch off their willow tree. I felt a combination of fear and excitement as he pulled off the leaves and little branches to leave a skinny whip.

He led me out to the log and said:

—You straddle that branch sticking out and hold on to branches on the other side to keep from moving around.

I knew that all I would have to do was lift my skirt and pull down my panties, but I thought I should be naked the way he was and took off my shirt, skirt and panties. I stood in front of him very excited and was proud when he said:

—You are beautiful. You even have boobies.

He turned me around to face the log and I stepped over the branch to lay my tummy on the log. I was shorter than him, so the branch didn't just go between my thighs. My pussy was resting on it. I gasped as a little knot pressed into my clitoris.

He said:

—I didn't count. How many times did he hit me?

I had, relishing each stripe on his butt. It was fifteen, but I said:

—Twenty. I will try to be brave like you.

He hit across both my cheeks. I expected excruciating pain, but there was just a sting that made me lunge forward to rub the knot on my clit. He began a steady rhythm that began enveloping my butt with stings. By ten when my only reaction had been gasps with lunges to rub my clit, he began hitting a little harder, but that just increased my excitement and I spread my legs to let the branch deeper in my gash and let my chest down for my nipples to rub on the log. I began having orgasms at the end when he quit.

I was gasping and shuddering and he lifted me to my feet and asked concerned:

—Are you alright?

—Oh my butt is on fire. Rub my pussy to take my mind off it.

He did to bring on another orgasm he recognized:

—Oh good. You came. That should have made you forget the pain.

I moaned:

—It did. Let me make you cum.

He unzipped his pants proving the whipping had excited him too since it was throbbing hard. I knelt in front of him and began rubbing it with my hand until he gasped:

—Kiss it!

It seemed appropriate for a slave to do it and I ran my lips up and down on it totally excited by being naked and servile out in the open. When he moaned:

—Put it in your mouth.

I didn't hesitate and was not even repulsed when his dick began twitching in my mouth as hot cum flooded it for me to swallow.

I was only there for two more days. Somehow we must have been ashamed over the incident because neither of us suggested another whipping. He did give me another grand experience though. We skinny-dipped on the last day and he offered to kiss my pussy as I had his dick. It felt wonderful and I reciprocated by sucking his dick.

I must have really felt guilty because when the quarterback asked me to suck his I had forgotten I had done it before and would not even consider it.

Now that he was not forcing me into terrible pain I found that I was losing the courage to ask for anything terrible and running out of ideas. I told him that from then on I would just pick out slips and he could do anything on them.

He said:

—No... That is a bad idea. There are some terrible things in there that I only planned to do when I hated you.

—Alright. We both have to agree on the punishment and might make modifications. If it is too bad I can always scream “Mercy”.

There were some awful things and now that I knew him I doubted he would have done them even in hatred. We agreed not to do any of the burning things like being branded or having gasoline poured on my pussy and lighted, but over his objection I decided I wanted to try the candles in my ass and pussy.

He tied a thick rope around my waist and lifted me up until most of my weight was on my shoulders then tied my legs in a slit to the adjoining walls. He licked on my slit and asshole to get them wet to insert the candle then lit them explain they were special drippy candles.

He was right. The pain came very gradually as first just slightly hot wax puddled in my slit and asshole. As the candles burned down the wax became hotter and hotter. I watched the ceiling mirror fascinated by the lowering flame as the wax became hot enough to sizzle when it hit my gushing juices. Finally, the flame was low enough to cause terrible pain, but I was in orgasm. Before it got any lower he blew them out and pulled them out of my holes ripping out hair that had been covered by the wax.

I sobbed:

—Why did you blow them out? I was almost to ultimate pain!

—Because you are self-destructive and I love your pussy. I don't want it out of action while you heal.

I knew he was right and when I was loose I knelt humbly in front of him and said:

—Thank you master.

Then I sucked his dick, licked his balls and tongued his asshole until I was rewarded by squirts of his cum I let cover my face then scraped into my mouth with my fingers.

The next slip I drew was to be whipped with barbed wire. He objected saying it would rip the skin from my body, but I told him he could hit easy. Even then he only agreed if I took them untied, so I could cover up if I forgot to yell “Mercy”.

It was much worse than I expected the barbs were dull and ripped into my skin and when one lash set barbs into both nipples causing excruciating pain I yelled, “Mercy”.

He wiped off the blood with a wet towel and I was ashamed of my cowardice when I saw little marks like insect bites and no stripes proving he had not hit hard.

I sobbed:

—I’m sorry I was such a coward!

In spite of that he must have felt guilty because he offered to let me whip him, but I refused. It would ruin it for me for us to be equals.

He seemed relieved then said:

—Is there anyone you would like to punish?

—Oh God yes! There was a girl in school named Patty. She was mad that the girls had voted me head cheerleader and was jealous. She was always getting me in trouble by telling lies about me. Once she even told the principal I had drugs in my locker. They dragged me out of class to open my locker to search it. The principal apologized when they didn’t find anything and showed me the anonymous note he had received. I recognized Patty’s handwriting. I told him she was a bitch and had just wanted me to get in trouble, but he said there was no proof she had sent the note and even if she had, it may have been an honest mistake because Patty was a model

student who never got in trouble. Even though I was innocent, he always suspected me. Once I had to strip in front of his ugly old secretary we suspected of being a lesbian, so she could search me. She put her finger in my pussy then when she said she couldn't get deep enough to feel anything she put two fingers of each hand in my pussy and stretched it open so far I was afraid it may tear! I almost died of shame. I am sure Patty told them I hid drugs in my pussy.

—You could get even with her if you like. She sounds like the type of girl I was looking for when I found you. It might take a few days, but I can bring her to you.

—Oh, I couldn't. I am not brave like you. I am afraid the police might find out and arrest us. We would have to let her go eventually and I know she would go to the cops. She loves to snitch.

—We don't have to let her go. We can kill her or the man who killed my wife would pay us for her, so he could sell her to white slavers in the orient. I still have his phone number.

—I couldn't kill her, but the idea of her being forced to be a whore would really serve her right. She loved being a prick-teaser and said that she could get boys so hot on a date they would have to run to the bushes or a bathroom to jerk off to relieve themselves.

It took him several days to catch her alone, but he got her. When I heard his car, I ran out to find her hog-tied on the floor of the backseat.

When she saw me, she begged me not to let him do anything to her. She was in for a surprise. He had told me to be wearing clothes he had bought for me when she arrived because she would be more embarrassed when she was stripped with both of us fully clothed. I loved being naked so waited for the last minute when I heard his car to put on the nice skirt and sweater he bought for me. My looking dressed nicely and healthy seemed to

relieve her. In spite of being abducted, she began chatting while he untied her. She said that she was really glad to see me because everyone had assumed I was dead or had run away. They had called off the search for me. She grinned at me and said triumphantly:

—I told everyone you had probably run off with some man. Why did you have him bring me here? Did you miss me too?

Then she whispered in my ear:

—He is really old! Can he still make love to you?

I said:

—Better than you could possibly imagine.

She giggled then looked around at our house:

—Wow... This is really crude isn't it. I have only seen log cabins in history books. Don't you get awfully bored up here in the boonies? I can't stay long I was just going shopping then to a movie.

It made me mad for her to sneer at the house that was perfect in its environment. I decided to let her know right away I was not going to help her.

—You should help to keep us from getting bored. Remember when you caused me to be strip-searched? I want you to know how humiliating that was. Take off your clothes. All of them!

—No way! I wouldn't let you see me naked let alone some dirty old man.

—You need to learn to be respectful and obedient.

Tom anticipated that I would want her restrained and stepped behind her to pull her arms behind her to snap on handcuffs. I held her while he looped a rope over a hook in the ceiling then tied it to her cuffs.

She bitched and threatened all the time she was being tied. As usual, she lied. She said that if we took her home right now, she would give us a



break and not charge us with kidnapping.

When I just laughed she said:

—Alright you bitch! I will make sure you spend the rest of your life in jail. You will probably like it. I know you are a lesbian. I saw you looking at the girls in the shower.

She really knew how to piss me off and that explained why some of the girls avoided me. She had probably told everyone I was gay.

When Tom pulled down on the rope to lift her arms, she bent over yelling:

—Stop that, you bastard! You are hurting me.

I just watched her until she began to whimper and plead to be let loose then I said:

—You won't mind showing your legs. You showed as much of them as possible any time a boy was around.

I took off her belt and used it to hold her skirt at her waist. I was glad to see she was wearing tiny panties that bared much of her ass. She whimpered:

—Put my skirt down. You are embarrassing me.

—You are going to be a lot more embarrassed when you beg us to let you strip for us.

I took Tom aside and told him big willow switches hurt more than any of the whips and offered to cut a couple of them, but he said that he would do it, so I could watch her suffer.

I said:

—If you don't agree to strip we may have to punish you. Last chance.

She looked at me defiantly and said:

—Do your worst dyke! I have been punished before. Dad spanked me once and I can stand it.

Tom returned and we began stripping off the leaves and twigs in front of her. Her eyes widened in fear and when Tom “Whished” the switch through the air, she whimpered:

—I have changed my mind. I will strip for you.

I grinned at her and said:

—Too late bitch! I told you that you had one last chance and you blew it.

I told Tom to whip her thighs until she bled, but not her butt because she said she could stand pain there. He tied her legs apart, so we could get to her inner thighs.

She began to sob:

—No... No... don't do this to me.

We began hitting all over her thighs, but concentrated on the inner thighs I knew was most tender.

We didn't get to make her bleed. She fainted after only about thirty lashes. It pissed me off. I felt she cheated me. I got a pot of cold water and threw it on her to make her come to, sputtering from the water that went up her nose.

As soon as she stopped blinking her eyes and could see me clearly caressing my switch, she panicked and fought her ropes, but she soon found out she could not get away. She whimpered:

—Please don't hit me anymore. I'll do anything you want.

—Anything?

—Yes anything! Just don't hit me.

—Okay... You said your butt is tough. Ask us nicely to give you twenty spanks on it.

—No! God no! I can't take any more pain!

—Alright since you still have not learned to be obedient, we will give you forty.

She began crying and sobbing while moaning “No”, over and over. I turned to Ted and said:

—Let’s have a contest. You take the right cheek and I’ll take the left. The one who gets it reddest will get a blowjob.

Tom agreed and said:

—We are going to have to see how we are doing.

He grabbed the back of her panties and jerked them up till her pants were out of sight in her ass crack. She yelped then began to sob harder.

Twenty lashes on each cheek was enough to make every bit of it red and welted. Evidently her butt was a lot less sensitive. She screamed constantly, but did not pass out this time, although we were really hitting hard. I expected Tom to win since he was stronger than me, but he must have held back because I won. Some of my stripes were oozing blood. I thought that was very sweet of him. We took off our clothes and I laid on the floor in front of her with my legs open and back to show all of my pussy.

I told her to pay attention as she would end up eating a lot of pussies and sucking dicks.

She said:

—Never! I would die first.

I ignored her because I was anxious to have him go down on me. I had not thought it would excite me so much to hurt her.

He was wonderful! I was very excited from whipping her and he was able to get me into orgasm fairly quickly. I was squeezing my breasts and pinching my nipples to help me get over.

I was just going into even stronger orgasms when Patty ruined it for me. I opened my eyes to see she had stopped crying and was staring at us in disgust. Our eyes met and she sneered:

—You guys are disgusting. You are nothing, but animals.

I became instantly angry, losing my wonderful excitement. I could not believe this bitch. She was tied helpless and been badly beaten, but she could still be nasty!

I sat up and Tom rolled to his side. His dick was hard and I knew she had ruined it for him too because he would have fucked me in moments.

Tom jumped up and said:

—Jesus Christ! She is just the bitch I was looking for, but that mouth is getting on my nerves.

He went over to a drawer and brought back what looked like a short fat dick with straps on it. He jammed it into her lips until she opened her mouth then pushed it in and hooked the straps behind her head. Her eyes bulged as she gagged on it from being pushed into her throat. It was a very effective gag. She could only make noises through her nose while her stomach jumped from her gagging. She gagged and fought the ropes for quite a while until she either got used to the fake dick at the entrance to her throat or realized that she would not choke to death and calmed down to breathe deeply through her nose.

I walked up close to her and said:

—We are sick of listening to you. From now on you will just nod if you agree or shake your head if you don't. Do you understand?

She nodded her head, so I went on:

—I want you to know the humiliation I suffered from the strip search you caused. Are you ready to strip for us and obey my commands?

She nodded again, so I asked Tom to take off her handcuffs while I untied her legs.

I mimicked the principal's secretary by telling her gruffly to take off her blouse, so I could "search" it then the rest of her clothes. When she was naked her body was a lot like mine except her waist was a little bigger and her breasts drooped a little. I used that as an excuse to humiliate her further by saying:

—Are those the tits you are so proud of! They droop like my grandmothers. No wonder you wear those heavy-duty bras.

I knew the noises she was making through her nose were an argument, but I ignored them. I told her that her tits might just need exercise and picked up a leather paddle.

She panicked and ran for the door. Naturally it was locked and she sobbed while she jerked on the handle until Tom dropped a rope loop over her head to bring her back choking again.

I held her in place by the choke-rope while Tom tied her wrists to the rope to the ceiling and pulled her up on her tip-toes.

I told her she had run off before I completed my search. Tom laughed and said:

—Her pussy is so hairy she could hide a pound of cocaine in it.

I agreed and suggested he get some pliers while I finished tying her. I tied her legs to the walls, so she was doing the splits. She acted as if she was being killed, although she did the splits all the time while cheerleading.

Tom brought in two pairs of pliers, so we took turns ripping out her pussy hair. I was amazed she could scream so loud through her nose.

When it was totally bald I pushed my finger into her dry pussy to restart her screams. She was still a prick teaser, my finger was stopped by her hymen. I put three fingers together and jammed them in to tear it

causing her whole body to tense as she screamed. I pulled out my bloody fingers to put four together to jam them in again. I could feel the muscles in her cunt tightening around them. It was so tight I was curious about how much it could stretch and got some vaseline.

She stared at me wide-eyed and moaning as she watched me spread vaseline over my whole hand. That made it much easier. Three fingers slid in easily then I went to four and then tucked my thumb into my palm and drove in my whole hand then made a fist. I pushed it in and out and then began twisting my wrist when it became slicker. I noticed her muscles relaxed to make it looser, so I began bringing my fist all the way out to punch it back in as if her pussy was a punching bag.

Suddenly I noticed that her pussy was getting much wetter than the small amount of blood would explain and she had stopped screaming and trying to avoid my fist.

I certainly did not want to give her pleasure, so I stopped to put my face close to hers to yell:

—You slut! You are getting off on this! You should be ashamed of yourself! What would your mother think!

I saw that with her legs at a one hundred and eighty angle there was room for the leather paddle. I began bringing it up into her pussy like a softball pitcher making it flatten and juice fly from it until she passed out again. I started to get my pot of water, but Tom stopped me.

—Let her hang a while. You have me so hot I am about to explode!

He laid on his back holding his throbbing hard dick straight up. I straddled it to bury it in me and squirmed and pumped on it letting out squeals of excitement. He came before I did, but his dick stayed hard long enough for me to have a great orgasm then I fell forward to kiss and hug him.

—Thank you for bringing her to me. She will get us excited to make love, but I am hogging her. I'm sorry. Would you like to do something to her?

—Her pussy must be numb by now. I think I would like to work her tits over with a ping-pong paddle.

—Oh yeah!

I said excitedly:

—They are looser than mine. They should really flop.

—There are some smelling-salts in the drawer. Hold them under her nose. I want her completely alert for this.

I took off her gag and held the salts under her nose. In seconds, she was shaking her head trying to avoid them and opened her eyes.

—How are you feeling, bitch?

She licked her lips gone dry from having the gag in her so long and moaned:

—I hurt awful! Especially my crotch and legs. Please let me down and give me some water. I am dying of thirst.

I told her we would let her down after she asked Tom to give her tits twenty spanks.

Her eyes widened in fear, but she whimpered:

— Go ahead and spank them. I know if I say no you will just hit them twice as much.

—You are learning. Now ask him nicely to do it.

She whimpered:

—Tom, please spank my tits twenty times.

He stepped in front of her and began.

It was wild! He forehanded and backhanded her tits so hard I thought they might tear from her chest. They were flopping clear into her armpits

and when he hit them from below they hit her chin. She howled like a whipped dog, but he was cheated. She passed out again on the sixteenth.

Perversely, I wanted to see how bad that hurt. I told Tom he could give me the last four since she had cheated him.

It was awful. It took all my nerve to stand there with my hands behind my back and my boobs pushed out for him. He did not hit me as hard as he did her, but the paddle made loud “Splats!” and after only four they ached and burned.

He had me lie down and put a cool wet towel on them that stopped the burn, but not the aching.

We laid there watching her tits turn from red to black and blue.

Tom asked me how my tits were and I told him they ached real bad and felt swollen. He felt them and said they felt tight. I whimpered at the caress to the sensitive skin. He said that if they were that sensitive alligator clips on Patty should really hurt. He told me that she kept passing out because her blood ran away from her head, so while she was still unconscious and couldn't fight us we put ropes on her ankles and pulled her into the air upside-down.

In a few moments she woke up to fight the ropes and began to cry:

— Let me down! I agreed to have my tits spanked and it was awful.

She sobbed:

—It isn't fair.

—You cheated by passing out before you got all twenty, so you have to suffer for ten more minutes.

While she was passed out we had been tying four ounce fish weights to alligator clips. Tom continued to tie more while I began clipping them on her tits. She yelled at each one, so I told her to keep quiet or else I would put her gag back in.



She managed to just gasp or yelp as I kept adding them, but had to make little screams when I put the last two on her nipples. She had twelve on each tit when I quit. By then she had given up protesting and just cried and sobbed. The three pounds on each breast pulled them down until they were cradling her chin.

I stood in front of her shaking in excitement imagining the bite and pull on my own breasts.

Tom had another idea. He looped the nylon fishing line through two clips then put one on her nipple and the other on a cunt lip. He pulled the line tight until her tit lifted and her pussy lip stretched about three inches. She began screaming again and kept it up while he did her other tit.

We watched her squirming and screaming until she realized that moving just made it worse and settled down to stay as still as possible moaning.

Tom said:

—I guess she must be getting used to the biting. Maybe we should move on to something else.

Patty grimaced and said:

—No! It is getting worse. Not better.

I knew what she meant and felt a little sorry for her. I told Tom that was true.

He said:

—Well Patty, since it is getting worse maybe you would like us to take them off. I will make you a deal. If you suggest another form of pain that interests us, we will substitute that for the clamps.

She groaned and I knew how terrible it was for her to ask to be punished. Having pain forced on you is one thing. Asking for it brings on guilt for not having the courage to accept what you can't control.

She thought about it for a minute then said:

—My boobies and pussy are too sore to take any more pain. Could you whip my butt instead of having these things bite me?

I said:

—I don't know. Her butt is pretty tough, but if she agrees to give us blow-jobs first. It may be okay. You know how disgusted she got from watching you go down on me.

—Yeah... That gag should have gotten her used to having a dick in her throat. How about it Patty? Does that sound good to you?

She got a sick look on her face the tried to bargain:

—Alright. With ten spanks and what will you use to hit me.

—No... There is no limit. It will depend on you. While you are blowing one of us the other will be whipping your ass until you make us cum. If you give a great blow-job you will only get a few, but if you don't you may get hundreds. You may choose between these two whips.

He showed her the thong whip and the one with small braided thongs.

The one with braided thongs evidently looked easier to her and she chose that. I grinned knowing she had made a bad choice as the narrow braids would really dig into her ass.

We began taking off the clips. She squealed at each one and I remembered it hurt to have the blood return to the pinches. We saved the ones connecting her nipples to her pussy till last. Tom strummed the line a couple of times like guitar strings to bring on howls then unclipped them and let her down on the floor to untie her ankles and wrists. Tom brought her hands behind her back to put on handcuffs explaining he did not want her to cheat by using her hands or fingers to rush our orgasms.

He sat on the edge of a chair and had her kneel between his legs. She gulped and then made a tentative lick to the side of his dick then briefly put

the head in her mouth before taking it out to make another lick. I could see it would take forever for him to cum that way. Tom confirmed it by saying:

—You must love sucking cock. You can make me last for hours that way.

She began crying and said:

—I have never done this before. Please tell me what to do.

He explained that she should take as much of it as she could in her mouth then bob her head up and down while sucking and rubbing it with her tongue. Now that she was in to it, I began whipping her ass. Each lash made her lunge forward and after a few lashes, I was amazed to see her nose jam into his pubic bone to get his dick deep in her throat. That must have been great for him because he laid back in the chair with a happy look until he grunted and flooded her mouth.

She gagged then began spitting out his cum on the floor. That pissed him off and he made her lick it up.

She looked like she might throw up, but managed to keep it down.

Now it was my turn. Tears flowed down her face while she asked me what I wanted her to do.

I told her to let her tongue flutter on my clitoris while I held my lips open then drive all her tongue in my pussy while her nose rubbed my clit then go back and forth from that to fluttering.

Tom began whipping her already sore ass and again she lunged into my pussy driving her tongue inside while hitting my clit with her nose.

She was great! I could hardly believe she had never done it before. The combination of her tongue while watching her ass shudder and become striped from the whip gave me a great orgasm.

When I was satisfied, I was tempted let her off any further punishment, but she made a mistake, she said:

—God that was gross! I can barely believe I agreed to do it. I feel like I deserve to be whipped.

I was more than ready to accomodate her. I resented having her say eating me was gross. Tom had told me that my pussy did not taste at all bad.

I said:

—Shit! You will never learn to keep your mouth shut. Just for that comment we will make your thighs as red as your ass.

We told her to lean over a chair with her legs spread and hold on to the arms. If she moved out of position we would tie her upside down and give her forty right on her cunt.

I had to give her credit. We really hit hard causing several small cuts on her inner thighs just below her cunt, but she just gripped the arms tighter and stayed in position throwing her head back to howl at each lash. I was not sure, I could have kept my legs open and of course we hit hard hoping she would try to get away.

By that time, it was very late, so we chained her to her bed. Her breasts, pussy and butt were solid black and blue by then, so she could only lie on her side whimpering with her legs spread to let the air cool her burning thighs. Tom and I were tired and went to sleep right away cuddling each other.

I woke up the next morning when I felt Tom stir beside me. He had propped up his pillow, so he could watch Patty's boobs moving with her heavy breathing. He was smiling at her and I felt jealous.

—You really like her big boobs, don't you?

I felt better when he said:

—Your boobs are much prettier. I love the way they stand out proudly with no support. It is just fascinating to watch hers flop around when they are hit. Yours are too pretty to make ugly with scars. I am not attracted to

hers, so I am just interested in ways they could be tortured even if they will be scarred. I was also fascinated by the way her virgin pussy could stretch enough to accommodate your fist-fucking. I wonder how much it can stretch.

—Obviously a lot! She could not only take my fist she was even getting off on it. Her pussy slit is longer than mine. I'll bet she could take even your fist.

—Probably! After all vaginas are made to stretch enough to let out a baby, but I think the body may make some changes just before childbirth. Anyway I saw some huge dildos in a sex magazine and I will order their largest to start opening her up.

Our conversation must have awakened her. She began to moan and when she opened her eyes and saw us she began to cry:

—Oh God! I thought I had a bad dream, but it is true! You people are monsters! I hurt all over!

She was so stupid! You would think she would know better than to bitch. I said soothingly:

—Oh poor baby! I'll bet you do. What hurts the most?

That seemed to encourage her and she brightened and said:

—My poor boobies. Look at them! They are black and blue and they ache and throb. Do you have some salve or pain pills that will help?

—No... I just wanted to know which area to punish to cause the most pain because you called us monsters.

—No! Please no! I am sorry. I didn't mean it. I know I deserved getting punished. I am not mad at you. Let me prove it by licking your pussy or sucking his cock.

—You can do that after you have made us excited by watching you suffer.

She dropped to her knees and began saying:

—No... Please no!

Over and over until Tom slapped her face and said:

—Stop that! You know you did wrong. Say “Please punish my tits”.

She just sobbed for a moment then realized if she disobeyed it would be worse and whimpered:

—Please punish my tits.

—Tom said:

—That is better. Lynn, go get a couple of switches.

I ran out in the snow naked and brought back two over four feet long. She watched, shuddering, as I stripped off the leaves and twigs to make what looked like a buggy whip then Tom told me to give them to her.

He said:

—Patty, feel them. They are very light. They shouldn't be very bad.

Thank Lynn for being so nice. She could have cut much bigger ones.

There was no hesitation:

—Thank you, Lynn, for cutting small ones.

—You are welcome. I am glad you are learning to be obedient.

Tom said:

—I think it is time for you to learn to be more courageous. I want you to stand up and put your hands behind your head.

When she did that he told her to push out her tits and keep them out.

Then he surprised both of us girls by gently caressing her tits while saying:

—Does this feel nice?

She gulped and said:

—Yes sir... That feels good.

—See. We can be nice when you are good. Now we will give you ten lashes to each breast and you can ask for them by counting. When you say “One” I will hit your left breast. At “Two” Lynn will hit the right until you get to twenty. We have all day. You can make it last as long as you want. Just remember to keep your hands behind your neck and your boobs pushed out.

She moaned:

—Oh God... I don't think I can do that. Why don't you just tie up my hands.

—Oh we will if you don't obey, but we won't use these wimpy switches.

She just moaned:

—Oh... Oh... Jesus!

Then she squinched her eyes shut and said:

—One!

He laid the switch across her breast to measure then stepped slightly back of her. When he hit the switch dug into the side of her breast while the end curled around to let the skinny part bury itself in the front while the tip brought a spot of blood in her cleavage.

She howled in pain and brought down her hands to caress the bright red line whimpering until Tom said:

—I told you to keep your hands behind your head and tits out! Don't do that again.

She whimpered:

—I'm sorry!

And put her hands back and at Toms direction took a deep breath to push her tits out again then said, “Two” I followed his example and made a red stripe to match his. Again she howled, but this time she kept her hands

in place and for some reason waggled her shoulders to make her tits swing back and forth.

Finally, she stopped sobbing and said:

—Three!

He gave her a really nasty one right across the nipple then watched amused as she sobbed and jumped around causing her tits to bob and sway.

When her sobs subsided Tom said:

—That one didn't count. You let your tits droop.

She cried:

—That's not fair. That one hurt more than the others.

She got no sympathy from us, I just said:

—You know the rules.

She pushed out her tits and said: "Three", again and Tom did not hit as hard or on the nipple then said:

—See! It is better if you obey.

She actually said: "Thank you", and then "Four".

I was not as nice. I made my line dead center on her nipple. Again she howled and jumped around, but kept her hands behind her head. In about a minute which seemed longer she got back into position and said:

—Five!

She must have realized the delays only made it worse. She began counting faster straining to hold her tits out with tears streaming down her face. I was beginning to think she was getting into it like me. I know I was getting fantastically excited as I could imagine every lash hitting me, but to my surprise at the fifteenth across both nipples she screamed:

—No more!

She dropped to the floor on her stomach crying hysterically as she hugged her boobs with her arms.



I looked at her incredulously until she calmed down a little then I said:  
—I can't believe what a coward you are! You only had five to go!

That made her mad:

—You stupid bitch! You could not have taken that many!

The combination of proving her wrong and my excitement made me say:

—Tom! Give me twenty-five, but make that bitch eat my pussy while you are doing it!

Toward the end I had to concentrate on keeping my tits out, but not from the pain rather from the tremendous orgasms that ripped through my body from the combination of pain and her tongue.

I was exhausted and Tom half-carried me to the couch and got a cool wet towel to lay on my throbbing burning boobs that almost immediately made them feel better.

Patty stayed kneeling on the floor then said plaintively:

—My boobs are burning too. Can I have a wet towel?

Tom said:

—Maybe! After you have given me a great blowjob.

She gave him his blowjob and it seemed to be the final humiliation to make her our slave.

God! I hope we are never rescued.