**The degradation of Tricia**  
  
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Part 1  
  
Tricia stared blankly at the TV screen in front of her, scarcely able to  
believe what she was seeing. There, in full color, was the Math professor, Mr  
Roberts, leaning back against the classroom desk, his thick cock protruding  
stiffly from his fly. At his feet knelt a beautiful young girl, brown-haired,  
her pert young breasts pressing against the thin material of her T-shirt. Her  
hands were about the professor's throbbing organ, which he was thrusting  
urgently between her pretty lips, grunting with obvious pleasure as he did so.  
  
In any normal circumstances Tricia would have been shocked at the  
pictures she was witnessing. She was a good girl, brought up in a small town,  
where girls just didn't do that sort of thing.  
  
But these were not normal circumstances. She was a long way from the  
town of her birth, and had learnt that things went on in the world that were  
very different from the values she had been taught.  
  
But it was much worse than that. The lovely young eighteen-year old girl  
on her knees before the professor was Tricia herself.  
  
She turned to the grinning couple beside her, the tears welling in her  
eyes.  
  
"I-I don't understand. How did you know?"  
  
Bella grinned, flashing a perfect row of white teeth.  
  
"Because the bastard of a professor made the same offer to me," she  
replied. "He told me that if I blew the dirty sod off, I'd get my Math mark  
improved to an A."  
  
The young man beside Bella put his arm about her. "But my little  
sister's cleverer than that, aren't you sis? She knew that she wouldn't be the  
only one he made the offer to."  
  
"That's right. I watched the bastard and, sure enough, he came to you."  
  
More to the point," said the man. "Once Roberts gets a look at this  
video he's gonna be real anxious to increase Bella's marks to an A plus plus."  
  
"Sure," grinned Bella. "When I saw him talking to you, I knew what was  
going on. It was easy to hide in the closet with Tony's camcorder'"  
  
Tricia looked at the pair, shocked at the way they spoke. If truth be  
told, she had never been able to get on with Bella. The brash, sexy, dark-haired  
beauty was everything she wasn't. Popular with the other girls in her class, a  
leader, always the center of attention. Tricia, on the other hand, was more the  
studious type, preferring to stay in her college apartment with her books whilst  
the other girls were out partying. In fact, Tricia had few friends, and didn't  
mix much with the other girls. Of her male classmates, there was just one, Steve  
Sutton, who interested her. Steve was good-looking and friendly, and she often  
chatted with him. However he showed no sign of reciprocating the attraction she  
felt for him, and Tricia was too shy to let him know her feelings.  
  
Tony, Bella's brother, was also far from being her taste in men. Cocky  
and self-confident as his lovely younger sister, his dark, Latin looks making  
him popular with Bella's school friends. At twenty-four, he was older and more  
worldly wise than the girls, and Tricia had always been a little afraid of him.  
  
She was more afraid now, though, as she watched her image on the screen  
accept a mouthful of hot semen from the professor. She saw herself gagging, as a  
drop of the thick fluid escaped from her lips and dripped onto her T-shirt.  
  
Bella laughed. "What's professor spunk taste like, you little whore?"  
  
Tricia felt the color rise in her cheeks, but she said nothing. What a  
fool she'd been to agree to the professor's suggestion. She should have refused  
right from the start. The trouble was, she knew her parents expected her to get  
straight A's, and that they would be scrutinizing her report card when she  
returned. Whilst she had done well in all her other subjects, Math had always  
been her weak point.  
  
When Roberts had first suggested she use her pretty body to improve her  
mark, she had been shocked. Considering the offer later, though, she had  
realized that if she wasn't to upset her parents when she went home, she would  
have to improve her Math mark. Once she had decided to go ahead and do it, it  
had been just a single, simple act, and she had done her best to forge about it  
afterwards. She had never dreamed that Bella would film the whole thing.  
  
"Wh-what are you going to do?" she asked the brother and sister  
fearfully.  
  
Bella grinned, and turned to her brother. "Just four weeks to the end  
of the semester," she said. "Time enough to train up a slave?"  
  
Tony smiled back. "Time enough," he replied.  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
Bella moved close to Tricia. She was taller than the young beauty and,  
as she stared down into her face, her brown eyes narrowed.  
  
"If you want to keep this video secret, you've gonna do exactly what  
Tony and I tell you to, understand?"  
  
"Wh-what do you want me to do?"  
  
"Just things."  
  
"What kind of things?"  
  
"Well, we've seen what you're good at, already. We're gonna make you use  
that pretty little body of yours some more."  
  
Suddenly Tony slid his arm about her slim waist. He moved his hand up to  
cup her breast. Tricia tried to pull away, but he held her tight.  
  
"From here on Bella and I own the rights to your body," he said. "We'll  
tell you what you can wear and when."  
  
"And especially we'll tell you who you can fuck," said his sister.  
  
"What? But I don't...you know. I'm still a virgin."  
  
"Not for long, you silly bitch."  
  
"You can't be serious"  
  
"We're deadly fucking serious you cock sucking slut!"  
  
"We're gonna show you how far you can go with selling your body"  
  
"No! You can't! I won't do it! Ow!"  
  
Tricia gave a cry of pain as Tony pinched her nipple through her  
clothing.  
  
"Then this video gets distributed about the school. And I'm sure your  
parents would like a copy."  
  
"No! You can't. You mustn't." Tricia felt the tears well up in her eyes  
as she faced the pair.  
  
"Then tell us we're your master and mistress."  
  
"Look. I'll give you money! I haven't got much, but I can get a job!"  
  
"Looks like this video's gonna get sent out," said Bella.  
  
"Imagine what Mummy and Daddy will think when they see how their little  
girl gets her grades."  
  
"Please!"  
  
"Tell us we're your master and mistress."  
  
Tricia opened her mouth to reply. Then her shoulders slumped as she  
realized she had no choice.  
  
"You-you're my master and mistress," she mumbled.  
  
"And your body is ours to control."  
  
"And my body is yours to control."  
  
"Good."  
  
Tony slid his hand down her front and slipped it under her jumper.  
Moments later his hand was inside her bra, cupping her soft, warm breast. Tricia  
squirmed under his touch, but said nothing.  
  
"That's it, slut," he said. "Enjoy it." He turned to his sister. "I get  
her first." He said.  
  
He turned her round to face him, still caressing her breast. "I'm coming  
round to your apartment this evening. You'll be pleased to see me, won't you?"  
  
Tricia felt the blood rise in her cheeks. "Yes," she replied.  
  
"In fact so pleased that you'll be naked when I arrive."  
  
"N-naked?" Tricia's heart sank.  
  
"That's right. My obedient little slut of a girlfriend loves being round  
men in the nude, even complete strangers, doesn't she?"  
  
"I-I don't know."  
  
He pinched her nipple again.  
  
"Doesn't she?" he said again.  
  
"I... I guess so."  
  
"Say it."  
  
"I... I love being round men in the nude. Even complete strangers."  
  
"Slut!"  
  
He pushed her away, sending her staggering against the wall. She stood,  
struggling to rearrange her top.  
  
"I'll be there at eight sharp," he said "Now get out."  
  
  
  
  
  
Tricia glanced at the clock on the wall of her small apartment. It was  
seven fifty-five. Her stomach churned as she thought of what might happen that  
evening. She stepped into her bedroom and stood in front of her mirror. She was  
wearing a bathrobe. She had got out of the bath more than a half hour before,  
but had not dressed. Now she fingered the garment nervously.  
  
She couldn't really go through with this could she? She couldn't take  
the humiliation of being a slave to that evil pair? But what choice did she  
have? The prospect of her parents seeing the tape and hearing of her behavior  
was one she simply couldn't countenance.  
  
Slowly she undid the belt of her gown. Then she let it slip from her  
shoulders and fall to the floor. She ran her eyes down her naked form.  
  
There was no doubt that he petite young girl was beautiful. From her  
pretty young face, with its almond-shaped green eyes, high cheekbones and small,  
kissable mouth, down to her elegant feet, she was simply lovely. Her body was  
one any girl would die for. Her breasts were pert and inviting, the size and  
shape of ripe oranges, the brown nipples standing proud. Her belly was flat, her  
pubic triangle neatly trimmed.  
  
But perhaps the most striking thing was her vagina. The lips were thick  
and full, her slit well forward, so that it was eminently visible, even when her  
legs were together. When she spread her legs even slightly, the bud of her  
clitoris came into view. She stared down at herself, wishing her sex was less  
prominent. She ran a hand down between her legs, her fingers brushing against  
her love button, and a small shiver ran through her.  
  
Tricia froze, totally surprised. Surely she wasn't turned on by what was  
about to happen? Only a slut would find excitement in displaying her naked body  
to a virtual stranger. She wondered how she would feel if it was Steve, rather  
than Tony, that she was expecting. But Steve, at least would show her some  
respect, whereas Tony was an animal. Yet there was an undeniable warmth in her  
groin and, despite her own disgust at the idea, she felt a trickle of moisture  
deep inside her vagina.  
  
Suddenly the doorbell rang, and Tricia gave a start, snatching her  
fingers from between her legs, her color rising instantly. She took a step into  
her front room, then stopped, staring at the door.  
  
The bell rang again. Cautiously the naked beauty moved forward and put  
her eye to the peephole. There stood Tony, wearing jeans and a white T-shirt. As  
she watched he knocked on the door.  
  
"C'mon slut. I know you're there. You better be naked!"  
  
"Tony?" she said in a plaintive voice.  
  
"Open up."  
  
"Could I just put my bathrobe on?"  
  
"Fucking open up, bitch, or I'll bang on this door 'till all the other  
folk living here come out to see what's happening.  
  
Tricia felt a chill run through her at these words. If anyone saw her  
letting Tony in whilst she was nude... Many of the other apartments in the block  
were rented to sorority girls, some of whom were in her year. She couldn't  
possibly let them see her like this.  
  
He banged on the door again, this time harder.  
  
"Open the fucking door."  
  
Slowly, her heart pounding, the beautiful teenager reached out a hand  
for the doorknob.  
  
She opened it a crack, and peered out.  
  
"Tony..." she began, but already he had shoved the door wide. Tricia  
slapped a hand over her pubis and wrapped an arm across her breast, looking  
anxiously behind him to make sure nobody was watching. He stood, his eyes roving  
over her slim, petite form.  
  
"Ain't you gonna invite me in? Or do you want me to drag you out here  
and close the door?"  
  
"N-no," she said hurriedly stepping back. "Come inside, please."  
  
He grinned and stepped past her. She pushed the door closed with her  
hip, unwilling to remove her hands from her private parts.  
  
Tony was carrying a plastic shopping bag, which he dropped onto the  
floor. He turned to face the cowering, red-faced girl.  
  
"Glad to see you were sensible enough to do as you were told," he said.  
"Now let me get a look at you. Stand up straight, open your legs and put your  
hands at your sides. Move!"  
  
The last word was shouted like an army drill sergeant, and Tricia jumped  
at the violence in his tone. Slowly, reluctantly, she straightened. Then, her  
face scarlet, she moved her legs apart. Her head hanging in shame she let her  
arms drop to her sides, revealing her feminine charms to her visitor.  
  
Tony gave a low whistle. "Very nice," he said. "Very nice indeed. Pretty  
tits and a great cunt. Turn around and show me your ass."  
  
Tricia obeyed, shuffling around and allowing him a perfect view of her  
lovely, firm bottom.  
  
Slap!  
  
"Ow!"  
  
He brought the flat of his hand down on her rear cheek, making it sting  
terribly. She cowered back from him, instinctively covering the taut, soft flesh  
with her hands.  
  
"Almost perfect," he grinned. "Too much hair on your pussy, though. Go  
shave it."  
  
"What?"  
  
"You heard me. Go shave between your legs. Shave the lot off. That'll  
make you look even more of a slut."  
  
"But I can't..."  
  
Slap!  
  
Once again the man's heavy hand came down on her bare backside, making  
her squeal with pain.  
  
"Just fucking do it!"  
  
Tears welling in her eyes, the beautiful teenager retreated to the  
bathroom. She picked up a razor and foam. She had never contemplated shaving  
down there before. That was something that whores and sluts did, not nice girls  
like her. What would the other girls think if they saw it whilst she was  
changing in the gym? But, once again, she realized that she had no choice but to  
obey. The man and his sister held all the cards in this awful game of  
humiliation.  
  
It took her more than ten minutes to remove every trace of pubic hair.  
When she had finished and rinsed herself down, she stopped in front of the  
mirror.  
  
What she saw made her gap with dismay. Her slit was totally visible now,   
her prominent mons bare and smooth. It felt oddly cool down there, and she  
shivered slightly as she considered the sight she made.  
  
"You done yet, slut? Get your fucking ass in here."  
  
The order sent a chill through the naked youngster. Reluctantly she  
turned away from the mirror and made her way back into the front room.  
  
Tony was lounging on the sofa. On the table in front of him was an open  
six-pack, and he was swigging from a half-empty bottle.  
  
"Get over here, let me see. Spread your fucking legs you whore!"  
  
Tricia moved across to where he was sitting. Every instinct in her body  
told her to cover her newly-denuded sex, but she dare not. She stopped in front  
of him, moving her legs apart, her face scarlet with shame.  
  
"Hmm, not bad," he said. Press your hips forward and open your legs some  
more. You know you love showing off that cunt of yours."  
  
Tricia obeyed, bending her knees slightly and pressing her hips forward,  
so that she knew her clitoris would be visible to him.  
  
He reached out a hand and cupped her sex. Immediately she pulled away  
from him, instinctively trying to protect herself.  
  
Whack!  
  
This time the blow was across her breast, leaving a bright red mark on  
the pale, soft flesh, as she whimpered with the pain.  
  
"Don't shrink away from me you stupid bitch," he said. "Remember, your  
body is mine now to do what I like with. Now get back here."  
  
Tears trickling down her pretty cheeks, the teenager moved forward again  
and resumed the humiliating stance. This time her body jumped as his hand closed  
over her sex, but she stayed where she was.  
  
"This is some fuck-hole," he said.  
  
He protruded a finger and pressed it up inside her. Tricia gasped at the  
sensation. No man had ever touched her there before. What she had told him that  
morning was the truth. She was a virgin, although she masturbated occasionally  
and she knew her hymen was no longer intact.  
  
"Shit that's good," he murmured. Nice thick pussy lips, but a hole as  
tight as a hen's ass. Really nice. In fact that's gonna be your new name."  
  
She looked at him quizzically.  
  
"Cunt," he said, laughing. "That's what you're called now. He twisted  
his finger, bringing another gasp from the naked girl. "Tell me your name."  
  
Tricia didn't speak at first. But when he raised his hand to strike her,  
she swallowed and spoke.  
  
"Cunt," she said.  
  
"Tell me."  
  
My...my name is Cunt." She whispered.  
  
"That's good, Cunt," he said. "Now c'mon, you know you love having a  
finger up there. Show it. Move your fucking hips like the whore you are."  
  
Tricia gave a low moan of despair. How much more would this dreadful man  
ask of her? Slowly she began to gyrate her hips, pressing her vagina down onto  
his hand, forcing his finger deeper inside her.  
  
"That's good," he murmured." Shit, you're starting to get wet, you dirty  
bitch."  
  
Tricia's color increased as she realized he was right. Even now she  
could feel a warm wetness seeping into her sex. Despite her revulsion at what  
she was being forced to do, her body was betraying her by responding to the  
intimate caresses it was being subjected to. She closed her eyes in shame as she  
continued her lewd dance of lust on his penetrating fingers.  
  
"Now, let's lay the ground rules for our relationship," he said.  
  
"Ground rules?"  
  
"Sure. You gotta understand your place around me. Now, for a start, when  
you're anyplace with me alone you must be completely naked. Got that?"  
  
"I... I think so."  
  
"Sure you do. Now if there's more than three other people around, you  
can wear one article of clothing."  
  
"Th-three?"  
  
"Wassamatter. Don't you hear good?"  
  
"But I..."  
  
"The rule's simple. More than three other people, and you can put on one  
thing without asking my permission. Even then I can tell you to take it off. So  
what happens if there's me and three other guys in a room when you arrive?"  
  
"I-I have to be naked."  
  
"And you always sit and stand with your legs open, so guys get a good  
look at your cunt."  
  
"Always?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"I understand."  
  
"Good. Shit you're getting really wet now. Does that idea turn you on,  
Cunt?"  
  
Tricia did not answer. But deep inside she knew she was becoming  
aroused, though why she was at a loss to understand. She continued to thrust her  
hips forward against his hand, aware that her clitoris was swollen now as it  
rubbed against his coarse flesh.  
  
"Second thing is that you do exactly what I tell you," he went on. "And  
you obey instantly. If you hesitate, you get punished."  
  
"Punished?"  
  
"Sure. You ever have your bare ass thrashed?"  
  
"No!"  
  
"Then be a good girl and it won't happen. When your ass has had enough  
I'll thrash these pretty tits of yours. Understand?"  
  
Tricia hung her head. "I understand."  
  
"Good. Now when you're around my friends and naked, you gotta act like  
you're enjoying it."  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"You gotta flaunt it. Make like it's your idea, not mine."  
  
"But people would think I'm..."  
  
"That you're a cheap slut. That's right. "That's the idea. I don't want  
nobody to know it's my idea. I want them to think it's you. Got that?"  
  
"I-I think so."  
  
"And I'm not gonna give you open orders in company," he went on. "The  
key words are,'you know you want to'"  
  
"I don't understand."  
  
"When I say those words, what I'm really saying is that's an order. And  
disobeying orders means you get a thrashing. Now what are the key words?"  
  
"You know you want to."  
  
Tricia's mind was racing. She had always been a good girl, and chaste.  
How could he ask her to take on the role of a woman who went about naked, with a  
shaved pussy? Yet the idea sent an odd thrill through her pretty young body and,  
as he continued to masturbate her, a shiver of arousal ran through her.  
  
Just at that moment, the doorbell rang. Tricia leaped back, away from  
her tormentor, clutching her hands to her private parts once again.  
  
"Oh my god!" she exclaimed. "There's somebody at the door. I'll have to  
put my clothes on."  
  
Whack!  
  
Once again the flat of Tony's hand came down stingingly on her bare  
behind.  
  
"You forgotten the rules already, you stupid whore?"  
  
"B-but there's somebody ringing the bell!"  
  
"Take a look who it is."  
  
Tricia stared at him for a moment. Then she moved across to the door and  
put her eye to the peephole. What she saw made her heart sink. There were two  
men outside the door. Both were in their late twenties, both wearing scruffy  
T-shirts and jeans. One had his head shaved, the other wore long, lank hair.  
  
"It's two men. I've never seen them before. Maybe if we keep quiet  
they'll go away."  
  
"Is one of them bald, with a moustache?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"They're friends of mine. I asked them to meet me here. Let them in."  
  
"But I've got no clothes on!"  
  
"Yeah. And there's only two of them. Remember the rule?"  
  
Tricia's jaw dropped as the full import of what he said came to her. She  
had agreed to his rules without really thinking. Now she was faced with the  
reality of obeying them. She stared at the door, momentarily unable to move.  
  
"And remember who's idea it is to be naked," he said.  
  
Slowly, almost mechanically, Tricia walked to the door. She took hold of  
the handle, then cast a despairing glance back at Tony. The man smiled and  
nodded his head.  
  
Tricia took a last look to see that there was nobody else outside, then  
opened the door. She stood, her arms at her sides, her legs apart, her cheeks  
glowing as she confronted at the two men.  
  
"Fuck me!"  
  
"Holy shit!"  
  
The two men stared in surprise at the naked youngster standing before  
them, her firm breasts jutting forward, her prominent sex open. She could feel  
the moisture that had leaked onto her sex lips as Tony had frigged her, and she  
knew the men could see it.  
  
"Come in guys," said Tony.  
  
The pair stepped in, and Tricia closed the door with some relief. She  
turned to face the men, being careful to keep her legs apart.  
  
"This is my new friend. She's at school with Bella."  
  
"Fuck me, she some kind of exhibitionist?"  
  
"Tell them, baby"  
  
"I-I like being around men in the nude." She said shyly.  
  
"That's fine by us. What's your name?"  
  
Tricia lowered her eyes. "They call me Cunt."  
  
The men laughed aloud. "Fuck me that suits you," said the bald-headed  
man.  
  
"Take a seat boys," said Tony. "Cunt, this is Pete and Hal. You'll find  
she's real hospitable guys. Get the boys a beer, Cunt."  
  
Tricia took two of the beers from Tony's pack and went into the kitchen.  
Once out of sight, she steadied herself against the counter, feeling very dizzy.  
What was she doing? she wondered. What was happening to her? She gazed down at her naked body. She had never felt so humiliated in her life.  
  
"Where's those fucking beers?" shouted Tony.  
  
Tricia pulled an opener from the drawer and flipped the caps off the  
bottles. Then, her face still red, she carried them into the living room.  
  
The two men sat at either end of the sofa. Their eyes traveled hungrily  
over Tricia's breasts and vagina as she walked in. As she handed his beer to the  
long-haired one, who had been introduced as Hal, he reached out and cupped her  
bare breast, his fingers caressing the nipple.  
  
"A chick like you can make a guy real horny," he said.  
  
"That's good," said Tony "Because going about naked makes Cunt horny,  
don't it baby?"  
  
Tricia hesitated, then nodded slowly.  
  
"That's why I brought you a present," said Tony. "Look in the bag."  
  
Tricia stared at him for a moment, then at the bag which was lying at  
his feet.  
  
"Go ahead."  
  
Tricia moved warily across, and bent down to pick up the bag, aware that  
this presented the men with a perfect view of her bare ass. She straightened and  
reached inside, drawing out a long, narrow box.  
  
"Open it."  
  
She pulled off the lid, then her jaw dropped.  
  
Inside was a vibrator.  
  
"Take it out."  
  
Gingerly the frightened youngster picked up the vibrator. It was smooth  
and white, about ten inches long, thick, with a rough rubber hook at the base.  
  
"It's Bella's, but she lent it me. Turn it on."  
  
Tricia had never seen such a device before, let alone held one. She held  
it in her fingertips, as if it were too hot to handle, and turned it over  
slowly. There was an arrow on the base, and she twisted it. At once she almost  
dropped it as it hummed to life in her hands.  
  
"Like it?" said Tony.  
  
"Th-thank you," she said quietly. She turned the device off and went to  
put it down on the table.  
  
"Go on, try it out," said Tony. "I know you're dying to use it."  
  
Tricia stared at him in disbelief. He couldn't be serious surely? She  
wouldn't use a device like that even in the privacy of her bedroom. The thought  
of someone seeing her use it was beyond imagination. Yet, when she looked into  
Tony's face, she could see he was serious.  
  
"Perhaps later," she mumbled.  
  
"No, now," he insisted. You know you want to."  
  
Tricia's heart froze as the words left his lips. This was an order. She  
had to obey on pain of a thrashing. Her heart pounding, she reached down and  
picked up the vibrator.  
  
"C'mon baby, give us a show," said Pete.  
  
"Yeah, fuck yourself with it." Put in Hal  
  
Tricia held the item for a second, fighting down the panic that was  
rising inside her. Then she twisted the base and it hummed into life.  
  
"Open your legs and put it in," said Tony.  
  
Tricia closed her eyes. Then, widening her stance and bending her knees  
slightly, she moved the shiny tip down to her sex.  
  
She gave a tiny start as it came into contact with her clitoris. She  
almost pulled it away, but her fear of Tony was too great. Slowly, gradually,  
she began to press it against the entrance to her vagina.  
  
Tricia gasped as the vibrating object penetrated her. She paused as  
conflicting feelings of revulsion and pleasure fought for her mind.  
  
"Push it up, baby. Right inside."  
  
Hal and Pete were on the edge of their seats now, their eyes glued to  
the naked teenager as she pressed the vibrator deeper into the heat of her  
pussy. Tricia wanted the floor to open and swallow her up as she continued with  
her shameful act, pressing the vibrator further into her.  
  
Then the rough hook at the base came into contact with her clitoris, and  
she gave a sudden cry. Her love bud hardened instantly, and Pete let out a  
guffaw."  
  
"The dirty bitch has got a hard-on in her clit." He laughed. "Go on,  
Cunt, show us how you masturbate."  
  
"Yeah frig yourself good," put in Hal.  
  
Once again Tricia hesitated. And once again she realized she had no  
choice but to obey. Slowly she began to work the vibrator in and out of her  
cunt. As she did so, a wave of lust shook her young body. Every time she pressed  
the object in, the rough object at the base rubbed against her swollen clitoris,  
sending an extraordinary thrill though her naked body, spurring her to press  
harder, her shame momentarily forgotten as her lewd desires overcame her.  
  
"That's it. Go baby go!"  
  
Tricia's mind was a whirl of emotions as she thrust the vibrator back  
and forth inside her vagina. Across the room she caught sight of her reflection  
in the mirror, and a wave of shame ran over her as she saw the slim, naked  
figure hunched forward, her breasts shaking, her knees bent as she rammed the  
sex toy into her. Could that really be her? That brazen slut who was thrusting  
her hips forward against the buzzing plastic object, her mouth open, her  
forehead furrowed as she masturbated for all she was worth?  
  
Her orgasm came suddenly, taking her by surprise at its intensity, her  
entire body shaking with lust as she cried aloud and the men applauded. She  
continued to thrust the vibrator into her, remaining at her peak for what seemed  
ages until, at last, the excitement began to drain from her and her actions  
slowed.  
  
Then she was over it, and the awful enormity of what she had done  
threatened to overwhelm her as she let the vibrator slip from her vagina and  
fall to the floor. Almost overcome with shame she stood, arms at her side, her  
head hanging in disgrace as the laughing men applauded her.  
  
Moments later Hal was on his feet, grabbing her by the arm. His other  
hand closed over her bare breast, mauling it ferociously.  
  
"C'mon babe. What you need is a proper cock inside you."  
  
Tricia stared at him in alarm, trying to pull away from his firm grasp.  
Surely she'd done enough for the pleasure of these rough men? Surely they didn't  
expect her to surrender her virginity as well? She threw a despairing glance ay  
Tony.  
  
"Go on, Cunt," he said." You know you want to."  
  
"But I..."  
  
Tricia's protests were lost as the powerful Hal dragged her into the  
bedroom. He threw her naked body onto the bed and stood, grinning down at her.  
  
"Spread your legs you whore," he said. "I got just what you want."  
  
Tricia watched anxiously as he undid his jeans and freed his cock from  
his pants. I t was the first penis she had ever seen, and she stared at it with  
mounting apprehension. It was thick and stiff, the circumcised tip swollen with  
arousal, a bead of male dew shining as it dribbled from the end. Hal closed his  
hand about his shaft and worked it back and forth.  
  
"This is what sluts like you want, isn't it," he grinned.  
  
Tricia said nothing, struck dumb by the enormity of what was happening.  
She had always imagined herself losing her virginity on her wedding night to a  
man to whom she had pledged her troth. The rough man, who stood over her was  
probably ten years her senior, with a developing beer belly, his arms covered  
with tattoos. The sort of man she would have crossed the road to avoid. Now she  
lay here totally naked, her legs spread invitingly as he knelt between them,  
whilst two other men watched her submit.  
  
Hal grabbed hold of her hips, prostrating himself over her soft, nude  
body. He hadn't even bothered to remove his jeans, and his breath stank of beer  
as he brought his unshaven cheek against hers.  
  
"You ready to fuck, Cunt?" he said. He reached down between his legs and  
took hold of his penis.  
  
Tricia gasped as she felt his glans press against the portals of her  
sex. She wanted to push him away, to end this unwanted, unbidden intimacy.  
Instead she was obliged to spread her legs still wider, only too aware of the  
signal of acquiescence this was giving.  
  
All at once, Hal thrust his hips forward and she felt his stiff rod  
force its way into her. She gave a little cry as he drove his weapon deep into  
her, his grinning face hanging above hers as he took her without thought for her  
own agreement. Once inside he began thrusting urgently into her, his hips  
ramming against hers, shaking her lovely young body with the violence of his  
desire, heedless to her cries as he took his pleasure inside her lovely young  
body.  
  
He was fucking her hard, like an animal, his tongue slobbering over her  
pretty face as he humped her, his rough hands mauling her soft, bare breasts  
whilst he rammed his erection deep within her. Tricia sensed his arousal  
increasing as he screwed her ever harder, his hips hammering against hers.  
  
Then she felt his whole body stiffen, and a grunt escaped his lips as he  
began pumping hot, thick spunk into her open vagina, his cock twitching as his  
climax hit him.  
  
Tricia hadn't meant to come. The orgasm that suddenly shook her young  
body was totally unexpected. All at once she was crying aloud, her body heaving  
in spasms of desire as she came and came again, her back arched, her hips  
thrusting upward against the man who was violating her so roughly.  
  
"Shit, what a whore," said Pete. "Out of the way Hal. I gotta fuck the  
bitch."  
  
Tricia was barely aware of the cock being withdrawn from within her  
pulsating vagina. When Pete thrust his thick member into her she simply accepted  
it, moaning softly as she felt herself forcefully penetrated for a second time.  
  
The second fucking was no less violent than the first, and this time se  
responded animatedly, her hips pumping back and forth as she moaned with desire.  
She knew the men could see how aroused she was, and she could hear Hal and Tony laughing at her as she bucked and heaved under the strong, coarse man who was using her for his pleasure.  
  
When he came, she came, the orgasm even more violent as she reveled in  
the rough treatment of her tormentors.  
  
She must have lost consciousness for a second. When she opened her eyes  
all three men were fully dressed, staring down at her spreadeagled form, the  
spunk trickling form her vagina as she lay there. She had expected that Tony  
would fuck her as well, but he was apparently uninterested, swigging from his  
beer bottle as he sneered at the deflowered teenager.  
  
"You guys had enough of this slut?"  
  
"Sure. Bitch has given me what I want.  
  
"Then let's get the fuck out of here and go and find a drink."  
  
Tricia watched as Hal and Pete wandered back into the front room, her  
face scarlet with shame. She couldn't believe that she had just given herself in  
the most intimate way a woman could. Given herself freely, like some common  
whore to two men who had nothing but contempt for her. She hid her face and  
began sobbing softly.  
  
Tong grabbed her hair and turned her face to his.  
  
"Not a bad start, Cunt. Just make sure you remember the rules."  
  
He strode to the door, then stopped and turned to her.  
  
"By the way, Bella and some of her buddies are going out to a cabin in  
the woods this weekend. You're invited. Should be fun."  
  
With that he led his two companions out of the door, slamming it behind  
him, leaving the naked, humiliated young teenager sobbing with shame on her bed.  
  
  
Part 2  
  
"Tricia!"  
  
The pretty young teenager froze in her tracks, then turned around  
cautiously. She gave a little sigh of relief when she saw the friendly face of  
Steve Sutton standing in the school corridor beside her locker.  
  
"Steve," she said.  
  
"What's the matter, Tricia? For a moment you looked almost scared."  
  
"Oh, nothing. You took me by surprise, that's all."  
  
"I'd have thought a pretty girl like you often got people wanting to  
talk to her."  
  
Tricia smiled. "Flatterer," she said, though she was secretly pleased at  
the compliment from the handsome young student.  
  
"Listen Tricia, I've got movie tickets for tonight," said Steve. "Would  
you like to go with me?:  
  
"Movie tickets?"  
  
Steve looked embarrassed. "Actually I'd planned to go with Tom, but he  
can't make it."  
  
"So I'm second best?"  
  
His face turned a deeper red. "It's not like that. In fact I'd wanted to  
ask you out for a while, but I guess I was afraid you'd say no."  
  
Tricia smiled again. "The only way to find out was to ask me."  
  
"So will you go?"  
  
"Sure."  
  
"Great. I'll pick you up at six. Only I'll be driving my Mom's car so I  
have to be home by nine-thirty."  
  
"That's no problem. See you tonight."  
  
"Great."  
  
Steve lived locally with his parents. Tricia, like many of the students  
at this expensive school, had her own apartment. Her father's job involved  
moving about the country a lot, and his company paid the fees and accommodation  
that allowed her to live away from home. It was the very fact that she was  
attending such an exclusive school that made her anxious to get good grades.  
Anxious enough to have got her into the situation she was in.  
  
Tricia was glad that Steve had invited her out. It gave her a chance to  
forget her predicament, and her behavior on the night before. After the men had  
left, she had lain for more than an hour, turning over and over in her mind what  
had happened to her. She had been defiled by two rough slobs. Had flaunted her  
naked body to them, then had allowed them to fuck her. She was disgusted with  
herself. Yet how had she managed to come three times? What kind of perversions  
lurked deep in her psyche that had allowed her lovely young body to respond to  
her degradation in such a manner? She really couldn't understand it.  
  
"Got a date with Steve then, Cunt?"  
  
Tricia hadn't noticed Bella hanging about near her locker. The girl had  
clearly heard everything. Tricia's heart sank as the dark-haired beauty  
approached her.  
  
"You gonna fuck with him like you did the two guys last night? Sounded  
like quite a party you had at your place."  
  
Tricia felt the heat rise in her cheeks. Damn Tony! How dare he share  
what had happened with his awful sister?  
  
"By the way, you still look great on film."  
  
"What?"  
  
Bella pulled something from an envelope and handed it to Tricia. The  
girl gave a little moan of despair as she looked down at the pictures in her  
hand.  
  
They were of poor quality, and clearly printed from a computer, but  
there was no doubting what the images showed. There stood Tricia, stark naked,  
pounding a vibrator into her shaved pussy, her face a picture of lust. Behind  
were the grinning faces of Hal and Pete.  
  
The second shot showed her lying on her back, her legs spread, her eyes  
fixed on the erect cock in front of her. In the third she was peering red-faced  
over Hal's shoulder, her naked body stretched beneath him.  
  
"Those are just the stills," said Bella. "You should see the video! It's  
amazing how small they make these cameras nowadays!"  
  
Tricia stared at the pictures. Things just seemed to be getting worse.  
  
"So you'll be joining us Saturday," said Bella. And that's not a  
question, it's an order. What's that code Tony uses? You know you want to."  
  
With that she snatched the pictures from Tricia, then turned and walked  
away, leaving the youngster staring after her in dismay.  
  
"How did you enjoy the picture?"  
  
"I liked it"  
  
"You want to get a coffee somewhere?"  
  
"Sure. Let's"  
  
Tricia sat back in the passenger seat of the car, enjoying the ride, and  
the company. Steve had been the perfect host, arriving on time and proving a  
witty and likeable companion. Just for a while the young girl had been able to  
forget her troubles and immerse herself in a good movie. Now, as she glanced  
across at her handsome date, she realized how she had missed the companionship  
of a man during the semester.  
  
They pulled into the parking lot of a coffee house near the center of  
town. Tricia had passed the place before but, since it was a good three miles  
from her apartment, had never been inside. Steve opened the door for her and  
Tricia climbed out. She was wearing a fetching miniskirt and a short blouse that  
showed off her midriff, and she knew that Steve was giving her appreciative  
looks as she walked along beside him  
  
Inside it was well-lit and quite busy, mainly young couples. Steve led  
her over to a booth beside the wall toward the back of the establishment and sat  
down beside her. They ordered their drinks and were soon deep in conversation.  
  
So much was Tricia enjoying herself, that she completely failed to  
notice the dark figure who entered about twenty minutes later. It wasn't until  
he walked up to their table that she noticed him. When she did se him, though,  
it gave her a nasty turn.  
  
"Hello," said Tony.  
  
"Oh!" was her startled reply as she stared into his smiling face.  
  
"Aren't you going to introduce me?"  
  
"Yes. Th-this is Steve. He's at school with me. Steve, this is Tony."  
  
"Hi Steve."  
  
"Hello."  
  
Tricia could see that her date was somewhat taken aback by the presence  
of this older man, who apparently knew Tricia well.  
  
"Mind if I join you?"  
  
"We're leaving pretty soon."  
  
"Don't go yet. Have another coffee with me."  
  
Tony waved an arm. "Three more coffees over here. Now tell me, what have  
you two been up to?"  
  
They told him about the movie whilst the coffees were delivered.  
  
"I must comment on your clothes tonight, Tricia," said Tony.  
  
"Thank you. I... oh god!"  
  
"What's the matter, Tricia?" asked Steve.  
  
"Nothing. I-I need to use the ladies' room."  
  
"Sure."  
  
Steve rose to his feet to let her out of the booth.  
  
Tricia's mind was a whirl as she made her way to the restrooms. It was  
not until Tony had passed the comment that she had remembered the dress rule.  
Only one item of clothing allowed when she was with him. At least there were  
more than three others present but, as she stared at herself in the mirror, she  
knew she had a problem.  
  
How could she possibly only wear one item? She couldn't remove the skirt  
or the blouse. There was no way to obey. Still she must do something.  
  
Slipping into a booth she stripped off her blouse and bra, then replaced  
the top. She reached beneath the skirt and pulled down her pants. It wasn't  
exactly what she had been told to do, but surely he must understand? There was a  
pocket in the side of her skirt, and she slipped her underwear into it, patting  
down the bulge as best she could.  
  
She slipped back into the bathroom and paused before the mirror. The  
blouse she wore clung quite tightly to her skin, and she could see the outline  
of her nipples pressed against the cloth. She hoped it wasn't too obvious.  
Taking a final glance at her reflection, she made her way back into the coffee  
house.  
  
Steve was talking with Tony, but she suspected her date was none too  
pleased with the extra company. As she joined them again, she had a sense of  
Steve staring at her breasts, and she felt the color rise in her cheeks as she  
slid into the booth.  
  
"Hi, again," said Tony. "Your coffee's arrived."  
  
"Thanks," she replied.  
  
At that moment Tony reached across for the sugar and, in doing so  
knocked his wallet, which had been in front of him, onto the floor.  
  
"Damn!" he said. He ducked down under the table to retrieve it. Seconds  
later Tricia gave a start as she felt his hand on her knee. Her immediate  
instinct was to close her legs, but just in time she checked the impulse,  
sitting frozen as she felt Tony's hand slide up her inner thigh under her skirt.  
  
It was all she could do to stop herself exclaiming aloud as his fingers  
found her sex. She squirmed in her seat as his finger penetrated her, twisting  
round inside her sex and sending pulses of unwanted excitement through her  
vibrant young body.  
  
Then, as suddenly as the assault had begun, it was over, and Tony was  
withdrawing his fingers. He rose from beneath the table holding his wallet, a  
smile on his face.  
  
"Can't go losing that," he said. "You okay, babe? You're face looks  
flushed."  
  
Tricia shook her head. "I'm fine."  
  
"Listen Tricia," put in Steve. "I've got to be getting back. I only have  
the car until nine-thirty."  
  
Tricia looked at him with relief. "Sure," she said.  
  
"But she doesn't need to be home yet," interrupted Tony. "Stay and  
finish your coffee."  
  
"But I'm with Steve."  
  
"Steve won't mind. He's got to be getting home anyway. I'm going your  
way."  
  
Tricia looked at Steve. He was clearly no more taken with this plan than  
she was.  
  
"I really should go with Steve..."  
  
"Nonsense. You've hardly touched your coffee. Stay and finish it. You  
know you want to."  
  
The last five words sent a chill through Tricia's body. The last thing  
she wanted was to stay with Tony. But the consequences of disobeying him were  
unthinkable."  
  
"All right," she said reluctantly. "Steve, you don't mind do you? I've  
had a great evening."  
  
Steve clearly did mind, but put on a brave face.  
  
"That's okay, Tricia. I enjoyed it too. Shall we do it again, say this  
weekend?"  
  
"I-I'm sorry, I can't this weekend," said Tricia, glancing at Tony.  
"Maybe next week?"  
  
"Yeah. Yeah okay. Well, goodnight."  
  
Tricia looked at him, hoping he would kiss her, but he turned away.  
  
"Why did you have to do that?" she asked Tony.  
  
He grinned. "You fancy him do you?"  
  
Tricia said nothing.  
  
"Now, about your punishment."  
  
"Punishment?"  
  
"You know the rules. One item of clothing. You've got a blouse and a  
skirt on."  
  
"But what could I do? I didn't know you'd be here."  
  
"You disobeyed me. That's ten strokes on your ass."  
  
"Please. That's just not fair."  
  
"You agreed to the rules. Things are gonna get much worse if you don't  
comply soon."  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"Either the blouse or the skirt has to come off. Right now."  
  
"Don't be ridiculous. This is a public place!"  
  
Tony reached into his jacket pocket and pulled something out. It was an  
oblong package, the size and shape of a video tape. He held it up for her to  
see. It was addressed to her parents' home, and was stamped.  
  
"There's a mailbox just outside. I can have this inside it in thirty  
seconds."  
  
Tricia gasped. "You wouldn't."  
  
"Just watch me."  
  
Tony rose to his feet, bringing a cry from the teenager.  
  
"No! Wait!"  
  
Tony paused. "You gonna obey me?"  
  
Tricia looked about her. Their booth was against the wall at the back of  
the cafe. From her position close to the wall, she was almost hidden. She knew  
she must do something to appease her tormentor.  
  
"All right," she said. "But just for a minute. Just to show I'm obedient."  
  
Tony sat down opposite her and watched her expectantly.  
  
Slowly, Tricia moved her hand down beneath the table and unbuttoned her  
skirt. She slid down the zipper. Then, taking a final glance about her, she  
raised her backside and slipped the skirt down her legs and off. She brought it  
out and placed it on the table, her cheeks glowing.  
  
"There. Satisfied now?"  
  
He grinned. "That's much better, Cunt." He took the skirt and slipped it  
into his jacket.  
  
Tricia watched in some alarm. "I said just for a minute," she said.  
Can't you leave it on the table? Someone might notice I've got nothing on  
underneath."  
  
"So what?" He sat back. "Now tell me, how was your date?"  
  
"It... It was all right."  
  
"Did you tell him about our date last night? How you walked about naked  
with three guys? How you brought yourself off for us, then fucked two strangers,  
one after the other?"  
  
Tricia's cheeks were burning now. "No," she said.  
  
"Pity. How does it feel being bare-assed in here?"  
  
"Horrible."  
  
"Shoulda thought about that before you came out."  
  
He pulled out her skirt again and Tricia reached for it gratefully. But  
instead of giving it to her he began feeling in the pockets. He pulled out her  
bra and panties and held them up to examine them. Tricia looked about in alarm,  
hoping nobody was watching. Then he put them back and pulled a key from the  
other pocket.  
  
"What's this?"  
  
"It's the key to my apartment."  
  
He put it down on the table, then pulled out a ten dollar bill and  
placed it next to the key.  
  
"That should cover the coffees," he said. Then he rose to his feet,  
tucking her skirt back into his jacket.  
  
"Gotta go," he said. "Have a good evening, Cunt."  
  
For a second Tricia thought she had misheard him. Then, as he stepped  
away from the table she felt the panic rise inside her.  
  
"Tony!" she said. But he just walked away.  
  
"Tony!" she shouted. She half rose to her feet, then noticed that people  
were turning and looking in her direction and sat down at once.  
  
Her stomach churned as she watched him walk out of the cafe, taking with  
him her clothes. Now she had nothing but the blouse on, and that didn't even  
come down as far as her navel. She was totally vulnerable. It was like a bad  
dream in which everyone about her was clothed, but she was naked.  
  
Except this wasn't a dream.  
  
She sat, unable to move, staring at the door, hoping against hope that  
he would come back. Ten minutes passed. Twenty. People passed her going to and  
from the restrooms. Thankfully none paid her much attention.  
  
"Are you done Miss?"  
  
The voice made Tricia jump. She looked up to see the waiter standing  
beside the table. She slid forward in her seat, although her lack of clothing  
was hidden from him as long as he stood where he was.  
  
"I-I'm sorry?"  
  
"Can I get you more coffee?"  
  
"N-no. I'm fine."  
  
"Here's your check then."  
  
He placed a piece of paper on the table. Tricia pushed forward the ten  
dollars.  
  
"Pay at the counter on your way out."  
  
"No. I-I mean couldn't I pay you?"  
  
"Sorry Miss, I'm not allowed to handle money. Pay at the counter."  
  
And with that he was gone.  
  
Tricia looked about her anxiously. There were about twenty other people  
in the cafe, nearly all couples. She knew the movie house would turn out soon,  
though, and swell the crowd. What if someone she knew came in? She'd never live  
it down. If only there was a way to sneak out, but the only entrance was at the  
front.  
  
Slowly it began to dawn on her that she had no alternative. She would  
have to walk across to the counter and pay the bill before she could escape. She  
would have to stand up and show to a room full of strangers that her cunt and  
ass were bare. And she would have to do it soon, before even more people came  
in.  
  
She picked up her key from the table and slipped it into a pocket in her  
blouse. Then she gathered the check and the ten dollars. She glanced about her.  
Most of the other customers seemed to be in conversation with their partners.  
Someone was just paying their bill, but there was nobody behind him in the queue  
at the till. With any luck she could be out with not too many people even  
noticing her.  
  
As the man moved away from the till, Tricia took a deep breath. Then she  
rose from her seat and walked as quickly as she could to the counter.  
  
She was about halfway across the room before she saw a head turn her  
way. The man gazed at her in surprise for a moment, then nudged his partner, who  
also turned to look. Tricia felt the heat in her cheeks rise as the pair stared  
at her bare cunt, but she kept moving.  
  
She was nearly at the till when someone rose from a table in front of  
her and moved to the counter. Tricia gave a gasp of dismay as she realized that  
she would have to wait for the couple to pay their bill ahead of her. Around her  
more heads were turning in her direction, and she felt the panic rising inside  
her as the fingers began to point.  
  
She paused behind the man at the counter. He seemed to be having a  
discussion about the bill with the member of staff serving. Tricia felt the  
panic increase as she heard chairs scraping back as other customers stood for a  
better view of her nudity.  
  
As the man in front of her haggled his partner turned to her. At first  
her expression was apologetic. Then her eyes dropped to Tricia's naked sex, and  
her expression was replaced with one of shock. Tricia lowered her eyes, wishing  
this awful nightmare would end.  
  
At last the man in front of her was done. As he turned away, his partner  
nudged him and pointed at Tricia, whose face was bright scarlet by now. The  
teenager moved as close to the counter as she could, concealing her nudity from  
the girl at the till. The whole restaurant was watching now, the waiters  
gathered at the kitchen door, their eyes glued on her bare ass, nudging one  
another and grinning.  
  
Tricia didn't even wait for her change. As she almost ran to the exit,  
cheers broke out and some of the waiters started whistling. At the door, a young  
couple were entering and she was obliged to stand aside for them, noting the  
shock in their expressions as they stared at her. Then, at last, she was out,  
the cheers and whistles ringing in her ears as she hurried down the street.  
  
It was only then that she realized the true seriousness of her position.  
It was about three miles back to her apartment. The street she was on was  
well-lit, with cars passing and other pedestrians about. Even now a man across  
the street was pointing at her, and a passing car sounded its horn.  
  
Tricia looked around. A group of young men was approaching her from in  
front, whilst behind more people were walking in her direction. She glanced  
about her wildly. Just ahead was a dark narrow street, and she ran to it,  
darting down the sidewalk, then pausing, her back pressed against the wall, her  
breath coming in short gasps. The men passed the end of the street without  
looking her way. She gave a sigh of relief.  
  
She began making her way down the street, glancing about her all the  
time. She took a right into another deserted thoroughfare and hurried along it.  
She came to a dark alleyway and slipped into it, her heart pounding.  
  
This would never do. She couldn't get home by ducking down alleyways all  
the time. But what was she to do? She had no way of covering her nudity.  
  
No way of covering herself. Suddenly she felt an odd thrill of  
excitement at that thought. She was exhibiting herself in the most blatant  
manner. She had just stood in a room full of people with her cunt and ass on  
open display. Why had she not tried to cover herself? Surely she couldn't be  
finding her predicament stimulating? Yet even now, as she gazed down at her bare  
pussy, she felt a shiver of perverse excitement run through her.  
  
She moved her hand down between her legs and rubbed her clitoris, giving  
a low moan as she felt how swollen it was. Opening her legs wider, she slipped a  
finger into her vagina, gasping at the lustful sensation. She looked about her.  
At any moment someone might come along and find her there. She thought of Tony's rough friends, who had fucked her so casually and brutally. What if someone like that found her? Her bare cunt was an invitation to rape her, and there would be  
nothing she could do to stop them  
  
"My name is Cunt," she said quietly. Then she leaned her shoulders back  
against the wall, pressing her hips forward and began to masturbate, suddenly  
loving the accessibility her nudity gave her to her sex.  
  
She frigged herself hard, her fingers making a squelching sound in the  
wetness of her vagina. As she masturbated, she fantasized about what would  
happen if she were caught like this, her shaved pussy wet with her juices and on  
view to all.  
  
All at once a pair of bright headlights turned into the street. For a  
moment she was caught in the beams, her back pressed against the wall, her  
finger pounding into her cunt. In a split second she was brought back to the  
reality of her situation, and she snatched her hand away, cowering back. She  
moved further into the alley.  
  
At that moment she saw the car stop right at the entrance to the alley.  
It was a fairly late model car, but had seen better days. As she watched, the  
passenger window rolled down and the driver leaned across.  
  
"You doing business?"  
  
Tricia stayed silent.  
  
"Hey baby, I'm talking to you. You doing business?"  
  
Still she said nothing, her throat dry.  
  
"What about it baby? I got money."  
  
All at once Tricia realized what was happening. The man was  
kerb-crawling. Looking for a prostitute. Having seen her in the alley, he had  
assumed that was what she was.  
  
"No!" she called, retreating into the darkness of the alley. "Go away!"  
  
The driver peered after her for a short time, then pulled away again.  
Tricia watched him go, wondering if he had seen her condition. She had only been  
in his headlights for a moment, so perhaps he hadn't  
  
"Hey Lady, you doing business?"  
  
The words came from behind her. The voice was young, and there was a  
mocking tone to it.  
  
"Yeah, lady. Come do some business with us."  
  
This time the voice was in front of her. Tricia froze, gazing about her.  
Then she felt the panic rise inside her as the figures emerged from the shadows.  
  
"Who is she?"  
  
"Fuck knows. Hey lady, come over here."  
  
As Tricia's eyes slowly became accustomed to the gloom, she began to  
discern them. There were about half a dozen of them, all young boys, around  
sixteen years old, she guessed. Street punks. They came at her from all  
directions. She stood where she was, her heart pounding as they walked up to  
her.  
  
The first to reach her was a dark-haired boy, wearing baggy trousers and  
a basketball shirt. He stopped short in front of her, and his eyes dropped to  
her crotch.  
  
"Shit, she's got no pants on," he said.  
  
"Bullshit. Bring her here under the light."  
  
"C'mon lady. Come show the boys."  
  
He took hold of Tricia's hand, but she pulled it away.  
  
"Leave me alone," she said  
  
Another of the boys had reached her now, his mouth hanging open as he  
stared at her.  
  
"Help me bring her under the light," said the first.  
  
They grabbed hold of Tricia's wrists. They were tough street kids, and  
Tricia found herself being dragged toward a streetlamp at the bottom of the  
alley. The other youngsters were gathering about her now, pushing and prodding  
her as she staggered forward.  
  
Once under the light, the boys gathered about her, their eyes fixed on  
her naked pussy.  
  
"Shit, she's got no hair down there," said one, pointing.  
  
"She must be a whore. My brother told me whores shave down there."  
  
"You a whore, lady?"  
  
Tricia shook her head. "Leave me alone."  
  
"Maybe we should take her down to your dad. He's a policeman isn't he?"  
  
"No!" said the girl fearfully. "Not that!"  
  
"You scared of the police or something?"  
  
"No I..." Tricia's voice trailed off. She knew she shouldn't have shown  
her fear so much. The kids had clearly picked up on it.  
  
"She don't want the police to see her like that," said one of the boys.  
  
"The dark-haired one stepped forward, staring into Tricia's face.  
  
"Show us your tits."  
  
"What?"  
  
"Show us your tits, or we'll take you down to meet Joey's Dad."  
  
"Listen I..."  
  
"Show us!"  
  
"If I show you, will you leave me alone?"  
  
"Show us first."  
  
Tricia felt the resistance drain out of her. Reluctantly she reached up  
and began unbuttoning her blouse. She undid the buttons one by one, pausing when she reached the bottom.  
  
Tricia gazed round at the eager young faces. They were just boys. At  
school she would have dismissed them with a wave of her hand. The idea of baring  
her breasts to them would have been unthinkable. But here, she was decidedly at  
a disadvantage. There were six of them, and only one of her.  
  
"C'mon, let's see them."  
  
Her cheeks glowing, the lovely teenager undid the last button, then  
pulled her blouse open. Her pale, firm breasts jutted forward, the brown nipples  
hard and protruding.  
  
One of the boys giggled. Another whistled. Then a hand reached out and  
closed over the softness of her young breast, squeezing it clumsily. Tricia  
reached up to pull the hand away, but strong fingers grabbed her arms, pulling  
her back against the lamppost.  
  
The boys were all around her now, grabbing and squeezing her breasts.  
Others probed between her legs, fingers penetrating her vagina as the boys  
became bolder. Something hot and slimy splashed onto her belly and she realized  
that one of the boys had his cock in his hand and had been masturbating hard.  
  
A hand slid down the crack of her backside and began to probe her anus.  
More fingers were shoved into her cunt, whilst others were pinching her nipples.  
Tricia felt the panic rise inside her as they groped her naked flesh, crowding  
in on her, their hands everywhere.  
  
"Let's take her to the empty place," said one of the boys. "There's a  
mattress in the cellar. We can fuck her down there."  
  
"No!" she cried, But already more of them were unzipping their pants,  
their stiff cocks protruding from their flies.  
  
Suddenly she saw a light at the top of the alley. It was the car that had  
stopped earlier. It stopped again and she could just make out the figure of the  
man peering through the window.  
  
It was then that she realized this was her one chance to get away. She  
couldn't outrun the youngsters for long, and they would overpower her by sheer  
numbers. The thought of being gang-fucked in a deserted basement by a group of  
young boys was beyond the pale.  
  
As they became more confident with their near- naked captive the boys  
had stopped restraining her arms, taking their opportunity to grab and pinch her  
bare flesh. She braced herself, knowing she would only get one chance.  
  
With a sudden effort she shoved them aside, sending two of the boys  
sprawling. Then she leapt forward and ran toward the car.  
  
"Grab her," shouted one of the boys, but already she had a lead on them.  
  
The car began to move.  
  
"Wait!" shouted Tricia. "You want to do some business?"  
  
The car stopped. The boys were closing on her, but with one final effort  
she lunged for the door, pulling it open and jumping inside.  
  
"You change your mind?"  
  
"Just drive away from here," she begged, pulling her blouse closed  
across her breasts.  
  
The man looked up and saw the youngsters approaching. He gunned the  
throttle and the car sped off down the street.  
  
They drove for about two blocks, then he drew up and turned to Tricia,  
switching on his interior light. For the first time, Tricia could see the man.  
He was in his mid-forties, with balding head. He reminded her of her father.  
  
He looked at her and gave a low whistle.  
  
"Fuck me, you're ready for it aren't you? I thought you was wearing  
tight pants back there, but you're fucking bare-assed. You must need the  
business bad."  
  
"I... I do," said Tricia, lowering her eyes, holding her blouse closed  
across her breasts.  
  
"How old are you? Not much more than eighteen I'll wager. What the fuck  
is a pretty young thing like you doing on the game, and walking about flashing  
her cunt?  
  
Tricia said nothing.  
  
"So how much for a full fuck?"  
  
Tricia's mind was a whirl. She had not the slightest idea what a whore  
would charge for her services.  
  
"Er... Twenty dollars."  
  
"Twenty?"  
  
"All right then, ten."  
  
The man grabbed hold of her hair and turned her face to his.  
  
"Is this some kind of wind-up? What kind of a girl sells herself for ten  
dollars? The going rate around here is seventy. You and those guys are up to  
something aren't you? Now get the fuck out of my car."  
  
"No! No honestly."  
  
"Then how come?"  
  
"I-I've never done anything like this before."  
  
"Even so. You're not telling me you'd do it for ten bucks."  
  
Tricia lowered her head. "I don't need the money," she said.  
  
"You mean you're doing this for kicks?"  
  
"Something like that."  
  
The man gave a low whistle. "Shit! You really are a slut, aren't you?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Ten dollars it is then."  
  
"And we'll do it at my apartment."  
  
Immediately he was suspicious again. "Why your apartment?"  
  
"I can't walk around like this with those boys about."  
  
"What happened to your clothes?"  
  
Tricia thought hard. "I-I took them off."  
  
"Where?"  
  
"In an alley. I can't remember where."  
  
"What?"  
  
"I-I wanted to take a walk like this."  
  
"You like to walk the streets bare-assed?"  
  
"It...Well, it excites me."  
  
"What, you just walk about like that?"  
  
"And... I masturbate."  
  
"What?"  
  
"It-it turns me on"  
  
"Shit, you were masturbating when I first saw you, weren't you?"  
  
Tricia blushed. "Yes."  
  
"Does that make your cunt wet?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
Let me feel. Open your legs."  
  
Tricia looked at him for a moment. Then, reluctantly, she spread her  
legs apart, revealing her hard clitoris, which glistened with moisture. He  
reached across and his hand closed over her sex. Tricia sat stiffly as he slid a  
finger into her.  
  
"Nice, tight little pussy," he said. "When did you lose your virginity?"  
  
"A couple of days ago."  
  
"Tell me about it."  
  
"Two men visited me at my apartment. I was naked when they arrived. I  
masturbated for them with a vibrator, then they both had me in my bedroom."  
  
"Two men? You lost your virginity to two men?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Who were they?"  
  
"I don't know. I'd never met them before. Oh!"  
  
Tricia gave a start as the man twisted his finger inside her vagina.  
  
"Christ you're a slut!" he said.  
  
He removed his finger, and Tricia gave a sigh.  
  
"All right, then" he said. "Your place."  
  
She gave him the address and they moved off.  
  
As he drove, he glanced down at her crotch. "Why don't you frig yourself  
on the way back?" Tricia blushed. "Must I?"  
  
"Sure. You love it don't you?"  
  
"All right."  
  
"Put your feet up on the fascia," he said.  
  
Tricia hesitated for a moment, then obeyed, placing her feet apart, her  
sex wide open.  
  
"Stop holding your blouse shut. Let me see your tits."  
  
Tricia obeyed.  
  
"Go on then," he said. "Play with yourself."  
  
Tricia gazed down at her open crotch. Then, slowly, she slid a hand down  
and allowed her fingers to brush against her clitoris. As soon as she touched  
the sensitive bud, a shiver of lust ran through her. She could scarcely believe  
that this could be turning her on, sitting beside a man old enough to be her  
father, her legs spread wide, her fingers probing her pussy as he drove her  
through the city.  
  
It took all of Tricia's self-control to prevent herself having an orgasm  
during the journey home. If she hadn't had to frequently interrupt her  
ministrations to give directions she surely would have done. By the time they  
pulled up outside her apartment block she was in a state of high arousal, her  
cunt flowing with her juices.  
  
"Hey, this is a smart area," remarked her companion. "You weren't  
kidding about not needing the money."  
  
The sight of the familiar surroundings brought Tricia back to earth with  
a bump. Suddenly she was in a place where people might recognize her. She pulled  
her fingers from her crotch and reached up to button her blouse. It was late,  
but still there may be someone around and she gazed about herself nervously.  
  
"We going inside?" he asked.  
  
"Yes... Yes I guess so. I just don't want anyone to see me like this."  
  
"I thought that was the idea. I thought it turned you on."  
  
"But these are people who know me."  
  
"And you'd prefer strangers?"  
  
Tricia did not reply. She suddenly felt very ashamed of her behavior  
that evening, and she wished she could be left alone. She glanced at the man  
beside her, and her stomach knotted as she realized he would soon be fucking  
her. What kind of a girl was she becoming?  
  
He climbed out of the car and walked round to open her door. Taking a  
final look about herself, Tricia climbed out. It felt odd to feel the cool  
evening air about her shaved crotch and she shivered slightly as she made her  
way to the entrance.  
  
To Tricia's relief there was nobody about, and an elevator was waiting,  
its doors open. They traveled up in silence, with the youngster anxiously  
counting the floors up to her own.  
  
By the time she reached the door of her apartment, Tricia's heart was  
beating hard. She turned the key in the lock and pushed the door open. She was  
surprised to find the light on inside. Normally she was careful to turn it off  
before going out. She let the man in, then closed the door.  
  
"Where do you want me?" she asked.  
  
"There you are, Cunt. I've been wondering what happened to you."  
  
"Wha..."  
  
Tricia swung round. There, sitting on her sofa, a bottle of beer in his  
hand, sat Tony.  
  
"How did you get in here?"  
  
"I borrowed your spare key the other night. You don't mind do you? Who's  
your friend?"  
  
The man eyed Tony suspiciously.  
  
"Who the fuck is that? This had better not be a setup."  
  
"Don't worry," replied Tony. "I'm just her kind of guardian. I'm  
supposed to look after her morals, but I don't think the slut has any."  
  
"Why are you here, Tony?" asked Tricia. "I think you should leave?"  
  
"You seem to have forgotten the first rule of our relationship," replied  
Tony, gazing at her blouse.  
  
"Oh! Look, can't we just..."  
  
"You want me to go out to the mailbox?"  
  
"No!" Tricia began fumbling with the buttons on her blouse, undoing them  
as quickly as she could. As she did so, the other man watched in disbelief. She  
reached the bottom and stripped off the garment, letting it drop to the carpet.  
  
"What the fuck..."  
  
"Don't mind her," said Tony. "She just likes being around guys in the  
nude. Don't you, Cunt?"  
  
Tricia nodded her head dumbly.  
  
"Now I gotta get down to business, Cunt," said Tony. "You've got a  
punishment coming haven't you?"  
  
Tricia looked at him in disbelief. Surely he had humiliated her enough  
this evening? Surely she was entitled to some respite after the ordeal she had  
been through? He couldn't be serious, could he?  
  
"Punishment?" The man sounded intrigued as he ran his eyes over the  
teenager's naked body. "What's it for?"  
  
"You've seen the way she behaves. Going about the streets bare-assed.  
Frigging herself. Picking up strangers like a common whore."  
  
"So what's the punishment?"  
  
"Tell him, Cunt."  
  
"Look Tony. I'm sorry if I was disobedient. I'll do anything you ask of  
me."  
  
"What's the punishment?"  
  
She hung her head. "Ten strokes," she whispered.  
  
"Good." Tony turned to the man. "You wanna help with this?"  
  
The man grinned. "Sure."  
  
"You can hold her while I give her the first five. Then we'll change  
around."  
  
"Great."  
  
Tricia could scarcely believe what she was hearing. Why was everyone so  
cruel? Why did they enjoy degrading her like this? What had she done? She wasn't  
really bad was she? Then she thought of the thrill she had got masturbating in  
the alley, and her cheeks glowed with shame. Perhaps she did deserve it.  
  
"Come over and stand by the table," ordered Tony.  
  
Keeping her eyes fixed on the ground, the young beauty obeyed, conscious  
of the delicious way her bare breasts bounced with every step.  
  
Tony raised his hand, and Tricia's blood ran cold as she saw he was  
holding a cane. It was made of bamboo, about three feet long, and no thicker  
than a pencil. He held it up in front of her face.  
  
"Kiss it," he ordered.  
  
Slowly the naked girl placed her lips against the cold, hard cane.  
  
"Lean forward over the table."  
  
Tricia shot him a last, despairing look, but there was no hint of mercy  
in his eyes. She glanced across at the other man who was standing, his hands on  
his hips, an expression of amusement on his face.  
  
Tricia moved forward until the edge of the table was pressing against  
her shaved pubis. Then she leaned forward, prostrating herself. He breasts  
pressed down against the hard table top, the coolness making her nipples harden.  
Then, unbidden, she spread her legs apart, affording the two men a perfect view  
of her anus and the slit of her cunt.  
  
Stretch your arms forward," ordered Tony. He turned to the man. "Go  
around and grab hold of her wrists," he said.  
  
The man moved round the table, taking Tricia's wrists in a strong grip.  
He held her so hard that it hurt, but the naked girl scarcely noticed as she  
watched Tony draw back the cane.  
  
Swish! Whack!  
  
The cane came down with incredible violence across Tricia's bare ass  
cheeks, cutting into the soft flesh and leaving a white stripe that quickly  
darkened to an angry red. The pain was intense, and the girl gritted her teeth  
as it coursed through her.  
  
Swish! Whack!  
  
She had scarcely recovered from the shock of the first blow when the  
cane fell again, this time striking her across the top of her legs, making her  
bite her lips with the excruciating pain  
  
Swish! Whack!  
  
Tony was wielding the cane with extraordinary force, the blow thrusting  
Tricia's body forward against the unyielding table.  
  
Swish! Whack!  
  
She was struggling now, desperate to break away from the hands that held  
her so tight, Wanting to cover her bare ass with her hands and ward off the  
blows. But he merely tightened his grip, heedless to her whimpers as Tony drew  
back his arm once more  
  
Swish! Whack!  
  
This time Tricia cried aloud as the cane fell across her soft, pale  
flesh stinging with the pain of a thousand wasps. Her body was shaking with the  
pain of the beating as the tears ran down her cheeks.  
  
Tony put the cane down on the table beside her, running a finger along  
one of the red stripes that now decorated her lovely behind, making her flinch  
as his finger traced the wound.  
  
"Your turn," he said.  
  
"No, please. No more!" begged Tricia. She watched through tear-blurred  
eyes as Tony moved to the end of the table and took hold of her wrists.  
"Please?" she whimpered again.  
  
"Make sure it's hard," said Tony." We gotta teach the bitch a lesson."  
  
"Don't worry. I've got a daughter her age, and I know what I'd do if I  
found her behaving the way this little slut does."  
  
Tricia shut her eyes tight and braced herself as he raised the cane.  
  
Swish! Whack!  
  
His aim was true, the fresh stripe crossing two already laid by Tony,  
bringing another wave of excruciating pain to the sobbing youngster.  
  
"Swish! Whack!  
  
This time the cane was high on her exposed backside, slamming into the  
bare flesh and thrusting her forward against the unyielding table.  
  
Swish! Whack!  
  
Tricia felt sure that the thin, whippy cane must break her skin soon,  
such was the force with which it was being wielded. She had never known such  
agony, her body wracked with sobs as she pulled in vain against Tony's iron  
grip.  
  
Swish! Whack!  
  
In her vain attempts to avoid the cane, Tricia twisted her hips  
sideways, only to receive a mighty blow across her thigh, planting a new stripe  
on her bare, pale flesh.  
  
Swish! Whack!  
  
The final blow fell with undiminished force, bringing a new squeal of  
agony from the young beauty as it hit her.  
  
Then it was over, and Tony released her wrists. Tricia lay where she  
was, her body heaving with sobs, her tears forming a pool on the table beside  
her cheek.  
  
Then there was a new sensation, as the man brought the cane up between  
her legs, running the rough edge of the bamboo along the length of her open  
slit, moving it back and forth with a sawing motion that sent shivers of  
excitement through the naked girl.  
  
"Look at that. She's wet as hell," commented the man.  
  
Tricia brushed her tears aside and looked at the rod, which the man was  
holding out. Sure enough it was glistening with her cunt juices. She couldn't  
still be turned on, could she? Not after that cruel beating.  
  
"Lick it clean," ordered the man. He held the cane under Tricia's nose,  
so she could smell the scent of her own arousal. Reluctantly she protruded her  
tongue. Her juices tasted strangely bitter, but she licked every inch of the  
cane until they were gone.  
  
"You wanna fuck the little whore now?" asked Tony.  
  
"That okay with you?"  
  
"Sure. Use her. She's hot for it, aren't you baby? You know you want  
to."  
  
Tricia listened to this exchange in silence. It was as if all control of  
her body had been lost to Tony now, and she was beginning to lose the will to  
question him. If he ordered her to fuck, what business was it of hers to refuse?  
  
She began to raise herself from the table but, to her surprise, she felt  
a hand pushing her back down.  
  
"Just stay like that. I got all the access to your cunt I need."  
  
Almost automatically, Tricia felt herself widen her stance. As she did  
so, it occurred to her the metamorphosis that had occurred to her in such a  
short time. A week ago she would have been fighting this man off and crying  
rape. Now she was just concerned to give him the access he required.  
  
She heard the sound of a zip being pulled down and glanced behind her.  
His cock was stiff as a ramrod, rising out of his trousers, the circumcised tip  
bobbing up and down. He took her hand and guided it down to his erect member,  
Her fingers were still shaking with shock at the brutality of the beating she  
had received, but she managed to grip his shaft, noting the heat and the  
throbbing within his stiff member as she instinctively moved his foreskin back  
and forth.  
  
"Put it inside, baby," he said quietly.  
  
Tricia opened her legs still wider and pressed her lovely backside back  
and up. Then she guided the end of his penis to the entrance of her sex. She  
gritted her teeth as she began to press him into her, grateful for the wetness  
that flooded her cunt. She gave a low moan as she felt him slip into her, her  
sex muscles convulsing about his shaft as he drove deeper.  
  
"Ah!"  
  
She couldn't suppress a gasp of pain as the rough material of his pants  
came into contact with the red rawness of her recently-thrashed behind. The  
memory of the pain flowed back through her, and the tears welled up in her eyes.  
Still she felt a shudder of lust shake her beautiful, naked body as he began to  
thrust into her.  
  
He took her at his leisure, his cock sliding back and forth inside her  
as he enjoyed the tightness of her young pussy. Tricia simply gasped and moaned  
with every thrust of his hips, the mixture of pain, pleasure and humiliation  
suddenly seeming very erotic to the teenager. She looked up to see Tony watching  
her, an expression of amusement on his face as she debased herself before him.  
Tricia felt an overwhelming sense of shame as she thought of what she was doing,  
how she was letting a man whose name she didn't even know use her naked body for his own carnal pleasures. Then she closed her eyes and concentrated on the  
exquisite sensations his fucking was bringing to her.  
  
She could sense his arousal increase as he pumped his rampant member  
into her sopping cunt, and her own excitement began to grow. She found herself  
pressing her backside back against him, oblivious to the pain as she urged him  
deeper and deeper inside her. It was as if her whole body had become her vagina,  
and that she was simply a depository for his cock.  
  
He was fucking her hard now, his thrusts banging her hips against the  
table, his strong hands grasping her thighs as if she were nothing more than a  
sex doll. Then his grip tightened, making her squeal with pain as his fingers  
dug into her soft flesh.  
  
All at once he was coming, his cock jerking as he pumped hot, thick  
spunk into Tricia's cunt. The girl thrust back against him, then cried aloud as  
her own orgasm shook her, her sex walls contracting about his throbbing dick as  
she sucked in his sperm, every spurt bringing her to new highs of sordid  
pleasure.  
  
At last he was slowing, grunting with satisfaction as he spent himself  
inside her. Tricia sensed his passion cooling, and began to relax herself,  
slumping over the table, lying passively as his passion subsided.  
  
He slid his cock from inside her and took a step back. Tricia  
straightened, wincing at the pain in her behind, and turned to face him, her  
arms hanging at her side, her cheeks red with embarrassment.  
  
"Fuck me, you enjoyed that as much as I did," he remarked, grinning.  
"Well, I gotta go. I'm just passing through and I need to find a place to stay."  
  
"Nonsense," said Tony. "You can sleep in Cunt's bed. She'd enjoy that."  
  
Tricia glanced at Tony in amazement. She had been looking forward to  
getting rid of these two, and to the comfort of her own bed. Now, glancing at  
the look in the man's eyes, she knew she was in for a night of debauchery.  
  
"Shit, that sounds good," said the man. "Where's the shower? I'll just  
clean up, then we'll see how good she is at sucking cock."  
  
  
Part 3  
  
"Get me some more coffee."  
  
The man held out his empty cup to Tricia, who took it and refilled it  
from the pot on the stove. As she handed it to the man, he grabbed her wrist,  
pulling her closer to him. He ran his hand over her bare breast, then moved it  
down between her legs, sliding a finger into her vagina, watching with obvious  
amusement as a shudder ran through his naked companion.  
  
When he pulled out his finger, it was coated with a sheen of his own  
spunk. He held it up under Tricia's nose.  
  
"Lick that clean."  
  
Reluctantly Tricia took his finger into her mouth, sucking off the  
bitter fluid.  
  
"Any more toast?" he asked.  
  
"Yes."  
  
She turned to the stove, only too aware that she was presenting him with  
a clear view of the dark, angry stripes that criss-crossed her backside and  
upper legs. She wished desperately that he would leave and allow her to put some  
clothes on. It was now nearly half a day since her crotch had been covered, and  
the continued exposure to his hungry eyes was becoming too much for the modest  
youngster.  
  
It had been a far from restful night. After his shower she had, indeed,  
been obliged to suck him off, swallowing down his seed as it pumped from his  
rampant cock. After that he had made her masturbate with her fingers, then with  
Tony's empty beer bottle and finally with the vibrator. Then he had fucked her  
again, before settling down for the night in her bed, with the naked youngster  
curled up on the floor beside it.  
  
He had woken in the early hours and fallen on her, pinning her to the  
ground whilst he forced his stiff penis inside her once again. Then, in the  
morning, when she had woken him with a coffee, he had pulled her down onto the  
bed and used her yet again.  
  
Now, as she served his breakfast, a trickle of semen running down her  
thigh, the youngster glanced at the clock. If he didn't leave soon she would be  
late for school.  
  
All at once the door to the apartment opened, and Tricia glanced round  
in surprise, instinctively covering her breasts and sex as best she could. It  
was Tony. Who else had a key to her apartment? Then a cold feeling gripped the  
naked teenager as she realized that he had brought his sister with him.  
  
Tricia stood, her face crimson, as the dark-haired girl walked into the  
kitchen and surveyed the scene. There, seated at the table, enjoying his  
breakfast, sat a man old enough to be Tricia's father. And here she was, stark  
naked, her pussy denuded of hair, spunk running down her thighs, waiting upon  
him.  
  
Bella giggled. "The perfect hostess," she remarked. "Tony told me you'd  
shaved your cunt. Makes you look even more of a slut."  
  
"Get us some coffee, Cunt," ordered Tony  
  
Fighting down the urge to run and hide in the bedroom, Tricia reached  
into the cupboard and pulled out two cups. She filled them from the coffee pot  
and took them to Bella and Tony, who had seated themselves at the table. Bella  
giggled at the sight of her naked schoolmate, nudging Tony and whispering to  
him. As Tricia reached the table the dark-haired girl reached out and took her  
nipple between finger and thumb, pinching it hard and bringing a cry of pain  
from the youngster, to the obvious amusement of the two men.  
  
"How many times did you get fucked last night, Cunt?" asked Bella.  
  
"F-four," stammered the young beauty.  
  
"And did you come?"  
  
Tricia hung her head. "Yes," she whispered.  
  
"Whore!"  
  
Tricia was obliged to stand and watch, her hands at her side, her legs  
spread whilst the three of them finished their coffee. She hated being there,  
exposed to them all. Most of all, though, she hated Bella seeing her  
humiliation, especially since the evidence of her fucking was visible as a shiny  
streak down the pale, soft flesh of her thigh.  
  
At last her nighttime companion rose to his feet.  
  
"Gotta go and get some work done," he announced. He crooked his finger.  
"Come here, slut."  
  
Tricia approached him warily, aware of the grinning pair at the table  
who were watching the tableau with interest. The man reached out and took hold  
of Tricia's exquisite breasts, squeezing them gently and making the nipples  
stiffen to solid buds.  
  
"I gotta fuck you one more time, you dirty little whore," he said. "Go  
lie on the coffee table and spread your legs."  
  
Tricia stared at him in dismay. Hadn't he used her enough? Then she  
looked across at the brother and sister, and her dismay turned to alarm. She  
couldn't let Bella watch her being violated, could she? It was bad enough that  
Tony had seen her surrender herself to this man, but somehow the thought of  
Bella watching seemed much worse.  
  
"I... Couldn't we go into the bedroom," she pleaded.  
  
"Just get your pretty ass on that table before I ask Tony to plant some  
fresh stripes across it."  
  
Tricia looked at Bella, who smiled evilly.  
  
"Go on, Cunt," she said. "You know you want to."  
  
Tricia opened her mouth to reply, then her shoulders slumped in a  
gesture of surrender. Her cheeks scarlet, she walked across to the low table in  
front of the sofa. She sat down on it, then leaned back, the wood feeling cool  
and hard against her naked flesh. Only too aware of the three pairs of eyes upon  
her, she moved her body forward until her backside hung over the end of the  
table, then spread her legs wide.  
  
"Christ, she wants it bad," giggled Bella.  
  
Tricia watched anxiously as the man moved across to where she had  
prostrated herself. He knelt between her spread thighs, his eyes fixed on her  
cunt. He reached down and pulled his fly open. His cock was already hard and, as  
he freed it from his pants, it stood stiffly to attention, the tip bobbing up  
and down. Tricia could see that Bella was fascinated by the sight of an erect  
cock. She wondered if the girl had ever seen one before. For herself, she had  
already seen too many. Still it was with a shiver of anticipation that she  
reached out and grasped his thick shaft, feeling it throb with arousal as she  
guided it between her spread thighs.  
  
The fuck was short, almost as if the man were relieving himself of an  
itch rather than making love to a beautiful teenager. Still Tricia achieved  
orgasm, her butt rising up from the table as she groaned with passion, her  
lovely breasts shaking deliciously.  
  
The man pulled his cock from her and tucked it into his pants. He pulled  
on his coat. Then, reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a ten-dollar bill.  
  
He tossed the note down onto Tricia's bare pussy mound.  
  
"There you are, ten dollars, as promised. Your first earnings as a  
whore."  
  
With that he turned and went out of the door, leaving it wide open so  
that anyone passing could have seen Tricia, her legs still spread as she lay on  
the low table.  
  
Grabbing hold of the bill, Tricia jumped to her feet and slammed the  
door. Then she turned shamefaced to the brother and sister.  
  
"I'll take the ten bucks," said Tony. "It'll pay me back for the coffees  
last night."  
  
"Ten dollars, eh?" said Bella. "Not just a whore, a cheap whore."  
  
"M-may I put some clothes on please?" Tricia asked Tony. "I'm going to  
be late for school."  
  
"As long as you obey my rule. Get a move on and I'll give you both a  
ride."  
  
Tricia rushed into her bedroom. She knew she was allowed only one item  
of clothing, and she searched in her closet for a dress that was at least  
reasonably modest. She chose one that buttoned down the front and was not too  
tight, so that her lack of a bra was not immediately obvious. She was still  
fastening the buttons as she rushed out after Tony and Bella, who were already  
on the way to the car.  
  
During the short journey to school, the brother and sister discussed  
what they had just witnessed as if Tricia wasn't even there. They talked about  
her bare pussy and how her tits had jiggled as she was being fucked, laughing  
and waving the ten-dollar bill in her face. Tricia sat silent throughout the  
journey, her face scarlet with shame.  
  
As they climbed from Tony's car, Bella took Tricia by the arm.  
  
"Don't forget, be at my place at ten tomorrow morning. And don't bring  
any clothes with you. You won't be needing them."  
  
Tricia watched the girl walk away with a sinking heart. Whatever Bella  
had planned for the youngster, she knew she would be further humiliated.  
  
"Hey, Tricia."  
  
"Oh, Steve. Listen, about last night..."  
  
"Forget it. I just wish I didn't have to get home so early. I didn't  
know you were friendly with Bella."  
  
"I'm not particularly."  
  
"Wasn't that her you were talking to just now?"  
  
"Yes, well, she was just asking me something."  
  
Tricia was pleased that Steve was not too upset about the night before.  
She liked him and wished they could have a proper relationship. The trouble was  
that the other, darker side of her life seemed to overshadow everything at the  
moment.  
  
"So what do you want to do next week?" asked Steve."  
  
"I don't know. I..."  
  
Suddenly Tricia stopped short. She could feel a gob of spunk seeping  
from her vagina onto her inner thigh. It was trickling down her leg. Any moment  
now Steve would see it. Then what would he think of her?  
  
"Excuse me, Steve, I have to go," she said, feeling the heat rising in  
her cheeks.  
  
"But you haven't answered my question. Is something wrong, Tricia?"  
  
"No. I-I just have to go."  
  
The hapless teenager could feel more of her overnight guest's sperm  
seeping from her. If Steve saw it she knew she would die of shame. She backed  
away, then turned and headed for the girls' washroom. She daren't walk too fast  
for fear of dislodging more of the cold slimy fluid that ran down her leg.  
  
As she hurried into the bathroom she came face to face with two other  
girls. She hurried past them.  
  
"What's that on your leg, Tricia?" one of them called, but she had  
already slammed the door of the cubicle. She lifted her skirt. Her cunt was  
dripping with the creamy fluid. With no panties on, there was nothing to stop it  
oozing out of her. With a cry of shame she began to wipe herself. Then she sat  
down and wept for her lost innocence.  
  
"Who the fuck's she?"  
  
"What did you invite that little bitch for?"  
  
The remarks that greeted Tricia when she arrived at Bella's house on  
Saturday morning did little to encourage her. There were five other girls with  
Bella. Tricia did not know any of them, but all were dressed in designer clothes  
and the cars parked in Bella's extensive driveway were all expensive models.  
  
Tricia had never been to Bella's house before, and she was astounded at  
its size and opulence. It was in a very exclusive area, with a long, sweeping  
driveway and impressive gates. The youngster felt very out of place among these  
obviously well-off people.  
  
In one way, Tricia was glad she didn't know Bella's friends. She dreaded  
anyone she knew finding out about her alter ego. All her schoolmates thought of  
her as a quiet, studious girl. Certainly none would ever suspect that she was no  
longer a virgin, nor the shameless way in which she shaved her sex. Still, she  
felt very intimidated by these rich, haughty girls as they eyed her with  
scarcely hidden disdain  
  
"She's not coming with us, is she?" asked one of the girls.  
  
"Sure she is," said Bella. "Little bitch should give us some fun. Tell  
them your nickname."  
  
Tricia immediately felt her cheeks glow.  
  
"They call me Cunt," she said quietly.  
  
There was a ripple of laughter from the girls. "What?" said one of them.  
  
"It's true," said Bella. That's the name she answers to. Don't you Cunt?"  
  
Tricia nodded.  
  
"Well I think it's a dirty name," said another of the girls, wrinkling  
her nose in disgust.  
  
"That's why it suits her. Come on, let's go to my bedroom whilst I pack.  
Tony's upstairs Cunt. He wants to see you."  
  
A cold feeling gripped Tricia's stomach. She had hoped against hope to  
avoid Tony, but clearly in vain.  
  
"Come on, I'll show you where his room is," said Bella.  
  
The girls all trooped upstairs, with Tricia at the back. She followed  
them down a corridor. Bella opened a door.  
  
"This is my room," she announced. "Tony's is down there." She pointed to  
a door further down the passage. "Make sure you're dressed right for him."  
  
These words brought a new knot to Tricia's stomach she moved on down the  
corridor and paused outside the door. The other girls were lingering outside  
Bella's room watching her. She was at a loss what to do. She was wearing jeans  
and a white shirt, with bra and pants underneath. She knew she would incur  
Tony's wrath if she went in like that.  
  
"Come on. I'll show you my new scent," said Bella.  
  
To Tricia's relief, the other girls followed her into the room. The lovely teenager glanced about herself, then began to undress.  
  
She slipped off her shirt, then undid her jeans and pulled them off.  
Standing there in her underwear she was very nervous indeed, especially as she  
could clearly hear the voices coming from Bella's room. If one of the girls so  
much as glanced outside they would see her.  
  
Tricia gritted her teeth, then reached behind her and undid her bra,  
uncovering her beautiful, soft breasts, her pert nipples hardening as the  
exposure sent an unexpected thrill through her. Quickly she slipped off her  
panties and dropped them on top of her discarded clothes. Then, taking a deep   
breath, she knocked on Tony's door.  
  
For what seemed a lifetime there was silence. Tricia stood, almost  
shaking with fear, afraid that at any moment one of the girls would come out and  
see her standing naked in the passageway. Then, at last, she heard Tony's voice.  
  
"Come."  
  
Feeling very foolish and vulnerable, she pushed open Tony's door. He was  
slumped in a chair in front of a TV, a beer in his hand. He looked up and  
grinned.  
  
"So, Cunt. I see you're learning the rules."  
  
Tricia hung her head in shame. "Bella said you wanted to see me," she  
said.  
  
"Sure And I'm certainly seeing a lot of you," he laughed. I've almost  
forgotten what you look like without your tits and cunt bare. Open your legs and  
let me see your slit properly.  
  
Her face scarlet, Tricia obeyed, letting her hands hang at her side. She  
could feel the wetness beginning to seep into her vagina as she felt Tony's eyes  
on her naked body. Tony seemed to sense her perverse excitement.  
  
"Finger yourself," he said.  
  
"What?"  
  
"You heard me. Finger that pretty little cunt of yours. Hurry up, or  
I'll have to punish you."  
  
Tricia groaned inwardly. Would there never be an end to this  
degradation? Slowly, reluctantly, she moved her hand down over her pubic mound.  
She froze for a second, then allowed the tip of her forefinger to rub against  
her clitoris. At once she felt it swell, and shiver ran through her. She rubbed  
it for a second more, then moved her hand lower and let a finger slip into her  
vagina. It felt warm inside, and already she could feel her cunt juices  
beginning to flow in response to her touch.  
  
"C'mon. Frig yourself."  
  
Dropping her eyes from his, the beautiful girl began to masturbate,  
aware of the delicious way in which her breasts bounced as she worked her finger  
in and out.  
  
"Play with your tits as well. Make those pretty nipples stand out."  
  
Tricia reached up and cupped the softness of her breast. She allowed her  
fingers to travel higher, taking the nipple between finger and thumb and  
caressing it gently, feeling it pucker to hardness as she tried to fight down  
the lustful sensation it was bringing to her.  
  
All at once there was a knock at the door. Immediately Tricia snatched  
her hands away, covering her nudity with her hands as best she could.  
  
"Tony?"  
  
It was Bella's voice.  
  
"Don't stop, Cunt," he said.  
  
"But I..."  
  
"You deaf or something? I said don't stop."  
  
Tricia looked pleadingly at him, but he just glared. Slowly she slipped  
the finger back inside her and began to play with herself again.  
  
"And your tits."  
  
Tricia felt the tears welling up behind her eyes as she reached for her  
breast and began to caress it.  
  
"Come in, Sis!"  
  
The door opened and Bella walked in. Tricia was facing the door, her  
knees slightly bent, her finger pumping back and forth inside her whilst her  
other hand continued to toy with her breast.  
  
Bella took one look and let out a laugh. "Fuck me, she doesn't take long  
to get started, does she?"  
  
Tricia said nothing, her eyes cast down as she continued to masturbate.  
  
"I brought this," said Bella, dropping something onto a chair. She  
stood, hands on hips, watching Tricia for a short time.  
  
"Maybe I should bring in the other girls to watch," she remarked.  
  
Tricia wanted to shout "No". but dare not.  
  
"No time though," she said. "We're leaving in five minutes. Leave your  
pussy alone, Cunt and get a move on."  
  
With that she went out, leaving Tricia alone with Tony once more.  
  
"You heard her, bitch," said Tony. You don't want to be late, do you?"  
  
Tricia withdrew her finger. It was very wet.  
  
"Lick it clean," ordered Tony.  
  
Once again Tricia was forced to taste her own juices, as she sucked them  
from her fingers, astounded at how moist the short period of masturbation had  
made her.  
  
"Better get dressed," he said.  
  
"I'll get my clothes," said Tricia, making for the door.  
  
"No need," said Tony. "Bella's brought your outfit." He pointed to the  
chair.  
  
Tricia moved across to the chair. There, lying on it, was something  
small. She picked it up.  
  
It looked to her like a nightdress. It was extremely small and short,  
made of shiny purple satin.  
  
"Put it on. Hurry up."  
  
"But my clothes..."  
  
"Are probably locked in Bella's closet by now. So it's this or nothing."  
  
Tricia looked at the insubstantial garment.  
  
"Get a fucking move on!"  
  
She pulled the dress over her head and yanked it down. It was indeed  
very small, and it clung to her like a second skin. She managed to pull the hem  
down below her crotch, but she knew she would have to be careful to prevent the  
dress riding up. There was a mirror on the wall, and she paused in front of it,  
giving a soft moan of dismay as she eyed her reflection.  
  
The straps of the dress were very thin. It clung tightly to her breasts,  
the nipples clearly outlined, making it obvious to anyone that she wore no bra.  
It was molded to her hips, accentuating the shape of her pert bottom. Once again  
she noted the lack of any panty line showing through it. It was almost as if she  
were naked. Even her navel was obvious where the thin material covered it.  
  
"Very nice," said Tony. "It was one of Bella's old nighties. Of course  
she used to wear pants with it, but then, she's not a slut, is she?  
  
Tricia just stared at herself. She had never looked so slutty, the  
material clinging tight to her naked flesh, her crotch barely covered by the  
skirt.  
  
A horn sounded outside.  
  
"Better hurry up, Cunt. You don't want Bella to be mad at you, do you?"  
  
Tricia wanted to protest, but when she saw the look in his eyes she knew  
she dare not. Her cheeks burning, she made her way downstairs, pulling the hem  
of the dress down as best she could as she made her way out into the driveway.  
  
Bella was standing beside a brand new minivan parked outside the front  
door. The other girls were all sitting inside. When they saw her they burst out  
laughing.  
  
"What the fuck's she wearing?"  
  
"Christ what a slut!"  
  
"Where the hell did you find her, Bella?"  
  
"Get in the damned car, Cunt," ordered Bella.  
  
"I've just got to get my stuff. I've got a rucksack."  
  
"I know. It's upstairs in my closet. Get in."  
  
"But..."  
  
Get in for Christ's sake."  
  
Trying desperately to keep her bottom covered by the tiny dress, Tricia  
climbed in the side door of the van. Avoiding the mocking glances of the other  
girls, she made her way to the back of the van and sat down on her own. So Bella  
had taken her stuff. All she had now was this awful dress!  
  
Bella slammed the door and climbed in the passenger seat at the front.  
Then Tony emerged and climbed in the driving seat.  
  
"Tony's gonna give us a lift out there," said Bella. "Then he'll pick us  
up tomorrow. Take us straight to the cabin to drop our stuff, then leave us at  
the swimming hole, Tony."  
  
"Sure."  
  
Moments later the minivan was pulling out of the driveway and speeding  
off down the road, it's unhappy occupant watching as her clothes and her dignity  
were left far behind.  
  
  
  
  
  
During the ride out into the country Tricia was virtually ignored by the  
other girls. This suited her fine, as she was content to sit silent and  
unnoticed at the back of the van. Soon the urban sprawl gave way to greenery as  
the van wound its way up into the hills.  
  
The cabin was almost as big as Tricia's parents' house, set on its own  
amongst the trees. Tony pulled up outside and the girls scrambled out, laughing  
and chatting. Having nothing to unload, Tricia remained where she was.  
  
Tony banged on the door and a man appeared. He was black, about  
forty-five, wearing a white shirt and beige pants. He had a sullen look about  
him, and his demeanor toward Tony told her that he was a servant, probably some  
kind of housekeeper.  
  
"C'mon, bitch," said Bella. You gotta take our stuff inside."  
  
"But I..."  
  
"Get a fucking move on. You don't expect us to carry it in ourselves, do  
you? And Ambrose there has enough work to be getting on with."  
  
Reluctantly, Tricia climbed from the van. Tony had opened the rear hatch  
and stood beside it, an expression of amusement on his face as he watched the  
pretty youngster struggle to put the rucksack straps over her shoulder whilst  
still keeping her dress covering her crotch and backside.  
  
It took her three journeys to get the bags into the house. The rest of  
the girls had retired into the kitchen, where they were drinking coffee,  
giggling and chatting. The black retainer watched Tricia, all the time, his  
intense eyes traveling up and down her young body as she struggled with the  
loaded bags.  
  
At last everything was in its place. The girls all had large rooms  
upstairs, but Ambrose showed Tricia to a small servants' room off the kitchen.  
In contrast to the lavish furnishings and king size beds upstairs, her room had  
a small twin bed with an upright chair beside it and nothing else.  
  
"C'mon, girls," said Tony. "I got things to do. Get in the van and I'll  
take you down to the swimming hole."  
  
Still chatting, Bella and her friends emerged from the kitchen. Seeing  
Tricia standing by the door, they stopped.  
  
"We taking this bitch?" asked one of the girls. She was a tall redhead  
with striking good looks and large, shapely breasts. Tricia had heard the other  
girls call her Jenny.  
  
"Sure we are," replied Bella. "Can't leave her here with Ambrose, can  
we? Who knows what the slut will get up to."  
  
Another of the girls, a slim blonde called Lara eyed Tricia with  
disdain. "I reckon Ambrose is as good as she could hope to get," she replied,  
and the other girls laughed aloud.  
  
It was about a mile to the swimming hole down a wooded track which  
occasionally gave way to open land. Now and then they would pass a hiker, or  
someone walking a dog but, for the most part, it was deserted.  
  
The swimming hole turned out to be a stretch of wide, slow moving river,  
with a natural beach running down to its edge. All around was soft grass. In any  
other circumstances Tricia would have been enchanted by the place, but in her  
present company it held few delights for her.  
  
The girls tumbled out of the van, with Tricia behind them. She was sent  
round the back to retrieve a rucksack containing towels and other beach needs.  
Then Tony gave them a wave and drove off.  
  
Tricia placed the bag down near the water's edge and stood, watching as  
the girls pulled off their dresses. Underneath they wore stylish swimming  
costumes, all of very high quality. Tricia almost felt as if she was in the  
center of a beauty pageant as she looked round at the lovely girls about her.  
She felt envious of them. The water looked very inviting, if only she had been  
allowed to bring her own suit.  
  
`"What's the matter, Cunt? Not swimming with us?"  
  
"I can't," she replied. "I don't have a costume."  
  
"What the fuck does that matter? Come on, get your fucking dress off."  
  
"What? But I..."  
  
"Do as you're fucking told." This time it was Jenny speaking.  
  
"Someone might see."  
  
"Who gives a shit? C'mon Cunt, you've got thirty seconds. Otherwise I'll  
tell Tony."  
  
Tricia looked at Bella in alarm, then round at the others. There was no  
doubt about it, they were serious. She glanced nervously about her. There was  
nobody around. Slowly she reached for the hem of her dress.  
  
"My God."  
  
"The slut's shaved."  
  
"No wonder they call her Cunt."  
  
Tricia stood shamefaced, her legs parted, the dress hanging at her side,   
her naked body on view to her companions. The girls were cruel, pointing and  
laughing at her shaved crotch, remarking on how small her breasts were, though,  
in reality, they were in perfect proportion to her petite figure.  
  
"Show them your ass," said Bella.  
  
Slowly the beautiful young teenager turned around. A peal of laughter  
went up as the girls eyed her punished behind.  
  
"Looks like she's been getting what she deserves," remarked Lara.  
  
"Let's get the bitch in the water," said Bella.  
  
The girls advanced on the shamefaced youngster. Before she knew what was  
happening they were upon her, grabbing her arms and legs and lifting her off her  
feet. They took the naked, struggling teenager down to the water's edge and,  
after swinging her back and forth, hurled her into the river.  
  
The water closed about Tricia's head as she struggled to find her  
balance. Then she kicked a leg and surfaced, spluttering, her hair plastered to  
her head, to see the other girls laughing at her.  
  
For Tricia, though, the water was almost a blessing. At least she didn't  
need to cover herself when her nude body was submerged. She swam out to the  
center of the river, glad to be briefly away from the spiteful remarks and  
mocking glances of Bella's friends.  
  
The other girls paddled at the water's edge, leaving Tricia to herself  
for a while. Then they climbed out and lay on the grass in the sun. Tricia  
stayed where she was, unwilling to expose herself to their disdainful glances.  
  
All at once she heard her nickname being shouted. She looked across to  
see Bella standing at the water's edge, beckoning to her. With sinking heart,  
the young beauty swam back toward the shore.  
  
Tricia was acutely aware of the girls' eyes on her naked body as she  
stepped from the water. Her cheeks burned as she walked across to where Bella  
was standing.  
  
"We forgot to bring our smokes," said Bella. "You'll have to go back and  
get them."  
  
Tricia was about to point out that she didn't smoke, but thought better  
of it. Besides, it gave her an opportunity to get away from the girls. She  
looked about her for her dress.  
  
"Wh-where's my dress?" she asked nervously.  
  
"We've got it. Now get a move on."  
  
"But I've got nothing on."  
  
Bella moved close to her, grabbing hold of her hair.  
  
"Do you think we give a shit about that? We all know you're a slut. Now  
fuck off and make it snappy. We're dying for a cigarette."  
  
Tricia could hardly believe what they were asking. It was at least a  
mile back to the cabin, and she knew there were people about. She looked  
despairingly at Bella, but the girl had already turned away. Amid the whistles  
and catcalls of the girls, the naked girl set off up the track.  
  
As she walked, Tricia glanced about herself, constantly afraid she would  
be seen. She was acutely aware of how vulnerable she was, her bare breasts  
bouncing with every step she took. This was even worse than her bottomless walk  
in the city. At least there she had had the cover of darkness, as well as  
something to cover her breasts. Here she was totally nude in broad daylight,  
with no hope of cover.  
  
She walked for a full five minutes without mishap. Her bare skin had  
dried in the sunshine now, and her hair too was almost dry. She was making good  
time, and was beginning to feel more optimistic.  
  
She encountered the boysat the worst possible moment. She had just  
rounded a bend in the track and there they were, right in front of her, blocking  
her way. There were about a dozen of them, boys of about fifteen years of age,  
all wearing some kind of uniform. They were gathered round a map, but when they  
saw the naked girl their interest soon switched to taking in her considerable  
charms.  
  
Tricia came to a halt for a second, her anxious eyes scanning the troop.  
The boys stared back, nudging one another and pointing at her crotch. Trying to  
hide the panic that was rising inside her she moved forward again. As she did  
so, they spread out across the track.  
  
As she came closer to them, Tricia felt herself blushing. She glanced  
down at herself. She wished her sex wasn't so prominent, the thick lips of her  
shaved vagina drawing the boys' eyes down as she came closer. She was aware of  
the way her pretty bare breasts jiggled as she walked, and she tried not to  
catch the eyes of the boys.  
  
She came to a halt about five feet from them.  
  
"Excuse me please," she said.  
  
"Hey lady, you got the time?" asked one of the boys. He was a  
brash-looking kid and he eyed her frankly, his gaze traveling up and down her  
naked form  
  
"I-I'm not wearing a watch," she stammered, then instantly regretted her  
choice of words.  
  
"You're not wearing anything else," piped up another voice.  
  
"Hey lady, where's your pants?"  
  
"Hey Miss, nice tits."  
  
"Fancy a fuck, baby?"  
  
They were laughing now, jostling about her, clearly sensing her  
discomfort at her predicament. The one who had spoken first confronted her.  
  
"Where's your clothes, Lady?"  
  
"I... I took them off. It's a kind of forfeit. The other girls made me  
take them off. Please let me pass."  
  
A hand stroked her backside. "Your friends thrash your ass as well?"  
asked one of the boys.  
  
At this, the others moved in closer for a better look. Someone reached  
out and pinched her nipple, making her cry out with pain.  
  
"Don't touch me," she pleaded.  
  
`"Aw c'mon. You like it really. Else you wouldn't walk about like that."  
  
The first boy placed his hand flat across her crotch, his fingers  
tracing her slit. She jumped back and another hand slipped between her legs from  
behind, probing at her vagina.  
  
"Stop it!" she shouted as more hands reached for her luscious young  
body, poking probing and pinching.  
  
Realizing things were getting out of hand, the teenager lunged forward,  
pushing the boys aside, and sprinting off down the track. To her enormous relief  
they didn't try to follow her, watching her pretty backside as she ran off,  
jeering and whistling until she was out of sight.  
  
Tricia was considerably shaken by the encounter, hurrying on, desperate  
to reach the relative haven of the cabin.  
  
She spotted a couple approaching. They were about a hundred yards off,  
and she took the opportunity to dodge into the trees, crouching behind a bush,  
her heart pounding as she waited for them to pass. Then she was moving again,  
constantly glancing about herself.  
  
She came to an open area. It was about two hundred yards across, with no  
cover at all. For a while she hung back, reluctant to leave the relative safety  
of the trees. Then she thought of Bella, waiting for her cigarettes, and she  
knew she must move on.  
  
She was halfway across when the middle-aged couple came into view. They  
were walking a dog, and they didn't notice her at first. The dog did, though,  
bounding forward toward her as soon as it saw her.  
  
She saw the look of surprise on the woman's face, rapidly replaced by  
one of disgust as she realized that Tricia had no clothes on. The man saw her  
too, and Tricia cringed as he eyed her bare body.  
  
Then the dog reached her and, to her horror, began to sniff at her  
crotch. She tried to push it away, but it was a big dog, and persistent. The  
woman was nearly up to her now, and Tricia gave a gasp of horror as the dog  
began to lick her cunt, its tongue lapping at her slit vigorously, leaving a  
sheen of saliva on her pubis and sex lips.  
  
"Prince! Come here!" ordered the woman, but the dog buried itself  
between Tricia's naked thighs, intent on tasting her sex, oblivious of the way  
she tried to push it away.  
  
The woman grabbed its collar, yanking it back and snapping a chain onto  
it. Still the dog strained at the leash, its attention fixed on Tricia's  
honeypot.  
  
"You should be ashamed, going about like that," snapped the woman. "Have  
you no shame?"  
  
Tricia said nothing, acutely aware of the shiny wetness about her cunt,  
and the way the man was eyeing her.  
  
"It's a disgrace," the woman went on. "Go and get some clothes on."  
  
Tricia backed away, then turned and walked off as quickly as she was  
able. Would this nightmare never end? She asked herself.  
  
At last the cabin came into view. But not before half a dozen other  
walkers had feasted their eyes on the naked teenager as she walked red-faced  
along the track. To her relief, they didn't approach her, but she knew from the  
shocked and amused looks on their faces that she made quite a sight.  
  
Tricia almost ran up to the door and tried the handle. To her relief it  
turned and the door opened. She stepped inside and closed it behind her,  
thankful to be away from the public gaze. For a while she just stood there,  
regaining her composure, her pretty breasts rising and falling as she tried to  
calm herself.  
  
When, at last, her nerves had steadied, the pretty youngster set off in  
search of Bella's cigarettes. She remembered that the girls had been in the  
kitchen before they had left, so she made her way through to the back of the  
house. There, on the breakfast bar, lay a full pack of cigarettes and a lighter.  
She snatched them up. Then she began to consider her journey back.  
  
Tricia just couldn't bring herself to leave the house naked again. The  
thought of exposing herself to those mocking stares again was too much for her.  
She resolved to find an olds sheet or towel that she could cover herself with on  
the way back. She could always discard it before she got to the swimming hole  
and nobody would be the wiser. She decided to check upstairs.  
  
She made her way back to the front of the house, through the living room  
and pushed open the door that led into the entrance lobby. Then she froze.  
Standing by the front door, his arms folded, was Ambrose.  
  
"Oh!" She let out a startled cry as she caught sight of the black man.  
He was staring at her, his eyes roving up and down her naked form, taking in  
every inch of her.  
  
"Mister Tony, he tell me you were bad girl," he said. He spoke broken  
English with an accent that Tricia took to be African.  
  
"I... I just came back for these," she said lamely, showing him the  
cigarettes.  
  
"Very bad girl," he said. "Shameless girl."  
  
"I'm just going upstairs to get something to wear," she said. "I'm not  
really bad."  
  
She turned and made for the foot of the stairs. Then she felt her arm  
grabbed from behind.  
  
"Please! Leave me!" she pleaded, but he pulled her round to face him,  
making her drop the cigarettes.  
  
"Bad girl," he said again. "Miss Bella don't walk around like that. Miss  
Bella good girl."  
  
"I told you. I'm going to get something to put on."  
  
He dragged her roughly across the room and pinned her naked body against  
the wall.  
  
"Mister Tony tell me you easy fuck," he said.  
  
Tricia stared at him in alarm. "No," she said.  
  
"Then why you naked?" He brought his big, rough hand up and closed it  
over the soft swell of her breast. Tricia tried to pull away from him, but he  
was too strong for her, holding her still whilst he groped her orbs, making the  
nipples harden under his rough touch.  
  
"Why you shaved down here?" He let his hand drop to her crotch.  
Instinctively Tricia pressed her legs together.  
  
Smack! He brought a heavy hand down on her thigh, making her cry out in  
pain as the white imprint of his hand began to darken to red.  
  
"You let me feel."  
  
"No! I..."  
  
Smack! This time the blow was even harder.  
  
"Open!"  
  
Tears welling in her eyes, Tricia moved her legs apart, biting her lip  
as she felt his thick fingers penetrate her.  
  
"You like to be touched there, I think," he said. "That is why you  
shaved."  
  
He began to press his body against hers, pinning her to the wall, one  
hand fingering her vagina whilst the other continued to crush her firm young  
breasts. He placed his lips over hers and began kissing her face, Tricia made a  
mighty effort, pushing him away.  
  
"No!" she cried.  
  
Slap!  
  
This tine he hit her across the face, sending her staggering back. Then  
he was on her again, his rough ands all over her soft, naked body.  
  
"You fuck with many men I think," he breathed. "Mister Tony say I can  
fuck you. He tell me to say to you that you know you want to.  
  
The words sent a cold feeling through the teenager. Tony was ordering  
her to give herself to this man, and she dare not refuse. Suddenly she stopped  
struggling. He seemed to sense her surrender, looking into her eyes.  
  
"Yes," she said. "I do want to."  
  
He smiled a grim smile. "You real bad girl."  
  
"I know."  
  
"You come here."  
  
He took hold of her shoulders and dragged her across to where an  
occasional table stood in he middle of the entrance hall. He pushed her back, so  
that she sprawled across it on her back, then yanked her legs apart. Tricia was  
shocked. She had at least expected him to give her the comfort of a bed. But  
there was an urgency about him now, and she could see the bulge in his pants as  
he eyed her open crotch.  
  
"You like black cock in you? I give it to you."  
  
Tricia watched him through the valley between her bare breasts as he  
pulled his stiff erection from his pants. She had never seen a black cock  
before, and she watched fascinated as he ran his fingers up and down his long,  
thick shaft. It was without doubt the biggest one she had ever seen, and she  
wondered if her tight young pussy would be able to contain it.  
  
He moved between Tricia's spread thighs, maneuvering his stiff erection  
so that the bulbous tip was aimed at her gaping cunt. As it touched her clitoris  
she gave a gasp, a shiver of arousal running through her naked body. He began to  
rub his glans up and down her slit, grinning as he saw her excitement increase,  
her hips pressing forward as if inviting him to penetrate her.  
  
"You dirty girl," he said.  
  
Tricia cursed the recalcitrance of her body. Her mind was shrieking with  
revulsion at the thought of this older man violating her teenage body with his  
cock, yet outwardly she was gasping with arousal, her sex weeping lubrication as  
it anticipated his penetration.  
  
He began to press against her, his thick penis nuzzling against the  
twitching lips of her vagina. Despite her revulsion, the youngster found herself  
spreading her legs still wider, raising her bottom from the table as she met his  
insistent intrusion. Then he was inside her, bringing a cry, part pain, part  
lust from her as she felt his great organ drive into her.  
  
He filled her until she felt she could take no more, the blackness of  
his cock in stark contrast to her pale belly and bare pubis. Still he drove his  
weapon home, bringing fresh gasps from her as the walls of her cunt were  
stretched by his shaft.  
  
At last he was in, his mighty weapon buried to the hilt, the moaning  
girl writhing on the table, her legs wide apart, her hips thrusting up at him as  
the animal inside Tricia came to the fore and she moaned with lustful pleasure.  
  
He started to fuck her. Gently at first, his strong hips moving back and  
forth, bringing grunts of pleasure from the young beauty as he violated her in  
the most intimate way possible. Tricia tried to blot from her mind what was  
happening to her, her naked body totally surrendered to this rough servant who  
was taking her without a thought of her own consent. Once again, she was simply  
a cock satisfier, a beautiful, soft body that was there for the use of whoever  
wanted it. She no longer had control over who saw her naked, or who used her.  
What, a week ago, had been an innocent and unsullied young teenager was now  
little more than fuck meat.  
  
So how was it that her body responded as it did? Why was she writhing  
and moaning with arousal as he thrust into her. Why did she cry aloud when he  
took her bare breasts in his big hands and crushed them against her chest,  
kneading the soft pliant flesh as he took her?  
  
Tricia was out of control now, her bottom slapping down against the hard  
surface of the table, her cries of pleasure ringing about the room as the man  
fucked her harder. She arched her back, her stiff nipples pressed up at him, her  
legs flailing as he drove his cock into her bald pussy.  
  
She could feel the proximity of his orgasm, and she surrendered herself  
to it. There was no turning back now. Her arousal was total.  
  
Just at that moment the front door opened, and Tricia gasped with  
surprise and shock. There, standing in the doorway, staring at her, was Jenny,  
the redhead who had been so scathing earlier. The girl stopped short, an  
expression of astonishment on her face as she saw the young teenager being  
fucked by the servant.  
  
At that moment, Ambrose shot his load deep into her throbbing pussy.  
Unable to check herself, Tricia came too, screaming aloud as her hips thrust up  
against his, her lovely, naked body twisting and turning as spasms of lust shook  
her frame. She could see Jenny watching her, and she knew her lewd behavior was  
blatant, but she simply couldn't stop her body from responding to him.  
  
Ambrose withdrew suddenly, leaving the youngster still writhing, his  
spunk leaking from her open crotch, the lips of her sex convulsing as her orgasm  
subsided. The black man glanced briefly at Jenny, then tucked his cock back into  
his pants and walked out of the room. Jenny moved forward, gazing down at  
Tricia, who was now totally overcome by shame.  
  
"Christ. Even fucking with the servants now are you, slut?"  
  
She spat in Tricia's face, the saliva running down the youngster's  
burning cheeks. Then she yanked the naked girl to her feet.  
  
"Well the whole world's gonna see you've been fucking," she said,  
pointing to the trail of semen that was beginning to run down Tricia's inner  
thigh. "Now grab those smokes and get your ass back to the swimming hole, Cunt"  
  
Then she grabbed Tricia and shoved her out the door.  
  
Now Tricia's shame was complete, yet still the ordeal continued. Her head  
hanging, her cunt oozing spunk, the red-faced youngster began her naked trek  
along the long road back to the river.

Part 4  
  
The walk back to the swimming hole was every bit as bad as the walk to  
the cabin for the unfortunate teenager. Not only was she totally nude now, but  
the evidence of the fucking she had received from Ambrose was plain for all to  
see, the shiny streaks of semen glistening on her naked flesh. Every now and  
then, a fresh trickle of spunk would leak from her shaved slit, making a new  
trail down toward her ankles.  
  
Jenny walked behind her, far enough back so that nobody would suspect  
they were together, watching and occasionally laughing at the discomfort of  
Tricia.  
  
The reactions of the people she encountered were different each time.  
Some simply laughed, others shouted obscene suggestions. Some of the older women hurled abuse, and one even threw a stone, striking Tricia on the breast and  
grazing the soft, vulnerable flesh. Throughout, the humiliated girl said  
nothing, staring straight in front of her, just wishing the ordeal would end.  
Tricia had always been a modest girl by nature. Even the mild glamour shots of  
topless girls in magazines had always rather shocked her. To be forced to  
display herself naked like this was unthinkable. Yet here she was, as in her  
worst nightmares, walking nude through a world of normally dressed people, a  
figure of fun and derision to all.  
  
She had been walking as quickly as she was able back to the swimming  
hole but, as she came closer, she remembered who she would meet there, and she  
began to slow. She dreaded encountering Bella again, and she felt sure there  
would be no respite for her, especially with Ambrose's spunk seeping from her  
cunt.  
  
As she rounded the final bend, she spotted the girls. They had arranged  
their towels in a circle, like the spokes of a wheel, and were chatting  
together, a couple of open wine bottles in the grass beside them. She gazed at  
them, envious of their pretty swimsuits and their relaxed demeanor.  
  
Lara was the first to spot Tricia, and she nudged Bella, pointing in her  
direction. At once all eyes were upon the anxious youngster, and Tricia's  
footsteps faltered.  
  
Whack!  
  
She hadn't seen Jenny coming up behind her, but she felt the hard slap  
as the girl brought the flat of her hand down hard on Tricia's bare backside.  
  
"Get a move on, Cunt. They're waiting for you."  
  
The girls were all propped up on their elbows now, and Tricia noticed  
Bella making a remark and pointing at her crotch. She came to a halt in front of  
them, her legs dutifully parted, her face scarlet with shame.  
  
"What's that on your legs, Cunt?" asked Bella.  
  
"Tell them," ordered Jenny.  
  
"It...It's sperm," stammered Tricia.  
  
"What? You've been fucking? I don't remember giving you permission to  
fuck."  
  
"Tell them who it was, Cunt." Said Jenny.  
  
Tricia glanced at her in despair, searching for a small sign of mercy,  
but there was none. She hung her head.  
  
"It was Ambrose," she said.  
  
She could sense the shock that ran about the party. After all, Ambrose  
was a servant. Worse, in the sight of these middle-class white girls, he was  
black.  
  
"You let Ambrose fuck you?" said Bella.  
  
"I... I didn't want him to."  
  
"So he raped you?"  
  
Tricia shook her head.  
  
"You let him fuck you, even though you didn't want him to?"  
  
"I... Tony..." Tricia's voice trailed off. She couldn't let the girls  
know she was being blackmailed by Bella's brother.  
  
"So you didn't put up a fight? You let him do it?"  
  
"He was very insistent."  
  
"So tell me, Cunt. Did you come?"  
  
Tricia hung her head. "Yes," she said quietly.  
  
"You were fucked against your will and you came?"  
  
"You should have seen her come," put in Jenny. "She was thrashing about  
like a bitch in heat. And the noise! She was shrieking like a banshee."  
  
"C'mon Cunt," said Bella. "We wanna hear all the details."  
  
So Tricia was obliged to give a full account of her ravishment. The  
girls didn't allow her to omit a single detail, making her describe Ambrose's  
cock, how deep it had penetrated, how he had fondled her breasts and how it had  
felt to have his spunk pumped into her. Tricia answered every question, being  
made to speak out clearly, enduring smart slaps across her bare buttocks if she  
mumbled or hesitated with an answer. And all the time she was standing naked  
amongst the ring of prone girls, on clear view to passers-by of whom there were  
quite a number.  
  
At last the girls were satisfied that she had told then everything.  
Bella turned to her friends.  
  
"I reckon that kind of behavior deserves punishment," she said.  
  
The others nodded enthusiastically.  
  
"Tonight, after dinner, I reckon we should give her a thrashing."  
  
"Her butt's already covered in stripes," piped up a girl called Lucy.  
"What say we whip her tits?"  
  
"Great idea, Lucy."  
  
Tricia stared at the girl in alarm. She was tall, with short dark hair  
and boyish looks. Her dark eyes held a hint of malice that scared the youngster.  
  
"So who gets to whip her?"  
  
"I know," said Bella, a wicked gleam in her eye. "We'll have a  
towel-flicking contest."  
  
A peal of laughter went around the group.  
  
"Come on. Let's go wet our towels," said Jenny.  
  
The six girls jumped to their feet and ran laughing to the water's edge.  
Tricia stood watching them, her stomach churning as she wondered what new  
indignity lay in store for her.  
  
The girls returned. Each had wetted the end of her towel, and they were  
taking practice shots as they returned, the towels making a cracking sound as  
they flicked them in the air.  
  
"How do we decide who's the winner?" asked Lucy.  
  
"I'll show you," replied Bella. "Get down on your hands and knees,  
Cunt."  
  
Tricia slowly obeyed, going down on all fours so that her exquisite  
breasts hung down in front of her.  
  
"Spread your legs," ordered Bella.  
  
Tricia moved her knees apart.  
  
Smack!  
  
"Wider than that," ordered Bella, bringing the flat of her hand down on  
Tricia's backside.  
  
Tricia moved her legs as wide apart as she was able, only too aware of  
how exposed her sex and anus were.  
  
"Press your tits down onto the grass," said Bella. "Make like Ambrose is  
fucking you doggy-style."  
  
Another ripple of laughter ran around the group at this remark.  
  
"Now reach back and pull your pussy lips open."  
  
"Wha..."  
  
Smack!  
  
"Don't fucking question my orders, bitch!"  
  
Tricia could scarcely believe that she could be forced into a position  
more humiliating than one she had already experienced, but this was devastating.  
Slowly she reached down between her legs and pulled the lips of her sex apart,  
exposing the pinkness of her cunt. As she did so, she felt more semen leak from  
her and onto her fingers.  
  
"So what's the game, Bella?" asked Jenny.  
  
We flick the bitch with our towels. The first one to get three direct  
hits on her pussy is the winner."  
  
"Great! Let's get started!"  
  
The girls gathered around Tricia, holding their towels. The young  
beauty's heart was pounding as she braced herself.  
  
Crack!  
  
The first shot hit the naked flesh of her backside, the pain like a  
sudden bee sting on her tender behind. She bit her lip to stop herself crying  
out.  
  
Crack!  
  
Crack!  
  
Crack!  
  
All the girls were joining in now, laughing as they rained blows down on  
the young beauty, who struggled to retain her posture, her backside raised, her  
pussy pulled open.  
  
Crack!  
  
Crack!  
  
Crack!  
  
"Ah!"  
  
Tricia let out a scream of pain as one of the whip-like towels snapped  
down on the tender flesh of her open cunt, bringing her the most excruciating  
pain imaginable and making her release her sex lips, her hand instinctively  
covering her most private place  
  
Smack!  
  
Bella brought her hand down hard on Tricia's naked behind.  
  
"Every time you let go, that's another stripe across your tits," she  
said. "So far you get eleven. Now pull that pussy of yours open again."  
  
Tears of pain and humiliation running down her cheeks, the beautiful  
young teenager stretched her nether lips apart once more and braced herself for  
the onslaught.  
  
Crack!  
  
Crack!  
  
Crack!  
  
The blows fell thick and fast, leaving stinging spots on her legs,  
thighs and backside. Tricia had never imagined such pain, but when the towels  
found their true target it was ten times worse.  
  
Crack!  
  
Crack!  
  
Crack!  
  
"Ow!"  
  
Each time the tip of one of the towels hit Tricia's pussy there was a  
scream from the youngster and a cry of triumph from the perpetrator.  
  
Crack!  
  
Crack!  
  
Crack!  
  
The blows seemed to merge into a single, excruciating pain for the young  
beauty. Through her tears she could see that some people had stopped to watch,  
laughing aloud as the girls flicked at their lovely target. Tricia knew that  
they were staring at her open pussy and her spread buttocks, and the shame  
deepened with every second that the game continued.  
  
Crack!  
  
Crack!  
  
Crack!  
  
"Ow!"  
  
"That's three," someone shouted triumphantly.  
  
Tricia scarcely noticed that the onslaught had ended. She had withdrawn  
into a protective world of her own, blotting from her mind the lewd pose she had  
been forced into, and the dreadful pain she was experiencing. Gradually, though,  
her senses returned and she realized that the game was over. A foot was placed  
on her buttocks, shoving her over and sending her sprawling in the grass.  
  
"Stop displaying your cunt you dirty little bitch," said Bella. "Lucy  
here gets to whip your tits this evening."  
  
Tricia looked up at the boyish Lucy, who was staring down at her,  
licking her lips. It Tricia hadn't known better, she'd have thought there was  
lust in the young woman's eyes as he took in Tricia's naked delights.  
  
"Why don't we just thrash her tits now?" asked Jenny.  
  
Bella shook her head. "Let's let the slut live with the anticipation,"  
she said. "She's got all day to contemplate what it'll be like to feel the cane  
across those pretty tits. C'mon now ,we gotta get back for lunch."  
  
They dragged Tricia to her feet and ordered her to pack up the stuff.  
Her pussy was burning so much it made it difficult for her to walk, but she  
received no sympathy from the others, who were intent on pulling on their  
dresses and laughing at her misfortune.  
  
Once the rucksack was packed, Tricia was made to strap it onto her back  
and carry it. Though she pleaded with Bella, she was not allowed her dress back,  
and was obliged to walk ahead of the girls naked. Her thighs and buttocks were  
now peppered with red marks where the towels had struck her, making her feel  
still more conspicuous as she walked up the track, her face scarlet. Every now  
and then she would receive another crack on her bare behind from one of the  
girls if she seemed to be lagging. She walked with her head down, trying not to  
listen to the laughter and comments from the people she passed on the way.  
  
  
  
  
  
At last they reached the cabin again. To Tricia's surprise, Bella handed  
her the dress, then sent her into the servants' quarters to clean up. Never had  
a shower felt so good, as the youngster washed the dirt and spunk from her pale  
young flesh. And never had such a skimpy garment been so welcome, as she was at last able to cover her nudity.  
  
When she returned to the front room, she saw the reason she had been  
allowed her dress back. Bella's nephew and a friend were spending the day at the  
cabin. They were fourteen years old, smartass kids, and they sprawled in front  
of the TV watching cartoons. As soon as Tricia entered the room, Bella called  
her over.  
  
"That's my nephew Carlo and his friend Louis. Go over and see if they  
need anything. Hurry up!"  
  
Tricia made her way over to where the boys were sitting.  
  
"Can I get you a drink, or something to eat?" she asked.  
  
"Get us two..." Carlo's voice trailed off as he saw how Tricia was  
dressed. He nudged Louis. "Shit, looks like Bella's hired a slut for the new  
maid," he said.  
  
His friend laughed. "I guess good servants are hard to get."  
  
"Go get us two cokes," said Carlo. "And make it snappy."  
  
Tricia hurried out to the kitchen. She found some glasses and a bottle  
of coke in the fridge and poured the boys a drink. She returned to the living  
room, holding them out.  
  
"Where's the ice?" demanded Carlo. "You don't expect us to drink it  
without ice do you?"  
  
"I'm sorry," said Tricia, slightly flustered.  
  
She returned with ice, only to be sent back for straws, then potato  
chips. The boys soon realized how compliant she was, and began giving her  
pointless orders, making her change the channel on the TV, move furniture and  
fetch things from all parts of the room. The other girls watched in obvious  
amusement as the young beauty became more and more flustered in her attempts to satisfy the two spoilt brats.  
  
Lunch was announced. The girls and the two youngsters sat about the  
dining table whilst Tricia was sent into the kitchen to help Ambrose. She felt  
very shy in the company of the man who, just hours earlier, had fucked her, but  
Ambrose was businesslike in the presence of Bella, ordering Tricia back and  
forth with the dishes. Carlo was as recalcitrant as ever, sending Tricia back to  
the kitchen no less than five times with dirty cutlery, then dropping his fork  
on the floor so that she was obliged to bend down and pick it up whilst trying  
desperately to retain her modesty.  
  
When the meal ended, Tricia set about washing the dishes under the  
critical eye of Ambrose. No sooner had she finished than Bella was calling her  
back into the front room. When Tricia entered, the girls were lounging about  
smoking, the two boys standing with expectant looks on their faces.  
  
"Okay, Cunt," said Bella, "We're all going upstairs for a nap. You have  
to keep the boys amused."  
  
Tricia glanced anxiously across at the grinning boys. What on earth  
could Bella mean? After all she was eighteen years old. What could she possibly  
have in common with a pair of fourteen year olds?  
  
Carlo strolled across to her and looked her up and down. "Bella says  
that if you don't play the way we want you we're to tell Tony," he said.  
  
"No. Please..."  
  
The boy's eyes gleamed.  
  
"So it's true. You'll do what we say ,just like Bella said."  
  
Tricia cursed herself for letting the boys see how much she feared Tony.  
There was an air of self-confidence about these two that sent shivers through  
her. Now she had betrayed her dread of disobeying Tony, she knew they would  
exploit it to the full.  
  
"We're gonna play a real cool game," said Carlo. "We'll be prison  
warders, and you're an escaped prisoner. We have to capture you. If we do then  
we get to torture you, then take you back to jail. Get that?"  
  
"I think so..."  
  
Carlo produced a toy gun from his pocket. "You have to pretend these are  
real," he said. "Got that?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Good. Louis, you got the stuff?"  
  
Louis picked up a small rucksack, that rattled as he strapped it onto  
his back.  
  
"We'll give you two minutes start," said Carlo. If we catch you, you're  
in trouble."  
  
Tricia looked from one boy to the other. She had no idea what they were  
planning for her, but the wicked grins on their faces told her she wouldn't like  
it. This was all so unfair. After all a girl her age should be getting respect  
from such youngsters. Instead she felt very insecure and vulnerable in their  
presence.  
  
"Better get going," said Carlos. "The two minutes have started."  
  
Tricia cast a final despairing look at the other girls, but all she saw  
was amusement in their eyes. To the sound of their laughter, she ran to the  
front door.  
  
  
  
  
  
Once outside, Tricia headed off in the opposite direction to the  
swimming hole. The track led uphill, into more woods, and she hoped she could  
elude the boys by finding some dense vegetation to hide in. As she crested a  
hill she looked back. She could see the cabin, and the boys. They were on an  
upstairs balcony, a pair of binoculars trained on her. She gave a small whimper  
of despair. Any hope she had had of tricking them into going the wrong way was  
dashed. They knew exactly what direction she was heading in. Then another thing  
struck her. The road here was bordered on each side by wide, deep ditches. For  
the time being there was no escape into the trees. And, by now, she knew they  
must be on the road behind her.  
  
She hurried on. It was almost impossible to run without letting her  
skirt ride up and expose her crotch and backside, yet she needed to move as fast  
as she could. She knew the boys would be running and that, at fourteen, they  
would have lots of energy. It was only a matter of time before they caught up  
with her.  
  
She came to a fork in the road, and new hope kindled inside her. At  
least this gave her a fifty-fifty chance of losing them. She veered off to the  
right, trotting down the track, looking for a way into the woods.  
  
She had covered about two hundred yards when she came to the fence. It  
stretched across the track in front of her, completely cutting off any chance of  
escape. She gave a cry of despair as she realized she would have to turn back,  
losing yet more time to her pursuers.  
  
She was running now, oblivious to the way her pussy and behind were  
exposed by the tight dress riding up. When she came to the fork she paused  
momentarily and listened. Were those young voices she could hear? She wasn't  
sure. She turned and headed up the other path.  
  
As she came round a bend in the road, her heart leapt. Someone had  
bridged the ditch on her left with thick wooden planks. Here at last was a  
chance to get among the trees.  
  
She crossed the makeshift bridge. On the other side was a wide path and  
she followed it. Her breath was getting short now, and she needed somewhere to  
hide. Ahead the path widened, and the brightness told her she was reaching a  
clearing. She ran faster, her breath rasping as fatigue began to overtake her.  
  
She never saw the tree root. It must have been well hidden in the grass.  
Her foot caught against it and suddenly she was falling, rolling over, her hands  
instinctively dragging her dress down over her thighs as she did so.  
  
"Well, well, well!"  
  
She must have been momentarily stunned, since the voice seemed to come  
from far away. She opened her eyes and blinked. There was something shiny right  
in front of her face, something that gave a distorted reflection of herself. She  
blinked and looked up. She had come to rest beside a large, gleaming motorcycle.  
  
"You all right, baby?"  
  
She rolled over. Behind her stood a man. He was about thirty years old,  
dressed in grease-streaked denim jeans and jacket. He had a thick, black  
moustache and his head was shaved. His arms were covered in tattoos.  
  
Tricia sat up, then realized there were more of them, three in all. They  
were bikers!  
  
They were the roughest looking trio she had ever encountered. All were  
dressed identically. One had a large paunch and a thick beard. The third, like  
the first, had a shaved head. There was a spider's web tattooed onto his neck,  
and he wore a gleaming ring in one ear. All were grinning down at the youngster.  
She wondered if they had seen her pussy as she had tumbled. It must be clear to  
them that she wore no underwear under the tight little dress. Slowly she pulled  
herself to her feet, trying her best to retain her modesty as she did so.  
  
"Who's after you then?" said the man with the spider's web tattoo. "You  
looked like you were in quite a hurry."  
  
"it... It was just a game," mumbled the girl.  
  
"Who are you playing with?" he asked.  
  
As if in answer to the question, Carlo and Lois rounded the bend and  
stopped short. For a second Tricia saw that the boys were taken aback by the  
sight of the three men with their gleaming machines. Then Their eyes fell on  
Tricia.  
  
"Don't let her get away!" shouted Carlo to the bikers. He pulled the  
toy gun from his pocket. "Put your hands up!" he ordered.  
  
Tricia hesitated, anxious not to look foolish in front of the men.  
  
"If you don't I'll tell Tony."  
  
As always, the name brought a chill to Tricia's stomach. With a sinking  
heart she raised her hands in surrender.  
  
"What's going on?" asked the man with the beard.  
  
"She's an escaped prisoner from the women's prison. We're going to take  
her back."  
  
The man smiled. "One of my favorite fantasies," he said.  
  
"Louis. Get the collar on her."  
  
The boy dropped his rucksack on the ground and reached inside. He pulled  
out a leather dog collar. Tricia stared at it in alarm. They weren't going to  
put that on her were they? Not in front of these men!  
  
But her worst fears were realized as Louis undid the collar, then placed  
it about her neck. She stood, her hands still raised, as he cinched it so that  
it sat snugly about her neck. She looked round at the bikers. They were grinning  
broadly, and she could see by the bulges in their jeans that the sight of this  
scantily clad beauty surrendering so abjectly was turning them on.  
  
Louis clipped a dog lead to the collar, then tugged at it, almost  
overbalancing the girl.  
  
"Right, let's get moving," ordered Carlo. "You guys did a good job.  
There may be a reward in this for you."  
  
"Gee, thanks,"  
  
Tricia had expected to be taken back down toward the cabin, but instead  
the boys set off along the track that led further into the wood. She glanced  
back at the bikers. They were watching her being led away with obvious  
amusement. She wondered momentarily what they were doing out here. Then she saw one of them light a hand-rolled cigarette, and she guessed.  
  
"Stop there!"  
  
They were barely out of sight of the bikers when Carlo gave the order.  
Tricia came to a halt staring down at his toy pistol.  
  
"We gotta search her for weapons," he said.  
  
Tricia stared at him Of course she wasn't carrying weapons. Still, she  
supposed she had to go along with their silly game.  
  
"What kind of weapons are we looking for?" asked Louis.  
  
"I don't know. Maybe a knife?"  
  
"How we gonna search her?"  
  
Carlo ran his eyes over Tricia's shapely figure. Then a grin crept  
across his face.  
  
"Take off that dress."  
  
"What?"  
  
"You heard me. Take it off."  
  
"But I'm..." her voice trailed away.  
  
"Take it off I said."  
  
"You can't make me do that. Someone might come along."  
  
"You're our prisoner. You'll do what I say."  
  
Tricia couldn't believe what was happening. Was she really to expose  
herself to a pair of adolescent boys? Boys who were barely freshmen at high  
school?  
  
Carlo leveled his gun. "Take it off or I shoot."  
  
Tricia knew she had to obey. Her fear of the power these boys held over  
her through Tony was too great. As she reached for the hem of her dress, she saw  
the boys exchange glances. Clearly they hadn't expected her to go this far. With  
burning cheeks she pulled the dress over her head.  
  
"Shit. She's got nothing on underneath," gasped Louis.  
  
"Christ, you're right. I can see everything."  
  
Inwardly Tricia cursed Bella. The boys clearly hadn't expected her to be  
naked under the dress. It was obvious they had had no intention of making her do  
more than show her underwear. Now she had revealed to them how far she was  
prepared to go in her obedience to them, and they were obviously overwhelmed by  
the power they had over her. She clutched the dress to herself, trying her best  
to conceal her nudity. But it was too late. The cockiness had already returned  
to Carlo's demeanor.  
  
"Give the dress to Louis," ordered Carlo.  
  
"No. I can't."  
  
"Do it!"  
  
Reluctantly, Tricia let the dress fall away. Then she handed it to Louis  
and stood, her arms at her sides, her nakedness on open display.  
  
The boys stared wide-eyed at her lovely young body. Clearly they had  
never seen a woman nude before, and their eyes traveled up and down, taking in  
the firm swell of her breasts, the hard, brown nipples, and the prominence of  
her cunt.  
  
"Did you shave yourself down there?" asked Carlo.  
  
Tricia nodded.  
  
"I heard only whores did that," said Louis.  
  
"Let's search her," said Carlo.  
  
"What?" bemoaned Tricia. "You can see I've got nothing. Now please give  
me back my dress."  
  
"You're our prisoner don't forget. Now turn around and put your hands  
against that tree."  
  
Tricia turned. The tree was behind her. It was mature, its trunk wide.  
Carlo pushed her forward and she found herself leaning against it, her hands  
flat against the rough bark.  
  
"Arms higher. Open your legs."  
  
Tricia gave a sigh of despair, but she complied.  
  
"We need to be able to see you're unarmed. Push your ass back. Show it to  
us."  
  
Tricia obeyed, then glanced back at the two boys. They were grinning  
broadly as they took in the sight of her anus and the slit of her pussy.  
  
"C'mon," Carlo nudged his friend and moved close to the naked girl.  
  
Tricia gave a start as she felt his young hands run up her flank,  
tracing the curve of her hips, stroking her soft, pale flesh. Moments later  
Louis was touching her on the other side.  
  
"Shit, she feels good," breathed Louis.  
  
"Get a feel of her tits."  
  
"No. You mustn't..."  
  
Smack! Carlo slapped Tricia's bare behind. "Stand still," he ordered.  
  
Moments later Tricia felt young hands closing about her warm, soft  
breasts. She closed her eyes, trying to blot out the thought that she was being  
felt up by a pair of fourteen year olds, the humiliation almost too much for  
her.  
  
The boys squeezed her bare breasts clumsily.  
  
"Her nipple's going hard on this side," remarked Louis.  
  
"My brother told me a woman's nipples go hard when she's turned on."  
  
"You think this is turning her on?"  
  
"Maybe. Let's check her cunt."  
  
Tricia stiffened, but said nothing, her mind in turmoil as the degrading  
search continued. A shiver ran through her as she felt small fingers sliding  
down between her legs.  
  
"Oh!"  
  
She couldn't suppress the exclamation as Carlo found her clitoris, his  
fingertips probing at the little nut.  
  
"Look," he said to Carlo. That's her clit. Girls love having their clit  
touched."  
  
"Let me feel."  
  
Tricia closed her eyes as she felt another hand groping her in the most  
intimate manner. She could scarcely believe she was letting this happen,  
standing passive and naked whilst two adolescents explored her cunt.  
  
"Better check inside. Might be a knife up there."  
  
"Please..."  
  
Smack!  
  
"Quiet!"  
  
Tricia shivered slightly as she felt Carlo slide his fingers into her  
vagina. Despite her shame and humiliation, she sensed her cunt muscles  
contracting involuntarily about his intruding digits.  
  
"She's damp in there, he said.  
  
"Let me feel."  
  
Carlo's fingers were withdrawn, only to be replaced by Louis's. Tricia  
bit her lip as he carried out an intimate exploration of her most private place,  
her backside squirming slightly as his fingers moved about inside her.  
  
"I reckon she likes it," grinned the boy. Look at the way her ass is  
moving about."  
  
"Slut."  
  
By the time he slid his fingers from inside her, Tricia's pussy was very  
wet, and she was having difficulty breathing evenly. The boys laughed aloud at  
her obvious discomfort.  
  
"I think the prisoner's enjoying the game," remarked Louis. She felt him  
wipe his hand on the bare flesh of her behind, leaving behind a coolness as her  
juices were spread across her skin.  
  
"Stand up and turn around."  
  
Tricia's face was scarlet with embarrassment as she turned to face her  
young tormentors.  
  
"No weapons after all"  
  
"May I have my dress back please?  
  
Carlo thought for a moment." No," he said. She won't try to escape if  
she's got nothing on. "Put the cuffs on her."  
  
Tricia watched in alarm as Louis pulled a pair of shining handcuffs from  
the rucksack. This was getting worse and worse. It was bad enough being naked in  
the outdoors. The cuffs would mean she had no way of covering herself.  
  
Louis dragged her arms behind her back, then she felt the cold metal  
snap about her wrists. She pulled at them, but they held her arms firmly behind  
her. The boys were grinning now, as they realized the extent of their control  
over her.  
  
"What shall I do with this?" asked Louis, holding up her dress.  
  
"Dump it. She won't be needing it."  
  
Tricia watched in dismay as Louis tossed her last concession to modesty  
into the bushes, like a discarded rag.  
  
"Now, move, you bitch," said Carlo.  
  
The strange trio set off along the track, Louis dragging the naked beauty  
along by her lead, with Carlo bringing up the rear. Tricia wondered at the sight  
she was presenting him, her shapely ass swinging from side to side as she  
walked, her breasts jiggling up and down. She tried not to listen as the boys  
discussed her naked charms openly.  
  
"She's been thrashed on the ass," remarked Carlo.  
  
Lois dropped back slightly to examine Tricia's pale backside.  
  
"Shit yes, she's been whipped good."  
  
"What do you think of her tits?"  
  
"Pretty good. See the way her nipples are still hard? That's because  
she's still turned on."  
  
"What's turning her on?"  
  
"Flashing her tits and cunt I guess. Some dames get off on that kind of  
thing. The real sluts become strippers."  
  
"You reckon this one's a stripper?"  
  
"Wouldn't be surprised."  
  
"Dirty little bitch."  
  
Tricia walked on in silence, staring ahead of herself, trying not to  
think about what she was doing. The fact that these two boys had been fingering  
her vagina was bad enough. The way her vibrant young body had responded, though, had shocked her beyond anything else. How could she possible have been aroused by being felt up by these two spoilt brats? And why was it that the fact that her hands were cuffed behind her was bringing a new, sordid thrill to her lovely  
body, making her nipples stiff with excitement and bringing fresh wetness to her  
already moist pussy?  
  
"Right, stop there!"  
  
The sudden order broke the teenager's reverie, and she was brought back  
to reality with a start as Louis tugged on her collar. They were passing a small  
clearing, set about with young saplings, and Carlo shoved her off the track onto  
the grass.  
  
"Time we started interrogating this shameless bitch," said Carlo.  
  
"Interrogating?"  
  
Smack!  
  
"Shut up, whore!" ordered Carlo. "From now on, you only speak when  
you're spoken to, understand?"  
  
Tricia said nothing, but she knew the meekness of her demeanor told the  
boys all they needed to know. She stood quietly, wishing for something to cover  
her, hoping against hope that nobody would pass by. Meanwhile Louis dropped the  
rucksack from his shoulders and the two boys began rifling through its contents.  
  
Carlo pulled out a piece of nylon rope. He threw one end over an  
overhanging branch, then beckoned to Tricia. Her heart thumping, the naked  
captive walked submissively over to where he stood.  
  
"Turn around!"  
  
Tricia did as she was told, and for a second was overjoyed to feel him  
undo the cuffs from her right wrist. Her joy was short-lived, though. He simply  
brought her arms round in front of her and fastened them again. Then he ordered  
her to hold her arms out whilst he secured the rope to the chain between them.  
Then, with a sinking heart, Tricia watched him begin to pull on the other end.  
  
The girl's hands were pulled up, above her head. He went on pulling,  
stretching her until she was on tiptoe. Then he secured the end of the rope to a  
sapling.  
  
Tricia was overwhelmed by her new predicament, her hands held high above  
her, precluding any possibility of covering or protecting her nude body. Her  
breasts were stretched almost oval as her hands were pulled high above her.  
  
But Carlo wasn't finished yet.  
  
Pulling a knife from his pocket, the boy sliced through the rope, then  
knelt at Tricia's feet and began to wrap it around her ankle.  
  
"Wh-what are you doing?"  
  
"Shut up."  
  
He tied the rope tightly, almost bringing tears to his captive's eyes.  
Then he took another length of rope and set about tying her other ankle. Tricia  
gazed down between her jutting breasts, her stomach churning as she realized how  
helpless he was making her.  
  
"Okay, Louis, let's spread the prisoner."  
  
Tricia could only watch in horror as the boys each took hold of the  
ropes secured to her ankles and pulled, spreading her legs wide open and pulling  
her clear of the ground. They tugged hard at the ropes, stretching her thighs  
apart. When they were satisfied, they tied the ends of the rope to saplings.  
  
Tricia's position was the most ignominious she had ever experienced. Her  
hands were pulled high above her, her legs stretched apart. Worst of all, her  
shaved cunt was wide open, the breeze feeling oddly cool as her inner wetness  
was exposed.  
  
Yet worse was to come.  
  
He boys moved a short distance away, where they had a mumbled  
conversation. Tricia could tell by the grins on their faces and the glances cast  
in her direction that they were planning still more ignominies.  
  
Giggling, the boys reached into the rucksack once more. This time they  
produced a ball of string. Carlo measured out a long length, then cut it and  
handed it to Louis. Then the boys approached their helpless captive once more.  
  
They began groping her bare breasts, their small hands squeezing the  
soft flesh, rolling her nipples back and forth.  
  
"Her nipple getting good and hard?" asked Carlo.  
  
"Sure is. She loves this stuff."  
  
Tricia felt her cheeks redden as she saw the effect their ministrations  
were having on her lovely breasts, the nipples standing proudly from the soft  
orbs. She couldn't comprehend the shameful way her vibrant young body responded to these two brats, yet the evidence was there in the hard brown buds of erect flesh.  
  
"That'll do it.!"  
  
All at once the boys stopped toying with her and both began tying loops  
in the string. Then, to Tricia's alarm, they wrapped the loops about her  
protruding nipples and pulled them tight.  
  
"Ow!"  
  
Tricia's body lurched as the string bit into the tender flesh of her  
teats, trapping the balls of brown tissue as the boys tightened the loops,  
making them fast with strong knots. Once this was done, they let the string  
dangle, laughing at the expression of pain and embarrassment on Tricia's pretty  
face.  
  
"Let's see how they stretch," said Carlo, cruelly.  
  
The two boys began pulling at the strings, eliciting cries of pain from  
the helpless girl as they stretched the tender flesh of her breasts, the loops  
of thread digging in even deeper as the pressure increased. They pulled until  
Tricia felt sure the flesh must tear, then secured the string to the trunks of  
young trees in front of where she was hanging, stretching her breasts almost  
conical and sending stabs of extraordinary pain through her.  
  
Tricia felt that she had been driven to the limit of humiliation by the  
extraordinary bondage the two young boys were subjecting her to, yet still Carlo  
had one more awful ordeal for her.  
  
He picked up a small branch that had broken from one of the trees, It  
was about an inch and a half in diameter and about three feet long. He whispered  
something to his grinning companion, who at once crouched down between Tricia's  
legs. The girl craned forward and saw that he was using his knife to dig a  
small, round hole in the ground under her. Meanwhile Carlo was using his own  
knife to whittle the end of the stick into a blunt point. This activity went on  
for a number of minutes, then Louis straightened.  
  
"That should do it," he said.  
  
Carlo stepped forward until he was standing just in front of Tricia. He  
raised the stick.  
  
"You like to be fucked, don't you?" he asked her.  
  
Tricia didn't answer, simply staring in morbid fascination at the stick.  
Then he dropped to his knees.  
  
"No!"  
  
The cry was one of panic, but it fell on deaf ears. Already Carlo was  
inserting the end of the stick into Tricia's cunt.  
  
He pressed it deeper, twisting it as he did so. Tricia led out a whimper  
as the rough wood chafed against the tender flesh of her vaginal walls.  
  
"Please!" she moaned, but to no avail.  
  
Carlo pressed the stick home until it would go no further, filling her  
with its cold roughness Then he called Louis to help him lift their captive so  
the end could be dropped into the hole he had dug. Then the boys stood back,  
rocking with laughter at the sight of Tricia.  
  
The lovely young teenager was devastated. Here she was, totally nude in  
the open air, her hands trapped above her, her legs spread in a lewd pose of  
surrender, her breasts in cruel bondage, her open cunt speared by a rough, dirty  
pole. And all for the gratification of a pair of grinning schoolboys who, in any  
other circumstances, would have been so inferior to her as not to have merited  
even a glance.  
  
The boys began to circle her. They had picked up sticks and were poking  
her naked flesh, probing her anus and jabbing at her buttocks, belly and  
breasts. Tricia had never wished for death before, but she wished for it now.  
Anything to deliver her from this dreadful degradation.  
  
The boys seated themselves on the ground in front of her. The grass was  
littered with small, hard seeds about the size of acorns, and they began  
throwing them at her, awarding each other points for hitting her breasts or  
clitoris. The seeds stung terribly, and Tricia twisted and turned in her bondage  
in a vain attempt to avoid the small missiles.  
  
When they tired of that game, the boys picked up thin, whippy sticks and  
walked around the naked girl, taking swipes at her bare flesh, laughing at her  
cries as the canes cracked against her skin. The force they used was nothing in  
comparison with the caning she had received in her apartment, but the continued  
swiping, along with the pain in her arms and legs from her suspension, made it  
seem far worse. Worse still was the fact that the blows were being delivered by  
the two precocious young brats.  
  
At last the boys tired of the game.  
  
"Let's tie her up differently," suggested Carlo.  
  
To Tricia's relief, the boys began to undo her bonds. First they untied  
the string that stretched her breasts so tightly from the trees, but left it  
tied to her swollen nipples. Then they undid her ankle bonds from the saplings  
on either side. Finally they released the tension in the rope above her head.  
  
As Tricia felt herself descend, she gave a gasp as the pole thrust  
deeper into her vagina. Carlo played with the rope for a while, working her nude  
body up and down, laughing as her gasps as she was effectively fucked by the  
crude device. At last, though, he let her drop. and the exhausted girl was able  
to dismount from the cruel pole, leaving it shiny with her love juices.  
  
She stood, flexing her muscles, feeling the circulation return to her  
aching limbs. Her respite was short, though. Already Carlo was ordering her to  
lie on her back on the grass as he and Louis planned new indignities.  
  
The grass felt cool and soft against Tricia's bare flesh, though she  
would much rather have been clothed. Carlo made her move so that a young tree,  
its trunk no more than six inches wide, was behind her. He made her put her arms  
above her head, then quickly undid one of the cuffs, pulling her arms about the  
trunk of the tree and then securing them again, so that she was, once again,  
trapped. Moments later they were pulling on the ropes that secured her ankles  
again, stretching her legs wide apart and tying them there.  
  
It was a simple bondage, but one that Tricia knew was designed for  
maximum humiliation. She was left lying in the grass, her hands trapped above  
her head, her legs open and her knees slightly bent. The position was precisely  
ideal for fucking, and she watched red-faced as the giggling boys pointed at her  
open cunt and at the secretions that glistened inside it.  
  
They tugged at the strings attached to her nipples again, stretching and  
pulling her breasts. Then they knelt between her legs, fingering her cunt,  
watching as her sex responded to their touch, the muscles contracting as her  
vibrant young body shook with unwanted spasms of pleasure.  
  
As they toyed with her, Tricia noticed the way their pants began to  
bulge. She was afraid they would try to fuck her and, when they both pulled  
their stiff young cocks from their shorts, she shook her head, dragging at the  
bonds.  
  
"Don't worry, slut," said Carlo. "We wouldn't soil our cocks inside your  
over-used cunt. Just lie still and enjoy what we're going to give you."  
  
The two boys knelt either side of her face and began to masturbate,  
their hands working their foreskins back and forth as they fixed their eyes on  
their naked captive. Tricia watched helpless as they jacked themselves off,  
sensing their arousal as they did so. She could see from the intense expressions  
on their faces that they were already close to orgasm, and she was not mistaken.  
  
"Open your mouth, bitch," ordered Carlo suddenly from between clenched  
teeth.  
  
Tricia knew what was coming, but she was beyond caring now, wishing only  
to give the boys what they wanted and bring this dreadful game to an end. She  
put her head back and opened her mouth.  
  
The first spurt of semen from Carlo's twitching cock splashed onto her  
upturned cheek. The second landed in her mouth and she gulped it down. He  
continued to ejaculate onto her face and mouth, the warm, slimy fluid filling  
her eyes and nose as it rained down on her. Then Louis was coming too, more  
gobbets of semen splashing into her open mouth. The two boys stood over her,  
working their foreskins back and forth until they were spent, and Tricia's face  
was shiny with spunk. She licked it from her lips and chin as best she could,  
swallowing it down whilst the boys fastened their pants.  
  
Carlo glanced at his watch.  
  
"Time we were getting back," he announced, picking up the rucksack."  
Come on Louis."  
  
The boys began to walk away. Tricia cried out in alarm.  
  
"Wait! What about me? You can't leave me here like this!"  
  
Carlo pulled the key to the handcuffs from his pocket and held it up to  
her.  
  
"You'll be wanting this," he said.  
  
"Yes!" Tricia nodded vigorously.  
  
"I'll tell you what. We'll leave it with those biker guys," said Carlo.  
  
Then the two boys turned and set off, laughing down the track, leaving  
Tricia, naked and spread, staring after them.

Part 5  
  
Tricia was not sure how long she had lain there, naked and bound,  
staring up at the sky, her heart pounding in anticipation of what was to come.  
She could still feel the boys' semen trickling down her upturned face and taste  
its bitter flavor in her mouth. She raised her head and stared down between her  
bare breasts, the nipples still distorted by the string knotted about them.  
Anyone walking along the path could not miss her, and the first thing they would  
see was her open cunt. The cool feeling of the breeze between her legs told her  
that she was still moist down there, and she knew that her lubrication was  
obvious in this degrading pose. She closed her eyes, wishing she could be  
somewhere else.  
  
"Holy shit!"  
  
"Fuck me, they weren't kidding."  
  
Tricia's heart sank as she heard the men's voices. So the boys had been  
true to their word. She had been hoping against hope that Carlo's threat had  
been an idle one, or that the bikers would have moved on. Now she opened her  
eyes to see the three of them standing over her, staring down at her lovely  
young body.  
  
"Christ, those kids play for real."  
  
"Look, they've spunked all over her face."  
  
"She must be one weird little bitch."  
  
The man with the spider's web tattoo crouched down beside the prone  
youngster. Taking hold of her chin, he pulled her round to face him.  
  
"Those kids said you joined in their game willingly. That true?"  
  
Tricia said nothing, trying to avoid looking into his eyes, her face red  
with shame.  
  
The man with the beard crouched on the other side of her.  
  
"They gave us this key," he said, holding it up. "Said you'd want it.  
They certainly weren't kidding!"  
  
"So what's in it for us if we untie you?"  
  
"Please. Can't you just let me go?" begged Tricia.  
  
"Sure we can." The man with the spider's web ran a hand over Tricia's  
belly, his touch making the tiny, downy hairs stand up as she writhed with  
embarrassment. "Or we can tell the cops."  
  
"Tell the police?" said Tricia in alarm.  
  
"Sure. It's our civic duty. Somebody's obviously attacked you and tied  
you up."  
  
"The newspapers are gonna be real interested as well. In fact, maybe  
we'll call them first. After all, this would make a great shot for the front  
page."  
  
"Sure. I know this guy works on the Clarion. He's always looking for a  
good picture."  
  
"No! You mustn't tell the press. Or the police. Please!"  
  
The three grinned at one another, and Tricia knew that, once again, she  
had betrayed the vulnerability of her own situation.  
  
"If you let us have a bit of fun with you, we'll let you go," said  
spider's web.  
  
Tricia glanced at their three expectant faces. Then she let her eyes  
drop.  
  
"You can have some fun," she whispered.  
  
The teenager wondered at how easily she had surrendered to these three  
ruffians. How could she give in so quickly? Bu then she thought of the total  
vulnerability of her situation. They could rape her anyway, and probably would  
do if she did not comply.   
  
Spider's web moved his hand up from her belly and took her breast into  
his strong, rough grasp, squeezing it hard. He pulled at the string, laughing to  
his companions as he stretched her pretty breasts.  
  
"Hey, I got an idea," said the man with the beard. "Out of the way,  
Sam."  
  
"What you gonna do, Joey?"  
  
Spider's web sat back and watched as the heavy man straddled Tricia's  
slim body. She stared up at him, anxiously as he took hold of the ends of the  
string. He made a half-hitch with the two lengths, then pulled, dragging  
Tricia's plump young breasts together until the nipples were almost touching.  
Then he tied the string tight. Tricia let out a gasp of pain at the way her  
nipples were stretched by this extraordinary bondage.  
  
"Fuck me, Joey. You gonna tit-fuck the bitch?"  
  
"Sure am. That little slit I just made has gotta be as tight as her  
pussy. Whadda you say, bitch, fancy a cock between your tits?"  
  
Tricia said nothing, her apprehension growing as she realized yet  
another indignity was about to be heaped upon her.  
  
Joey, the bearded biker, undid his fly and took out his cock. It was  
semi-erect, the circumcised tip hanging at an angle.  
  
"Gonna get me hard with that pretty mouth?" he said to Tricia. He moved  
up her helpless body until his cock was hanging above her mouth. Then he took  
hold of her hair and pulled her head up.  
  
Tricia opened her mouth and took his cock inside. It tasted and smelt of  
his arousal, and she ran her tongue over his glans, sucking at him as she did  
so.  
  
"Shit, for a young bitch she sure knows how to give good head," he  
exclaimed.  
  
"A natural cocksucker," grinned the one called Sam. "See what her  
pussy's like, Piston."  
  
The third of the trio, who had simply been watching up until now, moved  
closer, crouching down between Tricia's thighs.  
  
"Who'd have thought an innocent kid like this would shave her pussy?" he  
said. "When we met her I thought she was a good girl. Turns out she's a slut."  
  
He ran his hand up her inner thigh. A shiver of anticipation ran through  
the teenager's naked body as she felt his fingers approaching her most private  
place.  
  
"Mmmf!"  
  
Her exclamation was muffled by the now-swollen cock that filled her  
mouth as she felt Piston slide a finger into her vagina."  
  
"Bitch is wet as hell," exclaimed the biker. "Her cunt's squeezing my  
finger like a whore's. I reckon she's hot for it."  
  
Tricia listened to the words, and felt the muscles of her sex contract  
about his rough digit. He was right, the taste of the thick cock in her mouth,  
the bondage and the enforced nudity were all conspiring to bring out her basest  
desires. Despite the revulsion she felt at being manhandled by these thugs, her  
physical being craved their touch, and she moaned slightly, pressing her  
backside up against his intruding finger.  
  
"Don't worry, slut," grinned Piston. "You're gonna get all the spunk you  
want."  
  
At that moment Joe withdrew his swollen member from between her lips.  
Tricia gazed at it as it bobbed above her face, glistening with her saliva.  
  
"I'm gonna enjoy this," he said.  
  
He slid back and, taking his shaft in his hand, began to probe between  
Tricia's bound breasts, pressing his cock insistently forward.  
  
"Ah!"  
  
Tricia gave a gasp of pain as he slid his erection between her breasts,  
increasing still further the tension on her nipples. She gazed down in  
fascination as she saw the end of his prick emerge from between her sore  
breasts. Then he began the tit-fucking.  
  
Tricia found herself strangely aroused by the sight of this big, burly  
man thrusting his stiff cock between her breasts, the tip nudging against her  
chin as he pumped his hips back and forth, his weight driving the breath from  
her. Then she gave a low moan as she felt a finger enter her vagina, pressing  
insistently into her moist fuck hole and twisting.  
  
"Nice damp pussy," remarked Piston. "The bitch is certainly getting her  
kicks from this."  
  
"Turned on by being tied up by a couple of school kids," remarked Sam.  
"Sure is kinky."  
  
"Who gives a fuck? If she likes being tied up and screwed in public, I'm  
game to give her what she wants."  
  
Tricia tried not to listen to their derogatory remarks, her mind filled  
with the pain of her nipple bondage, made ten times worse by the thick cock that  
was thrusting between her bare breasts. Then there was the insistent probing of  
her vagina, making the juices inside her flow anew as she groaned with the  
perverse pleasure of it.  
  
"Fuck it, I'm coming," grunted Joey. "Open your mouth."  
  
Moments later he had pulled his cock from between her breasts and was  
stuffing it between her lips, even as it began to spurt. Despite her revulsion,  
Tricia found herself sucking greedily at his bulbous glans, gulping down his  
semen hungrily, her mouth filling with the thick, warm fluid. He fucked her face  
hard, thrusting his cock to the back of her throat, making her gag as more and  
more of his semen gushed from his thick erection. For a moment Tricia feared she  
would choke, then the flow began to reduce and she was able to swallow again,  
trickles of the fluid leaking from her lips and running down her cheeks.  
  
Joey pulled his cock from her mouth, wiped a mixture of spunk and saliva  
over her face, then stood up, tucking his penis back in his jeans.  
  
"Whose next?"  
  
But Piston had already dropped his jeans and Tricia let out a whimper of  
arousal as she felt him pressing his erection against the entrance to her sex.  
  
Despite the size and thickness of his cock, he slipped easily into  
Tricia's vagina. The lubrication inside her saw to that. Soon he was filling her  
deliciously, making her groan with lust as he began to thrust violently into  
her.  
  
The bonds that held her ankles apart bit into her tender flesh as  
Piston's onslaught became more violent, his strong hips pumping insistently as  
he took his pleasure in the helpless teenager. Tricia was moaning aloud now, her  
bottom coming clear of the ground as she thrust back at him, her whole body  
alive with lust as she took her perverse pleasure in the rough fucking she was  
receiving. It seemed almost inconceivable to her that she could possibly be  
aroused by what was little more than rape by this rough, uncouth stranger. Yet,  
as he thrust his cock into her she felt an orgasm building deep within her.  
  
"Oh Yeah!"  
  
Piston gasped his satisfaction as his cock began to pump spunk deep into  
Tricia's vagina. The sensation was enough to send the lascivious youngster over  
the top with him, and Tricia gave a shriek of pleasure as her own orgasm swept  
over her, making her momentarily forget her awful predicament as spasms of  
gratification shook her pretty, naked body. She could hear the other two men  
laughing at her as she writhed and moaned under the bulky biker, but for the  
moment her humiliation was forgotten as her physical side took over.  
  
Moments later Piston was rolling off her and she was staring down the  
valley between her breasts at Sam, who was holding his erect cock in his hand  
and gently working his foreskin back and forth.  
  
"Ready for some more, slut?"  
  
Sam made no pretense at foreplay, simply lunging forward and plunging  
his erection into Tricia's sopping cunt. She gave a cry as she felt him invade  
her, the walls of her sex stretched apart as, once again, she was forced to  
surrender herself to a complete stranger.  
  
Sam fucked her without finesse, simply ramming his erection hard into  
her, driving ruthlessly against her tethered body, his breath coming in grunts  
as he fucked the teenager hard. Once again the onslaught caused Tricia's bonds  
to bite deep into her ankles, but she was beyond caring now, her head shaking  
from side to side, her bottom drumming on the grass as fresh surges of pleasure  
swept through her.  
  
This new orgasm was no less violent that the one Piston had invoked in  
her, the sensation of fresh spunk spurting into her love tunnel sending her to  
new heights of perverse gratification, her breasts shaking violently as her body  
convulsed.  
  
She seemed to lose consciousness momentarily. When she opened her eyes,  
the men were standing over her, laughing down at their young captive.  
Immediately the pretty young schoolgirl was overcome by the shame of her  
behavior. She had reacted like a total slut at the fucking she had received, and  
the men now knew how low she had sunk.  
  
Then, to her immense relief, they began to release her from her bondage.  
Once her ankles had been freed and her wrists unshackled, Joey pulled her to her  
feet and set about removing the tit bondage. Tricia felt very exposed indeed as  
she stood there, legs apart, the spunk trickling down her inner thighs whilst  
she allowed the biker to work on her breasts.  
  
When, at last, the cruel loops about her nipples were undone, she rubbed  
the stinging flesh, groaning with pain as the circulation gradually returned to  
her painful teats. The men watched her, grinning as she caressed herself, her  
face glowing red as they commented on her performance.  
  
"She sure likes playing with her tits, don't she?"  
  
"She likes being fucked too. Her cunt was caressing my cock like a  
Bankok whore."  
  
Tricia looked around at their faces.  
  
"C-could I go now?" she asked.  
  
"Sure baby. We're going ourselves. We'll give you a ride."  
  
"I don't know what happened to my dress. The boys threw it into the  
bushes."  
  
"That's okay. You look fine like that."  
  
"Better give the lady her cuffs back."  
  
"Sure. She can wear them home."  
  
With that Joey pulled her hands behind her and she felt the cuffs close  
about her wrists once again. She protested, tugging at them, but the men  
showed no sympathy.  
  
"What about the key?" said Joey. "She's gonna need that."  
  
"Yeah," said Piston. "Give her the key."  
  
"How's she gonna carry it?"  
  
"Only one place I can think of."  
  
Tricia was confused by this talk, looking from face to face. It was  
clear that the bikers had some kind of mischief planned, but she couldn't think  
what. Then she felt her shoulders grabbed from behind and her body bent  
backwards. Piston stood in front of her, holding up the key.  
  
"Whadda you say, slut?" he said. "Think you can carry this in that  
pretty little cunt of yours?"  
  
"What?"  
  
Before Tricia could protest, she felt her ankles kicked apart. Then  
Piston was pressing the cold, hard key into her vagina. She struggled, but she  
was being held by strong hands and could only give a cry of despair as Piston's  
fingers pressed the object deep into her love tunnel. When he withdrew his hand,  
his fingers were wet with spunk, and he held them up for Tricia to suck clean.  
  
The walk back to the bikes was most uncomfortable for the pretty  
youngster. All the way she could feel spunk leaking from inside her, and she  
tried her best to contract the muscles of her pussy in order to keep the key in  
place. This caused the lips of her sex to twitch visibly, forcing yet more  
seminal fluid out onto the smooth creaminess of her thighs and bringing guffaws  
of laughter from her captors. They kept up a string of humiliating banter during  
the walk, commenting on the wiggle of her bare ass, the jiggling of her tits,  
the hardness of her nipples and especially the cold, slimy trail that ran down  
her legs to her ankles.  
  
At last they rounded a bend and the bikes came into sight.  
  
"Where are you headed?" asked Sam.  
  
"It's a cabin. Down the track."  
  
"Sure you wouldn't rather come with us?"  
  
"We know a real nice bar where the guys would be pleased to meet you."  
  
Tricia looked at him in alarm. "No, please," she said.   
  
"Hell, stop teasing the bitch," said Joey. "We'll give you a ride home  
baby."  
  
This suggestion was greeted with mixed feelings by Tricia. She wanted to  
get away from these men as quickly as she could, and to forget what they had  
done to her, and how she had responded. On the other hand, she could feel that  
the handcuff key had slid down inside her sopping cunt and was in danger of  
dropping out at any moment. And that, as far as she knew, was the only way in  
which she would be able to open the cuffs that left her so helpless and exposed.  
  
As Joey climbed aboard his gleaming machine, Tricia remembered the dress  
she had been wearing.  
  
"My dress," she said. "It's in the bushes somewhere."  
  
Joey laughed, kicking his bike into life. "You wanna spend the evening  
searching for it?" he asked. "Those cuffs ain't gonna help."  
  
Tricia considered for a second. He was right, she had no idea where the  
dress was hidden. And she knew the key wouldn't stay in place for ever. Even if  
she managed to pick it up, she was very doubtful she would be able to undo the  
cuffs.  
  
Joey patted the seat behind him.  
  
"C'mon, bitch," he said.  
  
Tricia had never ridden a motorcycle before. She placed a foot on the  
rear footrest and tried to swing her leg over. It took two attempts, and  
necessitated an awkward swing of her legs which exposed her cunt to the grinning  
men, but soon she was mounted behind Joey, her stiff nipples brushing against  
the back of his jacket.  
  
As they took off, the vibration of the leather seat against her spread  
pussy sent an unwelcome thrill through the youngster, and she shuddered as her  
clitoris drove down against the machine, sending spasms of arousal flowing  
through her. She glanced back at the other two riders, aware that her naked  
form, with her buttocks spread, was providing a delightful prospect to the pair.  
  
They sped down the road. Every now and again they would pass a jogger or  
a pedestrian, who would stop and stare at the extraordinary sight of a  
beautiful, naked girl astride the roaring motorcycle. For once Tricia was able  
to enjoy the thrill of exposure without the danger of ridicule or hostility, and  
she found herself feeling very sexy as she sped along.  
  
As they approached the cabin, though, her anxiety began to return. She  
knew she would have to face Bella and her unpleasant friends, and she didn't  
relish the prospect of explaining how she had lost her dress, nor the spunk on  
her face and thighs. She begged Joey to drop her some distance from the place,  
but then realized her mistake. As soon as he sensed her reluctance to be taken  
to the door, he insisted on doing so, and made her show him precisely where she  
was staying.  
  
As they pulled up outside the door to the cabin, the bikers gunned their  
engines and Tricia's heart sank as she realized that the noise must bring the  
girls outside. Sure enough the door opened and out stepped Bella, followed by  
her friends. The bikers cut their engines and, in the sudden silence, Tricia  
felt the heat rise to her cheeks.  
  
"What the fuck have you been up to, Cunt?" asked Bella. "You were  
supposed to be looking after the boys. They came home ages ago."  
  
"Your friend was a bit tied up," laughed Piston.  
  
Bella looked at the three rough men with interest. "You let these guys  
touch you?" she asked.  
  
Tricia nodded silently.  
  
"Get off that bike."  
  
Tricia obeyed.  
  
"Shit, look at that."  
  
Bella pointed to the seat where Tricia had been sitting, On it was a  
wide, wet imprint of her cunt, the whiteness of the fluid betraying the fact  
that it was spunk.  
  
"You let these guys fuck you?"  
  
Tricia hung her head. "Two of them."  
  
"And the other. Don't tell me he just stood and watched?"  
  
"No."  
  
"Well?"  
  
"He... He tit-fucked me."  
  
Bella let out a peal of laughter. "Dirty little whore," she said. Then  
she stopped laughing. "Wait a minute, what's that?"  
  
Tricia turned her gaze back to the bike, and felt her stomach churn as  
she noticed, in the middle of the pool of spunk, the handcuff key.  
  
"It's the key to her new bracelets," laughed Joey. "Guess where she was  
carrying it?"  
  
This time all the girls burst into peals of laughter.  
  
"Better pick it up then hadn't you?" said Bella. "And clean this guy's  
bike seat whilst you're about it."  
  
"But my hands are tied," protested the embarrassed teenager.  
  
"You don't need your hands," replied Bella. "Use your tongue."  
  
Tricia paused for a second, staring at Bella. Was there no end to the  
indignities this woman was prepared to inflict upon her? She looked round at the  
other faces, seeking some sympathy, but there was none. Slowly she approached  
the motorcycle, her stomach churning.  
  
She leaned forward, aware of the way her pretty breasts dangled as she  
did so. Tentatively she protruded her tongue and began to lick at the pool of  
slimy spunk. It tasted bitter and cold, but she lapped it all up, tracing the  
paths where it had trickled down the sides. Then she took the cold, hard key  
into her mouth, tasting the mixture of spunk and female cum as she sucked the  
fluids from it.  
  
"Show me," ordered Bella.  
  
Tricia held out the shining key on the end of her tongue. Bella  
inspected it, then nodded to Joey.  
  
"Take them off."  
  
Tricia turned to the biker, her tongue still sticking out, expecting him  
to take it from her. Instead he took her by the shoulders and pulled her naked  
body to his, closing his mouth over hers. Tricia's immediate reaction was to  
close her lips tightly, but his tongue probed at her, forcing her mouth open  
then darting inside, intertwining with her own tongue in a kiss of total  
intimacy.  
  
He pulled her closer, his other hand closing over her soft, bare breast  
and squeezing the pliant flesh. Tricia felt her knees buckle at the passion of  
his kiss, her hips beginning to gyrate as her body responded to him.  
  
As suddenly as the kiss had started, he was pushing her away, shoving  
her backwards so she stumbled and almost fell. She looked at him in confusion,  
aware now of the laughter all around her. Laughter that increased as he opened  
his mouth and stuck out his tongue, displaying the gleaming object on it.  
  
"Shit, you're such a cheap slut, Cunt," remarked Bella. "C'mon, undo the  
bitch's hands."  
  
Joey swung Tricia round and, moments later, she was relieved to feel the  
metal bands about her wrists come undone. At once she hugged an arm about her  
breasts and covered her crotch with the flat of her other hand.  
  
"It's no good coming over all modest now," remarked Bella. "We've all  
seen what you've got. Now get inside and shower. Then report to me in the front  
room in fifteen minutes."  
  
Tricia took a final glance round the grinning faces, then turned and ran  
toward the house, anxious to hide her naked body from their stares.

Part 6  
  
Tricia was more than grateful for the chance to clean herself. She let the water  
flow over her skin, washing the spunk of the three men and two boys from her,  
along with the grass stains in her back and buttocks, and the accumulated sweat  
from her ordeal. She shampooed her hair, watching as the leaves and twigs fell  
from it and washed down the plug hole. Only when she finally felt clean again  
did she emerge.  
  
She knew she didn't have much time, and she was anxious not to incur  
Bella's wrath. She found a hairdryer in the bathroom and used it to dry her hair  
as best she could. Then she ran a brush through it and hurried to the door.  
  
Just beside the door was a full-length mirror and she paused beside it,  
and gazed at her reflection. The sight of her nude body brought her back to  
reality with a jolt. She ran her eyes down over her breasts, the nipples still  
swollen by the treatment meted out to her by the two schoolboys. Her gaze  
dropped to her crotch and she winced slightly at the prominence of her slit.  
Even with pubic hair her pussy had always been very visible. Shaved, her slit  
stood out much more. Thankfully the marks made by the girls' towels that morning  
had faded, but still there was a redness about her nether lips that betrayed the  
fuckings she had received that day.  
  
Tearing her eyes from the humiliating image, Tricia made for the front  
room. On the way she had to go through the kitchen and endure Ambrose's lustful  
gaze.  
  
In the front room the other girls were all lounging about chatting.  
Clearly the two schoolboys were no longer at the cabin, a source of relief to  
Tricia who's enforced nudity was embarrassing enough in the presence of Bella  
and her friends.  
  
"What kept you so long, Cunt?" asked Bella harshly.  
  
"I-I had to clean myself up."  
  
"She was washing all that spunk out of her cunt, the dirty bitch," put  
in Jenny. "I bet you loved having those bikers' cocks up you, didn't you?"  
  
Tricia blushed, but made no reply.  
  
"Anyway, Cunt, you've got an invitation," went on Bella.  
  
Tricia stared at her curiously. "What..."  
  
"The couple at the place down the road saw you today wandering about  
bare-assed. They saw you come into the cabin. The woman called round this  
afternoon looking for you."  
  
"Looking for me?" said Tricia in alarm.  
  
"Sure. Maybe she fancies naked sluts."  
  
The other girls giggled at this remark, and Tricia felt her color  
deepen.  
  
"Anyhow, they're having a barbecue tonight, and we're all invited. But  
they asked if you'd go round beforehand and help them prepare."  
  
"Me? Why me?"  
  
"Who gives a fuck? Their place is about half a mile down the track. The  
one with the red doors and windows. You'd better get going."  
  
Tricia glanced down at herself. "What, go like this, with nothing on?"  
  
Bella shook her head. "You are such a slut," she said. "Of course you  
can't go like that. Whatever made you think you could? These are respectable  
people. You can't just turn up with no clothes on."  
  
Once again Tricia had been out maneuvered by Bella. In suggesting she  
might go to these people's cabin in the nude, she had made it sound like her  
idea. Now, as she listened to the tut-tutting of the other girls, she felt like  
kicking herself for giving them the opportunity to mock her even more.  
  
"Go over to the coffee table," said Bella. "You're clothes are there,  
though why I'm lending you anything after you lost my dress I don't know."  
  
Tricia made her way across to the table, her heart thumping. She wanted  
nothing more than to cover her nudity, to hide her private parts from the stare  
of everyone she encountered. When she reached the table, though, she felt a  
coldness at the pit of her stomach once more.  
  
On the table lay a pair of red, patent leather shoes with high stiletto  
heels. Beside them was a scrap of shiny red PVC and a red scarf about two  
inches wide and two feet long.  
  
She turned to Bella. "What's this?"  
  
Bella shook her head impatiently. "It's your fucking outfit. Now get it  
on quick. You're late as it is!"  
  
Tricia bent down and picked up the shiny red object. It was a pair of  
PVC panties, but not like any the unfortunate youngster had ever seen, or ever  
dreamed of wearing. They were very tiny indeed, with the smallest of triangles  
to cover the crotch, and most of the rest little more than string.  
  
Tricia stepped into the pants and pulled them up. That was a task in  
itself, as they were very small. She hauled the tiny waistband up as high as she  
was able, wincing slightly as the thin cord bit into the crack of her backside.  
  
The girls giggled as she adjusted the garment. The front was cut so low  
that any normal girl would have found it difficult to cover her crotch. For poor  
Tricia it was almost impossible, her prominent pussy lips threatening at any  
moment to come into sight, revealing her hard little clit to all and sundry. For  
the first time since she had shaved it, Tricia was glad of her bald pussy mound.  
There was no way these panties would have covered her bush.  
  
She picked up the strip of red material and looked at it quizzically.  
There was only one way she could see of wearing it, and that was by draping it  
about her neck. She did so, tugging at the two ends so that they dropped down  
over her bare breasts. She searched for some kind of strap that might hold it in  
place, but there was none. The two ends simply hung down over her jutting orbs,  
providing the minimum of cover from the front, and almost none from the sides.  
When she leant forward to place the shoes on the floor, the scarf simply fell  
away, revealing her luscious young breasts completely.  
  
Tricia slipped her feet into the shoes. The heels were very high, much  
higher than she was used to, and she tottered slightly as the heels clacked on  
the wooden floor. Then she rearranged the ends of the scarf over her breasts  
once more and turned to face the giggling girls.  
  
"Go brush your hair," ordered Bella. "Then get back here."  
  
Tricia made her way back to the servants' quarters and slipped into the  
bathroom. There she paused before the mirror, realizing at once why Bella had  
wanted her to go there. She obviously knew that Tricia would be forced to see  
her reflection and take in the full horror of the way she was dressed. The  
teenager gave a gasp of dismay as she eyed herself. The panties were positively  
obscene, plunging down so low as to scarcely cover her thick cunt lips, the  
thin, tight material outlining their shape perfectly. From behind she was as  
good as naked, the tiny strap disappearing completely into her crack, leaving  
her buttocks completely bare.  
  
She tried to adjust the scarf, pulling it down over her breasts. This  
too provided hardly any concession to modesty, the light material almost  
impossible to keep in place so that the slightest movement would reveal her  
breasts completely. Her nipples didn't help, the exposure making them stand out  
stiffly, pushing the cloth away from her soft mounds.  
  
Tricia brushed her hair, then returned to the front room. Bella ran a  
critical eye over her.  
  
"Still the total slut," she remarked. "Well, you'd better get going.  
We'll be along later when we've put some decent clothes on."  
  
"Wh-where am I going?" asked Tricia nervously.  
  
"Turn right out the drive. It's on your right. Even an idiot like you  
couldn't miss it. Get going."  
  
Tricia opened her mouth to plead for more clothing. Then she thought the  
better of it. Amid the sniggers of the watching girls she made her way to the  
door.  
  
On reaching the front entrance, she paused, very nervous about leaving  
the house dressed as she was. She pushed the door open and glanced right and  
left. There was nobody in sight. Her heart pounding, she stepped out onto the  
track.  
  
It was a beautiful summer evening, warm with barely a breeze. Under  
normal circumstances she would have been delighted to be in such a peaceful  
place. But these were far from normal circumstances. Tricia was barely clothed,  
the panties little short of obscene. The scarf too offered almost no cover, and  
she was constantly straightening it over her recalcitrant nipples which  
persisted in standing stiffly from her breasts, betraying the perverse arousal  
which she was trying hard to suppress.  
  
The shoes were no help, either. Quite apart from their tarty appearance,  
the high heels were difficult to walk in for someone like Tricia, who was  
accustomed to flat, more sensible footwear. The youngster tottered along,  
dreading the thought of meeting anyone, anxiously searching for the house to  
which she had been summoned.  
  
Two men appeared ahead of her. They were in their thirties, and were  
carrying fishing gear. Self-consciously Tricia adjusted her scarf, sensing the  
heat rise in her cheeks as she felt their eyes upon her.  
  
As they came closer to the scantily clad teenager, the pair stopped,  
making no secret of their interest in the strange and erotic sight that greeted  
them. Tricia stared straight ahead, trying not to respond to their grinning  
faces, their eyes traveling frankly over her slim form.  
  
Just as she was almost level with them a gust of wind caught her scarf,  
blowing it back. It flew from her shoulders and landed on the ground right in  
front of the pair.  
  
As it came off, Tricia made a grab for it. But in vain. She simply  
succeeded in giving the men a perfect view of her bare breasts before she  
realized how exposed she was. She reached up quickly, covering her nipples with  
her hands, her face bright crimson as she watched one of the men stoop down and  
pick up the scarf. He examined it briefly, then held it out to the devastated  
youngster.  
  
"Your top, I believe," he said.  
  
Tricia was obliged to uncover her breast as she reached out and took the  
scarf from the man. She placed it over her shoulders, giving the pair an  
unrestricted view of both of her bare boobs as she did so.  
  
"Th-thank you," she stammered.  
  
"Our pleasure."  
  
She turned, aware that she was offering the pair a perfect view of her  
virtually bare buttocks as she walked away, trying to retain an air of dignity,  
a task made more difficult by the awful shoes. As she walked away the men's  
laughter rang in her ears, and she felt the shame envelop her once more.  
  
It took nearly fifteen minutes to reach the house. In that time se  
encountered two other couples. They stared at her as she passed, but made no  
comment, and this time she clung onto the scarf, ensuring that's its meager  
coverage gave her some respite from their stares.  
  
As she approached the house, new misgivings overcame her and her  
footsteps faltered. Who were these strangers who had asked her to visit? What  
could they possibly have thought when they saw her walking naked through the  
woods? What if Bella had got it wrong? And what would they say when they saw how she was dressed? She hesitated for some time on the doorstep before plucking up enough courage to ring the bell.  
  
A short wait ensued, then Tricia shivered as she heard footsteps  
approaching. She rearranged the scarf over her stiff nipples for the umpteenth  
time, then let her hands fall to her sides as the door opened.  
  
"Yes?"  
  
The figure at the door was some kind of servant. She was dark-skinned,  
and wore an almost classic maid's uniform consisting of a black pinafore dress  
buttoned to the neck, a white frilly apron, black stockings and flat black  
shoes. She was about thirty-five years old, Tricia estimated, and there was a  
mixture of shock and disgust on her face as she eyed the near-naked teenager.  
  
"I... I was invited," stammered Tricia.  
  
"By who?"  
  
Suddenly Tricia felt very confused. She had no idea who had invited her.  
She couldn't even be certain this was the right house.  
  
"I'm not sure."  
  
"Hmf!" The woman gave a snort. "They're out back at the pool. You'd  
better come with me."  
  
She opened the door and admitted the youngster. It was a very large  
house, with expensive furnishings. Tricia was only too aware of the clacking of  
her heels on the wooden floor as she followed the maid through the house.  
  
Ahead, Tricia heard the chatter of voices. She hoped against hope that  
they were not on her route but, as they grew louder, her hopes quickly faded.  
Then they were passing through a large dining room, when she saw the source of  
the chatter. There were about half a dozen maids, all dressed similarly to the  
woman who had met her at the door. The only difference in their uniforms was  
that they wore a badge over their right breast proclaiming their first name.  
Tricia noticed a Maria and a Sophie as she glanced shyly at them. They seemed to  
be preparing for a party, but their chatter stopped as Tricia entered and she  
felt the heat rise in her cheeks as all eyes turned to stare at her.  
  
"Get back to your work, girls," ordered Tricia's companion.  
  
The maids obeyed, but Tricia could hear their giggles as she followed  
the woman out through french windows into the garden.  
  
It was a large, well-tended garden, the main feature being a swimming  
pool. Beside the pool, on a small terrace, was a pair of sun loungers. Tricia  
felt her stomach churn as she saw there were two people, a man and a woman,  
relaxing there, reading.  
  
As Tricia and the servant came close, the woman put down her magazine  
and sat up. She was in her early thirties, with a fine, shapely body. She wore a  
bikini, with a beach wrap on top. The wrap was open so Tricia could see her slim  
figure underneath. She pulled off the dark sunglasses she was wearing and let  
her eyes travel up and down Tricia's lovely young body.  
  
"So you came! I am glad. Peter look, I told you she was exquisite."  
  
The man lowered the book he had been reading, and Tricia saw the  
surprise in his expression quickly turn to lust as he took in her luscious  
curves.  
  
"That will be all, Anna," said the woman to the maid. "How are the  
temporary girls doing."  
  
"They seem all right Ma'am," replied the maid. "They're working in the  
dining room."  
  
"Good. Now, come over here young lady, and let me get a good look at  
you."  
  
Tricia felt the heat in her cheeks as she moved closer to the reclining  
woman, her hands going automatically to the scarf and adjusting it over her  
breasts.  
  
"That is an extraordinary outfit," commented the woman. "Still it's more  
than you were wearing when I saw you this morning." She turned to her husband.  
"Completely naked she was, and walking along the track as bold as brass, shaved  
pussy and all."  
  
Tricia felt the man's glance drop to her crotch. She knew that the brief  
panties made no secret of her shaven pussy, and she felt her color deepen at the  
thought.  
  
"I'm Samantha by the way," said the woman. "But my friends call me Sam.  
Is it true you're nickname is Cunt?"  
  
Tricia hung her head. "That's what Bella and her friends call me."  
  
The woman gave a shrill laugh. "How extraordinary. Mind you, you do have  
a very prominent pussy, doesn't she, Peter? Now come and tell me about  
yourself."  
  
For the next ten minutes, the scantily clad youngster was obliged to  
tell the woman about her life, her school and other things about herself. She  
was relieved that the woman didn't probe too closely into her sexual liaisons,  
simply remarking on how shameless she was in the way she flaunted herself.  
  
All at once Tricia saw Anna approaching again. She was accompanied by  
another couple, of similar age to Sam and Peter. Both were dressed casually, but  
it was clear that they wore designer clothes, and Tricia felt her shame deepen  
as she contrasted their elegant apparel with her own near nudity.  
  
The couple were introduced to her as Laurence and Katrin. They were  
clearly old friends of their hosts, and Tricia gathered that they were to stay  
the night at the house. What struck her, though, was the way the couples greeted  
each other. Whilst the men nodded hello to one another and the women exchanged  
kisses on the cheek, the greetings between man and woman seemed much more  
intimate, Peter wrapping his arms about Katrin and giving her a long kiss on the  
lips, whilst Laurence crouched down beside Sam, letting his fingers caress her  
bare flesh whilst also kissing her.  
  
No sooner had these introductions been completed than a third pair  
arrived, equally elegantly dressed. They too seemed to linger longer than was  
usual over the man to woman greetings, as if some intimacy existed between them.  
The newcomers were called Charles and Sandra, and they exuded the same air of  
confident sophistication as the others. Tricia felt very nervous indeed in the  
presence of these people, and wondered what they could possibly want with her.  
  
When the greetings were over, Charles turned to her, his eyes traveling  
slowly up and down her body, taking in her curves with undisguised interest.  
  
"So what have we here?" he enquired.  
  
"Lovely, isn't she?" said Sam. "She's called Cunt. I saw her today  
walking naked through the woods."  
  
"Naked eh?" put in Laurence. "Very nice. She certainly has odd dress  
sense. Who is she?"  
  
"She's staying at the cabin down the road, though I'm not sure what her  
status is. The girl there, Bella, is at the same school as her, but seems to  
think of her as some kind of servant. Anyhow she's going to help out at the  
party."  
  
"We thought she might want to meet you guys beforehand," said Peter. "We  
might have a bit of fun with her."  
  
Tricia listened to this exchange in silence. Since her discovery and  
blackmail by Tony, people seemed to speak about her as if she wasn't there. It  
made her feel very uncomfortable, as if she was seen as an object rather than  
someone with feelings and opinions. She watched warily as Katrin came over to  
her. The woman was tall and slim, with large breasts that looked as though they  
might have been enhanced at some stage. She was smoking a cigarette, and Tricia  
felt her eyes water as the smoke drifted into her face.  
  
"She's certainly pretty," remarked the woman. She ran a hand down  
Tricia's cheek, staring into her eyes. Then her hand dropped lower, and the  
youngster drew in her breath as the woman's hand slipped under her scarf and  
closed over her breast.  
  
"Her nipples are hard," she remarked. "I think she enjoys being stared  
at. When did you lose your virginity, sweetie?"  
  
Tricia blushed. "About a week ago," she replied.  
  
"So recently. How many men have you fucked since then?"  
  
Tricia was taken aback by the directness of the question. "Er... about  
seven," she said.  
  
"Well, well. One per day?"  
  
"Not exactly."  
  
"Have you ever eaten pussy?  
  
"I-I beg your pardon."  
  
"What about it, Sam?"  
  
The woman on the sun lounger laughed. "Why not? I could do with being  
put in the mood."  
  
"Come on then," said Katrin.  
  
She took Tricia's hand and led her over to where Sam was reclining, her  
wrap still wide open, revealing the brief bikini she wore beneath. As they  
approached Tricia was astounded to see the woman reach down and slip off her  
bikini briefs, discarding them on the concrete patio then spreading her legs  
apart. She stared down at the woman, unable to take her eyes off her pubic  
mound, covered in short, dark hairs. Her slit was open, and revealed to all the  
company, but nobody seemed shocked or concerned.  
  
"What's the matter? Never seen a pussy before?" asked Katrin. "Go on,  
baby, kneel down."  
  
Trembling, Tricia dropped to her knees at the end of the sun lounger. As  
she did so, Sam slid her body forward so that her backside projected over the  
edge, planting her feet on the ground and widening her stance.  
  
"Lick me, Cunt," she ordered.  
  
Tricia looked about herself in some confusion. The three men and two  
women were staring expectantly at her. Then a hand grabbed her hair and Katrin  
forced her head down between Sam's thighs.  
  
"Lick her, you stupid bitch," she ordered.  
  
Slowly, reluctantly, Tricia leaned forward, aware that this made the  
scarf fall away from her breasts, revealing them to those watching. Tentatively  
she protruded her tongue and ran it lightly up Sam's open slit.  
  
"Harder than that," ordered Katrin. "Get your tongue inside her. Taste  
her properly."  
  
Tricia moved her face closer, then allowed her tongue to slip into Sam's  
vagina. At once she was enveloped by the taste and scent of arousal as the woman  
gave a low moan, thrusting her hips up against the teenager's face.  
  
"That's it, eat her," hissed Katrin. "Lick her out like the whore you  
are."  
  
Tricia jammed her head between Sam's thighs, her tongue probing deep  
into her tunnel, sensing her arousal as she felt her cunt muscles contract.  
Suddenly the proximity of the aroused woman began to kindle Tricia's own  
desires. She had never imagined she could ever be attracted sexually to another  
woman, but there was something about the shamelessness of Sam that aroused her basest instincts.  
  
"Shit, she's enjoying that," put in Peter.  
  
"She's fucking good at it, too," gasped Sam. "Shit, if she keeps this up  
I'm gonna come, and I really want a cock inside me first."  
  
"That can be arranged," said Charles.  
  
So immersed was Tricia in her task, she scarcely heard the conversation.  
She probed her tongue deeper into the woman's vagina, lapping greedily at her  
juices, her embarrassment momentarily forgotten as she became engrossed in her  
task. It was with some surprise, therefore, that she felt a hand grab her hair  
and drag her face out from between Sam's thighs.  
  
Her head was forced around, and she gave a gasp of surprise as she saw a  
stiff cock projecting in front of her face. She looked up, expecting to see  
Peter's face, but it was Charles who grinned down at her. Moments later he was  
forcing his erection between her lips, ramming it deep into her throat.  
  
"C'mon baby, suck," he ordered.  
  
Tricia obeyed, sucking hard at him. The others were standing around  
watching, Laurence with his arm about Sandra whilst Pete's hand was groping  
Katrin's breasts.  
  
"Fuck that," moaned Sam. "Come on Charles, I need some cock."  
  
Charles pushed Tricia's face back from his pulsating erection.  
  
"Put me inside her," he said to Tricia.  
  
Tricia was both shocked and confused. After all, Charles was Sandra's  
husband wasn't he? Yet she seemed not bothered that he was receiving a blow job  
from a complete stranger and was now about to fuck Peter's wife.  
  
"Get him inside me you stupid bitch," said Sam.  
  
Tricia took hold of Charles's cock as he knelt between Sam's spread  
thighs. She pulled him gently forward.  
  
"Spread my lips," said Sam.  
  
The woman gave a groan of arousal as Tricia's fingers slipped into her  
vagina and gently eased it open. Then she was pressing Charles's erection into  
her, watching with fascination as it penetrated her. Charles sank his cock all  
the way into Sam's pussy, then grabbed Tricia's hair again.  
  
"Suck my balls," he ordered.  
  
Tricia was shocked by the command. She glanced down at the pair. Sam  
still had her backside projecting over the end of the sun lounger with Charles  
semi-prone on top of her, She lay on her back, propped up on one elbow, and took  
his dangling balls into her mouth.  
  
"Oh yeahhh!" groaned Charles as he began to fuck Sam with smooth  
strokes.  
  
For Sam it was an extraordinary sensation to be in such close proximity  
to his cock and her vagina. She could smell and taste Sam's femininity as she  
sucked on Charles's balls, and the sensation was bringing a new surge of wetness  
inside her pussy. The scarf had fallen almost unnoticed from her neck, and her  
bare breasts shook deliciously with every thrust of Charles's hips.  
  
She had almost forgotten her audience, but was reminded of them suddenly  
as she felt something cold against her thigh. She glanced down to see that Peter  
was wielding a sharp knife, and was slipping it under the thin waist cord of her  
panties. Moments later he had sliced through it, and her last concession to  
modesty was gone.  
  
"Shit, what a pretty pussy," breathed Katrin. "Pull it open Peter."  
  
Tricia wanted to object but, with Charles's balls filling her mouth,  
there was little she could so. She let out a low moan as she felt Peter's  
fingers slide into her vagina.  
  
"Fuck her, Peter."  
  
Once again Tricia found herself being used without any consideration for  
her own desires. These six adults had simply taken charge, stripping her of her  
meager garments and using her lovely young body. She felt her thighs being  
dragged apart, offering no resistance as a thick, hard cock pressed against her  
nether lips.  
  
Tricia's gasp as Peter thrust his penis into her was muffled by the  
mouthful of balls she was sucking at. It was an extraordinary situation, and its  
eroticism wasn't lost on the young beauty as she watched Charles's cock thrust  
into Sam's vagina right in front of her eyes. The sense of having yet another  
cock inside her sopping vagina was arousing her once more, and she felt her cunt  
muscles contract about his stiff pole as she responded.  
  
"Oh shit, I'm coming." gasped Charles suddenly.  
  
"Come in the little slut's mouth," said Sandra, her voice carrying an  
unmistakable edge of excitement.  
  
At once Charles lifted his body so that his balls slipped from Tricia's  
mouth. Then his cock was thrust between her open lips. Tricia scarcely had time  
to close them about his shaft before his twitching member began to spurt, his  
slimy spunk filling her mouth so that she was obliged to gulp it down, gasping  
for breath as more and more of the fluid poured from his cock.  
  
That's it, Cunt, swallow it all," ordered Sandra, her eyes fixed on the  
tableau before her.  
  
At last Charles was spent, and he pulled his member from her mouth.  
  
"Shit, she loved that," said Sam.  
  
"She's loving this too," panted Peter. "Her cunt's positively sucking me  
in.  
  
"The bitch isn't supposed to be enjoying it," put in Katrin. "We're the  
one's using her."  
  
"Give it to her in the ass instead, Peter," said Sam.  
  
"Great idea," responded Katrin. "You suppose she's still a virgin  
there?"  
  
There was much laughter from the adults, and Tricia gave a moan of  
disappointment as she felt Peter withdraw. She had scarcely been listening to  
their conversation, such was her arousal, and now she was surprised to find  
herself being lifted bodily by two of the men.  
  
There was a low diving board jutting out over the pool, and they carried  
her across to it. They slammed her down onto the cold, wet board, her breasts  
crushed against her chest as they held her face down. Then hands were spreading  
her thighs once more.  
  
"Wh-what do you want?" she gasped, but nobody replied. Moments later she  
gave a start as she felt her firm young ass cheeks being pulled apart. Something  
warm and wet splashed down onto the dark star of her anus. At first she thought  
Peter had come on her naked flesh, then she realized it was spittle that was  
trickling down her tight crevice. A rough finger then began working the fluid  
into her anus, bringing moans of discomfort from the young beauty as she felt  
it penetrate her rear hole. Then she felt Peter's glans pressing against her  
tight anus, and she gave a gasp as he began to press.  
  
"No! Not there!"  
  
Tricia struggled against the hands that were holding her down, but in  
vain. There was no escaping their iron grip, and she felt the tears welling up  
in her eyes as Peter pressed his cock insistently against her behind.  
  
"Ah!" Tricia cried aloud as her sphincter gave up the struggle and  
Peter's cock slipped into her rectum. The pain and discomfort almost overcame  
the struggling youngster, but her cries for mercy were simply met by laughter as  
Peter began to bugger her.  
  
Tricia had never imagined such shame, held naked over a diving board in  
the open air by a group of laughing men and women whilst her rear hole was  
reamed by a thick cock. Even as she thought things could get no worse she felt  
her head being pulled up by the hair and found herself facing Laurence's stiff  
cock a few inches in front of her face.  
  
"Suck it" he ordered.  
  
Her eyes still damp with tears, Tricia opened her mouth and took him  
inside, the now familiar taste of maleness sending a shiver down her spine. She  
tried to close her mind to what was happening to her, but the insistent thrusts  
into her rectum were impossible to ignore, as were the repeated comments of the  
four who were witnessing her degradation.  
  
Peter's movements were becoming more urgent by the second, and she  
sensed his orgasm approaching. For Tricia there was nothing to relieve the  
sexual tension in her own body. Her nipples were hard as nuts, her clitoris  
tingling with arousal, but the men and women who were using her were completely  
insensitive to her desires, content only to gratify their own needs in the  
compliant teenager.  
  
Peter gave a grunt, and moments later Tricia had the extraordinary  
sensation of feeling her rectum filled with spunk, her body bucking and heaving  
as more and more of the fluid was pumped into her. It was like nothing she had  
ever experienced before, her own moans stifled by the cock that was filling her  
mouth.  
  
Peter emptied his balls into her ass, then withdrew. Tricia gave a sigh  
of relief as she felt him slip out of her aching rear. Her respite was only  
momentary however, as Laurence pulled his cock from her mouth and made his way round behind her. Ignoring her plaintive protests, he pulled apart the cheeks of  
her backside and plunged his cock into her anus, amid the laughter and cheers of  
those watching. Moments later Katrin had pulled down her pants and seated  
herself astride the board, pulling Tricia's face forward and forcing the  
unfortunate youngster to lap at her open pussy.  
  
The ordeal by the pool went on for more than an hour. No sooner had the  
men shot their loads into Tricia's sore behind than the women were making  
demands, forcing her to lick and finger them until they came, then handing her  
back to the men once more. Throughout the ordeal, Tricia was not allowed a  
single orgasm, the tension inside her almost causing her to cry aloud as she was  
used by the laughing group.  
  
At last, though, they had had enough, abandoning the naked, gasping  
teenager on the grass whilst they returned to their drinks and chatter. Tricia  
simply lay there, her face crimson with shame, whilst the adults acted as if  
nothing had happened.

Part 7  
  
Tricia wasn't sure if she had slept briefly. All she knew was that she  
suddenly felt a shoe pressing against the flesh of her bare backside. She opened  
her eyes to see Anna, the maid, standing over her, her face a picture of  
contempt as she gazed down at the naked, ravaged teenager.  
  
"You get up," the woman ordered. "You got work to do."  
  
Tricia pulled herself to her feet, only too aware of the spunk on her  
face and breasts, and more that seeped from her ass and ran down her legs.  
  
"W-work?" she stammered.  
  
"Madam say you must work as maid with the others," said the woman. "You  
get inside and wash up. You dirty girl."  
  
Tricia recognized the double meaning in what the woman said. She was  
indeed a dirty girl, she mused. But it wasn't by choice, was it? She glanced  
about for something to wear. The scarf was nowhere in sight, and the tiny  
panties had been completely wrecked. With a sigh she realized that she must  
remain nude  
  
She followed the woman in through the back door of the house and into  
what was clearly the servants' quarters. Anna showed her a bathroom.  
  
"You get cleaned up," she ordered. "Maid uniform in next room. You  
report to me in ten minutes."  
  
Tricia was once again glad to be able to wash the spunk and cunt juice  
from herself, luxuriating in the hot water as it flowed over her body. So she  
was to be a maid for the evening. She could think of worse things, she mused.  
And apparently there was a uniform, so the shame of her nudity would, for the  
time being at least, cease to be such an embarrassment.  
  
She dried her soft, smooth flesh, then made her way into the next room.  
It was a very small bedroom, furnished with a twin bed and a wooden chair.  
Draped across the chair were some garments, and she made her way across, anxious to cover herself. Then she stopped short. On the chair were a pair of  
black hold-up stockings and an apron similar to the ones worn by the other  
maids. On the floor lay a pair of black high-heeled shoes. Of underwear and a  
dress there was no sign. Tricia turned to the bed, but it was bare. At that  
moment, Anna appeared at the door.  
  
"Hurry up, girl," she ordered.  
  
"B-but there's no dress," protested the teenager.  
  
"That is what Madam gave me," said the maid. "Quick now. The guests will  
be arriving soon."  
  
Tricia opened her mouth to protest, but the woman had gone. Reluctantly  
she sat down on the bed and began to pull on the stockings.  
  
The stockings came to about six inches below her crotch. The nylon was  
sheer, with a dark seam running up the back. The elasticated tops bit into the  
soft flesh of Tricia's thighs. The youngster picked up the apron, fastening the  
top strings behind her head. At first she tried to tie it tight about her neck,  
but then she realized that that pulled it far too high, leaving her crotch  
exposed. She was obliged to loosen it, dropping the top down until her areolae  
were semi-exposed above the thin, white material. There were two narrow strings  
at the waist and she pulled these behind her back, tying them in a bow. Then she  
slipped on the shoes and made her way round to a full-length mirror that was  
affixed to the wall.  
  
What she saw made her heart sink. The apron was very small, the bib at  
the front cut low so the mounds of her breasts swelled above it. It was narrow  
too, narrower than her body, so that her large brown nipples threatened to  
escape on either side. Seen from sideways on, they were completely visible. The  
lower part too was narrow, so that the creamy flesh of her hips and thighs were  
completely uncovered, the curved bottom of the garment barely covering her  
prominent crotch. She knew that any sudden movement would reveal her shaved  
pussy. From the back she was simply naked, the only sign of the skimpy apron  
being the two narrow bands about her neck and waist, the rounded contours of her  
firm bottom on open display.  
  
She let her eyes drop lower. The black stockings served simply to  
enhance her nudity, drawing attention to the pale, bare flesh above them. The  
high heels made her legs seem longer, and gave her an altogether more sluttish  
appearance.  
  
"Come!" It was Anna again, and the woman's stern look changed to one of  
disgust as she let her eyes wander over Tricia's form. She shook her head and  
with a loud tut-tut, beckoned to the unfortunate girl to follow her.  
  
Tricia was further acquainted with the inadequacy of her clothing as she  
walked along behind the maid. Her unfettered breasts bounced with every step,  
affording brief glimpses of her stiff nipples. The skirt, pushed forward by her  
thighs, rode up slightly, and she felt sure her bare pussy was visible.  
  
They arrived back in the room where the other maids were gathered. The  
girls nudged one another and sniggered when they saw how Tricia was dressed.  
Some looked shocked, whilst other exploded into giggles. Ignoring them, Anna  
picked something up from the table and handed it to Tricia.  
  
"Put this on."  
  
It was a small, white badge, across which was written the word 'CUNT'  
  
Tricia felt the heat in her cheeks as she pinned the awful badge to her  
apron, taking great care not to scratch her tender breasts as she did so. As she  
was fastening it, Sam came in. The woman had changed into a long evening gown,  
and the contrast between her elegant outfit and Tricia's semi-nudity was not  
lost on the embarrassed youngster.  
  
Peter followed her, wearing a smart suit with open collar. The pair  
stopped to admire their new young servant.  
  
"That outfit's perfect," laughed Sam. "I want you to wait by the garden  
entrance and serve aperitifs to my guests. Hurry, now, they'll be arriving  
soon."  
  
Her words brought a new sinking feeling to Tricia's stomach. She had  
hoped she would be given a job that kept her in the background, possibly washing  
up. Now it was clear that Sam intended all her guests to see her in this  
embarrassing state.  
  
She took a tray of glasses from Anna and made her way around to the  
entrance to the garden. Cars would be arriving in the driveway, and a young man  
in a page's uniform had been designated to show them where to park, and to  
direct them to the garden. He was about sixteen and, when he caught sight of  
Tricia, his jaw dropped. The girl tried to ignore his stares, taking up her  
position at the side of the house. In the middle of the lawn other servants were  
busy laying tables or tending to the barbecue, but there was no shortage of  
sniggers and pointed fingers at the beautiful young teenager.  
  
Soon the guests began to arrive. As the first pair, both impeccably  
dressed, approached Tricia, the young beauty felt her color rise yet again.  
  
"W-would you like a drink Madam, Sir?" she stammered.  
  
"Dirty little exhibitionist," sniffed the woman, pulling her ogling  
husband away.  
  
More and more people arrived. They were all of a similar age to their  
host and hostess, and all wore expensive clothes. The reactions to Tricia were  
mixed. Many of the women looked shocked or disgusted at the sight of the  
near-nude servant, though many others were clearly amused, and one or two  
actually ran their hands over the swell of her breasts, remarking at how stiff  
her nipples were. Most of the men were delighted by the sight she made, often to  
the annoyance of their partners. Men arriving alone would make suggestive  
comments to the youngster, causing the blood to rise in her cheeks. The name tag  
in particular brought a lot of ribald comments.  
  
All in all it was an incredibly humiliating experience for the pretty  
teenager. To be put in display like this, her breasts and genitals scarcely  
covered, her lovely ass bare for all to see, was an awful experience. Yet there  
was something perversely exciting about it too, something that kept her nipples  
hard as nuts, pressing against the thin material of the apron. Something that  
brought a warmth and wetness to her pussy that Tricia couldn't explain. Her mind  
kept going back to what had happened in the garden. How she had had her ass  
fucked and had sucked and licked both the men and the women, and how she had  
ached for the release that an orgasm would have given her. Now she felt the need  
to come yet again, although how her situation could possibly be arousing her was  
quite beyond her.  
  
The most embarrassing experience for her was when Bella arrived with her  
chums. Like the other guests, the teenage girls wore lovely designer outfits,  
their shapely bodies drawing glances of admiration from the older guests as they  
arrived, chattering and laughing together.  
  
Bella came to a halt in front of Tricia, a broad grin on her face.  
  
"So, Cunt, you finally found something useful to do."  
  
"Isn't that uniform missing something?" giggled Jenny.  
  
"Naw, she likes it like that," replied Bella. "There's less to take off  
if someone wants to fuck her."  
  
The girls took a drink each from Tricia's tray, then moved into the  
chattering crowd, leaving the pretty youngster gazing enviously after them. She  
noted the difference in the looks they received compared to herself, Bella was  
clearly accepted here as an attractive and interesting person, where as Tricia  
herself was no more than a figure of fun to these people, someone whose body was  
a plaything, and whose opinion simply didn't matter.  
  
Once all the guests had arrived, Tricia's duty changed. Anna made her  
move amongst the guests with her tray, taking orders and serving drinks. The  
youngster was, more than ever, made aware of her status amongst these rich and  
beautifully dressed people. The women scarcely glanced at her, ordering their  
drinks with monosyllabic commands whilst the men were clearly amused by her  
predicament. There was also a good deal of surreptitious groping, and on more  
than one occasion Tricia nearly dropped her tray as hands squeezed her bare  
backside and fingers slid down between her legs, seeking out her cunt lips and  
stroking her in the most intimate manner. With both hands needed to support her  
tray, there was little Tricia could do to prevent the men feeling her up and, as  
the touches became more intimate, she felt the wetness inside her pussy  
increase, despite her revulsion .  
  
The party had been under way for more than an hour when things started  
to really go bad for the young beauty. She had a tray full of drinks and was in  
the process of serving a man in his early forties. Tricia had been only too  
aware of this man's interest in her since his arrival with his wife. His eyes  
had scarcely left her shapely form, and he stared at her with an intensity that  
made her very nervous indeed. His were not the glances of amusement she had  
encountered with most of the men at the party. He eyed her with undisguised  
contempt, but there was a lust in his expression as well, and she found herself  
feeling rather frightened of him.  
  
She would never be certain whether he engineered the incident. She had  
been holding her tray out to him when a hand suddenly cupped her buttock  
momentarily, then pinched her hard, Tricia gave a cry, starting forward and,  
before she could do anything to stop it, a tall bloody mary tipped over and  
splashed the man's jacket.  
  
He gave a shout of rage as the light material was stained by the bright  
red tomato juice. Tricia was dumbstruck as he shouted out how incompetent she  
was, pointing at the dark stain on his garment. Almost at once, Anna was at his  
side, snatching the tray from Tricia, her eyes blazing.  
  
"Take him inside and clean up that mess," she ordered. "Stupid,  
incompetent slut!"  
  
"And make sure you do a good job," ordered the man's wife. She was a  
tall, haughty looking woman who had been eyeing the scantily-clad teenager with  
some distaste since she had arrived with her husband.  
  
"It was an accident," protested Tricia.  
  
"Be quiet!" snapped Anna. "Take him to the upstairs bathroom and sponge  
that off."  
  
Close to tears, the youngster put down her tray and led the man toward  
the house. He said nothing more, but Tricia could feel his eyes upon her and,  
when she reached the foot of the staircase, he motioned for her to go up first.  
The pretty teenager knew only too well the sight she would present as she  
climbed the stairs, but she had little choice, her cheeks glowing as she thought  
of the view she was giving him of her bare behind and shaven slit as he followed  
her.  
  
At the top of the stairs was a bathroom, and she took him inside. She  
found a sponge and, after wetting it, set to work to clean the tomato juice from  
his jacket.  
  
As she rubbed at the material, Tricia was aware of her proximity to the  
intimidating man, her scarcely covered breasts brushing against him, presenting  
him with an almost unobstructed view of her stiff nipples as he stood over her.  
Then she gave a start as she felt his hand running down the smooth flesh of her  
flank, stroking the pale skin and bringing a shiver to the youngster.  
  
His hand slipped under the apron and reached for her slit.  
  
"No!" she said, trying to push it away.  
  
He grabbed her wrist with his other hand, twisting her arm and making  
her cry out with pain. As he did so, he shoved her against the wall, his rough  
fingers penetrating her vagina.  
  
"Don't fight it baby, or I'll tell them downstairs that you begged me  
for it," he hissed.  
  
"Please..."  
  
"You like to suck cock, you little whore? Cop a feel of this."  
  
He took her hand and guided it to the front of his pants. Tricia gave a  
little gasp as she felt the hard bulge at his crotch.  
  
"You're gonna suck me, slut," he said. "You're gonna suck me like the  
dirty bitch you are, or I'll tell them all how you begged me to fuck you."  
  
"But I didn't."  
  
"Who do you think they'll believe, me or you? Now get down on your  
fucking knees."  
  
Tricia struggled against him, trying to twist away from the fingers that  
were penetrating her so intimately. She wished she could get away from these  
cruel people. But she knew there was nothing she could do. She was becoming  
accustomed to submitting now, even though the things they asked of her repulsed  
her. All at once she ceased her struggles and sank to her knees.  
  
"That's better," he said. "Now take it out and suck it."  
  
Tricia reached for his zipper and pulled it down. His briefs were  
bulging and, as she slid down the material his cock sprang to attention. It was  
long and hard, the vein that ran up the middle throbbing with arousal. Tricia  
ran her fingers up and down its length, fascinated, despite her revulsion, by  
the way it twitched in her hand. Opening her mouth she took the end inside,  
pressing her face down and taking in as much as she was able, her tongue  
flicking over his glans as she sucked hard.  
  
"Shit, you really are a whore, aren't you?" said the man. He took hold  
of a handful of her hair and forced his cock even deeper down her throat.  
  
"Suck me, bitch," he commanded.  
  
Tricia began to move her head back and forth, sucking greedily at his  
thick erection, one hand cupping his balls whilst the other slid up and down his  
shaft. As she did so, she reflected on how adept she was becoming at fellatio.  
In only a few short days she had gone from innocent virgin to experienced cock  
sucker. She could scarcely believe how little resistance she had shown to his  
outrageous demand.  
  
The man was thrusting his hips forward now, as his arousal grew.  
Tricia's face rocked back and forth as the onslaught continued, her hand sliding  
up and down his shaft as she sucked, sensing his climax approaching and bracing  
herself for a mouthful of hot, slimy semen.  
  
"What the hell?"  
  
"Oh God!"  
  
The man's exclamation brought Tricia back to her senses. She glanced up,  
then froze, the man's stiff penis still between her lips. There, framed in the  
doorway, stood the man's wife, her face creased with rage.  
  
"What on earth is going on here?" she demanded.  
  
The question was superfluous. The sight of Tricia kneeling in front of  
the man, his stiff erection embedded in her mouth, needed no explanation.  
  
Tricia drew back, letting the thick cock slide from her mouth. But it  
was too late. The man let out a groan and suddenly thick spunk was spitting from  
the end of his member, splashing onto Tricia's face and dribbling down onto her  
apron. The unfortunate girl just stayed where she was, watching in horror as  
spurt after spurt of the liquid splashed onto her meager uniform.  
  
"You disgusting little slut!" erupted the woman. "What the hell are you  
doing with my husband?"  
  
"It was her idea," stammered the red-faced man. "She just suddenly  
started. I couldn't help myself."  
  
"You be quiet," hissed the woman. "I'll deal with you later. Now get up,  
you little bitch."  
  
Tricia rose slowly to her feet. She wanted to protest at the man's lies,  
but she knew it would do no good. Dressed as she was, it would be well nigh  
impossible to deny that she was a slut, and she knew any pleas on her part would  
fall on deaf ears.  
  
"What's going on?"  
  
Sam appeared at the door. When she saw Tricia's compromising position,  
the teenager was certain she saw the ghost of a smile fly across her face, then  
disappear.  
  
"This slut has been carrying on with my husband."  
  
"Oh dear. She's like that. I should have warned you. Nobody in pants is  
safe when she's around. Get downstairs you!"  
  
Once again Tricia was outraged at the unfairness of the statement, but  
she knew her protests would fall on deaf ears, so she said nothing. Instead she  
rose to her feet and, her head hanging in shame, walked past the two women and  
down the staircase.  
  
It seemed that the whole party had moved inside and was gathered at the  
foot of the stairs. Tricia's cheeks burned as she listened to their comments.  
  
"Dirty little slut."  
  
"Is that semen on her face?"  
  
"Completely shameless."  
  
"And so young, too. Where are her parents, letting her go around like  
that."  
  
At the back, Tricia could see Bella and her cronies, sniggering  
together. She had never felt so ashamed. She would run away as soon as she got  
outside, she decided. She simply couldn't take any more of this awful  
humiliation.  
  
Tricia would never be given the chance to escape, however. As she  
reached the foot of the stairs she found herself confronted by Anna. The  
dark-skinned woman stood, her arms folded, glaring at the unhappy youngster.  
  
"What is that on your apron?" she demanded.  
  
Tricia felt her color deepen. "It- it's semen," she stammered.  
  
"Stupid girl. Take it off!"  
  
"What?"  
  
"Take it off. It will need cleaning."  
  
Tricia stared round nervously at the beautifully clad people that  
surrounded her.  
  
"But it's all I've got on," she protested.  
  
"Take it off. Now!"  
  
For a second there was silence. Then, as Tricia reached behind her for  
the bow around her waist, a murmur went up.  
  
Her face scarlet, Tricia undid the waist cord, then the one behind her  
head. For a moment she hugged the apron to herself. Then Anna reached out a  
hand. Bowing her head, Tricia handed her the apron. Then she stood, hands at her  
sides, her eyes cast down as the murmur in the crowd increased.  
  
Tricia knew she was a sight to behold. Despite her shame, her nipples  
were hard as bullets, and a sheen of wetness coated the prominent lips of her  
cunt. The high heels and long, black stockings made her feel more conspicuous  
than ever, and she could feel a trail of cold semen running down her cheek.  
  
At that moment Sam appeared at the top of the stairs, alongside the man  
and his wife. The man was looking very sheepish, and his wife was clearly still  
angry.  
  
"I want that bitch punished!" she was saying to Sam.  
  
"Of course she'll be punished," replied the hostess. What do you think  
we should do?"  
  
"I know."  
  
All eyes turned to where the words had come from. Bella stood, grinning  
at the crowd.  
  
"We've already arranged to whip the little slut's tits. That should do  
it."  
  
Sam smiled. "That should be fun." She turned to the woman. "What do you  
think?"  
  
"It's no more than the little whore deserves."  
  
"That's settled then. Anna, take her out to the pool and prepare her."  
  
During this exchange, Tricia had simply been staring in disbelief. She  
had completely forgotten the tit whipping, having dismissed it as an idle  
threat. Now she faced, not just that dreadful punishment, but the total  
humiliation of having it witnessed by these smart people.  
  
"You... You can't," she protested. "I won't let you."  
  
"Better take a couple of the other maids along to help," said Sam.  
"There's some rope in the shed. Use it."  
  
"No!"  
  
The naked girl backed away as Anna advanced upon her. She had to flee.  
She couldn't stay here. She turned suddenly toward the door. She had barely  
taken a step, however, when two of the maids stepped forward and grabbed her  
arms. Anna barked an order in a language she didn't understand, then she found  
herself being dragged out into the garden.  
  
Tricia struggled, but the maids were too strong for her, frogmarching  
her out to the edge of the pool. There they flung her face down on the ground,  
and one of them straddled her waist, grabbing hold of her wrists and pulling  
them behind her. Moments later thick, coarse rope was being wrapped about her  
wrists and pulled tight. Once her hands were bound, more rope was used to tie  
her elbows. Tricia cried out in pain as the bonds were tightened about her upper  
arms, but her cries were met with laughter by the maids.  
  
Once her arms were trapped behind her, Tricia was hauled to her feet.  
There was a high diving board beside the pool, supported by a frame-like  
structure, and it was to this that they dragged her. They hauled her arms up and  
over a bar that was about the height of her shoulder blades. Tricia felt as if  
her arms would be dragged from their sockets as they used the residue of the  
rope about her wrists to secure her there. Then, as a final indignity, her legs  
were yanked apart and tied to vertical bars on either side of her, exposing her  
bare pussy in the most brutal manner possible.  
  
As the guests made their way across the lawn to examine the naked  
captive, Tricia felt more vulnerable than she ever had. The bonds that bit into  
her arms and the bar that pressed into her back left her lovely breasts thrust  
forward, the brown nipples pointing slightly upwards from the taut flesh. Her  
cunt was wide open, the evening air feeling cool inside her vagina due to the  
moistness within. Tricia was exposed and helpless, and she glanced round at the  
adults as they gathered about her, pointing and commenting on her nudity and  
shamelessness, prodding at her bare flesh, pinching her nipples and laughing at  
her discomfort.  
  
All at once the party guests moved back slightly, and Tricia found  
herself staring into the faces of Bella and Lucy. She felt a chill run through  
her as she noticed that Lucy was carrying a thin cane, flexing it in her hands  
as she examined Tricia's bare breasts.  
  
"A dozen strokes, I think," said Bella.  
  
A murmur of approval came up from the crowd.  
  
Tricia stared at the cane. She wanted to beg for mercy, but she knew her  
pleas would fall on deaf ears. She pulled at her bonds, but the maids had tied  
her well.  
  
"Wet the cane," said Bella.  
  
For a second, Lucy stared at her friend uncomprehendingly, then a wicked  
smile came to her lips. She walked up to the naked captive and stretched out her  
arm.  
  
Tricia gave a gasp of surprise as she felt the shaft of the cane press  
against her open vagina. Then she bit her lip as the girl began to rub the end  
up her slit, the wood chafing against her clitoris, making it come erect. For  
the naked teenager it was a bittersweet sensation, the hard wood sending spasms  
of arousal through her helpless body, making her gasp aloud at the sensation.  
Somehow the exposure and bondage were conspiring to bring out her basest  
instincts, and she gave a low moan, thrusting her hips forward, the lips of her  
sex twitching visibly as her vaginal muscles contracted.  
  
Once again a murmur came from the watching guests as Lucy ran the cane  
up and down Tricia's sex. When she withdrew it and held it up to them, it was  
glistening with cunt juice.  
  
Lucy held the cane up under Tricia's nose, so the beautiful youngster  
could smell her own arousal. Her sex was still contracting as she fought to  
regain control of her recalcitrant body, her pretty breasts rising and falling.  
  
"Right," said Bella. "Let's begin."  
  
Tricia watched in consternation as Lucy Drew back her arm.  
  
Swish! Whack!  
  
The cane came down with terrible force across the swelling creaminess of  
Tricia's breasts. Landing an inch above her nipples and leaving a white stripe  
that quickly darkened to an angry red color. At the same time, Tricia felt her  
nipples pucker into hardness. She bit her lip, trying to fight down the urge to  
cry out at the awful pain. Lucy raised the cane again.  
  
Swish! Whack!  
  
This time it caught the bottom of her jutting orbs, making the soft  
flesh shake deliciously, the hard nipples dancing up and down as yet another  
spasm of agony pierced Tricia's young body.  
  
Swish! Whack!  
  
The third blow lashed across her stomach, the thin, hard cane digging  
into her tender skin and leaving yet another livid stripe behind. The pain was  
like the sting of a thousand bees, and Tricia felt the tears well up in her eyes  
as she struggled to stay calm.  
  
Swish! Whack!  
  
Swish! Whack!  
  
Swish! Whack!  
  
The blows were relentless, placing stripe after stripe across Tricia's  
beautiful young body. The youngster danced in her bondage, twisting and turning  
to avoid the awful cane, but in vain. Her entire body had broken into a sweat  
now, her pale flesh glistening as the agony of the punishment continued.  
  
Swish! Whack!  
  
Swish! Whack!  
  
Swish! Whack!  
  
Lucy wielded the cane expertly, raining down blow after blow on Tricia's  
stinging tits, the cruel red stripes blending together now, the nipples more  
swollen than ever as the ordeal continued. Each stroke met with damp flesh now,  
a tiny spray of sweat going up as the cane hit home. Yet still the lovely  
youngster didn't cry out.  
  
"Look at her hips!"  
  
"The dirty bitch is turned on."  
  
Tricia had been unconscious of the movement, but now she realized that  
she was thrusting her hips forward with every stroke, the lips of her cunt  
opening and closing, as if caressing a stiff cock. Amidst the pain she suddenly  
realized that the beating was arousing her. Some base instinct, some sordid  
desire inside her was being stimulated. The nudity, the bondage, the pain, all  
were somehow conspiring to arouse her, and her cheeks glowed with humiliation as  
she felt a trickle of moisture leak out onto her thighs.  
  
The punishment paused for a moment whilst the guests took in her  
extraordinary response to the beating. Then Lucy drew back her arm again.  
  
Swish! Whack!  
  
Swish! Whack!  
  
Tricia was moaning aloud, now, but it wasn't the terrible pain that was  
eliciting the sounds from the youngster. Her hips were jabbing forward in a lewd  
dance of lust, her breasts dancing, not just with the pounding of the cane, but  
with the writhing of her naked body.  
  
Swish! Whack!  
  
The final blow landed directly across Tricia's rock-hard nipples,  
stinging dreadfully and bringing another cry from her. Then Lucy lowered the  
cane and the guests watched as the naked youngster twisted and turned, her moans filling the evening air.  
  
"Bring her off," said Bella.  
  
Lucy looked at her friend questioningly.  
  
"Bring her off with the cane. Let's see just what a dirty little slut she is."  
  
A grin crossed Lucy's face. She brought the end of the cane up and ran  
it lightly between Tricia's legs. As she did so the youngster moaned aloud,  
pressing her hips forward in a gesture of total abandon, yet more cunt juice  
dripping from her nether lips.  
  
"Shit, she wants it bad."  
  
"Make her come."  
  
"I wish I had my camera."  
  
Tricia was aware of the remarks, and of the mocking gazes of those  
watching. She tried hard to bring herself under control, cursing her body for  
its recalcitrance, but it was no good. When Lucy brought the cane up between her  
open legs again, the shudder that ran through her nude body was one of pure  
pleasure as he swollen clitoris rubbed against her hard, rough wood.  
  
Lucy began sawing the shaft up and down Tricia's open slit, bringing  
laughter from the adults as they saw Tricia's reaction, her hips pumping down  
against the weapon, her moans turning to cries as her lust overcame her. The  
teenager was lost now, the terrible pain in her breasts all but forgotten as she  
concentrated on the rough chafing of the cane against her swollen clit.  
  
She came with a cry, her entire body in motion as the juices leaked from  
her onto the shaft. For a moment the pain of her bondage, and of the beating,  
were forgotten as she found relief from her arousal at last, the exposure and  
the rough ass-fucking she had received bringing her to a shattering climax.  
  
Then it was over, and the forlorn, sweating girl came back to earth, the  
full realization of her behavior striking her as she glanced round at the  
laughing guests. Tricia hung her head in shame, wishing desperately that her  
body would behave the way a normal woman's would.  
  
Sam stepped forward, and the naked youngster winced as she ran a hand  
over her punished breasts.  
  
"Take her upstairs and tie her to the bed," she said to Anna. "Face  
down. She's had enough orgasms for one evening, but the guys may want to use  
that pretty ass later. Meanwhile, let's get back to the party."

Part 8  
  
"I've had a real nice evening, Tricia."  
  
"Me too, Steve."  
  
Tricia smiled at the young man beside her in the car. She had genuinely  
enjoyed his company. The movie had been particularly bad, but they had laughed  
about it afterwards and had enjoyed a coffee together before Steve's curfew had  
forced them to end their evening early. This time there had been no unwelcome  
interruptions, and now they were parked outside Tricia's apartment block, saying  
good night.  
  
Tricia thought about how much she enjoyed Steve's company. It was a  
total contrast to what she had experienced at the hands of Bella and Tony. He  
was considerate, amusing and, best of all, he treated her like a lady, not a sex  
object.  
  
It was Wednesday evening, four days since her ordeal at the party. After  
being ass-fucked by Sam's husband and at least half a dozen of his friends, she  
had been finally released in the small hours to walk back to Bella's. The next  
morning Tony had picked them up and, apart from the embarrassment of having to  
travel back into town naked, her tits striped with the marks of the cane, the  
ordeal had ended then, and she had been allowed home.  
  
The marks on her breasts had almost faded now, and the lack of contact  
from either Tony or Bella since her trip to the cabin had been welcome to the  
youngster. The chance of a normal date had also been welcome, and, by the end of  
the evening, she felt almost restored to her old self. Perhaps Tony and his  
sister had grown tired of her as a plaything, she mused. Whatever, she certainly  
wasn't missing their company.  
  
"Well, I guess you'd better go," she said, reaching across and squeezing  
Steve's hand.  
  
He turned to her, then reached out and pulled her close, his lips  
closing over hers. He kissed her. It was completely different from the  
slobbering caresses she had encountered recently, and she responded eagerly,  
opening her mouth and allowing his tongue to intertwine with her own. He moved  
his hand up to her breast.  
  
Of course he could not have known of the tenderness there, and she knew  
he had misinterpreted the way she immediately pushed his hand away.  
  
"Sorry," he said.  
  
"No, Steve. It's just that..."  
  
"It's okay. It's only our second date. I understand. Anyway I gotta go."  
  
She looked at him. It was ironic that, for the first time she had found  
someone whose caresses she welcomed, and she had pushed him away. She thought of all the other men over the past weeks who had groped her breasts, her cunt, her ass. Who had spurted their spunk into her without so much as telling her their name. And here was the one man she wanted to be touched by being rejected.  
  
"You coming to Martina's party on Saturday?" he asked.  
  
"Sure. I think the whole class is going to be there."  
  
"Great.I'll see you there then."  
  
"Okay."  
  
Tricia hadn't been particularly looking forward to the party. It was a  
sort of pre-graduation get-together before the formal celebrations started, but  
she hadn't been sure she would enjoy it. The fact that Steve would be there gave  
her some cheer, though.  
  
Tricia climbed from the car, then turned and blew him a kiss. Then she  
headed into her apartment building. It was still quite early, and she resolved  
to spend sometime on her homework assignments.  
  
The moment she pushed open the door of her apartment, she spotted the  
package. It was a small, brown parcel lying on the coffee table. Across it was  
written the word 'Cunt'.  
  
All at once her elation left her, as the nightmare descended upon her  
once again. Her stomach churning, she picked up the package and opened it.  
Inside was some kind of garment, and a note. She read the note carefully.  
  
"Be outside on the corner of fifteenth and Cherry at ten o'clock. Wear  
this, and nothing else."  
  
There was no signature, but she didn't need one. It was clear that the  
package had come from Tony.  
  
She checked her watch. It was nine forty-five. She didn't have much  
time.  
  
She hurried into the bedroom, clutching the package. Once inside, she  
pulled out the garment and studied it. At first she didn't know what to make of  
it. Slowly, though, she worked out how it was to be worn, and her heart sank.  
  
She began to undress quickly, dropping her clothes onto the bed. When  
she was naked she dashed into the bathroom and ran a razor over her sex,  
ensuring that it was free of hair. Then she returned to the bedroom, picked up  
the garment again and began to put it on.  
  
The lower part was a kind of thong, with a thin string that ran between  
her legs and up the crack of her backside. There was a loop in the top of that  
string, and another string, which formed the waistband, threaded through that  
and tied in a bow at her right hip. The garment was made of a black net-like  
material, the net holes being nearly a quarter of an inch in diameter, so that  
it offered no useful cover over her nakedness. The crotch was so thin that it  
cut into her sex, forcing her thick cunt lips apart and covering virtually  
nothing.  
  
The waist string was attached to two sides of a metal ring about two  
inches in diameter, and two more thin strips of material ran from the top of the  
ring. These she pulled up, tying a second bow behind her neck. The ring was now  
positioned so that it exactly framed her navel, the two strips running up over  
her breasts. These were not much more than an inch wide, so that her breasts  
were almost totally exposed, the coarse mesh hiding virtually nothing of her  
brown nipples.  
  
She moved in front of the mirror, and gave a moan of anguish. The  
garment was almost nonexistent, and what it did cover was clearly visible  
through the holes. She might as well have worn nothing for all the cover it gave  
her and, when she turned and looked back over her shoulder at herself, she was,  
to all intents and purposes naked, with her ass cheeks totally uncovered and  
only the black cord running low about her waist revealing that she wore anything  
at all. She couldn't go out like this, could she? But what choice did she have?  
  
She glanced at her watch. She only had five minutes. She couldn't afford  
to waste any more time. She tiptoed to the door of her apartment and peered  
through the peep hole. There was nobody about. Her heart pounding, she pushed  
open the door and stepped out into the hallway.  
  
All the way down in the elevator, she feared she would meet someone, but  
there was nobody about. She almost ran through the lobby and out into the  
street. It was only when she felt the warm night air on her bare flesh that she  
remembered just how exposed she was, and a shiver of apprehension ran through  
her.  
  
The place where she was to meet Tony was almost a block away, and she  
walked quickly, glancing from side to side, afraid of who might see her in this  
outrageous outfit. A car passed, with four young men in. The horn sounded as the  
car's grinning occupants laughed and pointed at the young beauty.  
  
Tricia approached the intersection with trepidation. There were traffic  
lights there and, although there were few people about, she feared being seen.  
  
She reached the junction just as another car did, and she was dismayed  
to see that the lights were red. She was obliged to stand for what seemed ages  
whilst the couple in the car stared at her young body, the woman with obvious  
distaste, the man with barely disguised interest. The scene played itself out  
two or three times more, with Tricia's cheeks becoming redder and redder as she  
was obliged to stand whilst her near-naked body was inspected by the passers-by.  
  
She heard voices. At the end of the street a group of youths had just  
turned the corner. They were no more than a hundred yards away, and Tricia  
shuddered as she heard the inevitable whistles and catcalls.  
  
They came closer, their lewd comments clearly audible to the youngster  
as they approached. She watched them warily, her heart pounding, afraid of what  
they would do when they came close enough to realize how see-through her outfit  
was.  
  
"What the fuck are you waiting for, Cunt?"  
  
Tricia gave a start, and turned to see that Tony had stopped right  
beside her. So intent on the approaching youths had she been that she hadn't  
heard him pull up in the minivan. She had never thought she would be pleased to  
see Bella's cruel brother, but right now all she wanted to do was get away from  
that street corner.  
  
Tony opened the door and Tricia turned to climb in. As she did so, she  
realized that she was showing her bare backside to the young men and the  
cacophony of whistles and catcalls told her that they had had a perfect view.  
She quickly slammed the door and sank into the seat as Tony pulled away.  
  
"The outfit suits you, Cunt," he said. "Makes you look a real slut. I  
can see you're enjoying it, I've never seen your nipples so hard, even when you  
were being fucked."  
  
Tricia said nothing, but the scarlet color in her cheeks betrayed her  
humiliation at the cruel comments.  
  
"Where are we going?" she asked.  
  
"You'll see. Somewhere where you can show off your new outfit."  
  
The words brought a cold feeling to Tricia's stomach. The last thing she  
wanted was to be seen like this.  
  
The car threaded its way through the streets and soon they were leaving  
the urban area behind them, making their way along a country road. Tricia  
wondered where they could possibly be going.  
  
All at once she spotted two figures ahead beside the road. As they came  
closer she saw they were hitchhikers. They were black men, both in their mid  
twenties. One of them was holding out a sign with the name of a town about two  
hundred miles distant written on it.  
  
Tony began to slow the van. Tricia turned to him in alarm.  
  
"What are you doing?"  
  
"Giving these guys a lift."  
  
"But we're not going that far, surely?  
  
"There's a truck stop a few miles up the road. We can take them there."  
  
"But you can't let them in the van. I mean, not with me like this."  
  
"I don't reckon they'll complain. Besides, it'll give you something to  
amuse yourself with on the journey."  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
Tony drew the van to a halt about fifty yards beyond the two men. In the  
mirror, Tricia could see them hurrying toward the vehicle, lugging heavy  
rucksacks.  
  
Tony reached into the glove compartment and drew out a small package.  
Tricia felt her heart sink as she recognized the parcel, stamped and addressed  
to her parents.  
  
"There's a mailbox at the truck stop," he said." If those two guys  
haven't shot their loads by the time we get there, this goes in the mail."  
  
"But you can't..."  
  
"I reckon that gives you just under fifteen minutes," he went on. "Now  
don't you think you should get out and help them put their rucksacks in the  
back?"  
  
As he spoke, a face appeared at Tricia's window. Tony pressed a button  
and it rolled down.  
  
"Hey man, where you going?"  
  
"I can take you to a truck stop."  
  
"That's cool. You see my buddy and me..." The man's voice broke off as  
he saw how Tricia was dressed. The lovely young teenager felt the color rise in  
her cheeks as he stared at her breasts.  
  
"Shit," he breathed.  
  
Tony handed a key to Tricia.  
  
"Open the back door for these guys," he ordered.  
  
Tricia looked at him despairingly, but he simply smiled at her.  
  
"Come on," he said. "You know you want to.  
  
Reluctantly Tricia opened her door. It was still daylight outside, and  
she knew she was quite a sight in the virtually transparent costume, her dark  
nipples pressing against the thin gauze, the buds peeping through the netting,  
her crotch scarcely covered by the thin strip that ran through her cunt lips.  
  
The two men grinned and nudged each other as she walked past them to the  
rear of the vehicle, aware of the view of her bare buttocks this was affording  
them. She unlocked the door and pulled it open, then stood beside it, watching  
as the two black men loaded their gear. They were strong, sinewy men, and she  
felt an odd shudder run through her as she watched. Her eyes dropped to the  
front of their pants. Was she mistaken, or could she already see a tell-tale  
bulge down there?  
  
When she got round to the side of the vehicle she found the passenger  
door closed, and the sliding side door open.  
  
"I thought you'd like to ride in the back with these guys," said Tony."  
You know you want to."  
  
Tricia shuddered as she heard those words again.  
  
"Sure," she said, trying to take the edge of panic out of her voice as  
she watched the two men climb aboard.  
  
"This your lady?" asked one of the men.  
  
"Shit no," replied Tony. "She's too much of a slut for me. Look at the  
way she's dressed."  
  
The pair laughed, staring at Tricia as she climbed into the van. The two  
men were sitting side by side on a bench seat. Tricia's first instinct was to  
sit behind them, but then she remembered Tony's orders. Less than fifteen  
minutes, he had said. How could she possibly take these men from being strangers  
to total intimacy in so short a time? But she knew she must, and she slid onto  
the seat beside them, managing a weak smile as she did so.  
  
"That's a helluva outfit, lady," said the man beside her. He was a big  
man, his head shaved, his dark brown eyes penetrating.  
  
"D-do you like it?" she asked.  
  
"I like even better what's inside it."  
  
He reached out a large hand and placed it over her breast. Tricia knew  
he could feel the hardness of her nipple, and wondered if he could sense her  
nervousness.  
  
"Hey, baby, you don't gotta be afraid of me and Duke here," he said. "We  
ain't gonna hurt you."  
  
She tried to smile again. "I-I'm not afraid," she stammered.  
  
The man moved his hand up to her neck, where he toyed with the bow that  
held the skimpy garment up.  
  
"What happens if I undo this?" he asked.  
  
Tricia glanced at Tony. Time was going by. She cleared her throat.  
  
"Wh-why don't you try it and see?"  
  
At this the second man leaned forward, a grin on his face.  
  
"Come and sit between us," he said.  
  
"All right."  
  
Tricia's body was trembling as she moved between the two big black men.  
  
"That's real cozy. Now undo that bow for us."  
  
Tricia took a deep breath. Then, her fingers shaking, she reached behind  
her head and undid the bow. The top of the garment fell away, revealing Tricia's  
lovely, pert breasts to the two men. Immediately, hands from both sides closed  
over her soft globes, bringing a sharp intake of breath from the teenager as  
they roughly mauled her flesh.  
  
"That's real nice. Now undo the other one."  
  
Tricia's heart was beating hard now. But the fear was beginning to give  
way to another emotion. Despite her disgust with herself, her beautiful, vibrant  
young body was beginning to respond to the closeness of these two strangers in a  
most unwelcome manner, her large, brown nipples protruding as they came erect, a warm wetness seeping into her vagina.  
  
Tricia pulled herself up on the seat in front until she was standing.  
Then she reached down to her waist and undid the second bow. The scrappy garment fell away, leaving her totally nude.  
  
"Hell that's nice. Come here, baby."  
  
At once she was dragged down onto the first man's lap. his strong hands  
pulling her thighs apart as he held her to him. His hands went to her breasts,  
kneading them and squeezing them, bringing a soft moan from the young beauty.  
Then she gave a cry as two thick, black fingers penetrated her vagina, probing  
deep into her most private place and sending pulses of excitement shooting  
through her young body.  
  
"Shit, she's wet as hell," he said. "Bitch is on heat."  
  
"Get the slut down on the seat, I gotta fuck her. You wanna be fucked  
don't you, baby?"  
  
Tricia did not reply, but the stifled moan that escaped her lips as he  
twisted his finger inside her told him her answer.  
  
Strong hands were grabbing at the naked teenager again, dragging her  
onto her back, stretching her across the seat. Tricia offered no resistance,  
allowing the men to use her as they wanted. She knew they must think her a total  
slut to behave this way, but she was aware that time was short, and that Tony  
would be true to his word if the pair had not come by the time they reached the  
truck stop.  
  
"You ready for this?" asked the man.  
  
"Yes," she gasped.  
  
"Ask for it."  
  
"Please fuck me."  
  
"Nicer than that."  
  
Tricia's humiliation was extraordinary, but she had to play Tony's game.  
  
"Please fuck me," she said. "I want it so bad."  
  
"Let's see that pretty pussy properly."  
  
Her legs were yanked roughly apart and she stared down between the  
mounds of her breasts to the hulking black man, who was examining her shaved  
pussy. She knew she was wet down there, and that he would be aware of her  
arousal, but still she thrust her hips up at him, making her compliance clear.  
  
"Shit, this is one hot chick," murmured the man. "You want some cock  
baby?"  
  
"Yes. Yes please."  
  
He pulled down his zipper and his cock emerged from his pants. It was  
thick and black, and Tricia shivered with lust as she realized it would soon be  
inside her.  
  
Suddenly her head was pulled to the side, and she found a second ebony  
erection right in front of her face. Without a word, the man grabbed a handful  
of hair and thrust his hips against her face, forcing his cock into her mouth.  
Tricia fought for breath as his massive member was jammed down her throat,  
trying as best she could to close her lips about his shaft and suck.  
  
Moments later her body was bucking under an onslaught from the other  
end, as his companion rammed his pole into her dripping pussy, shaking her whole  
body and making her breasts quiver deliciously as he began to fuck her hard.  
  
For Tricia it had all happened so suddenly that she could barely come to  
terms with what was happening to her. She wondered what Steve would say if he  
could see the demure youngster he had dropped off little more than half an hour  
ago, stretched naked in the back of a van whilst two black strangers thrust  
their cocks into her.  
  
The fucking was rough and violent, the two men using her without thought  
for her own feelings, ramming their cocks into her compliant young body, staring  
down at her nakedness and laughing at her obvious arousal.  
  
Tricia was lost in her own lasciviousness now. For most women, a turn-on  
would be silken sheets and champagne. How was it that she, Tricia, was so  
aroused by this brutal, enforced sex? How could her body respond to this  
careless treatment? Yet she was more turned on than she could ever be, her  
lovely body thrashing about under this brute of a man whilst she sucked hungrily  
at his friend's erection, her whole being on fire with desire.  
  
All at once she felt the exquisite sensation of hot spunk pumping into  
her vagina and, with a stifled moan, she came, her hips thrusting upwards in a  
frenzy of desire. Even as she came, her mouth was filled with more semen, the  
twitching black cock between he lips ejecting spurt after spurt of bitter spunk  
into her mouth.  
  
Tricia swallowed hard, her sex walls contracting about the cock in her  
cunt as she drank down the other man's seed, her naked body still writhing. She  
was lost now, in the depravity of her act, a total cheap slut, her naked body  
out of control.  
  
Then, as one, the two men withdrew, leaving her panting and gasping,  
spunk trickling onto her thighs and onto her chin as she fought to regain her  
composure.  
  
All at once she realized that the van had come to a halt, and that the  
men were opening the side door. She sat up and looked about her. They were in a  
vast parking lot, lit by powerful floodlights. All around were large trucks and  
about fifty yards distant Tricia could see a diner, with men standing around  
outside.  
  
"C'mon Cunt, help the guys get their stuff out."  
  
Tony was holding out the key to the rear door. Tricia looked about  
herself for her garment.  
  
"Never mind that, get a fucking move on!"  
  
"But I'm..."  
  
But already Tricia was being manhandled from the van by the two black  
men. Moments later she found herself standing naked on the parking lot,  
listening to the whistles and yells of the truck drivers as they saw that the  
lovely young girl was wearing no clothes.  
  
Feeling the panic rise within her, the blushing youngster made her way  
round to the rear. She fumbled with the keys, aware that more and more of the  
men were coming out of the diner to see what was causing the commotion. Her two  
passengers offered no help at all, just grinning at her, clearly enjoying her  
embarrassment.  
  
At last she wrenched open the door. The men's rucksacks were heavy, but  
she wasted no time in hauling them out and placing them on the ground. She  
slammed the door again and made to jump into the van, but the two men  
intercepted her, grabbing her by the arm.  
  
"What, no kiss goodbye?"  
  
The first of the pair pulled her to him, his big hands grabbing her  
breasts as his lips closed over hers, his tongue snaking into her mouth. Despite  
her panic, Tricia felt her arousal sparked again as this strong man held her,  
his hands roaming over her naked body as his tongue intertwined with hers. Then  
she felt herself being pulled away from him from behind. The other man pulled  
her head round and kissed her over her shoulder as he maneuvered her round to  
face the cheering truck drivers. Tricia knew they were getting a full-frontal  
view of her nudity now, yet she couldn't prevent the man forcing her thighs  
apart and pressing his long black fingers into her vagina, making her hips  
thrust forward against his hand as her perverse nature was once again brought to  
the fore. He stopped kissing her and held her there, facing the men, her legs  
spread wide, her knees bent as she thrust down against the hand that was  
invading her so intimately. There was no pretence at restraining her now, her  
nude body was putty in his hands as he used his other hand to caress her  
breasts, pinching the erect nipples and sending pulses of pleasure through her.  
  
Tricia came with a scream, her hips pumping back and forth in a lewd  
dance of lust, her breasts shaking as her body shuddered with desire. She leaned  
back against the man, momentarily oblivious to the shouts and comments of the  
watching truckers as wave after wave of pleasure flowed through her young body.  
  
Then he was pushing her away, and the sudden realization of what she had  
done began to come home to her. She looked about herself in dismay, unable to  
comprehend what it was that had made her put on this extraordinary exhibition.  
Once again she made a bolt for the van, and once again she was grabbed.  
  
"Not so fast, baby," he said, holding up his hand. His fingers were  
smeared with a mixture of spunk and cunt juice. "Clean this up," he ordered.  
  
Tricia wanted to refuse, but she knew her protestations would fall on  
deaf ears. Amid the laughter and ribald comments of the truck drivers, she  
licked the man's fingers clean, swallowing down the sexual fluids that coated  
his hand, all the time aware of the men scrutinizing her nude body. Only when he  
was completely satisfied did he release his grip in her arm and allow her to  
scurry round the van and jump inside.  
  
Tony ran his eyes up and down her body, taking in the stiffness of her  
nipples and the spunk and cunt juice smeared about her sex.  
  
"I guess you'd better get cleaned up," he said. We've got a long night  
ahead, you and me."

Part 9  
  
"C'mon, Cunt, get a move on."  
  
Tricia hurried along behind Tony, glancing anxiously about her for fear  
that someone would see the outrageous way she was dressed. She glanced ahead at the building they were about to enter, and she felt her heart sink as they came  
closer.  
  
It was quite a large building, set near the highway in the middle of a  
large parking lot. Less than half a mile away was the truck stop where they had  
dropped off their two passengers just a short time before. There were a number  
of cars in the lot, a fact that gave no comfort to the embarrassed youngster as  
she thought of the inadequacy of her garments. Worse still was the neon sign on  
the roof that announced 'Ted's Place. Live Dancing Girls'. Tricia had seen such  
places before, but had never dreamed of entering one.  
  
At least she had had the chance to clean herself up after her encounter  
with the two hitchhikers. Tony had stopped the van outside the ladies room at  
the truck stop and had ordered her inside. To the still naked girl, evidence of  
her ravishment still smeared on her thighs, it was a daunting prospect. Inside  
she had encountered two female truckers who had hooted with laughter at the  
sight of her and had kept up a stream of ribald comments whilst she had cleaned  
the spunk from her body. When she had emerged they came out to watch as she  
struggled into the skimpy garment again. Only once she had put it on would Tony  
allow her back into the van. Then it was the shortest of drives across the  
parking lot to the bar.  
  
As they approached the entrance, Tricia's natural instinct was to hang  
back. She would have been embarrassed to enter such a place at the best of  
times. To be forced to do so dressed as she was, made it infinitely worse. Yet  
she knew she must obey Tony, or face the consequences.  
  
He pushed open the door and beckoned to her to enter. Inside the lights  
were fairly low, much to her relief. They were in a small entrance hall and  
ahead was a door, behind which she could hear music playing. It was toward this  
that Tony led her, her heart pounding as he opened the door.  
  
She found herself in a large saloon. All about her were tables, most of  
which were occupied. The majority of the clientele were men, seated facing a  
stage, which was the focal point of the room. The stage was bare apart from a  
brass pole that ran from floor to ceiling. To the right was a bar, around which  
were standing more men, most with bottles of beer in their hands. To Tricia's  
relief, their entry had gone largely unnoticed and, in the low lights of the  
bar, she hoped that this anonymity would continue.  
  
She had wanted Tony to take her to one of the tables, so was somewhat  
dismayed when he led the way to the bar. Some of the men standing there eyed the young beauty with interest when they saw how scantily she was clad, and Tricia  
felt the heat in her cheeks as she saw them staring at her.  
  
Tony ordered a beer for himself and a soda for Tricia. The youngster  
sipped at the drink, aware that more and more eyes were turning in her  
direction, taking in the smooth curves of her body. She hoped that the dimness  
of the lights in the room would prevent most of them from seeing just how  
outrageous her outfit was.  
  
All at once loud music began to play and a spotlight suddenly lit the  
small stage. As Tricia watched, a girl emerged from the wings. She was about  
twenty-five years old, clad in a sequined bikini that glittered under the bright  
light. She began to dance about the pole, using it as a prop as she gyrated. She  
looked somewhat bored by the whole occasion, but Tricia was glad that at least  
some of the attention had been diverted from herself.  
  
As the girl danced, a man emerged from the gloom and took up position  
next to Tony. The pair exchanged greetings, then turned to watch the girl  
twisting her body about the pole. The dance went on for a few more minutes, and  
ended with a scattering of applause from those watching.  
  
When the girl had left the stage, Tony turned to the man beside him. He  
was about forty years old, clad in a suit and tie. Tricia guessed that he was  
the proprietor, as she had noticed him giving orders to the barman whilst the  
dance had progressed.  
  
"I was expecting a stripper," remarked Tony.  
  
"It's hard to get that kind of girl out here. On weekends we have a  
couple come in from the city, but during the week we're stuck with Angie. She  
won't strip. Got religion or something."  
  
"Could you use a little amateur blood?"  
  
The man smiled. "Sure, but what girl does that stuff just for fun?"  
  
"What about her?"  
  
The man hadn't paid much attention to Tricia, but now, as he turned to  
look at her, he clearly saw for the first time how inadequate her costume was.  
  
"Shit. She always go about like that?"  
  
"Sure. You love being stared at, don't you baby?"  
  
Tricia felt her cheeks glowing as the man ran his eyes up and down her  
body, but she said nothing.  
  
"How about it, Cunt?" went on Tony. "Fancy a dance?"  
  
At first Tricia thought he was suggesting they dance together, and the  
question surprised her, since she had seen neither band nor dance floor. Then  
she thought of what she had just witnessed, and a coldness gripped her stomach.  
  
"No, Tony! Please, I..."  
  
"Yeah, young lady. My clients would appreciate watching you dance."  
  
"She'll dance," said Tony. "C'mon baby, you know you want to."  
  
The words were like a sentence to the youngster. She thought of the  
package in Tony's van. All he had to do was drop it in the mailbox.  
  
"Please Tony," she whispered. "I'll do anything."  
  
"Sure you will. Right now you're going to dance."  
  
Tricia opened her mouth to protest again, then saw the look in Tony's  
eye and closed it.  
  
"All right," she whispered.  
  
"Great," said the man. "I'll get the music organized. C'mon out back."  
  
Tricia went to follow him, but Tony grasped her arm.  
  
"One thing, Cunt," he said. "Remember this is a strip club."  
  
"What? Tony I couldn't..."  
  
"When I raise one finger, the top bow gets undone. When I raise two  
fingers, the bottom one goes. Then I want to see you really fuck that pole."  
  
"Please Tony. Don't make me..."  
  
"You coming or what?"  
  
The club owner beckoned to Tricia. She gave a final, despairing glance  
toward Tony, then followed the club owner out the door. As she walked she was  
more than ever aware of the hungry male eyes on her bare behind swaying  
deliciously as she walked.  
  
The man led her through a door marked 'Private' and into a brightly-lit  
corridor. Here there were no carpets, just a bare floor and walls and harsh  
fluorescent lighting. A few yards down was another door marked 'Stage'. The man  
pushed it open, and Tricia peered through. From here she was invisible to the  
men in the club, but she could see the small, bare stage and the pole.  
  
The man grabbed her arm and pressed her back against the wall. His grip  
was tight and painful as he stared down at her barely clad body.  
  
"You ever do this before?" he asked.  
  
"No Sir."  
  
"You expecting to get paid?"  
  
"No Sir."  
  
"Then what the fuck are you doing it for?"  
  
Tricia's cheeks reddened. "I... I like being around men in the nude,"   
she mumbled.  
  
He sniffed. "I don't know what this is about," he hissed. "I guess maybe  
you're just some kind of slut. But you better put on a good show. I got my  
reputation to think of. You got that?"  
  
"Yes Sir."  
  
"Okay. When the music starts, you get out there."  
  
With that he turned away, leaving Tricia staring after him.  
  
It seemed like ages before the music started. As Tricia waited, her  
stomach churned in anticipation of what she was to do. She could scarcely  
believe that she could have been brought so low. To dance for these strangers,  
and display her body to them was the most humiliating thing imaginable. Yet,  
even now, she could feel a wetness seeping into her pussy as she thought of what  
she was about to do.  
  
The music began. It was a loud number with a strong beat, the sort of  
song Tricia would have enjoyed dancing to under ordinary circumstances. The  
youngster took a deep breath. Then she stepped out onto the stage.  
  
As Tricia made her entrance, a bright spotlight was suddenly turned on,  
almost blinding her with its harsh brilliance. At the same time a ripple of  
applause came up from the watching men, sending a shiver of excitement through  
the teenager.  
  
She began to dance. Tricia had always loved dancing, and was very good  
at it, her shapely young body writhing sensuously to the beat of the music. As  
she danced she tried to blot the men from her mind, imagining herself at a  
disco, surrounded by other dancers. But she couldn't forget the outrageous way  
she was dressed, nor the eyes upon her as she gyrated.  
  
Suddenly she saw an arm wave from the bar. Blinking through the  
brightness she saw Tony. Then her heart sank as she realized he was holding up a  
finger.  
  
She stared round at the watching men, sensing their anticipation. They  
probably weren't aware she was going to strip. After all, the other girl hadn't.  
Slowly, reluctantly, she reached a hand behind her head and tugged at the thin  
cord.  
  
At once the skimpy coverings over her breasts fell away, baring her  
pale, jutting orbs to the watching men. A cheer went up, accompanied by whistles  
and yells as the men feasted their eyes on Tricia's luscious breasts. Her  
nipples were hard, protruding upwards as if begging to be sucked, and she felt  
her cheeks redden as the men shouted lewd remarks at her lack of modesty.  
  
The teenager danced on, only too aware of the way her breasts bounced  
freely with every movement, the protruding teats jiggling up and down  
tantalizingly. She wanted to hide her face, to cover her jutting orbs with her  
hands, but she dare not. Instead she lost herself in the music again, her body  
swaying to the beat.  
  
She knew it was only a matter of time before Tony would make her divest  
herself of her last vestige of clothing, but still it was with a sense of shock  
that she saw him raise two fingers to her. For a second time she contemplated  
escape, but she knew it was hopeless. Out here, miles from home, wearing an  
outfit that would have been considered outrageous even in the bedroom, she had  
nowhere to run to. Besides, the video tape was in the car, and could be in a  
mailbox in a matter of minutes. With a sinking heart, Tricia reached for the bow  
on her hip.  
  
The cord came undone, and the garment dropped away. At once the shouts  
and whistles doubled in volume as the men took in Tricia's shaved pussy, the  
prominence of her slit bringing shouts from those watching. The young beauty's  
face was crimson now, but still she continued to dance.  
  
"The pole!"  
  
"Use the pole, you dirty little bitch!"  
  
Tricia had been blotting the shouts from her mind until now, but these  
new cries reminded her of the one feature of the small stage. She glanced across  
at Tony, who was nodding to her. With a trembling hand, she reached out and took  
hold of the pole, swinging her young body around it, displaying her nakedness to  
the cheering men.  
  
Remembering the other girl's act, Tricia began to embrace the pole,  
feeling its cold hardness between her bare breasts, noting that the contact was  
causing her nipples to harden even more. Then she pressed her body against it,  
and a shudder ran through her as it came into contact with her hard, damp  
clitoris.  
  
At once she pulled away, afraid of the sensation that had run through  
her body as her love bud had been stimulated. She looked about at the watching  
men, then down at her naked, shaved pussy and another shudder shook her. Surely this couldn't be arousing her? Surely dancing naked in this sordid club should be disgusting her? Yet there was no denying the wetness that was seeping onto her sex lips as she displayed her naked body to these strangers.  
  
She moved close to the pole again. She was scarcely aware of the way her  
hips had been gyrating to the music, but now, as she again embraced the pole,  
those movements caused her clit to rub against the pole once more, and suddenly  
she was tingling with arousal.  
  
Almost automatically she began to pleasure herself on the pole, her hips  
thrusting forward as it slid up and down her open slit, leaving a wet trail that  
was clearly visible to those watching. Spreading her legs wider and bending her  
knees, Tricia began to fuck the pole with vigor, her head thrown back, her  
breasts shaking, her lovely, bare backside pumping back and forth.  
  
The cheers of the men were almost deafening now as they realized that  
the lovely naked teen was pleasuring herself, her lewd dance thrusting her open  
cunt lips against the hard, cold pole. Tricia was aware of the noise, but it  
just seemed to spur her on, her nakedness fueling her lust.  
  
She began to lower herself down the pole, holding on with her hands and  
letting her legs splay out in front of her until she was prostrate on her back,  
her legs wide, her knees bent, thrusting herself against the hard metal. A long  
streak of wetness down the length of the pole attested to her stimulation, and  
the men laughed and pointed at it, clearly loving the youngster's arousal as she  
pleasured herself against the pole.  
  
Tricia was almost out of control now, moaning aloud as she thrust her  
hips against the hard, unyielding pole, her shapely bottom slapping on the floor  
of the stage with every stroke. She lay on her back, legs spread, knees bent,  
her body arched up as her movements became more urgent, her stiff clit rubbing  
against the metal as her cunt wept with arousal.  
  
As the music rose to its climax, so did Tricia, her orgasm exploding  
within her, bringing shrill cries from her as her naked body writhed in ecstasy.  
The men were on their feet now, cheering and laughing as they realized she was  
coming, their cries ringing in her ears as she slowly descended from her peak.  
  
Then she was done, her passion spent, her pretty body stretched panting  
on the floor, her young breasts rising and falling as she regained her breath.  
She lay there for some minutes, the color in her cheeks deepening as she  
realized the spectacle she had made of herself.  
  
At last the spotlight was extinguished. Tricia pulled herself wearily to  
her feet. She was acutely aware of the eyes still fixed on her naked body, and  
she looked about her for her costume. It wasn't there. Someone had moved in,  
unnoticed by her in her passion, and removed it. She gave a little whimper of  
despair, suddenly wanting more than ever to hide herself. She almost ran to the  
door at the back of the stage, twisting the handle and tugging at it.  
  
The door was locked.  
  
Tricia fought down the panic inside her as she realized that she was  
trapped. She had no choice now but to step down from the stage and into the  
club. The myriad of eyes that had aroused her such a short time ago were now  
more akin to a torture as she felt her acute shame overcoming her. Her head  
hung, her arms dangling at her sides, the naked youngster stepped down from the  
stage and made her way across to where Tony was standing, her breasts jiggling  
delightfully with every step.  
  
"Nice act," remarked Tony. "You really are a dirty little girl."  
  
"Someone took my clothes," she said plaintively. "I've got nothing to wear."  
  
"I thought you liked being around men in the nude."  
  
She shot him an angry look. Was there no end to the degradations he  
forced upon her?  
  
"Couldn't I have something to wear?" she asked." Everyone is staring at  
me."  
  
"Don't worry. You don't have to stay in here."  
  
For a second she felt a wave of gratitude toward the man. Then she saw  
the smile upon his face, and she knew he had something in mind.  
  
"Please, Tony, no more," she begged.  
  
"Relax. You've just been asked to do a little private waitressing."  
  
"I don't understand."  
  
"Sam, the boss of this place, has a private room for special parties.  
Right now he's got the local chief of police and a few friends in for dinner.  
They asked for a waitress, and you're it."  
  
"But I'm naked!"  
  
"Don't worry. The chief's broadminded, and it's good for Sam's business  
that he keeps dignitaries like him properly entertained. Helps him when it comes  
time to renew his license."  
  
At that moment the club owner appeared, his eyes fixed on Tricia's bare  
breasts and pussy as he approached them.  
  
"She okay to do the job?"  
  
"Sure."  
  
"Okay baby, grab that tray and come with me."  
  
"C-couldn't I get my costume?"  
  
"Fuck that. You won't be needing it."  
  
Tricia picked up the tray that lay on the bar. She was only too aware of  
the myriad of eyes still fixed on her bare butt as she followed the club owner  
across to a door at the side of the room.  
  
"Get in there and take the drinks order," he said.  
  
Cautiously Tricia pushed open the door and stepped inside. The room was  
smoky, lit by a bright neon light above a card table at which sat four men.  
Tricia barely had time to take this in, though, when her arm was grabbed.  
  
She swung round to be confronted by two of the biggest men she had ever  
seen. Both were well over six foot tall, with broad chests and thick, ham-like  
arms. One was white, the other black. Both had shaved heads, and their noses  
were misshapen, obviously broken at some time.  
  
"What the fuck do you want?" growled the black man.  
  
"I... I came to take the drinks order," stammered the youngster.  
  
The man held her at arms length, his eyes taking in her jutting breasts  
and bullet-hard nipples, then dropping down to study her shaven crotch. He  
grinned at his companion.  
  
"Looks like we got us a waitress," he said. "Go take the order, slut."  
  
He gave a shove that sent the youngster staggering toward the table  
where the men were sitting. They looked up as she approached. All were dressed  
in tuxedos, the one facing her looking very distinguished, his hair graying at  
the temples, his face grim, his thin lips pursed. His stare sent a chill down  
Tricia's spine as he scanned her nude form.  
  
"Hmm, very nice," he murmured. "Gentlemen, give the young lady your  
orders."  
  
The men ordered their drinks, and Tricia made her way back to the club  
room, shivering slightly as she passed the two bruisers at the door. Once again  
she found herself the center of attention in the saloon, heads turning as she  
made her way to the bar, her cheeks glowing.  
  
The barman loaded her tray, and she set off back to the room. It  
occurred to her that, with the tray in her hands, she was more vulnerable than  
ever, and she was acutely aware of the bounce of her bare breasts that projected  
above the tray as she walked.  
  
Getting the door open was not easy whilst trying to support the tray,  
but at last she was inside, passing the grinning bodyguards and making her way  
across to the table.  
  
As she leaned forward to place the tray on the table, a hand slid up her  
inner thigh and she gave a sudden gasp as she felt a finger slip into her  
vagina. She gritted her teeth, placing a glass in front of each of the men,  
trying not to think of the finger that twisted inside her most private place.  
  
"You were right, boss," said the man. "Bitch is wet as hell."  
  
"Told you she was a cheap slut. Stand over there, whore. We'll be  
wanting more drinks soon."  
  
For more than an hour Tricia was forced to wait on the men, going to and  
from the bar with the tray, enduring the stares of dozens of men as she was  
obliged to expose herself to them.  
  
At last the card game came to an end. Tricia hoped this would mean she  
would be released, but her heart sank when she heard the host's next words.  
  
"Time for another drink gentlemen. I think the guys there are about  
ready to put on a show for us."  
  
The words puzzled Tricia. What kind of show could those two bruisers  
possibly put on?  
  
When she returned with the drinks, the two men were nowhere to be seen.  
There was an air of expectancy about the card players, though, that made her  
uneasy.  
  
She placed the drinks down in front of the men, and was about to retire  
to the corner, when the police chief beckoned to her.  
  
"W have a little surprise for you, my dear," he said. "Go open that  
door."  
  
He indicated a door on the opposite side of the room to the saloon.  
Tricia eyed him nervously, wishing she wasn't naked, and therefore so  
vulnerable. She padded slowly across to the door and reached for the door  
handle.  
  
"Hi baby."  
  
"Surprise!"  
  
Tricia staggered backwards with a gasp. It was the two bodyguards. Both  
men were completely naked, standing with their hands on their hips, grinning at  
the young beauty.  
  
Tricia's eyes dropped to their groins, and felt her stomach turn over.  
Both had massive cocks, their thick shafts standing to attention in the biggest  
erections she had ever seen. The black man saw her glance, and his grin  
broadened.  
  
"That's right, baby, and they're all for you."  
  
Suddenly the two men moved forward, each grabbing one of Tricia's arms  
and lifting her bodily off the floor, her legs kicking in the air as they  
carried her across to a table beside where the watching men were sitting. They  
slammed her down on her back, knocking the wind from her body. Moments later the white man had pulled her legs apart and plunged his head down between her  
thighs.  
  
Tricia gave a cry as she felt his long tongue penetrate her vagina, the  
total intimacy of the act stunning her. Never before had a man put his mouth  
down there and she found herself squirming, unwelcome surges of arousal running  
through her young body as his tongue lapped at her pussy.  
  
"That's it, eat the bitch," shouted one of the watchers.  
  
"Look at her go. The slut loves it."  
  
At that moment Tricia felt her hair grabbed and her face yanked round to  
one side. There, right in front of her eyes, was a massive ebony cock, the vein  
throbbing, the tip shiny with lubrication. She needed no further bidding,  
opening her mouth as wide as she was able as he rammed his huge shaft between  
her lips.  
  
Tricia could only guess at the sight she made, her beautiful, naked body  
splayed across the table, her legs spread wide, her pussy shining with saliva as  
she thrust up against the intruding tongue whilst at the same time having her  
face fucked by the enormous black man.  
  
Then the man between her legs lifted his head, eliciting a moan of  
disappointment from the youngster as his ministrations ceased.  
  
"That should be wet enough," he said.  
  
"Yeah, give her what she wants."  
  
At once Tricia felt his cock pressing against her vagina. She wanted to  
reject him, to close her legs and fight him off. After all, this was rape wasn't  
it? The men had neither sought nor been given her consent to fuck her. Yet, even  
now, her body was on fire with lust, and she simply gave a stifled moan as the  
man forced his erection into her vagina.  
  
Tricia could barely believe she was able to contain his enormous shaft,  
tears of pain running down her cheeks as she felt the walls of her fuck-hole  
stretched wide by his intruding cock. Yet still he pressed into her, ramming his  
cock home until he was completely embedded in her weeping pussy.  
  
The bulky bodyguard began to fuck her hard, ramming his rampant cock  
into her, shaking her lovely young body with the force of his onslaught, so that  
her breasts danced back and forth, much to the delight of the watching men.  
Tricia thought she might split apart, such was the size of his organ, yet the  
pain was more that overshadowed by the sheer lustful pleasure of being filled so  
completely. And still she was sucking greedily at the black cock that was rammed  
down her mouth, saliva dribbling down its length as she fought for breath. As  
the rape continued she tried not to let her lustfulness overtake her shame at  
the way she was being displayed and used, yet even now she could feel a massive  
orgasm building within her as the two men used her lovely young body.  
  
Just as Tricia felt herself on the brink of her climax, the man withdrew  
from her throbbing cunt, causing a flow of wetness to leak onto her thighs and  
leaving her sex lips convulsing about empty air, much to the amusement of her  
audience.  
  
"Try the bitch's pussy," he said to his companion. "It's nice and tight."  
  
"Sure."  
  
The thick cock was pulled from her mouth and Tricia was momentarily able  
to relax, sucking in the air, her breasts rising and falling, the stiff nipples  
dancing up and down. Then her nostrils were filled with the scent of female  
arousal as the white bodyguard thrust his bobbing cock into her face and she  
opened her lips to receive it.  
  
If anything the black thug's cock was even larger than his companions,  
and Tricia's pain began anew as it was forced into her pussy. Once again she  
cried out, her shouts muffled by the mouthful of cock flesh, as another erection  
was forced into her. The men at the table were shouting out now, calling her the  
most degrading names and egging on her two rapists. The men needed no  
encouragement, though, using the nude teenager like a sex toy, oblivious to her  
cries as they violated her body. Tricia's mind was a blur as the bullies took  
their pleasure in her, laughing aloud as they thrust their cocks into her.  
  
"Give us a sandwich," called the police chief.  
  
Tricia heard the words, but didn't understand them. The men did, though  
and all at once she felt the pair withdraw again, leaving her gasping on the  
table.  
  
Suddenly she felt herself pulled from the table by the white man, his  
muscular arms lifting her as if she were a child. She tried to struggle, but his  
grip was like iron and she was forced to watch as his black companion seated  
himself on the edge of the table, his massive erection rising like a flagpole  
from his groin.  
  
Tricia was turned to face him. Instinctively she closed her legs as she  
was thrust toward him.  
  
Whack! The man's hand came down on her buttock with stinging force.  
  
"Spread them you fucking slut!"  
  
Tears coursing down her cheeks, the young beauty did as she was told,  
stretching her legs wide as she was lowered onto the thick black pole of his  
penis.  
  
For the third time she cried aloud as her body was forced onto him, his  
erection filling her once again. Never had she felt so replete with cock as she  
straddled him, grunting and moaning as he penetrated deeper and deeper until he  
was all the way in and her bottom was in his lap. She stared into his eyes, her  
cheeks glowing as he grinned down at her. Then he was grasping her shoulders,  
leaning back on the table and pulling her down with him, her b are breasts  
pressed against his chest.  
  
All at once, Tricia felt hands on her backside, pulling her cheeks  
apart. Moments later came the sensation of something wet falling on her exposed  
anus. Only then did she realize what the men's intention was.  
  
"No!" She tried desperately to struggle out of the black thug's arms,  
but he held her tight. She felt his companion's fingers rubbing the saliva into  
her rear hole, making her gasp as his fingers penetrated her. Then his cock was  
pressing against that forbidden orifice, bringing whimpers of pain from the  
lovely youngster as he forced himself upon her.  
  
As his erection rammed into her rectum, Tricia closed her eyes, trying  
not to think of what was happening to her. Could it really be less than a month  
since she was an innocent virgin? A young teenager unsullied by the needs and  
desires of men? Now here she was, naked in a seedy nightclub with a huge cock  
embedded in her vagina and another up her ass. Worse, unlike the privacy of a  
bed chamber, this was an open room, full of lustful men watching her  
humiliation. As the two bruisers began to pump their cocks into her, Tricia gave  
a low moan of despair as she lamented her lost innocence.  
  
This new onslaught was almost more than she could take, the twin cocks  
penetrating her soft young body shaking it back and forth like a rag doll, their  
huge girths threatening to split the lovely teenager wide open as they took  
their pleasure in her. Tricia rode out the ordeal as best she could, screaming  
and moaning as a mixture of pain and pleasure filled her body.  
  
Tricia just wanted the pair to come, and to end this awful ordeal. It  
was with rising trepidation, therefore, that she felt the pair withdraw once  
more, tossing her onto the floor and grinning down at her, their massive  
erections bobbing up and down.  
  
"I gotta try that ass," said the black man. "Get her up on the table again."  
  
Once again Tricia felt herself being lifted up and slammed down onto the  
table top, her breasts crushed against the hard, unyielding wood. He legs were  
kicked wide apart, then she groaned again as she felt the black man's erection  
pressing against her anus.  
  
This time the penetration was easier, so stretched were the muscles of  
her sphincter. Still it was no less uncomfortable for the lovely youngster as  
the muscular thug rammed his stiff penis deep into her asshole and began to  
bugger her with vigor.  
  
Tricia's hips slammed against the edge of the table, the breath forced  
from her lungs as she succumbed to the forceful attack. The black man was  
seriously aroused now, and with his arousal came a new aggression as he rammed  
his thick cock into the innocent youngster's backside. Tricia's eyes were  
streaming with tears as she endured the onslaught, her breasts shaking back and  
forth with every stroke. The other man had moved in front of her, and she  
watched has he ran his hands up and down his shaft, his face a picture of  
arousal as he prepared to shoot his load into her face.  
  
There was a gasp from behind her, then Tricia felt her rectum fill with  
hot spunk as her attacker came inside her, his hips still pumping hard as spurt  
after spurt of his seed shot into her backside. Moments later a gob of slimy  
spunk struck her in the face, followed by another, then another as the black  
man's companion unloaded the contents of his balls into Tricia's face, the  
bitter fluid filling her eyes, nose and mouth as he grunted his appreciation.  
  
Then it was over, and the grinning thugs were withdrawing, leaving the  
spunk-splattered youngster gasping, still bent over the table. Tricia was spent  
now, her young body racked with pain, yet even now a hand closed about her arm  
and pulled her to her feet.  
  
"Come with me."  
  
She stared into the face of the police chief, barely comprehending him  
as he dragged her toward the door, her legs scarcely able to carry her.  
  
He marched her down a short corridor, then pushed open a door marked  
'Men's Room'. Inside it stank of stale urine, but Tricia's protests were ignored  
as he dragged her into a cubicle, slamming and locking the door. The youngster  
could only look on dumbly as the man dropped his trousers, revealing a stiff  
cock that rose from his groin like a pole. Seating himself on the toilet he  
dragged the youngster down onto her knees.  
  
"Suck me you dirty slut!" he ordered.  
  
As Tricia knelt on the filthy floor of the men's room and took the man's  
cock into her mouth, she knew she had reached her lowest point. Kneeling naked  
in a men's toilet and sucking off a stranger was worse than the cheapest of  
whores would tolerate. As she felt his spunk pump into her mouth, the young  
beauty wept for her loss of innocence.

Part 10  
  
"Hello Tricia."  
  
There was not a great deal of warmth in the greeting as Alison let  
Tricia into her house. In truth, the two girls were not close friends, but the  
pre-graduation party invitation had gone out to everyone in the class, so Tricia  
had been included. The youngster smiled nervously at her schoolmate and stepped  
through into the house.  
  
Like Bella, Alison lived in a large house, set in two or three acres of  
land beside a municipal park. Her parents were away for the weekend, and the  
party had been planned for sometime. Already loud music was playing and, seated  
on the stairs, some of the boys were swigging beer from the bottle.  
  
Tricia wondered whether Steve had arrived yet. Although they had no  
formal date for the party, she hoped to get together with him. To that end she  
had worn a black mini dress that hugged her lovely curves beautifully, accenting  
the swell of her breasts and the pert curvature of her backside. She felt rather  
nervous wearing such a sexy item, but knew that Steve would be appreciative.  
  
She moved through the rooms, exchanging greetings with her classmates  
and receiving many approving looks from the boys, her cheeks reddening slightly  
as she felt their eyes on her body. She thought of the striptease she had been  
forced to do at the club, followed by the totally indecent show with the two  
bodyguards. What would these people have said if they knew of her sordid secret  
life? Still, there was only another week until graduation, then she could put  
all of that behind her.  
  
She entered the living room, and her heart gave a small leap as she  
recognized Steve on the far side of the room. She began to walk toward him, then  
checked her steps. Sitting beside the handsome young man was a girl, and the  
pair were deep in conversation. In any other circumstances that wouldn't have  
bothered Tricia too much, but the girl with Steve was not just any girl.  
  
It was Bella.  
  
Tricia stood and watched. The two were clearly at ease with one another,  
laughing together, Bella placing a hand on Steve's knee as she whispered  
something in his ear. Tricia felt a surge of jealousy as she watched her  
tormentor chatting up the one man she really fancied. Yet, she told herself,  
they were only talking. What harm was there in that? Steve had already expressed  
his liking for her. Perhaps it was nothing. Still, she didn't want to talk to  
Bella, so quietly withdrew and went back into the kitchen.  
  
There, Alison and a group of other girls were having a giggly  
conversation, Tricia hung around on the edge foe a while, feeling rather out of  
place, then moved out into the entrance hall again.  
  
"Hello, Cunt."  
  
Tricia froze, a cold feeling gripping her stomach as she heard the words. Tony was standing by the door, a grin on his face as he surveyed the youngster.  
  
"Wh-what are you doing here?" stammered Tricia.  
  
"It's a free world."  
  
"But..."  
  
"I brought my disco equipment, and Alison invited me to stay. Wasn't  
that nice?"  
  
Tricia said nothing. There were two other boys from her class sitting on  
the stairs, and she was aware that they could hear what was being said.  
  
"Nice dress," went on Tony. "You know I care about what you wear."  
  
Tricia looked at him. "No Tony," she begged. "Not here. Please."  
  
"We had an agreement. I have something in my car that proves it."  
  
Tricia looked at the two boys, who were clearly listening to what was  
being said. She turned to Tony.  
  
"There's more than three people in the house," she said.  
  
"I know that. Come on, you've got three minutes."  
  
Tricia knew she could expect no mercy from her tormentor. All at once  
she lost the will to fight him.  
  
"All right," she said.  
  
There was a bathroom just off the hallway, and she slipped into it. She  
unzipped her dress and removed her bra. Then she reached under her skirt and  
slipped off her panties. She refastened the dress, then inspected herself in the  
mirror. The dress fitted snugly, and she could see the outline of her nipples  
through the thin fabric. Her lack of panty line was also apparent to anyone  
examining her closely. She felt the heat rise in her cheeks as she contemplated  
how vulnerable she was in this state.  
  
She exited the bathroom to find Tony still standing where he had been.  
He held out his hand. Tricia glanced across at the two boys. They were watching  
her, and she wondered if they could tell that she now wore nothing under the  
dress. Walking up close to Tony, she passed her bra and pants to him, balling  
them up in the hope that the boys wouldn't see what she was holding. He grinned.  
  
"Much better," he said.  
  
Tricia glared at him, then, her cheeks glowing, headed back toward the  
rest of the party.  
  
For the next twenty minutes or so she wandered from room to room,   
standing on the periphery of conversations, feeling somewhat left out. In the  
front room, Bella continued to chat to Steve, leaving Tricia feeling bored and  
frustrated.  
  
She went upstairs to use the bathroom. As she emerged she encountered  
the two boys who had been sitting on the stairs during her encounter with Tony.  
Now they stood, side-by-side at the top of the stairs, blocking her path.  
  
"Excuse me," she said.  
  
"Hey Tricia, Leo and me want you to settle an argument for us."  
  
"I...I don't understand."  
  
"Just come in this bedroom for a moment."  
  
"Yeah, it won't take a second."  
  
Tricia eyed the pair. One was tall and a little geeky looking, wearing  
thick glasses. His name was Hal. Leo, the one who had spoken first, was shorter,  
with red hair and wearing baggy shorts.  
  
"What kind of argument is it?"  
  
"Come in her and we'll tell you," said Leo, holding the door open.  
  
"Well, all right."  
  
Tricia entered the bedroom. It was a large one, with a king-sized brass  
bed in the center. The two boys stepped in after her and closed the door. It was  
only then that Tricia realized that there was a fourth person in the room.  
There, seated in an easy chair behind the door, sat Tony.  
  
"Oh."  
  
"Hello again. I understand you're going to settle an argument between  
these two."  
  
"I... Maybe it's not such a good idea."  
  
"Sure it is. Go ahead Leo, ask her."  
  
"Well..." Tricia could see the boy was embarrassed as he stared down at  
the floor, his fingers intertwining with one another. "I kind of bet Hal that  
you were naked under that dress."  
  
"And I said you couldn't be," put in Hal. "I reckon you're just wearing  
really silky underwear."  
  
"Well there's a conundrum," put in Tony. "I guess you'd better show them  
who's right."  
  
Tricia stared at Tony, who grinned back at her. "After all, there's only  
four of us in this room. I seem to remember we had an agreement."  
  
"No Tony. Please don't."  
  
"Don't what? Come on Tricia, settle the argument in the only way that  
proves who's right. You know you want to."  
  
Those words again! They cut into the pretty teenager like a knife. She  
glanced round at the two boys' expectant faces, then back at Tony's. Then her  
shoulders slumped.  
  
"All right then," she said quietly. "I'll show you."  
  
With that, she reached for the zipper at the side of her dress and  
pulled it down. For a second she hesitated, holding the garment against her.  
Then she let it drop to the floor and stepped out of it.  
  
"Holy cow!"  
  
"Shit, it's true!"  
  
The two boys simply gaped at the beautiful teenager standing before them  
totally nude, her soft, firm breasts jutting forward, the nipples hard. Their  
gazes dropped down to her shaved crotch, and the slit of her sex. Tricia stood  
there in front of them, her cheeks glowing red, her eyes cast down as she let  
them take in her nakedness.  
  
"Christ, Tricia, I can't believe you just stripped off in front of us."  
  
There was a faint hint of contempt in Hal's voice, and Tricia felt the  
color in her cheeks deepen as she realized that these two had probably never  
seen a woman in the nude before. She stood, trembling slightly, as their eyes  
wandered over her stiff teats and prominent slit.  
  
"Like what you see guys?" asked Tony.  
  
The pair nodded dumbly, clearly unable to take their eyes from the  
vision of beauty in front of them.  
  
"Touch if you like," he went on. "She likes being touched."  
  
"Tony..." Tricia looked at him with pleading eyes.  
  
"C'mon baby, you know you want to."  
  
Tricia shivered slightly as Hal reached out a tentative hand. His  
fingers closed about Tricia's breast, squeezing the soft flesh.  
  
"Shit, her nipples are hard," he said to his friend.  
  
Leo had been holding back but, seeing his companion's bold move, he too  
stepped forward and took hold of Tricia's other breast. Their caresses were  
clumsy, and they pinched at her protruding teats as she just stood there, her  
arms at her side, her face scarlet.  
  
"Feel her down below," said Leo.  
  
Hal looked questioningly across at Tony, who nodded. Tricia could  
scarcely believe that it had come to this, that she could allow herself to be  
controlled so utterly by another person. Yet there was something perversely  
stimulating about this submission to him. Some deeply seated masochistic  
tendency inside her that made her crave this control.  
  
She barely suppressed a gasp as she felt Hal's fingers trace the line of  
her sex. Moments later he had slipped a finger into her vagina and was poking  
crudely inside.  
  
"She wet down there?" Leo's voice was almost a whisper.  
  
"Sure. Hey Tricia, you never said you was up for it."  
  
It was the first time he had addressed her since she had stripped naked,  
and she couldn't think of anything to say.  
  
"You are up for it, aren't you?" asked Hal, his insistent fingers  
probing deeper into her. "I mean, you shave your pussy and everything."  
  
"Sure she's up for it," said Tony. "After all babe, you know you want to."  
  
Despite her revulsion at these two nerdy boys touching up her naked  
body, Tricia felt a surge of arousal at Tony's words. She looked at the pair.  
  
"You won't tell anyone, will you?"  
  
The pair shook their heads. Tricia could see the surprise in their  
expressions as she replied. She doubted that she could trust them to keep quiet.  
Her only hope was that they wouldn't be believed. After all, what were the  
chances that one of the shyest and most beautiful girls in the class would agree  
to a threesome with these two? Without another word she dropped to her knees and began undoing Leo's pants.  
  
His cock was surprisingly large, and stiff as a rod of iron. She was  
afraid he might come before she had started as she felt it twitch violently  
under her touch. She ran her fingers up his shaft, trying to blot from her mind  
the fact that this was one of her schoolmates she was being so wanton with.  
Opening her lips she took him into her mouth, bringing a groan from the boy.  
  
Something nudged against her cheek, and she turned to see that Hal had  
dropped his pants. His erection was smaller than Leo's, but no less hard. She  
took it in her hand and began working the foreskin back and forth whilst still  
sucking at Leo.  
  
"Oh shit," moaned Leo. "God Tricia you're such a slut. Get on the bed. I  
wanna fuck you proper."  
  
He pulled the naked youngster to her feet and practically dragged her  
across to the large bed. Tricia lay down on her back and spread her legs,  
anxious to get the ordeal over with and to retrieve her dress.  
  
Leo wasted no time, jumping up on the bed between Tricia's spread  
thighs. He paused for a moment, clearly taking in her nakedness, his eyes fixed  
on her open cunt, which was now perfectly displayed to him. Then he flopped  
forward and began trying to maneuver his stiff cock into her open slit. His  
efforts were clumsy and amateurish, so Tricia reached down between her legs and  
guided his erection to her pussy.  
  
"Push," she said.  
  
Leo thrust forward and, with a gasp, penetrated the beautiful girl.  
There was a sense of urgency about him as he rammed his cock home, then began  
fucking her, his hips jabbing forward against hers.  
  
He came with a grunt, almost before Tricia had begun to accept her own  
arousal at being penetrated. In a way she was glad. She hadn't wanted him to see  
her come. Her relief was short-lived, though, as Leo rolled aside and Hal took  
his place.  
  
Hal showed a little more finesse than his companion, finding Tricia's  
pussy and easing his erection into her, then beginning to fuck her with even  
thrusts. This time Tricia found herself responding to him, her own hips pressing  
upwards as the delicious sensation of a stiff cock inside her began to kindle  
her own desires.  
  
"Shit! Is that Tricia?"  
  
Tricia glanced in alarm toward the door. Another boy, Ben, had entered  
and was watching in obvious fascination as the naked girl writhed about beneath  
his classmate.  
  
"Shut the door, Ben," said Leo. "The bitch is putting it out for us.  
You'll get your turn."  
  
Tricia wanted to protest. She hadn't expected this. She had hoped that  
she would just have to surrender herself to these two, after which she planned  
to flee the party. Now she saw Ben pulling his cock from his pants and working  
his hand up and down his shaft as he watched her being fucked hard.  
  
"Does she take it in the mouth?" he asked.  
  
"Sure, she loves it. She's a real slut."  
  
"Cool. C'mon Tricia, suck this."  
  
He moved up beside the bed where Tricia lay and, pulling her head round,  
pressed his erection between her lips. Tricia took him inside and began to suck,  
even as she felt Hal shoot his load into her pussy.  
  
Hal's orgasm was accompanied by a series of grunts as he emptied his  
balls into the writhing teenager. Then he rolled aside.  
  
"C'mon, Tricia, do it proper," said Ben. He pulled her from the bed and  
forced her to her knees. Then he sat down on the edge and dragged her face down  
into his lap. Tricia took his cock into her mouth once more and began to suck,  
working her head back and forth as she did so.  
  
"My god, she does it like a real whore," gasped Ben.  
  
Then, to Tricia's horror, the door opened again.  
  
"Hey Ben, what you... Holy shit!"  
  
There were two of them, and they stood in the doorway, staring in  
amazement at the naked girl, her lovely breasts shaking back and forth as she  
fellated the boy.  
  
"Tricia?"  
  
"Sure. She wants it real bad! C'mon in, guys."  
  
Tricia lifted her head from the cock she had been sucking.  
  
"Listen guys. I'm not..."  
  
"Shut the fuck up, Tricia and suck my dick. Close the door, fellas,  
she'll get around to you in a second."  
  
Tricia looked at the two new arrivals, who were already unfastening  
their flies, then across at Tony, who was grinning broadly. Then, with a sigh,  
she closed her lips about Ben's shaft and began to suck once more.  
  
It didn't take long before she was gulping down Ben's spunk, much to the  
amusement of those watching. Then she was pulled down onto the bed and her legs  
forced open whilst another of her schoolmates thrust his young cock into her  
vagina.  
  
"What the hell's going on in here?"  
  
Tricia glanced over the shoulder of the boy who was fucking her and into  
the eyes of Alison, her hostess.  
  
"Shit Tricia, what do you think you're doing?"  
  
Even as she spoke the boy on top if Tricia gave a grunt of pleasure as  
he unloaded his balls into the writhing youngster beneath him. Tricia gasped as  
she felt her cunt fill with hot semen, her breasts shaking as his climax  
continued.  
  
"Are you giving these guys a gang-bang?" asked Alison in amazement.  
"Right here in my parents' bedroom?"  
  
"I...I..."  
  
Tricia couldn't find the words she needed as more and more faces  
appeared at the door. The boy had climbed off her now, and she lay, spreadeagled  
and naked in the bed, the spunk trickling from her cunt onto the bedspread. The  
boys, who had been laughing and shouting encouragement as they watched her  
ravishment had backed off now, zipping up their flies and gazing sheepishly at  
Alison.  
  
Get out of here, you guys. As for you, Tricia, you dirty little whore,  
get off that bed."  
  
Tricia, her cheeks burning, rose from the bed, only too aware of her  
nudity amongst all these clothed people. There were about fifteen people crowded  
about the doorway now, all craning for a look at the beautiful, naked youngster.  
  
"Get the hell out of my house, you damned slut!" ordered Alison.  
  
Tricia glanced about her. Her dress was nowhere to be seen.  
  
"I... My dress," she protested.  
  
"Just get out!"  
  
Allison grabbed her by the hair and thrust her out onto the landing.  
Tricia stared about at the crowd gathered there. These were her friends and  
schoolmates, yet she could detect no sympathy in their eyes. The boys were  
eyeing her breasts and shaved cunt with undisguised interest, many of them  
laughing. In the eyes of the girls, Tricia saw nothing but contempt.  
  
Slowly they parted as she made her way toward the stairs. Somebody spat  
at her, the saliva hitting her naked breast and tricking down over the nipple.  
Then a hand lashed out, striking her across the face, Another hit the soft flesh  
of her backside. A beer can hit her on her crutch, and a hand reached out and  
pinched her nipple viciously.  
  
Tricia staggered down the stairs, dodging the blows and the gobs of  
spittle that kept on coming. Her eyes were blurred with tears now as she stared  
into the faces of her school companions, then looked away.  
  
The youngster was pushed and jostled toward the back door of the house,  
then found herself in the garden. The door slammed behind her, and she was  
alone. She looked back at the many pairs of eyes gazing at her through the  
windows, then staggered off blindly across the garden.  
  
Tricia had no idea where she was going, or what she could do. She was  
completely naked, her shaved cunt weeping spunk, her body covered in spittle and  
pinch marks. At the bottom of the garden was a gate that led into a park beyond.  
Beside it was a shed, and the naked girl went behind this, out of sight of  
prying eyes, and sat down on the grass.  
  
Tricia's mind was empty of all emotion now. She just sat and stared  
blankly in front of her, the shame and humiliation numbing her mind. She  
couldn't believe that all of her classmates had seen her nude, and knew how she  
had given herself so freely. She knew she could never face them again, and that  
her life at school was over.  
  
"Here she is. I told you she was still here."  
  
"Shit, he's right. Look."  
  
Tricia looked up in alarm. About a dozen of the boys from the party had  
followed her to the bottom of the garden, and were standing round, staring down  
at her. She wrapped an arm across her breasts and covered her pussy with her  
hand, staring round anxiously.  
  
"Let's fuck her right here."  
  
"Nah, Alison said we're not to touch her on her property."  
  
"Let's take her into the park. We can do what we like there."  
  
Tricia listened to their conversation without really taking it in. Now,  
as they grabbed her arms and forced her to her feet, she began to struggle.  
  
"No, you mustn't," she protested. "Just leave me alone."  
  
"Shit, Tricia, we already know what a slut you are. You gotta share it  
about."  
  
"Sure. C'mon boys, get her over to those trees."  
  
They dragged the protesting youngster across a stretch of grass and into  
a small copse. Then they pulled her to the ground. Tricia tried to break free,  
but they grasped her wrists and ankles, spreading her legs wide, allowing the  
boys to ogle her open sex.  
  
"I'm first."  
  
One of the boys had already opened his jeans, his cock stiff and erect.  
He knelt down between the legs of the struggling girl.  
  
"C'mon Pete, give her what she wants."  
  
"Fuck the bitch."  
  
"Give it to her."  
  
The boy fell onto Tricia's naked body. Moments later she felt his thick  
cock invade her cunt.  
  
Tricia had stopped struggling now, resigned to the rape and gang-bang  
she knew she faced. After all, what did it matter? They were right, she was a  
slut. Just a cunt, only good for fucking. Someone was waving a half-erect cock  
in her face and, raising her head, she took it into her mouth.  
  
"See. I told you she was up for it."  
  
"Dirty little cocksucker."  
  
"Get a move on Pete. We all want a piece."  
  
For the next hour, Tricia's mind was a blur of cocks and spunk. They  
came in her mouth, her vagina and her ass, laughing and jeering as she complied  
with their every demand, sucking and fucking each of them, occasionally groaning  
as another orgasm ran through her lovely, ravished body. She didn't know how  
many of the young men fucked her. At one point she thought that a group of  
passing strangers had joined in, fucking her hard to the cheers of the other  
boys, but she wasn't sure. She was also aware of flashguns going off, but she  
was beyond caring now, offering her ass, mouth and cunt for the boys' usage and  
coming again and again.  
  
At last she had satisfied all of them, and she found herself alone,  
lying on her back in the grass, her legs spread, spunk seeping from her cunt and  
ass. She felt totally violated, her tits swollen, her hair matted with dirt and  
semen, her sweaty body streaked with dirt. She watched the last of the boys walk  
away from her, giving her a final contemptuous glance. Then she was alone.  
  
She must have passed out for a short time. Then she heard voices,  
seemingly far away, and she slowly opened her eyes. There, standing over her,  
staring down at her naked body, stood Bella, hand in hand with Steve.  
  
Tricia felt her stomach churn as she gazed up into the eyes of the boy  
she so loved and admired. Now she could read nothing but scorn in his gaze as he  
surveyed her body.  
  
"Been fucked enough yet, Cunt?" asked Bella. "Piece of luck that Steve  
got to see what a slut you are before it was too late."  
  
Steve shook his head." I thought you were a real nice girl, Tricia.  
Shit, you wouldn't even let me touch your tits. Yet you must have fucked with  
twenty guys this evening."  
  
"Sure, she was always at it," smirked Bella. "There was the guy she  
picked up when she was walking the streets with no skirt or pants on, our black  
housekeeper, a gang of bikers, two hitchhikers she picked up. There's loads of  
them."  
  
"C'mon, Bella," said Steve, putting his arm about her. "I've seen  
enough."  
  
"Oh, one more thing," said Bella. "A couple of the guys brought digital  
cameras to the party. They're all inside now, loading the pictures onto the  
school's website, so everybody gets to see hose pretty tits and cunt. Oh, and  
that video. It's gone to the Principal's office. We decided it'll be much more  
fun to get the Math professor, Mr Roberts sacked. I guess the Principal will  
have to show the tape to your parents. Bye now."  
  
Tricia watched the pair depart, her mind numb. She knew she could never  
show her face at school again. She had lost everything. Her school, college, her  
boyfriend, her parents' respect and, most of all, her dignity.  
  
Slowly she dragged herself to her feet and began walking. There were  
still some late strollers in the park, and they stared in surprise and disgust  
at the naked girl, coated with filth and spunk as she walked past them,  
apparently oblivious to their stares.  
  
The path led to a fountain. and she climbed into the water and washed  
herself the best she could, once again ignoring the stares of the passers-by.  
When at last the worst of the dirt and semen was removed she walked to the  
entrance of the park, having no idea what she should do next. As she reached the  
road, she heard the sound of a powerful engine approaching. She turned to see a  
huge tractor-trailer unit bearing down upon her.  
  
In a spur-of-the moment decision, she turned to face the truck. Then she  
spread her legs and held out her thumb. Moments later she heard the vehicle  
begin to slow.  
  
  
  
  
  
Stu Peters stood at the club bar and looked about him. He was no  
stranger to this kind of club, and the decor and decorations were much like any  
other. The small stage with the pole in the center was bare at the moment, but  
he had to admit that a few minutes earlier he had witnessed one of the most  
erotic performances he had ever seen on that very stage. Even more  
extraordinary, the performer, who had been entirely nude throughout the  
performance, was now serving drinks to the customers, still naked.  
  
He eyed the girl. She was not much more than eighteen years old, quite  
petite, but with a stunning figure. Her young breasts jutted forward enticingly  
with no hit of sag, the hard nipples dark and desirable. Her ass was pert and  
shapely, and it wiggled deliciously as she walked.  
  
But it was her cunt that most caught his attention. It was devoid of  
hair, the mound large, the lips prominent and visible. He had never seen a girl  
with so visible a cunt, and so willing to let men see it. He watched as she bent  
forward over the table she was serving, her legs planted deliberately apart so  
that his view of her vagina and anus was unrestricted. She had a shamelessness  
he had never before encountered, and he found himself fascinated by her gorgeous  
body.  
  
Yet her face displayed no emotion at all. It was a beautiful face, with  
large, almond eyes, a pert little nose and eminently kissable lips. But her  
expression was set, her gaze apparently fixed at a distance, almost as if her  
mind was in a different place entirely.  
  
She handed the change to one of the men at the table, and he said  
something to her. She nodded her head, and Stu noticed that she widened her  
stance. Sitting down, the man must now have a perfect view of her bare sex, yet  
she showed no sign of embarrassment.  
  
What happened next surprised even Stu. The man at the table took a ten  
dollar bill and folded it over and over on itself until it formed a thin taper  
in his hand. Then, reaching down between the girl's legs, he slipped the bill  
into her vagina. The naked beauty stood, unmoving, as he pressed the note far up  
her cunt, his fingers penetrating her all the way. His hand lingered where it  
was, frigging her whilst his friends looked on, laughing. At last he withdrew  
his fingers. There was no mistaking the fact that they were wet with the girl's  
juices as he held them up for his friends to see. Then he beckoned to the girl  
and she leant forward and licked them clean.  
  
Stu felt his cock hardening in his pants. This was the most brazen  
display he had ever witnessed, yet still the girl's face was devoid of  
expression.  
  
"She's quite something isn't she?"  
  
Stu turned to see the club's owner standing at his side.  
  
"She sure is. Where'd she come from?"  
  
"A guy brought her in one day and she did a free strip. Then she waited  
on a private party and got fucked for her trouble. About a week later she turns  
up on my doorstep, naked as you see her now. She'd been dropped off by a truck,  
and had obviously paid for her ride with that pretty body."  
  
"And she was naked?"  
  
"That's right. Asked for a job. Who the hell would say no? I gave her a  
little room out back and she started next day. Turned up at he club without a  
stitch. I offered to get her some clothes, but she wasn't interested."  
  
"Shit! So she walks about like that all the time?"  
  
"Sure. Except once a month she puts on this little purple dress and  
takes the bus to town. She banks her money, goes to the beauty parlor to have  
her pussy waxed, then heads down the rough end of town and gets picked up by  
some low-life or other."  
  
Stu shook his head. "Hell, that's weird."  
  
He continued drinking and watching the young beauty as she made her way  
about the club, her firm breasts jiggling delightfully with every step. Then,  
suddenly, she was approaching him.  
  
"Can I get you another beer?"  
  
He looked at her. Her face was still without expression. He couldn't  
help letting his eyes drop down to her breasts, and he noted that the nipples  
were hard.  
  
"Like what you see?"  
  
The comment took him by surprise, and for a moment he was flustered.  
  
"I'm sorry I..."  
  
"No need to apologize. All the men look at me like that. I get used to it."  
  
"I..."  
  
"Listen, my break's just starting. Would you like to come outside with me?"  
  
"Come outside?"  
  
"Sure. Your pants are bulging. I can relieve that. That's what I do.  
It's all I'm good for. Don't worry, there's no charge."  
  
She took the beer from his hand and placed it on the bar. Then she took  
hold of his arm. Stu could scarcely believe this was happening as the lovely,  
naked teenager took him out into the sunlight.  
  
She led him over to a line of parked cars.  
  
"You don't mind doing it out here do you?" she asked. "I want people to  
watch. I want them to know what a slut I am."  
  
At once she dropped to her knees and pulled down Stu's zipper. Moments  
later her lips were around his cock and she was sucking at it with vigor. She  
fellated him expertly, her tongue licking at his stiff shaft, making him groan  
aloud with arousal. Then she rose to her feet and leaned back against the hood  
of one of the cars. She spread her legs and immediately began rubbing her clit  
with her fingers. She looked into his eyes.  
  
"Will you fuck me now, please?" she asked. "You know you want to."  
  
  
  
The End