

Alternative Plot One

Posted: 10/11/1999, 9:00:00 PM

Updated: 1/11/2005, 12:06:13 PM

A thousand conflicting thoughts and emotions whirled through my mind. My whole life was turned topsy turvy. By the time I got to the cabin, I had calmed somewhat. I met Bill at the car.

He said, "Honey, are you all right? You look like you've been crying."

I said, "I have been. Helen had me beaten with a cane. I'm all right, though."

"That does it. We're getting out of here right now. Fuck the damn job!"

A part of me panicked. I reached out and placed my hand on his arm and said, "No, let's see this through. We've gone this far. You were right; we need this job. I can take whatever Helen can dish out." Bill studied me with great curiosity, trying to read me. The normal part of me tried to figure out where that statement had come from, for I wanted out of there fast. I now realize that it wasn't Helen's threat that made me want to stay. We could easily get away. It wasn't the job, either. It was Helen. I wanted Helen to correct the injustice in my boring life. Bill seemed to see or sense it. He said, "Okay, if you're sure. Just say when you've had enough, and we'll be out of here."

I said, "No, I want us to make a commitment to see this thing through, no matter what, and I expect... no... I insist you hold me to it."

"All right. We're staying the full week. I won't interfere, I mean that."

"I don't want you to."

"The kids will have to fend for themselves."

"Of course. Come on; I'll help you unload."

As we unpacked our things, Steven lay sprawled on the bed with his magazines. Jenny helped me. As I bent over a suitcase, Jenny said, "Mom, what are those stripes on the backs of your thighs?"

I blushed and stood straight. Steven, Bill, and Jenny awaited my reply. I looked nervously from one face to another and decided to tell them the partial truth. I knew Helen would be exposing me to further outrages and thought I should brace my family. They were going to see a side of me that I didn't even know existed. I said, "I was given a beating with a cane. I'm all right."

Jenny looked tearful and cried, "Why? Who?"

"It's all right, Jenny. Helen Cummings had it done to put me in my place. I got a little smart with her and made some threats. She taught me a good lesson."

Steven looked up with interest and said, "What lesson?"

"To behave myself while we're here and not give anyone a hard time. Believe me, I won't, and I strongly suggest you guys do likewise. These people are serious, but they're here to have fun, not hurt people. We need to keep that in mind."

Steven said, "Was it fun?"

I looked at his amused face and said, "No, it was not fun. They took off my shorts and panties and hit me between the legs. It was not fun in the least."

Jenny winced and made an agonized face, but Steven was even more amused, saying, "Wow, they hit you in the cunt!"

Bill said, "Steven, that's no way to talk to your mother."

Steven's words thrilled me. I tried to act serious and calm. I said, "No, Bill, let him say what he wants. We can't be enforcing our normal rules in this place. You can't very well let a boy look at stuff like that [indicating the magazines] and expect him to call a vagina a vagina, or treat women, even his mother, with any respect." I looked to Steven and said, "To answer your question, yes, she hit me in the cunt."

Steven's face lit up at my use of the foul word. Jenny cried, "Mom!" Bill looked equally shocked. They've never heard me say "shit," much less "cunt." Steven loved it and said, "Really, did she get your clit."

Bill shouted angrily, "Steven, that's enough."

Again I stood up for Steven and said, "Leave him alone, Bill. He obviously wants to hear about it. I won't begrudge him taking whatever pleasure he can grab from this experience. I would much rather he enjoyed this stay rather than be traumatized by it." To Steven I said, "And yes, she did hit my clit."

"How'd she do it?"

"Helen didn't do it. She had a girl your age, a very pretty girl I might add, take off my shorts and panties and start whipping my ass and thighs. She gave me over a dozen hard hits, then brought one right up between my legs while I knelt on all fours." I found this confession very stimulating, but was not prepared to tell them what I was doing on all fours.

"Neat, did the cane go into your pussy slit?"

"Yes, it went right in the crack."

"Far out. Did you cry?"

"Yes, I cried a lot."

"God, I wish I could have seen that."

Jenny said, "Steven, you're awful. You have no idea how much that must have hurt Mom."

I walked up to Steven and ruffled his hair, saying, "I think he does, Jenny. He's just being honest. I appreciate that. If it happens again, I hope Steven is there to witness it. Who knows, they might even let him do the hitting. Would you like that, Steven?"

"Yes, I'd do it, too. I'd really make you cry."

I brushed hair from his eyes and said, "Yes, I'm sure you would, dear. I can't say I'm looking forward to it, but if it happens, I won't hold it against you."

"Even if I hit you on your pussy?"

I smiled, "Yes, even on my pussy, in my slit, on my clit. Are you happy?"

"Yeah, I can't wait."

That conversation with my son in front of my husband and daughter had my pussy leaking into my shorts. I knew I had to change the subject and my shorts quickly before further humiliating myself. I remembered Helen's bra and panty rule and turned to Jenny, saying, "I'm afraid I have some bad news for you too, Jenny. Helen said there's a firm rule: no panties or bras are allowed here. You'll have to change. They kept mine, but I still have need to change."

"Mom, all I brought was skirts and dresses and a swim suit. I can't go without panties."

"You have to, Jenny. I'm sorry."

"Well, we can't change here."

"It's that or outside. They want us to live in this fish bowl. We may as well make the most of this. Just wait till there's no one walking by and do it quickly."

"What about them?"

She indicated her father and brother. I said, "Come on, Jenny. We can't possibly hide from each other in this room, and I'm not sending everyone out every time you need to attend your toilet or change clothes. Hurry up now."

"Mom! At least make them look the other way!"

"Jenny, honestly!" I strode over and pulled her dress up over her head like I used to when she was a child. She fell right into her old way of lifting her arms for me. I tossed off her dress and pulled her bra off the same way. She crossed her arms over her compact mounds as I knelt and dragged her panties down, making her lift one foot then the other in bashful humiliation. While freeing her panties, I held her right foot higher than necessary. My eyes drifted to her crotch, inches from my face. I was suddenly paralyzed by the most exciting view of my daughter's pussy. I wondered what hers would taste like. Would her inner flesh feel differently than Helen's? Would the fine light hairs add or detract from the experience, and would her pink clit grow any bigger in my sucking mouth? I was startled from my fantasy by Jenny crying out, "Mother, please, put my leg down!"

I dropped her foot and stood. Jenny was trying to hide both her tits and her crotch. I tossed her a short skirt and blouse. I stripped naked and took my time finding something to wear. In the process, I gave everyone, even passers-by, a lewd exhibition.

Steven was a delight. He got on his hands and knees behind me and followed me everywhere. I slowly pulled on a pair of shorts, being sure to give Steven a good long look at my criss-crossed naked ass, not to mention my pussy. My awkward efforts were slowed by my overly-dramatic show of pain as I gingerly inched the shorts past one stripe at a time. I was rewarded for my effort by an exciting comment from Steven as he peered up between my legs. As my ass wiggled in his face, he said, "It's all red where she hit you in the pussy, Mom."

I said, "I wouldn't doubt that, but remember, pussies are reddish on the inside anyway."

"Yeah, I know, but yours is red inside and out, especially on your left cunt lip. I can see where the cane landed. It went across your clit to the right side of your pussy mound. I can see the mark through the cunt hairs."

I held myself in this exposed position and questioned Steven about my wound. He rewarded me with another long and lewd description. He even used his fingers to trace the area. Afterwards, I reluctantly hid his visual treasure and said, "Well, thank you very much for that commentary. I'm sure Jenny and your father appreciated it too."

I zipped my shorts and turned to face them, topless. I ignored their looks and searched for a tube top. I borrowed one of Jenny's and crammed my thirty-six inch tits into her thirty-two inch top. Jenny was dressed by then, so I suggested we explore the facility. We decided to pair off: boys going one way, girls the other. We parted near the fountain. Bill and Steven paused to look at the Venus. I overheard Steven remark, "She looks an awful lot like Mom, especially her tits and cunt, huh Dad?"

Jenny said, "Mom, how can you let Steven talk about you like that. He's being nasty on purpose."

"I know, Jenny. Boys are like that. Let him have his fun, dear. Who knows, you might even find something you like here. I'll tolerate that too."

"I seriously doubt that. This place is scary, Mom. These men look at me like I'm naked."

"You are under that outfit, and they know it. You better be careful how you sit or you are going to give somebody the thrill of a lifetime."

She smiled as we entered the clubhouse and said, "I already gave Steven his thrill thanks to you." She paused and said, "Mom, why were you looking at me like that... you know, down there."

We walked side by side pausing from time to time to study a painting or other object. I said, "You mean why was I staring at your vagina. I don't know, sweetheart. It captivated me. Frankly, I've never seen one so pretty, cute, and sexy. I'm just lucky the guys were there or I probably would have given it a very long kiss, and not a peck either."

"Mom!" She giggled, "This place is getting to you. Gosh, I never thought I'd hear you say something like that... Did you really like it that much?"

We had stopped before a large painting of a leather-clad dominatrix standing spread-legged over a bound young girl with the girl's tongue reaching into the woman's exaggerated vagina. I turned and grasped Jenny by the shoulders, looked deep in her eyes and said, "Jenny, I loved it and I'll try to look again and again. I may even try to sneak in a kiss from time to time. I'm just warning you. Sweetheart, your legs are not your finest feature, your pussy is. Believe me."

I could see her beaming through her delightful blush. She said, "I don't care if you look or anything, Mom."

"I'll remember that. Jenny, see that gentleman sitting by himself in the lounge. That's Mr. Peabody, the head of accounting. He's a nice guy. Why don't we go over. I'll sit in the stuffed chair facing his and you can sit on the arm. Here's your chance to show a man your pussy and test his reaction."

"Mom! I couldn't do that... could I?"

I took her hand and led her over, took the seat, and patted the arm rest. Jenny shyly sat with her knees tightly pressed together. I made introductions as Mr. Peabody smiled warmly and ran his eyes over both our bodies. We made small talk as Jenny's legs slowly relaxed and drifted apart. After three minutes, he was unabashedly looking right at her naked pussy. Jenny was unabashedly showing it to him. I talked while stroking my left hand along her right thigh. Jenny seemed to enjoy her first intentional exhibition.

Mr. Peabody enjoyed it also as he stared openly through the top half of his bifocals. Those glasses must have given him a clear view. His bermuda shorts testified to that. Impulsively, I let my hand drift higher up her thigh, pushing her short skirt up before it. Jenny softly cried, "Mom!" and laid her hand over mine, following, not resisting. I glanced around to see that no one was looking, then continued to mover her shirt up past her mons and angled my fingertips to her slit. I traced her pussy lips and said, "Penny for your thoughts."

Jenny was nervously looking around as he said, "I was wondering if it got any better."

I pressed gently outward against her inner thigh with my fingertips. Jenny let her leg drift out until her knees were eighteen inches apart. I used a finger to pull her right labia out and said, "She's beautiful, isn't she?"

"Magnificent. Look, why don't we move to the library. It's cozy and usually private."

Jenny gave me an anxious look. I said, "Lead the way."

Mr. Peabody led us past the TV room and into a small book- filled room with a small sofa, a desk, and a padded leather chair. He shut the door and said, "Have her lie down on the desk, please."

Jenny clutched my hand. I turned to her and said, "Relax, sweetheart. He's not going to screw you unless you want him to. He just wants a better look at your gorgeous vagina. Isn't that right, Mr. Peabody?"

"Jenny, no one here will do anything to you unless you let them. All you have to do is say no. Everyone here will honor a no. It's a golden rule. I just want a better look, okay."

Without waiting for her response, I guided Jenny to the desk and lifted her. I pushed against her chest until she settled back uneasily. I scooted her back and placed her feet on the desk-top, wide apart. I told her to lift her butt. Jenny lifted; I pushed her skirt past her waist and stood aside. Mr. Peabody had dropped his shorts and advanced between Jenny's legs stroking an impressive erection. My mouth watered. His eyes focused on her beaver as he knelt. Jenny was on her elbows, watching him study her intimate anatomy.

I knelt at his side and reached for his cock. He relinquished it to me and dipped his head to kiss Jenny's pussy. Jenny squealed; her thighs clamped his head. I pumped his cock and pushed out on her left knee. She relaxed and soon had her knees wide. I watched him lick my little angle, then went low to take him in my mouth. I sucked him in that awkward position, listening to my daughter's moans.

I grew more and more excited, as did Mr. Peabody. He stopped to tell me to get naked. I got up and stripped hurriedly. I rubbed my cunt against his elbow to let him know I was ready. He got up and

practically threw me onto the desk beside Jenny. He quickly mounted me and shoved his cock all the way into my wet pussy. I drew back my legs, holding onto my toes and screamed, "FUCK ME! Oh, Yes, Fuck me hard!"

Jenny rolled to her side and looked at the cock pumping into my fevered crotch. Having her watch added to my excitement. I lifted to meet his thrusts. He fucked me long and deep, slowly building up steam. My orgasm exploded over me and was quickly followed by another. A third happened when he came. I ground my cunt on his spewing cock and milked his spend from him. My crotch became a milky froth of our juices.

He pulled out. I still held my toes, exhausted. Jenny got down and looked between my legs. I caught her eye, seeing her between my knees and decided to hold my obscene pose. I said, "Take a good look, Jenny. You're going to see a lot of this." Mr. Peobody put on his shorts and left. I slowly recovered. We dressed and left.

We walked to the bar, took seats and ordered cocktails. We sat silently for a few minutes. When the drinks came, I took a long sip and said, "Are you upset with me?"

She smiled and said, "No! Not at all, Mom. God, that was something, incredible."

"It was that. You may not believe this after what you saw, but your father is the only man I've ever had sex with."

"I'm not surprised, Mom. I have a hard time imagining you and Daddy doing it."

"But you do imagine it?"

She blushed and said, "Well, it's not like an obsession, but yeah, I have."

I smiled and touched her nearby thigh, saying, "Have you ever seen your father's penis erect?"

"No, but I did see it soft, hanging out the leg opening of his shorts. I've seen that a lot."

"I figured so. Have you ever touched a penis or kissed one?"

"No, never, not even Steven's, though he wants me to."

"Interesting. Steven has many dimensions, and I think he has one dimension that is bigger and fatter than his father's."

"Mom! Are you horny for Steven? It did look like you were trying to turn him on back in the room."

"Was I that obvious?"

"Mom, you practically wiggled your vagina under his nose, and if I didn't know better I'd think you wanted him to beat you."

I took a casual sip of my drink while looking straight ahead. I said, "What makes you think you know better?"

"God, Mom! You're unreal. Did they drug you? You aren't the same Mom that went up there."

"You're absolutely right about that; but no, they didn't drug me. I'm sorry if I've said too much. Hey, let's finish these drinks and find the guys."

We wandered around the camp for and found the guys at the pool. Few people wore suits and the pool staff was naked save for shoes and hats. There weren't many kids present in the camp, but those we saw were as provocative and outrageous as the adults. The young boys gave the female staffers a hard time by pinching and slapping tender areas. The girls, some pre-pubescent, flaunted themselves shamelessly at any male but especially the handsome lifeguards. Steven was naked in the water with three of the little minxes. On our way over to Bill, a young boy, maybe thirteen, came up to Jenny sporting a junior grade hardon and simply said, "Hi, my name's Robert. Want to fuck?"

Jenny appeared to be studying the presented prick, but was, in fact, too dumbfounded to immediately respond. She simply said, "No." He looked to me and said, "How about you, lady?"

I smiled and said, "Thanks for the offer, dear, but not right now, okay. You might try asking Jenny again, though. Maybe tomorrow or the next day."

He shrugged and skipped off leaving me to deal with a flustered daughter. She said, "Mom, are you crazy? Can you believe the nerve of that brat? And what made you tell him to try me again. Do you think I might say, 'yes'?"

As we came up to Bill in his lounge chair I quietly told her, "If you don't, you're a fool." To Bill I said, "Hi, dear. I see you found a spot with a view."

"Goddamn, honey. These chicks are fantastic. This place is so open and free. I love watching these kids explore their budding sexuality. They're having a ball, literally. I think Steven lost his virginity in the pool right before you walked up.

See that little blonde swimming off. She took it."

I gazed over the top rim of my sunglasses and said, "Bill, that's the little girl that beat me in Helen's office. Her name is Stephanie."

Bill looked up at Jenny and said, "Why don't you get in the water, kiddo. Take off those clothes and just jump in."

Jenny hemmed and hawed, danced around nervously, then took a lounge chair on the other side of Bill. She managed to position her legs facing the group of frolicking kids and slowly let her feet drift apart. I nudged Bill and we watched her on the sly. She finally had a good beaver shot going and attracted their attention and their splashes. They drenched her while she kicked and squealed. They got out of the pool and surrounded her. She struggled halfheartedly as they threatened to strip her and throw her in the pool. As her top came off and they were working on dragging her skirt off, Jenny shouted, "No!" Three boys and a girl immediately let go. Only Steven still held her by a leg. He said, "Hey, come on!"

One of the boys said, "Let her go, man. She said 'No.' The lifeguard heard."

Steven didn't understand but dropped his sister's leg and joined his new friends as they jumped back in the pool. Jenny sat half-naked looking terribly frustrated and deeply disappointed. I said, "Let that be a

lesson to you Jenny. 'No' is a two edged sword around here. Go on, take that silly skirt off and get in the pool."

She nervously complied and dashed into the water where she was warmly received. I said, "It looks like they might both lose their virginity in the pool."

"That's fine with me. Say, what was that 'no' business about?"

I explained what we'd learned and said, "Helen made it quite clear that the rule did not apply to me."

"Too bad, it's a good rule. Are you going to be able to live with it?"

I smiled and flashed him my leaking beaver through the leg hole of my shorts, saying, "I already have, right in front of Jenny, and made a complete fool of myself."

"Anyone I know?"

"Mr. Peabody. Oh, and I heard about Cassandra and you. We'll just call it even."

Bill blushed and turned his attention to the two boys sandwiching our giggling daughter. Greg Miller, Bill's supervisor, sat with a large group of members on the far side of the pool. Greg was a short, barrel-chested man, very hairy and balding. He wore speedo briefs. I watched him get up and dive towards the kids, surfacing near them and advancing in the waist-deep water. The kids parted for him and he scooped Jenny up in his huge arms. He carried her to the underwater steps and emerged by his friends. They applauded and he carried her with her ass facing them, her arms clinging to his thick neck. After parading her about, he brought her around to our side and carried her right past us. Jenny's adorable pussy peeked out from between her tender thighs as her ass passed before Bill and I. Greg never acknowledged us, only grinned his shit-eating grin. We never heard a 'no' from Jenny, even as he headed out toward the cabins. We watched him carry our naked, virgin daughter across the threshold of cabin seven. Thirty minutes later, he carried her back and paraded her pink, semen-weeping, raw pussy around the pool several times as though making victory laps. Jenny appeared to be taking it quite well, even enjoying the lewd attention. He came near us to give us a very special look, then heaved her into the pool. Jenny came up laughing and splashed him several times as the kids swarmed over her. I looked to Bill and said, "What a little slut."

He smiled and said, "Yeah, ain't she, though?"

As Greg strutted back to his group, I said, "Did you know he planned to do that?"

"I figured he'd try. I never imagined that Jenny would go along so willingly. That was the big shocker."

Bill and I watched three boys and Steven take turns coupling with Jenny in the shallow end. I couldn't call it fucking. They were mostly just taking turns getting buried to the balls and locking themselves together for the duration of a turn as defined by the group. This went on for another thirty minutes and ended when a tall man, old enough to be her grandfather and sporting a mighty erection waded out and took a turn. He made her squeal and squirm, but she did not say, 'No.' It took him a few minutes to get fully seated. He then emerged from the pool with Jenny skewered on his dick, clinging to his neck, and with her legs wrapped around his hips. She looked like a spider monkey clinging to her trainer.

In this lewd manner, he walked her about for the amusement of the pool patrons. People peered between her legs, smacked her fanny, and poked fingers up her asshole. I saw people pointing to us and waving him in our direction. He came up and stood between Bill's chair and mine. We had an excellent view looking up at the thick cock stretching our little girl's vaginal lips thin. He carried on small talk with us while obscenely displaying her to us and a fairly large gathering that crowded around. Jenny merely hugged herself to his neck and buried her face in his shoulder, breathing heavily. Steven knelt between our chairs and excitedly said, "Jenny's getting the shit fucked out of her. Look how big he is, Mom."

I was looking, and looked harder when the man cupped her small buttocks and began lifting and lowering her on that huge pole. He began fucking her in earnest, looking more like a man jacking off with a girl's body. Jenny wailed, pounded his chest, dug her fingers in his hair, but never said, 'no, ' He made her cum, then poured his seed up her cunt. He surprised us all by pulling her off his dick with a sucking pop, then setting her on my lap, saying, "Thanks for the use of your daughter." He walked off amidst throngs of laughter as semen pouring from my daughter and drenched my lap.

Jenny enjoyed her initiation into public sex. She returned to the pool and was the center of attention. When we left the pool area, she didn't bother to put anything on and wiggled her ass provocatively all the way back to our cabin. Steven constantly had his hands on and in her body as she walked along. Bill and I followed, amazed at the transformation we observed. We held back to let them get ahead. When they went into the cabin, we stopped on the path. Bill said, "Let's give them a few minutes in there alone."

I said, "You think they'll fuck, don't you?"

"I think they might. Look, people are stopping to look in our windows. Lets go see."

Bill was right. Jenny was on the bed on her back holding her feet by the toes as she had seen me do. Steven was on his knees between her legs and was fitting his cock into her cunt. We looked on with a group of twenty while they screwed with abandon. I placed my arm around Bill and we kissed. A couple came up behind us. He behind me, she behind Bill. He unfastened and dropped my shorts. She took out Bill's cock and began jerking him off. I parted my legs and took the man's cock in from the rear. They had us before the window. Steven saw and alerted Jenny. Her head turned and she smiled at what she saw.

I loved getting fucked in public and thrust my ass out shamelessly. Bill came all over the window pane and I leaned over and licked the sliding drools of sperm from the glass. Afterwards, I pulled off my tube top and pressed my tits to the glass as the man pounded my cunt to mush.

At our first meeting, Helen called me and Jenny to the stage overlooking fifty members and staff people. Helen announced, "We'd like to officially welcome the Smith family to our club. Karen and Bill have graciously offered their lovely daughter as a gift to all of us." That was my cue to strip Jenny, and I removed her clothes sensuously. I got behind her and moved her feet out wide with my foot. I held her two arms up as Helen said, "They said they will even deliver her to your cabin, or you are free to use her in theirs. She will remain nude and available throughout the remainder of her stay, so you guys help yourselves."

The room burst out in applause. Bill came forward and lifted her into his arms. He carried her from table to table to allow the members to fondle her. Jenny freely held her legs apart for their groping, probing fingers and tongues. After dinner, and for the rest of our stay, we carried Jenny from one fuck to another. Bill and I also performed a live sex act with her on the stage that evening. Steven got his wish two nights later as he and I performed at another meeting. He bound and beat me, then fucked my ass. This was so popular that it became a regular event at every meeting. Steven demonstrated his imagination and creativity. He mastered me, and I grew to worship him on and off the stage. Before we left the retreat, I pledged my indenture to my son and informed Bill that his marital rights were being deferred to Steven. Bill accepted this declaration. He did, after all, have Jenny.

Alternative Plot Two

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A thousand conflicting thoughts and emotions whirled through my mind. My whole life was turned topsy turvy. By the time I got to the cabin, I had calmed somewhat. I met Bill at the car. He said, "Honey, are you all right? You look like you've been crying."

I said, "I have been. Helen had me beaten with a cane. I'm all right, though. The woman is a pervert, Bill. She's sick. They're all sick."

"That does it. We're getting out of here right now. Fuck the damn job!"

I could see right through his act. I wondered what he'd do if I had agreed. Instead, I said, "Maybe we're being hasty, Bill. The worst may be over. Suppose that was the test and I passed."

"Honey, I think you may be right. We would be crazy to quit now. I had a talk with the kids while you were up there. They seem okay. Look, let's wait for the first dinner meeting and see how that goes. It's six thirty now, that gives us ninety minutes to think this out."

I told him that was a good idea. We went inside the cabin. I got Jenny aside and told her about the no-panty no-bra rule. She did not like that rule one bit as she'd only brought short skirts and a swimsuit. I got the tube top from her and convinced her to go with me to find a lady's room to change in. I ushered her along protectively shielding her from sights I didn't want her to see, like couples making out, bare body parts, and especially lewd art work. We found the restroom and changed our clothes. Jenny kept tugging at her hem saying she felt naked without panties. I assured her that if she sat carefully, no one would ever know.

We hadn't gone ten feet when a big meaty hand rested on my shoulder. It belonged to a god. I've never seen a more striking figure of manhood. He could have been the model for the fountain statue. He told me that Helen needed my measurements and that we should follow him.

We followed; our eyes followed his cute, tight buns. I was glad Jenny would be with me, for I knew I'd be putty with this guy alone. Jenny seemed captivated with this hunk right off the pages of a Gothic romance. He led us to a simple room that had a few chairs lining the wall and a low examination table. A sexy half naked girl in a nurses costume held a tablet on a clipboard. He closed the door and told me to strip. I started to protest, but remembered Helen's words. I shrugged and stripped.

He ordered me onto the table on all fours, then proceeded to take measurements of me. Everything about my private parts got measured, reported to the girl, and recorded. When he came to my vagina, he measured the length of my labia lips, inner and outer. He measured my clit, the distance from my anus to my pussy hole. He also probed me with measuring instruments and his strong fingers. He had me creaming. I melted under his touch.

He laid me on my back on the table. My legs hung off each side with my open crotch facing Jenny. He came up to my head and I turned to find his erect penis in his hand. He stroked its ten-inch length poised at my lips. Honey-like precum dribbled from the slit. My lips parted when his cockhead touched them. I sucked self-consciously at first, but with feeling. I began using my right hand after a few minutes. I marveled at its hot, velvety texture and manly musk.

He withdrew after a long sucking and got between my feet. He easily drew me down to the end of the table, put my ankles on his shoulders, and brought his mighty cock to my opening. I looked down my body and gasped at the sight. It was the biggest, most beautiful example of man-muscle I'd ever seen and it was poised to enter me. I totally forgot about Jenny being there. He pushed that monster dick in hard. I groaned and met his thrust. He worked for several minutes to fully seat himself. I went mad, twisting and turning and gripping the table's edge with white-knuckled hands.

When his balls pressed tight to my ass, I drew my legs back and grasped my feet by the toes and shouted, "FUCK ME! Oh, Yes! Fuck me hard."

Boy did he fuck me. He fucked my pussy juices into a milky froth, pounded me into a stupor, and made tears pour down my cheeks. He made me cum three times then bathed my womb in a copious douche of sperm. When he drew out, my head slowly cleared. I was still holding my toes and the first thing I saw was Jenny's astonished face framed by my bent legs. She was staring hard at my cum-leaking pussy.

Seeing my daughter shocked me back to reality. Semen poured from my hole as I sat up. The nurse lewdly wiped my crotch with a moist towel while together they held my legs apart right in front of Jenny. This was the most humiliating event of my life. He helped me down and Jenny looked with terror-stricken eyes, expecting to be next. He saw that look and said, "Relax, baby, nobody's going to take anything from you here. When you're ready, you'll have to ask. That's a golden rule, by the way. A 'no' freezes any guy here, believe me. I'm just glad your stepmother doesn't seem to know that word."

This piece of news both lifted my spirits, and shamed me terribly. I felt relieved for Jenny, but it made me look even more like a slut. We left the room and wandered aimlessly in silence. I could not bear to look Jenny in the eyes. Finally, she said, "Stepmom, Helen hit you with something, didn't she."

I had forgotten about the marks. I nodded and told her I had gotten smart with her and it wasn't that bad. She said, "You were afraid to say 'No, ' weren't you?"

We stepped outside. I turned to face Jenny and gripped her by the shoulders, saying, "Sweetheart, there are things going on here that I can't explain. It has to do with power and sex and control and your father's career future. Helen is playing games with me, and you're right, I can't say 'no.' That doesn't mean you can't."

"Stepmom, don't worry, I'll never tell what happened."

I hugged her tightly. Twenty minutes later, we were all seated in a crowded dining room. I felt trashy in a tube top and skirt. Most diners were in suits and dresses. Our table was centered on a raised platform stage. The tables fanned out from it. Bright lights illuminated the stage and our table, making us feel conspicuous as the guests of honor. Helen, looking radiant, mounted the platform, and tapped a crystal glass on the podium. All conversation ceased. She said, "As you know the Smith family has applied to join our happy family." Applause rang out and we acknowledged it. Addressing us, she said, "We have a traditional way of getting to know what kind of people we're bringing to the fold. I'll explain in a stepmoment. First, we'd like to begin by presenting Karen Smith with our coveted Venus."

A man in a tuxedo entered with a jewelry box. He and Helen approached me. I sat nervously as Helen got behind me, opened the case, and laid a gaudy, heavy pendant on my upper chest. I could not see the thing, but it felt like a huge brass "W". It covered my whole upper chest with the base of the W in my cleavage. The emblem was attached to a heavy chain that Helen crossed at the back of my neck and brought the two ends together at my throat. She snapped a jeweled padlock on the two end rings. It was then that I realized the chain was a large dog's choker chain. While snapping the lock in place, Helen whispered in my ear, "This is a valuable piece of private property and the lock is very expensive. If you decide to leave here with it, or damage the lock in any way, I'll have you arrested and charged with grand larceny."

My heart sank as she raised up and said, cheerily, "There you are, dear, and it does look lovely on you." She returned to the stage. By the astonished looks on the faces of my family, I knew it was something vulgar. I cautiously bent my head down and looked. I almost shit. What I thought was a giant "W" was a cutout of the Venus girl from the fountain. She was posed as in the fountain with her legs out in a wide "V", her hands reaching around her haunches to spread open her sex. The plaque was painted by an artist with great attention to detail. The head of Venus was at my collar bone and her long hair attached to the center of the chain. On her chest, like a tattoo over her big breasts, it read: FUCK ME.

I let go of the pendant and hung my face in my hands. The crowd applauded and laughed. Bill patted my shoulder, Jenny stroked and patted my knee. I had never felt such shame. I slowly brought my eyes up and fixed them on Helen, not knowing whether I wanted to kill her or kiss her. She smiled back from her rostrum, then announced, "Now, here's how this works. During your stay here, all acts of sexual intercourse between your family and the membership and staff will earn you one of our coveted

cum drops." She held aloft a white tear-drop-shaped object the size of a grape. "These attach to your Venus, Karen. Notice the hole where a hole on a woman should be?"

I looked down and sure enough saw my skin showing through her pussy. She said, "The first one attaches to it, the rest attach to each other to form a chain. Your clothing may never go above the bottom of the chain, so if you're bashful, you better ask your family to keep their libidos in check. We count any exchange of semen from one body to another, so they can add up quickly if you guys are very oral."

We were all blushing at that remark, but I wanted to crawl in a hole and die. "Now, here are Karen's vital statistics. We'll be charting her progress in particular. Her breasts displace 920ml. They measure 36". Her nipple diameters are one and a quarter inches soft, three quarters when erect. Her tummy is 23", her hips are 37.5", and her legs at the inseam are thirty inches. That's measured from heel to labia. Her clit protrudes even when not erect but during full erection measures one-half inch above the mean plane. Her labia majora are five inches long and the labia minora are three and a half. Her hole easily takes two fingers, but four is her maximum without pain. She has a vaginal volume of 420 ml and can accommodate the largest penis here fully within her vagina."

My face could not have been any redder or hotter had it been on fire. I sat through this crude exhibition with a pounding heart and stared blankly into space. I thought it was over, but she said, "Now, Karen, whenever someone earns you a cum drop, it is customary to thank that person publicly at these meetings. They must first provide a witness as proof, however, so you needn't worry about cheating. The customary way of thanking a person is by applying a kiss to their genitals. For instance, if Charlie fucks Jenny and has a witness, you would kiss Charlie's cock. If Bill fucks Cassandra, you would kiss her pussy. Do you understand the rules, Karen?"

I nodded, numb with shock. Bill and Jenny seemed equally numb. She had more, saying, "Since you obviously haven't had time to do anything yet, I say we eat."

A shout rang out from the back. It was a familiar voice. It said, "Wait, I fucked Karen not an hour ago and I have a witness."

"Hey, it looks like Karen wants to get the show on the road. Who is your witness, Lars?"

"Jenny, her daughter."

"Stand up, Jenny. I'll need some information from you."

Jenny looked at me with eyes of pure terror. I told her to do as Helen said. She stood shakily. Helen had the clipboard and said, "Now, let's see. Was your stepmother fully naked for this, Jenny." Jenny nodded but Helen made her speak up. She finally shouted, "Yes." Helen asked, "Did she suck his cock?"

"Yes!"

"Did she take him orally or vaginally?"

"Vaginally."

"Did she take him fully?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Did she reach an orgasm, if so, how many?"

"I think so, three, maybe four."

"Okay, did he cum in her pussy or her mouth."

"Her vagina."

"You have to choose between pussy and mouth, dear."

Jenny looked to me and I waved her on. "Her pussy."

"Well, it looks like Karen has earned her first cum drop. Let's give her a hand. Come on up here, Karen."

While the applause died down, I rose on trembling legs and approached the stage. Helen placed me center stage and fastened the cum drop to my pendant. The base of the drop rested on my tube top, so Helen rolled the material down an inch, making the tight roll cut my breasts in the middle and exposing the top edges of each nipple. I blushed throughout this ordeal. She called Lars up and stood him before me. She had me kneel and free his cock. It sprang out and hovered over my face. Helen whispered so only I heard, "Don't just kiss it, you suck it and don't let go." She then said loud enough for all to hear, "Okay, dear give it a friendly little kiss."

I took the base of his cock and bent it toward my lips. I thought about how this looked to my family, but saw no other option. I let my lips flow over his thick knob and sucked it into my mouth. Helen said, "Hey, that's some kiss, Karen."

I continued to suck as murmurs floated about the room. Helen said, "I think she wants to earn another cum drop. Is that right, Karen?"

She whispered for me to nod and I nodded. "All right, let's hear it for Karen! Go for it girl."

Under her constant secret tutoring I put on a vulgar display, using both hands to jack him off while sucking like a mad woman. When his cock erupted I had orders to hold his sperm in my mouth and pull out to let one jet hit me in the face. I felt totally decadent following these instructions, but I followed them. When Lars pulled free, he zipped up and left. Helen tilted my head back and made me open my mouth wide. Her fingers dipped into the puddle of cum and she held them up for cheers. She wiped her fingers in the corner of my mouth, closed my jaw with my head tilted way back and said, "Swallow."

My shocked family got a good view of my throat muscles working as I swallowed the semen. Helen then stood me up facing everyone and attached a second cum drop. This time, my top had to be rolled past my nipples. The tube top would not stay on the lower slopes of my breasts. It simply settled at the base and lifted them obscenely. People laughed and cheered. I knew I'd at least be topless for the remainder of our stay, and that notion filled me with dread. I returned to my table as dinner was served. No one spoke.

Back in the cabin, after dinner, I was inconsolable. They tried to reassure me, tried to make me feel better. I simply wanted to curl up and die. Bill disappeared before dark. When it was time to turn in, I

remembered Helen's words about the sleeping arrangements.

I sat up and called Steven and Jenny to me. I took a deep breath and said, "Look, Helen has ordered a special sleeping arrangement that we must follow. The three of us have to sleep in the nude."

Steven beamed, "Great! I like Helen."

I ignored his comment, took another deep breath and said, "Furthermore, I'm to sleep between you two with my head in the opposite direction. Actually, this should give us more room."

Steven said, "I like that."

Jenny said, "Steven, stop it. This isn't funny."

I said, "Leave him alone, Jenny. This isn't his idea, even if he does approve. Let's just get undressed and get under covers, shall we. I don't know about you guys, but I'm beat."

Steven said, "I don't want covers. It's too hot for covers."

Jenny said, "Suit yourself, but there are people looking in."

"Let them look; I'm not ashamed."

I said, "Sleep any way you want, but let's get some sleep."

I quickly got undressed and under the single sheet. Jenny got undressed under the sheet. Our naked hips touched and Jenny moved to the mattress' edge. Steven stripped and stood by the bedside. His cock stood up rigidly on proud display. I tried not to look at it as he got on the bed and settled near my end. He adjusted his sleeping position until his cock was beside my head and his head rested against my hip. I lay there frozen as he began stroking his member. My eyes drifted to it. He was larger than his father and very stiff. I also noticed people with their faces pressed to the windows. The lights from outside cast a light hue in the room, making everything easy to see.

My breathing increased as Steven increased his masturbating.

He jostled the bed. Jenny got up on one elbow and saw what he was doing and exclaimed, "Oh, Jesus, Steven, you're sick. People are looking at you. Stepmom, make him stop!"

I couldn't say anything. I remembered Helen's warning. I wasn't sure I wanted to. My eyes kept drifting to his lust filled penis. When I didn't try to stop him, Steven took that as encouragement. He rolled on his side and angled his cock towards my face. My left shoulder dug into his pelvis as he attempted to bring his cock closer. I could have turned my head and kissed the head. I was tempted. I knew I should if I wanted to please Helen.

Jenny raised up once again and declared, "Steven! What are you trying to do? Stepmom!"

I said nothing. Steve took this as a go signal. He raised up over my shoulder and brought his cock to my lips, beating faster, rubbing my slack lips with his weeping cockhead. Jenny stayed to watch her brother, awed at my complacency. Steven grew more excited and tore the sheet from the bed. Jenny squealed as he got to his knees. He beat off with one hand and used the other to explore my passive

body. He molded and squeezed my breasts, pinched my nipples, then trailed his hand to my crotch. His hand cupped my hot sex. Two middle fingers delved inside me.

My legs bent at the knee involuntarily. My left leg laid over Jenny's tummy. My passions grew.

Steven crudely fingered my cunt and I drew my knees back shamelessly. My outer left thigh passed over Jenny's fine pubic bush. I pressed down on it to bring my pelvis up to meet Steven's fingers. My mouth open and captured Steven's cock. I sucked as his pumping fist beat my chin. He exploded in climax, peppering my tonsils with his youthful spend. My orgasm followed. I ground my pussy on his hand.

I lay in utter shame and satisfied exhaustion. Steven took a breather and got between my legs to visually examine my wet pussy. I held my legs open for him. He toyed with my sensitive sex for ten or fifteen minutes, then grew another erection. This time, he settled between my legs and entered my still horny pussy. Jenny was speechless as I took him in my arms and wrapped my legs around my stepson's waist. I fucked my stepson without shame. In the middle of the night, he fucked me again. I awoke the next morning to find him entering me once again. We fucked in broad daylight before a small crowd gathered at our windows. Jenny climbed out of bed and wrapped herself in the sheet. Steven put on quite a show. Afterwards, I felt totally decadent.

I skipped breakfast and remained in the room dreading two O'clock but relieved that by hiding out there would be no more cum drops. Jenny stayed with me much of the time, but Bill and Steven were always out. At noon a knock at the door sent a shiver up my spine. Jenny answered it and came to me with the message that Helen wanted to see me. She looked at me with eyes of pity and sadness. I crawled off the bed and put on my skirt - my only covering.

With my breasts exposed I thought it was pointless to cover my middle. I looked at the hideous medallion, looked at Jenny, and said, "Don't worry, Jenny. This will end one day. I can handle it if you hold together." She assured me that she could and walked with me to the bottom of the stairs.

The maid admitted me as before and led me before Helen who sat with four of her executive wife friends, all smiling at my humiliation. Helen rose and walked around me, saying, "You disappoint me, Karen."

Strangely, those feelings from the previous day began to resurface. The humiliation of my subservient position and the prospect of being punished again stirred my juices and brought life back to me. I said, "I'm sorry."

"Sorry isn't going to cut it. You're spoiling my fun by hiding away. I want you out and about, mixing and mingling, showing off your necklace and the cum drops you've earned, earning more, in fact."

"I'll mix if that's what you want. I earned several with Steven last night. I'm sure you got word."

"I did, and that was good, however, fucking your stepson does not earn you cum drops. You weren't paying attention last night. I think I have to spell everything out for you, Karen. Before I do, I think you need a little warming up to remind you of your place. Remove your skirt."

I quickly stripped off the skirt and stood under the watchful grinning eyes of the women. Helen came over swishing the thin cane through the air, saying, "I'm posed with a slight problem. I need to

discipline you, but I don't want the marks to show. People might think you're being forced to do the things you do. We don't want to give that impression, do we, Karen?"

"No."

"Do you have any suggestions as to where I can hit you that won't show a mark?"

I gulped and softly said, "Between my legs?"

"Excellent idea, Karen. Why don't you get on that coffee table and lie on your back with your cunt facing my friends." I assumed the position as the four women huddled at my crotch. "Now use your arms to support your hips. Lift your legs high and spread wide." I pulled my legs up over my head and held myself up by the hips, letting my legs fall out wide. My head hung off the edge and I saw Helen come and stand at my head looking down on her target. Before I could steel myself for the blow, she swung down hard into my gaping slit. The pain was excruciating. I rolled onto my side, clutching my crotch. She said, "Get that cunt back in position!"

I quickly returned for another and was promptly paid. This time I only drew my legs together. I forced them out as waves of tingling heat burned my tortured pussy. After the forth blow, I held my legs apart the whole time. Helen rained the blows down on my pussy and triggered the oddest sensation. Not an orgasm, it was different - intense sensation. She delivered the last six while I held steady and almost rose to meet them. The women examined my numb pussy with their fingers as I held the position. Helen looked at my glazed eyes and said, "Do you want to please me, Karen?"

"Yes! More than anything."

"I'll be frank. I want to see you humiliate yourself before everyone here including your family. You are the entertainment for this week, but you haven't been that entertaining. I expect you to do something about that. You were a passive partner to Steven. I would like to see you acting more aggressive, slutty, hungry."

"I will, I promise!"

"We'll see. I was hoping your cum drops would be below crotch level by this afternoon, but that doesn't seem likely with forty minutes to go. Thankfully, your stepson and your husband have been doing their part. Between them they've fucked five of my girls so far, but they're only human. When it comes time to award your cum drops, I expect you to show you're willingness to please me. I should not have to prompt you to suck these women's pussies and put on a good show."

"Yes, I'll do it. I promise. I'll do it now if you want - for all of you."

"We can wait. It will be better. You may leave, now. Get dressed downstairs."

I rolled off the table and picked up my skirt. I made my exit and stepped into the lobby downstairs wearing only my shoes. Jenny was quite surprised as were six others.

At the lunchtime meeting, seven women stood and told of having sex with Steven or Bill. I knelt before each and dutifully sucked their pussies to orgasm. Helen attached seven cum drops to my chain, bringing the end to my navel. Afterwards, I returned to my table and had lunch with my somber family. After lunch, I did not hide myself away, nor did I berate Bill and Steven for adding to my humiliation.

I mixed, mingled, and fucked. Bill and Steven continued to rack up cum drops for me. Jenny earned one by sucking her first cock. That evening, I serviced five men and eight women. I also lost my skirt as the chain went below my crotch. The next morning, I assisted Greg Miller in deflowering Jenny. With her help, I had eight men and six women to service at the lunch meeting. When the chain reached the floor, the medallion came off and we were officially welcomed as full-fledged members. Bill is now on the fast track with the company. Steven no longer needs to make peep holes in our walls. Jenny and I compete for his attentions.

Alternative Plot Three

Posted: 10/11/1999, 9:00:00 PM

Updated: 1/11/2005, 12:06:13 PM

I followed the sexy maid into Helen's suite. Helen lounged in the nude with four of her executive wife friends. Her cocky air put me on the defensive. I countered by a show of bravado, stepping forward and saying, "Helen, you could have at least warned us as to the nature of this retreat. I hardly think this is a fitting place to bring young childr..."

Helen silenced me with a raised hand then said, "You shut up and listen." I gulped. "I have waited a long time to get you up here. You will leave here one week from now either as the wife of one of our new rising stars, or as the wife of an unemployed bum with a poor recommendation. If it is the latter, and you make any trouble what-so-ever, I'll spare no expense to hunt your family down, kill you and your husband, sell your son to the white sex slave trade, and place your daughter into slavery right here until she turns eighteen. You don't want to know what we do to them when they turn eighteen. It is not a happy birthday when you are the candle and the cake is a huge pile of kindling wood."

I couldn't speak, move, run, or throw up. I just stood there with my mouth open. Had those words been spoken by anyone other than Helen Cummings, I would have spat in her face. I knew Helen was dead serious, and that she could and would do exactly what she said. Her next words were, "Strip!" What could I do? I stripped.

I soon stood before these women stark naked. Helen got up brandishing a long thin rod, slapping it against her palm. She advanced on my trembling form and shouted, "Stand with your legs apart, arms out." I moved into the position.

She circled me twice, then brought the rod arching down across my stomach. I screamed and dropped to my knees, clutching my belly. She yelled, "Stand up, bitch!"

I quickly stood and assumed the position. Another blow cut across my buttocks, stinging like a thousand wasp stings. Tears poured from my eyes. She moved around and swung up, cutting the underside of my breasts. I cried and clutched my breasts. Another blow hit the backs of my thighs and straightened me up. While behind me, she brought the rod up between my legs. The pain was excruciating and dropped me to my knees once again. By this time, I hurt all over and my mind reeled from the pain and shock. I begged and pleaded, but only got orders to resume the position. She moved in front and ordered me to thrust out my cunt. My eyes pleaded, but I did as she instructed, knowing what was coming. The anticipation was the worst part as I watched her draw back and come up between my legs. She applied a dozen sharp strokes to the center of my sex. By the time she finished, I was on my knees, numb between my legs.

Helen stepped forward and I looked into her shaved sex. A gentle pressure on the back of my head told me my next move. I pressed my face into her loins and slavishly used my tongue, tasting my first pussy. She stood casually and said, "Right now, your husband is balling Cassandra as he has been doing for the past six months. Your kids are undoubtedly perusing the toys and material in the room and getting very turned on. Would you like to know what your role is this week?"

I shuddered to think but nodded my head vigorously while keeping my tongue deeply buried in Helen's musky sex. She said, "You are here to entertain me and my guests. Actually, I should say, you and your children." I groaned, but did not stop my licking. "Each day we gather for dinner and supper. We like a floor show when we dine. You will provide the floor shows. This afternoon, I think we'll start with something mild. I think I'll have you auction off Jenny's clothes." I pleaded with my eyes, but kept licking. "Dress her in a full ensemble: heels, stockings, garters, panties, skirt, blouse, bra, even a hat if you'd like. I'll leave the choreography to you. Be imaginative. Think sexy. If your show is not exciting enough, Jenny will be tied up and whipped by you. The audience votes by a simple thumbs up or thumbs down. But I warn you, they don't impress easily."

Helen stepped away and returned to sit with her friends. They were all smiling. I began to implore, but Helen stopped me immediately, saying, "There's nothing you can say that I want to hear. If you don't cooperate, I'll have you, Jenny, and Steven stripped, beaten, and bound in vulnerable positions for the enjoyment of the members all week. Bill will lose his job and you will live with option number two - silence or death. I'm sure that answers any questions you may have had. Now, go get your little whore ready for the show."

I rose to unsteady feet, gathered my clothes, and backed out. I dressed downstairs under the eyes of several leering members and two staff people. I went immediately to the cabin and saw that the car was gone. Once inside, I saw that Bill was gone, too. Steven was still absorbed with the magazines and barely looked up. Jenny ran to my arms and cried, "Mom, Daddy went off with a naked lady. She just called him and he went."

I tried to soothe her as Steven said, "Yeah, if she had called me, I'd have gone too. She was a real knock-out, Mom."

I stroked Jenny's head and said, "Kids, these people are very sick. We are in a very dangerous position with no way out. I have just received the beating of my life with a thin cane."

Steven looked up and said, "Really! Were you naked?"

"Yes, and it wasn't amusing, Steven. These people are serious. You may be next, young man, so get that smirk off your face." I took Jenny by the shoulders and said, "Sweetheart, you're going to have to be very brave this week."

"Are they going to beat me, too?"

"I certainly hope not, but they might. Honey, they want me to auction off your clothes this afternoon at a dinner show."

Steven looked up and said, "Hey, far out. Will I get to see?"

I shot Steven a dirty look and said, "Steven, Please!"

Tears immediately formed in her eyes as she cried, "Mom, No! They can't make us do that."

"Honey, they can and they will. Furthermore, if the show isn't exciting enough, they say I'll have to beat you myself. I'll do it, too. I have no other choice, believe me."

"Mom, no!"

"Listen to me, Jenny. This is no game; this is life and death. They are prepared to kill us if we cause trouble. If we cooperate, Dad will keep his job and get a big promotion. Jenny, whether we cooperate or not, you will not leave here a virgin, I'm quite certain of that."

Jenny's mouth fell open in shock. Steven turned a page and said, "So who wants to leave anywhere a virgin."

I strode over to the bed and flipped through the magazines until I found one showing a man with a large penis buried to the hilt in a boy's backside. I tapped the photo and said, "Jenny isn't the only one subject to losing her virginity, smart ass. Do you still stand by what you said?" He went pale and swallowed hard. I said, "Look, I'm sorry. I'm upset and nervous. I'm, under a great deal of stress right now. Your father not being here doesn't help." I turned back to Jenny and said, "We need to be thinking about this show. I don't want you beaten, Jenny, not by me or anyone else. Forget your modesty or your virginity and think about survival. From here on out, that's all I'm thinking about. I suggest you two do likewise."

Jenny cried, "Mom, this can't be happening."

"It is happening, Jenny. Get used to it. Don't make this any harder than it already is."

I had a difficult time getting Jenny ready. Helen had some things sent down that she thought we could use: spike heels, fishnet nylons, a garter belt, and half-cup bra. I made Jenny put them on, though we had no privacy and drew a great deal of attention. Steven was the worst. He leered at her body and made occasional wise cracks. I decided to ignore him. When she was dressed, I stood back and looked her over, making her turn in place. Her tear stained cheeks and puffy eyes did not add to the effect, so I gave her another talk and applied heavier make-up. In the end, she looked gorgeous, like a junior street

walker. I had her pace the room and offered tips on putting a sexy sway to her step. Afterwards, we rehearsed our act. This was the hardest part of all, because I found it difficult to advise her to show off her tits and cunt when they got bared. I thought it would be a nice touch if I was forceful, even mean, since I figured she might balk once we were on stage and clothing started falling. I warned her to expect my act.

Bill returned looking sheepish. We didn't talk. He hung around for a few minutes, then left. We met up again at the dinner table assigned to us. Cassandra was on his arm and sat beside him at our table. I sat on his other side and saw her fish out his stiff cock and begin jerking him off slowly. I hated them both at that point, though I figured he had as little say in the operation as I did. As the meals were served, Helen mounted the stage. It was a low platform, a bandstand, actually. It was brightly lit and had a PA system. She took the mike and welcomed everyone. She announced us as prospective new members. We each stood as our names were announced. Bill stood with his cock sticking out and drew howls of laughter and applause. He slicked back into his seat. When Jenny nervously stood, the crowd roared their approval. She blushed prettily and hurriedly sat. Steven took a bow. I got a good reception and sat gracefully, blushing.

Helen said, "Now, Karen has graciously offered to auction off her lovely daughter's clothes and display her young charms as a gift to us." A thunderous applause went up. She silenced it with a lifting of her almighty hand and said, "Proceeds will go to the purchasing of an urn for young Cindy McConnel." Her hand swept towards the huge fireplace mantle. There was a row of urns. Behind each urn was the portrait of a young teenage girl. The one on the end was a picture of Cindy McConnel with a large Dixie cup in front of it.

My heart sank as Helen said, "For all the pleasure she gave us, she deserves a better resting place than a fucking paper cup."

The people laughed. I was mortified. When Helen called us up, I dragged Jenny along. I placed Jenny center stage and made her stand erect, shoulders back. I took the mike and started right in, "Who'll give me ten dollars for this lovely girl's shoes?"

Jenny began sobbing quietly right away. The bidding was brisk. I took twenty-five for her shoes and invited the man to come up and remove them. He lifted each leg high in claiming his shoes, causing her intense shame. The crowd loved it.

"Now, can I hear twenty for her stockings?" I lifted her skirt all around to fully expose them to the bidders, making her turn in place. The stockings went for thirty-eight. One of Helen's lady friends took them from Jenny, reaching her red-nailed fingers high up Jenny's legs in the process.

"Can I get fifty for the dress?" The dress went for ninety to an old accountant. Jenny stood in bra, panties, and a garter belt. The garter belt went for ten. Jenny started crying. I squared her shoulders and auctioned her bra for fifty-five. I continually had to make her stand erect after the bra was removed. Tears flowed down her cheeks. I walked around her and slapped her firm ass as the panties went up for bid. They went for two-hundred dollars. Greg Miller, Bills supervisor, took the bid and advanced towards the stage sporting an evil grin and a hardon. As he knelt with one knee on the stage, I moved Jenny up to him. His hands slowly took her briefs and eased them down as the crowd got to their feet.

He paused when the top edge went past her pussy lips. Her turned her to show her ass and dropped the panties several more inches. He turned her to face front, and moved them to mid thigh. Jenny was trembling as his meaty hands caressed her firm body and delved between her legs, wiping through her slit. When she pulled back, I swatted her ass to make her offer her loins.

Somewhere during all of this, I got turned on. My pussy swelled and lubricated. I think it was seeing this burly older man fondling my pure virgin daughter in public that did it. Impulsively, I moved up close behind her and cupped her tight moons very low, my fingertips near her sex. I shoved her loins out to him in bold offering. He palmed her cunt and fingered her pussy while I held her for him. Occasionally his fingers brushed mine as they did their dirty work, giving me a strange thrill. Jenny quivered under this molestation. After the panties came off, I took Jenny by the scruff of her neck and marched her to various points along the stage front, making her assume lewd poses.

The crowd loved it when I made her turn and bend low. I pushed her feet wide and leaned over her ass, reaching in with both hands to spread her cheeks. They roared their approval. I looked at her pink rosebud and impulsively teased my wet finger around it. Some yelled, "Poke her!" It was all the encouragement I needed. I ignored Jenny's groan of despair and pushed my fuck finger steadily into her tight asshole. I loved the feel of her and my smile was genuine as I pandered to the crowd, finger-fucking my little girl's ass. I was not ready to quit.

I marched Jenny to the other end of the stage and had her turn in profile. I reached to grasp her foot nearest the audience and raised it high, pointing her toes to the ceiling. Jenny was forced to use her hands for support as I made her do the standing splits. I hugged her vertical up-raised leg and traced my fingers along her crotch, teasing her vaginal lips with my painted nails. This was so popular, I repeated it at several points along the stage, giving everyone a great view of my daughter's pussy. I also increased my manipulations of her cunt flesh, brazenly displaying her pink meat, even dipping my fingers into her heated sex.

Afterwards, the vote was taken. To my utter astonishment, we barely got enough thumbs-up votes to avoid the beating. Clearly, my bold finale saved her and she knew it.

After the dinner. Helen called for me. I was stripped, cuffed, and beaten between my legs. It wasn't for any wrong doing. She simply wanted to do it. Afterwards, I thanked her and went down on her and her friends. Before leaving, I got my next assignment - to seduce and fuck my son on stage.

This went surprisingly well, as Steven needed little seducing. Once he realized what was expected, he became the aggressor. We sat on a sofa on center stage. I placed Steven's hand on my breast. He then took over. He stripped me and practically rapped me, taking me in a variety of lewd positions, playing to the audience. It was not to avoid a beating; for again, it was Jenny who would pay the price. She stood naked and bound spread-eagled in a wooden frame that looked like a large frame for a double door. She watched with great interest during the performance, and I'm sure she silently urged us to greater acts of depravity.

We got a general thumbs up, but again I was summoned for a beating. This time, I got a dozen stokes between my legs for not suggesting he take me in the ass. I cursed myself because the thought had occurred to me.

My next show was with Jenny. I tore her clothes from her and jammed her face in my widespread beaver. I humped her crying face and slapped her around for their enjoyment. I put on a strap-on dildo and fucked her ass. Afterwards, I forced her to tongue-fuck my asshole and ended by squatting over her face and pissing. Again, we barely avoided her beating, but I still got mine for not making her drink my piss.

Each show got nastier and nastier. Bill took Jenny's cherry while I serviced them with my tongue. At another show, we all got in on the act, did a great job, but didn't make the cut. Jenny got her first beating at my hands. I got another for not hitting her between the legs. The next time I did it right.

Between shows, Jenny and I were kept nude and were available to anyone, male or female. Steven took great advantage of us. By weeks end, I had helped every man there mount my daughter several times over. Jenny and I had also eaten every pussy several times over. Jenny got a thorough beating after nearly every show and learned to take a cane to her cunt rather well. The final act was a family gang bang involving everyone. After the show, Bill got his promotion, and we were welcomed as full members.

After the announcement, a group of young girls were marched out, smiling. They were the girls whose pictures were over the mantle. Cindy McConnel led the procession drinking from the Dixie cup. Helen placed her arm around my shoulder and said, "You didn't really buy all that, did you?"

I smiled and kissed her.