

Samantha Learns her Place

By Hunter

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If you pass the test than you should be forewarned this story contains blackmail, graphic sex, violence, and teenagers in horrible situations, along with every other disturbed thought that has ever run across my mind.

This story is not particularly original or inventive. You have probably read a story like it at one time or another on here. It has mistakes but I just cannot work on it anymore. I am at terminal burnout with this one. I have edited it a couple of times and maybe one day I will go back and make it a better story, or write a sequel. If you want to edit it or rework it yourself feel free. Just tell me beforehand. This is my first story on here. Anyway, enjoy.

Samantha Learns her Place

Prelude

"I said no Mark" she said, roughly shoving his approaching hand away from her leg, only inches away from what the senior attempting this transgression thought might be pure bliss. Samantha shrugged and gave her mad pouty look. "Is that all u want from me" she said brushing her long honey brown hair out of her face and moving her dress down to where it was before the incident.

Mark smiled and looked the voluptuous young girl over. She lounged back in the seat; head pointed out the window, ignoring him. His gaze swept over her body. She was five foot five maybe six Mark guessed, with a body straight out of barely legal. She had long muscled legs, firm ample breasts, around 34c he guessed. They were the perfect size for chewing on he thought. She had the sexiest long hair that was parted in the middle and hung down below her shoulders, framing a round face with high cheekbones, green eyes, and a perfectly shaped small nose. She appeared innocent and lusty all at once, how he couldn't tell but it was there, he thought. A black latex dress was her attire and it came about three inches down her ass. Accentuating it were black stockings and high heels. Mark knew her virginal routine was all an act, knew he could do to this little bombshell anything he wanted. Tonight she was his and as he obscenely grabbed his cock through his pants he smiled ! an evil smile that bared his teeth and showed some of the thoughts playing across his mind.

"Fuck-toy" he said casually, staring out the opposing window.

Immediately Honey tensed up. "Oh no, god no" she thought, not tonight. He had told him. I thought he was gonna finally let me do something normal and fun for a change." Mark turned to face her and smiled that chilling smile again.

"Yeah babe, Hunter told me everything, all the things you do for him, and guess what, he gave you to me for a graduation present. He said to just say fuck-toy and you would do anything I wanted, so unless u want me to tell him you were less than cooperative, lets get this party started."

It was so bad that Honey almost started crying. After everything she had been through the last six months this might be the worst she sullenly thought. When he had told her to go with his neighbor's son to prom she had complied of course, but she was under the presumption that this was a present for her, a gift for all her obedience and effort, but now the illusion was shattered.

Mark would tell everyone about what was going to happen, and the next two years would be torture at school. She had to do it of course; she was in too far. After all the pain and humiliation, all the training as he called it, Honey, which wasn't even her name, turning and looking in Marks eyes, finally believed what Hunter had been telling her all these months. She was worthless, nothing but a place for a man to deposit his seed. She had no value except to give pleasure. A glazed look washed over her eyes, and the final semblance of the bright smart girl that was supposed to conquer the world someday was gone. Reaching back she unzipped her tight dress, pushing it down and wiggling her ass out of it, not caring that the limo driver was watching in the mirror. Mark and Jesse's jaws hit the floor when they saw the

young sixteen year old disrobe.

Kneeling there on the floor was every high school boy's wet dream, the cheerleader in nothing but a black G-string thigh high stockings and high heels. As they looked at her full perfect tits they gasped. Each nipple had a ring going through it, as did her navel. Mark being situated slightly behind her narrowed his eyes in the dark limo and could make out the word "slut" tattooed high on her right ass cheek.

"Slut" he said out aloud not believing he was seeing what he was seeing. Jesse laughed just assuming Mark was talking about the sight before them.

"Well Miss Honey, as Hunter told us you like to be called now, for the last two years we've been watching u shake your prissy little ass around school acting all high and mighty. Tonight its about damn time we got to see if your worth all the trouble u gave us on dates."

"Play with yourself Honey" Jesse ordered as he slowly unzipped his pants.

She slid her middle finger down her panties and started rubbing her pussy. Honey's brain started replaying the events of the last six months as she pleased herself in front of the two boys.

Chapter One

She first noticed the man at cheerleader practice around

November, but didn't pay it any mind as lots of horny guys showed up to watch the girls shake their rumps. The only thing was, he seemed after a couple of practices to concentrate mainly on her. He looked to be around twenty-five and wasn't bad looking but much too old for her she thought. She was not going to be one of those girls that took some old dude to prom like she had heard about with other girls.

He stopped showing up at practice after a couple of weeks and she didn't think anything of it until she saw him again. She was out on a date when the guy she was with noticed him.

"Samantha, I think that guy over there has a thing for you" he grumbled nodding over in the direction of the man.

Nonchalantly glancing over she saw him and instantly started to get a weird feeling in the pit her stomach. It had to be a coincidence she thought, but he was staring so intently. After the date, in which she had to repeatedly stop her partner's rude advances she kissed him on the cheek goodnight, the only thing any of her dates got or even her occasional boyfriends for that matter, and forgot about the man again. It wasn't until Christmas vacation that Samantha White would see the man again, and her life would change forever.

The day after Christmas, this had been very rewarding monetarily for the young coed, she was walking through the mall returning some clothes she had received as presents, when a rather large man in a suit approached her and asked her to come with him.

"What is this about" she asked repeatedly on the trip through the labyrinth of corridors to the back of the mall, but she got no response. She was starting to get scared when they approached a door at the end of one of the corridors and stopped in front of it. The large man opened it, gesturing for her to enter, and then left, leaving her alone.

Glancing around the small room she noticed it had a desk, probably someone's office she thought, and two chairs. Looking up she noticed a camera in the corner of the wall staring down on her. She instantly tensed up as she didn't like being watched by unseen viewers.

After about twenty minutes the door opened. The large man from before was first through, and then she blinked several times in surprise at the second person. She then gasped; it was the man who had been at her practices and at the restaurant that night.

What was he doing here, she thought?

"Hello, my names Hunter Smith" he said to her offering his hand in a casual, almost friendly manner. Rachel shook his hand and started to feel better until she glanced at his eyes. They were boring into her with an almost cruel condescending look to them.

"Samantha White" she offered, drawing her hand to her body.

"What's going on?"

"Well miss White I'm the head of security for this mall and several others. We had an anonymous call that someone matching your description was dealing drugs in the mall" he said somberly.

"What, me, there must be some mistake" the young girl blurted out, shocked by what she was hearing.

"Well you understand Miss White that we hope it's not true and if it isn't you have our apologies for the inconvenience. Now can I see your purse please so we can straighten this out and get you on your way?" "Of course" she stated handing her purse over to the man, yearning to get this all over with and get back to shopping.

"It must be some sort of mistake Mr. Smith" she said matter-of-factly.

"I'm sure it is" Hunter casually replied emptying the contents on the desk.

Watching as her lipstick, mascara, wallet and a hundred other things poured out she was getting ready to start packing it back in and leave when, Mr. Smith pulled a small paper bag from the middle of the stack. How did that get in there? What was it? The girl thought to herself. Mr. Smith then emptied the paper bag on the table and six little baggies of what looked like a white powdery substance fell out.

"HMMMMMMMM" Hunter said aloud as he stuck his finger in the closest baggie and tasted the substance. "Crack I believe" he said raising his eyebrow and looking at the large man next to him. "We heard reports from the police that it was making its way to the suburbs but I didn't believe them" he said almost absentmindedly. "This is bad, very bad miss White. This is dealer quantity and a first-degree felony with minimum jail time of five years. I wouldn't believe it if I didn't see it for myself. You look like such a normal girl, with your whole life in front of you. What a shame. Ramone call the police please"

"Wait" Rachel screamed. This is some sort of mistake, someone must have slipped that in there and set me up" the girl frantically yelled, growing hysterical, tears flowing freely down

her face. "You must believe me please. You can't do this, it would ruin my life, please don't call the police. The girl saw her whole life flash through her eyes; no college, no successful law career, no big house, no devoted husband, and she started to shake. "Ill do anything, just don't get the police involved."

Honey rubbed her clit underneath her panties as she kneeled in the limo in the space between the two seats, as the boys stroked their cocks.

"Good bitch" Jesse laughingly said "Now show us that dirty little hole Honey, the one you cant wait for us to fill" Jesse commanded the girl.

She knew that they had seen most of the modifications Hunter had made on her, and Mark probably had a pretty good view of the word demeaningly tattooed forever on her ass. This was worse she knew as she obediently pulled down her little g-string showing her completely bald young pussy.

"Oh my god" Jesse said out loud as he had the best view of her front side.

He stared at Honey's twat. In alternating red and black letters right across where her pubic hair should have been was tattooed for all eternity the word fucktoy. Below that was a gold ring that went right through her clitoris. "Show Mark" Jesse ordered the girl, still not believing this was the girl who had been the biggest prick tease in the history of Ventura High School. The girl who was captain of the cheerleading, debate and soccer teams and only a sophomore, the girl who had straight A's and was the glowing pride of every teacher there, the girl who no guy had

ever even reported getting a kiss with tongue from, the girl who everyone said was going to rule the world someday. Here she was, kneeling in nothing but stockings, g-string, and heels, with piercings in parts Jesse didn't know could be pierced, with the words fucktoy on her bald pussy. What a total slut he thought.

As she turned around and showed Mark her ultimate humiliation, his eyes got real big and his dick even harder. He wasn't expecting her to be this dirty, even after his talk with Hunter.

"He was right, Honey, you are a total worthless piece of shit that was born to be used" Mark remarked. "I can't believe I went to prom with such a filthy whore, now start sucking you tramp," Mark said not able to wait anymore.

This was it, the final nail, Honey thought. Mark, the nicest guy in school even thought she was no good, just a piece of meat. Hunter was right. She crawled over on all fours and planted her ruby red lips on the tip of Marks cock, spreading her long smooth legs, and sticking her ass high up in the air for Jesse, as she had been taught. She started slurping down Mark's manhood.

Chapter Two

Of course anything turned into a "just a little job" Hunter, as he told her to call him, had for her. He explained that he had a side business that he ran where he set up websites for people and small business's, and he needed her to be his secretary for a couple of weeks. He had tons of paperwork and no time to do it. Rachel was so relieved she cried and thanked the man for his kindness. He told her to no be so comfortable as he pointed to the video camera and said he had the tape. If she didn't show up

and do exactly what she was told, he would go to the police. He didn't tell her that his real side business was as a photographer for adult websites.

She arrived at four p.m. that Monday. Hunter smiled to himself as she walked in the door. What a drop dead gorgeous piece of ass he thought to himself. He knew why his neighbor's kid's Mark had told him that every guy in school lusted after her like no other.

She was wearing a blue skirt that came to right above her knees and a loose white tank top that couldn't hide the curvy body underneath. Her long tan legs seemed to go on for days and she was wearing the cutest little platform sandals that showed off her delicate feet and toe nails which were painted blue to match her skirt. He wondered what kind of panties and bra she was wearing and decided probably matching blue, conservative, maybe Hanes. Her hair was pulled back into a tight ponytail and she wore little make up. She didn't need to, he thought. He liked her like this, he observed, so innocent, so virginal, so much to hurt and change. "Hi Hunter, where do I start" she gleefully said, trying her best to be upbeat and positive so he would think she was really trying.

"Hi Samantha, there's been a little change in plans I need your help with. I told you I designed websites for people right"

"Yeah, what do you need?" she asked.

Well this website for a small clothing store I'm creating needs some shots of a girl in their clothes, and the one I had scheduled just called and canceled, so you will be the model now. These will just be practice shots so I can lay things out until I can reschedule with the model. The outfits are in the bathroom, so go in there and change so we can get started" he told her with

a little glint of steel in his voice.

She was about to complain but bit her lip and realized how much she owed this man. She didn't want to be on any website; at least not for free, but shoot, he was telling her not asking and she knew she had better obey.

As she entered the bathroom she noticed hangers on the shower rod with various clothes hanging off. Hmmmm, luckily they all seem to be my size she thought, but what kind of clothing store was this.

All the dresses and outfits looked like something you would wear to a rave or worse. She was about to go out and tell her she couldn't do this when he yelled "Dammit what's taking so long, you don't have to wear the lingerie, just the dresses."

Relieved, she quickly changed into the most modest one and walked out.

Hunter was standing behind a photographer's light with a camera. In front of the light was a couch and chair, and behind that a fake blue wall. She walked over and stood in front of the couch wearing the cute pink and white flowered summer dress with her sandals. "Good now lets get going," he said as he raised the camera.

"Okay hands on your hips" now smile. CLICK

"Sideways good girl." CLICK

"Hands on your knees, bend over a bit." CLICK

After taking about twenty more shots and various poses he stopped.

"Great job Rachel, all of this work is making me thirsty. Want something to drink?" he asked her.

"Sure" she replied

He returned with two glasses of lemonade.

"Better drink all of this, we wont be stopping again" he casually remarked downing his drink.

She did the same and smiled at him when she was done.

After trying on a few more outfits she started to feel light headed and dizzy, the colors of the room seemed different, more vibrant, and she felt very relaxed and laid back.

"That's great Rachel, only I really need you to try on some of that lingerie, and the skimpier clothing, so be a good girl and go do that for me" he told her, smiling as the effect of the drugs kicked in on the suddenly uninhibited girl.

"Well I guess that would be okay Hunter"

"Of Course it will be" he responded

Deep down she knew she shouldn't be doing this, but she had to get out of this man's debt, and trying on the other clothes didn't seem so bad now. She returned wearing a black micro mini skirt that came about two inches down her ass and a white halter-top. "Rachel you wearing your bra" he scoldingly told the girl"

"Ooops be right back" she laughed, looking back and seeing the

straps.

When she returned, the session started again, but this time the poses were a little more provocative.

"Turn around, hands on your knees, that's it." CLICK

"Now sit down, legs a little bit wider, that's it, good cunt"
CLICK

That one would be good, a perfect "up the skirt" shot he thought.

She was in a world of her own now, oblivious to everything but the lights and what she was being told. She pouted, and primped, and smiled, and played the perfect darling for the photographer. When she staggered out in the pink babydoll nightie with matching thong it was too much for him. "Come here whore" he commanded her

"Whuuuu Whyyyy diiid youuuuu callll" she started but was stopped with slap across her face.

"Shut up" he yelled as he grabbed her nipple through the nightie and dragged her in front of the lights, and video camera he had set up beforehand.

"Now kneel" he told her as he pushed her roughly to the ground "I only like to hear stupid bitch's when I tell them to speak, or when they're moaning around my cock, or screaming from it in their ass, you piece of shit" he emphasized by cruelly twisting her nipple

She was in a stupor. Samantha White had no idea what was going

on, only that if she didn't do what he told her, she felt pain.

"Open your mouth Rachel" Hunter ordered her and at the same time unzipped his zipper and pulled out his dick.

"Whh Whhh Whyyy" she slurred out

"Because I'm going to fuck your pretty face and throat" he hissed at her, grabbing her nipple even harder and pinching her nose.

As she opened her mouth, the man shoved all eight inches of his dick in at once, and buried it to the hilt in her throat. Her eyes were straining, and she started gagging all over his prick. Her nose was stuffed in his thick mane of black pubic hair and she immediately felt like she was going to vomit.

"If you bite I'm going to pull out all your teeth you nasty cunt, so just take it"

He was prepared for her retching and reached behind him and grabbed a bucket he had placed there. Pulling out his now saliva coated prick, he directed her face to the bucket where she puked all the contents of her lunch and breakfast up. He gave her a cup of water and had her wash her mouth out. Than he repositioned the teen on her knees and shoved his prick in again. After about two minutes of deep throating she started to look green, and once again let loose in the bucket. Two more turns later Hunter was sure her stomach was empty, and she wouldn't choke on her own filth, so he jammed his prick down her throat once again. As her throat started to convulse around his member he held it there. The feelings were pure bliss for him. Her throat was massaging his dick like no pussy could, and he fucked her cute mouth and convulsing throat for about ten minutes. Saliva was leaking out at the corners of her mouth and she was

drooling all over her pink nightie. Her tits were covered in it. She would sometimes put her hands up, but he would slap them down. Maneuvering himself over her, he started pounding straight down. She was crying now and leaking clear fluid out her nose. She looked so damn cute all messed up like this, crying and drooling at the same time, he thought.

"Open your eyes and look at me while I skull fuck you Samantha," he snarled at the girl slapping her head to emphasize the point.

She responded and Hunter could see the dopey glaze in her eyes from the drugs, but below the fog he could see the horror she was experiencing. He finally had her right where he wanted the snotty little bitch. He started to drool all over her perfect face. With her head perfectly horizontal, puddles of saliva were forming over her eyes as she struggled to keep them open at his command. After another couple of minutes, it was too much and as he took once last look at the gorgeous site before him, a sixteen year old cheerleader on her knees in the sluttish little nightie and thong. He pounded down one last time and let loose a torrent. Her eyes expanded large again. For the most part the load was deposited right in her stomach, but as he pulled back and shot the rest, it was too great a volume for her, and some came seeping out her nose. He pulled out and she immediately started coughing and retching.

"That was great Samantha, I knew you would love sucking my cock, but seeing you kneeling here with cum and tears running down your face I cant help but get aroused again."

With that he grabbed the girl and threw her on the table in the kitchen face up. He slid her body around until her head was hanging backwards off the table. He than stuck his still semi

hard penis right back in where it felt so good.

"Oh don't worry Samantha I'll pop that cherry eventually but I want you fully awake and alert for that" Hunter informed the suffering girl.

She was comatose now but he didn't care as he pounded her perfect mouth for another twenty minutes, and finally shot his load, this time all over her face. Afterwards he took more pictures of her in the nightie, making her grin and smile with cum dripping off of her face. He then picked her up and took her in the bedroom, putting her in her original clothes and laying her down. He left her alone to sleep and recuperate for a couple of hours.

Four hours later, knowing she was due home in a while, he shook her awake and made her swallow a couple of pills of speed, and gave her some coffee. About an hour later she was sufficiently coherent to ask what happened.

"Oh you don't remember Samantha" he chided her

"No did I pass out or something? It's weird but I can't remember anything over the last couple of hours" she said looking at the clock on his nightstand and realizing it was getting late.

"Well let me jog your memory, first you modeled all kinds of slutty clothes and lingerie for me, and then you gave me the sloppiest blowjob I have ever had in my life" he matter of factly told the girl.

"The best part is, it's going to be all over the internet by this time tomorrow" he said laughing "I'll make sure and send your dad

the URL" he told her smiling.

"What are u talking about," she said, her face growing pale and for the first time since waking realizing what a sore throat she had.

Hunter picked up a remote and turned on the television and hit play on the VCR. The girl watched as she saw herself posing and modeling for him. She remembered the beginning, but couldn't recall doing much of any of this. He fast forwarded through the early parts and got to the blowjob.

"Of course Ill edit out some of it, like you puking and some other parts that show my face. Its not like I want to be known as a porno star" he said.

It was too horrendous for her and she started crying again
"You set me up" she came to the realization

"All of it, the drugs, this, you must have slipped me something" she bellowed between sobs.

"Think you can prove that Samanatha. One call to the police and your ass will be in jail in hours. Oh and you can tell them I drugged you, but of course you're a drug dealer so you wold have drugs in her system.

She sat and thought about it for about five minutes and knew no one would believe her.

"Fine you sick bastard, you've had your fun, I'm leaving, and never call or talk to me again" she yelled at him.

"Ha hahahaha, you can leave Samantha, but this is far from over. You're going to come over everyday from now on after school. You will set it up with your parents and tell them you have a job working for me. Make up any story you want about where you heard about it or how you found out. And if you don't, I will not only call the police but post these pictures all over the internet and than email the URL to all of your friends and family. I think I'll probably send the pictures to a site I know called cum covered teenage whores", he laughed. She started to shake uncontrollably and ran out the door crying. That was the beginning of the end of Samantha White.

Chapter Three

She could taste Mark's precum as she gently licked all around the head of his cock.

"Mmmmmm" she moaned as she buried it to the hilt in her throat. Mark was watching and couldn't believe she could do that.

"Holy shit" he said glancing over at Jesse.

Jesse was stroking his cock too, watching the show in front of him. Honey's ass sticking up like a dog in heat was staring him straight in the face. He noticed the perfect contour of it. Two perfect tan globes of equal proportion, framed by the skimpiest pair of panties he had ever seen.

It was definitely the tightest ass he had ever even dreamed about.

"Wiggle that cute ass for me Honey while you suck Mark's cock"

Jesse told the girl. She complied and cutely wiggled her rear end back and forth; the whole time making loud sucking noises as she devoured Mark's meat.

Mark was close as he started verbally taunting Honey. "Good slut, oh yeah, take it all cunt, you were born for this, born to be used. Look at you, shaking your ass like some used up whore trying to make a couple of extra bucks." And with that he blew his load in Honey's mouth. "Swallow it all bitch" he ordered her.

As she did as she was told she started gently sucking it now, bringing him down and massaging it with her mouth. She was the perfect cocksucker Mark thought. God what did Hunter do to her to make her like this?

Jesse couldn't wait anymore and reached over and roughly grabbed her hair and pulled hard until her head was hovering over his enlarged dick. He didn't wait for her to start and pushed it all in at once. He had waited years to treat a girl like this and he wasn't going to be stopped now. He grabbed two handfuls of hair and started brutally fucking up into her mouth as hard as he could. The sound of his groin striking her mouth sounded obscene and soon his balls and pubic hair were covered in her saliva. It was so intense he soon felt the boiling in his balls and stood up as far as he could in the limo. He pulled out and shot stream after stream all over the girl's face. She was covered. Her left eye was full of it and it was leaking down her face from her forehead.

"Goddamn that was good" he said taking in deep breaths "And it's just getting started" He pulled out the camera his mom gave him, to take remembrances with, and told Honey to smile as he took a few photos of her messy face.

"You look so cute like this honey, in a smutty way of course. It's kind of disgusting but I'm sure the guys will like this Monday at school. Samantha White, queen of the school, smiling for the camera with a face full of cum" he laughed.

Honey just sat there smiling and the thought of everyone knowing what she had become almost was a relief. All the guilt over the past six months would be out in the open and she could move on. She stated to wipe off the cum with some napkins in the limo but the boys made her stop.

"We want everyone to see u like this Honey, to know how dirty and worthless you really are. Now put that ridiculously whorish dress back on get ready for some serious abuse. I'm sure we can find some more guys at the hotel who's dates aren't putting our or maybe went stag and would like a piece of you. And when they see you waking in with cum all over your face they'll know won't they.

Hunter knew the next day was the most important one in his plan. Samantha was in a delicate position here. She had to know at this point what his plans were for her, that eventually he was going to fuck her and maybe more. No idea of exactly how far down he would sink her would cross her na ve mind but she would know that sex was definitely part of her payment to him for not turning her in. How desperate was she he thought. Would she risk going to the cops with her story. He didn't think so, which was one of the reasons he had chosen her, but you could never be one hundred percent sure. Observing her for those two months had shown a girl who played by the rules, a girl who never even dreamed someone would set her up for this, a girl who once those

rules had changed would so whatever she could to get back to the safe world she knew. And as she bounded up the walkway to his house he knew he had her.

Striding up the sidewalk Samantha's mind was a whirl of activity.

The events of the past week replayed in her mind. The drug setup, the rape of her mouth, and the video taping were all too much for her. I should have gone to the police she thought but what if it didn't work. What if they believed him and she went to jail. It would ruin everything. Sucking this man's penis, as revolting as that sounded, wasn't as bad as risking her entire future she thought. Knowing that he would probably sleep with her today also was a strikingly hard thought to comprehend, but she knew that she might have to with him.

She knocked on the door and as Hunter opened it he smiled "Hello Samantha" and let her in. She was wearing her cheerleader outfit as she had scrambled over here from practice. It was red with gold letters across the breast. The pleated skirt hung down about three inches above her knee. The top showed off her above average chest. Tennis shoes with white socks rounded off the ensemble.

"So do you know why you here Samantha" he asked her

"Yes" she said.

"Why Samantha"

"Oh god you know why, let's get it over with, you sick bastard."

He slapped her across the face; not hard enough to leave a mark but it definitely reddened her cheek.

"Never ever disrespect me you little cunt. Now, why are you here" he repeated again.

A tear forming in her doeish eye, she meekly responded " So you can do stuff to me." "Stuff Samantha, what kind of stuff do you want me to do it you"

"You know, put your in my mouth, take pictures, whatever" she mumbled out SLAP
Again he hit her this time on the other cheek.

"First off, don't be shy you cocktease, unless I tell you to be. Secondly, you will tell me exactly what is going to happen because you know deep down. Thirdly, always look me in the eye when you speak and finally don't ever call anything by its name in the dictionary, use the dirty names for it. Now start again."

"You're going to put your dick in my mouth and fuck me" she shakily said crying hard now, the full realization sinking in.

"And you want me to do these things Samantha" he asked her raising his hand up as if to slap her again?"

"Yes" she hastily replied blushing and wiping some tears off with her hand.

"Well I guess I could fuck your stuck up teenage cunt if you want me to Samantha" he said almost bored.

"First you have to turn a man on before he sticks his dick in you Samantha so why don't you dance a little for me" he said walking over to the couch.

She stood still for a minute and then as he raised his hand she started slowly shaking her hips back and forth a little.

"Come on Samantha, you can do better than that. Dance like a stripper trying to earn some money so she can live."

"That's it" he complimented her as she still very nervously, moved about, bending over a little, putting her hands on her tits, slowly moving back and forth, still too self conscious to look exactly right, but that would come later, he thought.

"Now, turn around put one hand on your knee and shake that ass back and forth for me.

That's it. Now lift your skirt up with your other hand and show me those cute little panties they make you wear. Good slut. Now bend all the way over and slowly slide those panties all the way down. Let me see that little fuckbox"

Her head almost completely touching the floor she reached back and did as she was told. She slid her matching red panties down her long sculptured ass and legs until they hit the floor. Her dance had done its trick and Hunter was rock hard. "Now come sit on my lap" he commanded

She waked over and sat sideways on his knees.

"Not like that Samantha, like a stripper doing a private dance would, grinding her pussy on me, trying to earn a tip."

She didn't know anything about how a stripper would act, so he repositioned her so she was straddling him, and put his one hand on her narrow waist and the other on her ass. She jumped at the

touch.

"Easy girl, soon enough this will be a natural position for you. In fact I don't think Samantha's a good name for a girl who sits on men's laps without any panties on. I think your new name will be, let's see..... Honey; yes that's good. A perfect name for a little slut who's trying to get a strange man to fuck her. From now on I'll call you Honey What's your name little girl" he asked her, kneading her ass through the skirt now. "Honey... sir" she responded

He brought his lips to hers and kissed her softly. Darting his tongue in, he explored her mouth, the whole time also playing with her ass. Using one hand he grabbed the back of her head pushing it closer to him and roughly invaded her mouth as hard as he could with his tongue. She wasn't a good kisser.

"Honey have you ever french kissed a man before" he asked her not believing it was possible.

"No, no I haven't" she said shyly.

"Why not" he pressed on.

"Because I..... just never got around to it and never met a boy I wanted to kiss" she honestly answered.

"Oh, no one ever lived up to your standards eh. I'm flattered" he responded locking his lips back on Samantha's large pouty ones.

He kissed her for what felt like hours, the whole time exploring her body through her clothes, massaging her perfectly tight ass, feeling up her breasts. He could tell she was sort of getting

into it in a reluctant kind of way, and then he decided to take it one step further. "He slowly slid his hand up her shirt, coming to her bra and then under it. He cupped her left tit in his hand. She moaned in response. He played with it for a while until he decided to get a better angle, and pulled out.

"Take off your shirt Honey if you want me to feel up your nice springy tits some more" he told her.

She looked at him and seeing the glint of steel in his eyes pulled it off, revealing a red cotton sports bra. "That too Honey, and from now on never wear a bra around me, don't even put one on when you know your coming over here. Glancing over at her panties lying on the floor he added "and from now on I don't ever want to see you in anything but thongs or g-strings, do u understand" he asked pinched her ass roughly. "Ouch" she yelled

"Yes but.....I only have a couple of thongs and no g-strings"

"Well than miss, you going to have to take daddy's credit card and go buy some. I want to see you in a different pair of panties or lingerie every day. You'll need enough for a solid month I'd say, a different slutty pair every day. Do you understand"?

She was still reeling from the talk of a month. She was praying he would get his rocks off and let her go after a couple of days, but she nodded her head, learning to agree and do whatever he said.

"Now back to the business at hand" he said putting both hands over her soft mounds. He felt them at his leisure, telling Honey

occasionally to keep looking at him in the eyes when he felt her pancakes. She complied feeling total humiliation at straddling this man with out her top on while he pawed at her breasts, and having to look at him the whole time was even worse.

"You have a nice whorish pair of tits Honey" he told her.

"When a man takes his time to touch you and compliment you Honey, you should thank him, don't you think"

"Tha.... Thank you" she answered biting her lip.
Thank you for what Honey" he said raising his eyebrow.

"Thank you for feeling my breas ... tits" she added a couple of new tears streaming down her face.

"Okay now to the main attraction, that little hole below," he said flipping her skirt up and getting his first view of her cunt.

A soft layer of brown hair covered it and he could see her lips outlined below it. It was the most perfect looking pussy he had ever viewed, not withstanding the hair of course. It was a long slit with nothing hanging out or wrinkled, almost like a baby's.

"Honey from now on I don't want to see any hair down here. I'll give you a home electrolysis kit I bought, and you will remove any hair down there permanently. I don't want any friction when I stick my dick in that dirty hole of yours. You can hide it in your room and spend an hour doing it every night. It will hurt a little, but a little slut like you has to look good for her man. Know tell me, what your going to do" he asked her. She couldn't believe what she had just heard. As if it wasn't bad enough he

was using her body for his pleasure, now he wanted her to permanently alter her body and look like a baby. She felt sick to her stomach, and as he grabbed a nipple in each hand and started pinching she said " I'm going to remove all the hair from my pussy, working on it every night until its gone" "Why Honey?" he asked her

"So so so I... can" and with that she broke down and started crying hysterically.

"Sluts don't cry when they're master gives them an order Honey, I think you'll have to learn the hard way" he said.

And with that he picked her up and laid her over the front of the couch so her ass was sticking up and her front was hanging off. She was sobbing uncontrollably now. She had tried, but it was too much for her young innocent brain to comprehend. He went and got some rope and tied her hands to the legs of the couch, stretching her arms painfully. She didn't resist at all and just kept weeping. Hunter went and fetched a paddle he had bought especially for this purpose. Unbuttoning her skirt and tying her ankles together he looked at the naked young girl crying with her knees on the couch and ass sticking seductively up. He started paddling her as hard as he could. The crying turned into a wailing as bright red splotches started appearing on her ass. She had regained some composure now and was pleading with him to stop, saying she would do anything, if he would only stop. After about ten more whacks he relented. Her cute little rear end was a mass of red now turning purple! bruises and marks. He knew it would take weeks to fully heal. He went around to her and took her head in his hands.

"Are you ready to be a good girl he asked her

"Yes... sob sob I am, I'm sorry."

He gently untied her and picked her up with her legs straddling him, and carried her to the bedroom laying her down in the bed.

"Now up on you hands and knees Honey. The first time for a slut should be doggy style so she gets used to it" he told her.

She quickly got up and haunched on all fours sticking her small taut butt in the air, hoping he would like it. He got behind her and stuck his hand on her cunt feeling it.

"My are you wet Honey, I knew a slut like you would like being abused."

She was trembling all over and humiliated beyond compare knowing she was wet down there, not being able to figure out why. She still couldn't believe what was happening. It was like a sick X-rated movie of the week; she was so flustered all she could do was concentrate on following precisely what this horrible man told her to. Hunter stripped his clothes off and got behind the terrified young girl. His eight-inch dick sprung like a willow branch upon being released, already harder than it had ever been. He lined it up with her small opening and rubbed it around a little making it wet and the target wetter. With one brutal plunge he was buried to the hilt in Samantha Whites pussy and her virginity was gone forever. She instantly passed out. He smiled knowing the torment he was inflicting on the young girl. Her pussy was like a furnace, searing him with its heat. The tightness of her hurt, but he kept it buried until she woke up.

"Back with us Honey, good, I didn't want to go on without you,"

he said noticing the groggy girl's eyes opening.

"Now back on your knees whore."

She slowly got up, the whole time Hunters prick buried in her, and assumed the position on her knees. He slowly started working it in and out. He grabbed her hair and pulled back until her back was painfully arched in a perfect curve. His strokes picked up and he started spanking her ass, pulling her hair and fucking her all at the same time. She was crying again, and it turned him on more

"That's it cunt, take it, take it all. This is all your good for Honey, a roll in the hay, a quickie in the closet, a fuck in the back seat of a car. You're a worthless piece of shit who only now is learning her place in the world," he shouted at her grimacing face.

"Now you dirty cunt I want you to say, cum in my pussy, give my a baby, knock up my dirty teenage hole" he commanded her.

Honey couldn't comprehend that he was going to do it. It was too awful. She hadn't even considered this aspect of it.

"No please, Ill. Ahh.... do anything, just don't do it inside me."

Hunter reached around and grabbed a tit and started mauling it as hard as he could, leaving mean marks all over her once beautiful bosom.

"Say it" he told her again

"Knock me up she cried , give..... oooooo me a baby, cum in my

dirty... ahhhh teenage hole.

His jism blasted straight up honey's twat and he felt like he was going to explode as the intense orgasm racked his body. He collapsed on top of her, both breathing heavily.

After several minutes he flipped her over and started fucking again telling her to wrap her legs around him while he made sure there was going to be a baby in there. As he passionately made out with her he could tell she was starting to reluctantly get into it, and as he shot his second load deep inside Samantha he could feel she was close to cumming, but was too late. He rolled off.

"Aren't you going to tell me thanks for fucking you and putting a baby in your tummy Honey" he asked the still weeping girl.

She was comatose, just lying there like an accident victim, still unable to understand what was happening. He reached over and pinched her ass cruelly but still got no response. He got up went into the living room and retrieved the paddle. Returning he laid one good smack across her thighs and exposed leaking pussy. With that she jumped and came back to the living world.

"I said aren't you going to thank me for fucking you and putting a baby in your tummy" he repeated, menacingly holding the paddle.

"Thank you for fucking me..... and putting a sob sob ...baby in my tummy" she said flatly still not fully conscious.

"Don't worry Honey, its just another insurance policy. If you do as your told and be a good girl Ill take you in for an abortion in a couple of months. I know a place that doesn't need parental

consent " he told her as he curled up beside her in a spooning position, his hands cupping her perfect tits.

She thought about this and recoiled mentally making her alert once more. She was against abortion, but this, this was different. She was raped for gods sakes. Abortion didn't seem to be as bad she had once thought, at least under the right circumstances. The thought that she wouldn't have a baby after all was comforting, but of course it was one more thing she was in this mans debt for.

"Now Honey what do sluts do after sex he said nibbling at her ear.

"What" she asked having no idea what he was talking about?

"They clean off their partners" he softly told her.

She moved her head and looked down at his prick. It was covered in secretions from her pussy, blood, and his sperm. Her stomach spasmed for a second and she got up to get a towel.

"No honey with your mouth" he said smiling.

Chapter Four

Following the boys into the expensive hotel, Honey seductively swayed her hips back and forth. Her black latex dress hung to her like it was spray painted on. She had a big smile plastered on her face, underneath all the cum that covered it of course. Some of it had dropped off and was laying obscenely on her tits,

shoulders, and chest. The clerk at the front desk was trying not to stare as the boys got the key to their prepaid room. He was wondering how much they had to pay this young whore to walk around like that.

They collected their two keys and stepped onto the elevator when Ron, the biggest jock at Ventura High school, and Sarah, his date stepped on to share a ride up. Many of the senior class had gotten rooms here and most were on the same floor. They stepped in and had one look at Honey as the shock was displayed on their faces.

"Oh my god what did you do to her" accused Sarah

She was used to seeing Samantha prancing around school, nose up in the air, too important to talk to a regular girl like herself.

She envied the attention Samantha got because of her looks and smarts, and was shocked to see her standing there with a smile on her face, dripping cum. At first she wasn't sure what it was all over the girls face, but upon leaning closer, she knew exactly what the milky white composition was.

Mark smiled and moved his hand to Samantha's ass, fondling it while he turned to Sarah and said "Oh her, she was taking turns blowing us in the limo when she said she wanted Jesse to cum on her face. I thought it was a little weird that she didn't clean it off, but Oh well, who am I to stand in the way of what a girl wants. Isn't that right Honey?" he asked her.

"Oh yes, I... wanted to feel his cum dripping off me" Honey made up, playing the perfect whore as she was thoroughly trained.

"God who knew what a tramp you really were Samanatha, no ones

gonna believe it" Sarah said stepping off the elevator with Ron.

The trio went to their room and the boys had Honey clean her face off so they could get busy again. Than they had her reapply her makeup extra thick. Her lips were outlandishly covered in thick red lipstick and her eyes were heavily made up with mascara.

"Dance for us Honey and strip" Jesse said taking a seat on the couch next to Mark and turning on the clock radio next to the bed beforehand.

The music started playing and Honey glided around in front of the boys, dancing like a seasoned stripper. She bucked back and forth, shook her little ass for them, and finally was kneeling for in front of them, once again clad in only a g-string, stockings and heels. They took out their cocks and she went to work sucking and slurping on them. They enjoyed grabbing her hair and pushing their dicks in her mouth until they bottomed out in her throat, which she handled without any gagging or choking at all. "Now go and lay on that bed and play with your self Honey, and ask us to come over there and abuse you" Mark ordered her.

She lye on the bed, and after taking off her g-string, started rubbing her small clitty, pulling and tugging at the ring embedded through it. Getting quite worked up, she realized just how horny she was. Hunter never let her cum, maybe only ten times in the hundreds of times they had fucked, and that was only when she taking it anally. She would be able to cum tonight she thought. "Please come over here and abuse me Mark and Jesse" she passionately asked them still frantically rubbing her clit. They wasted no time and in a minute were completely naked. They moved her so her head was hanging off the bed backwards. Mark stuck

his head between her legs and started going to town, and Jesse stuck his cock in her mouth, his balls bouncing obscenely on her nose and eyes. Mark was licking all around her clit and pussy and thought Honey was a good name for her, this was the best tasting twat he had ever sucked. He started roughly chewing on her clit and ring. With Jesse fucking her mouth and Mark eating her Samantha let loose, and after only two minutes exploded into Mark's mouth, moaning all around Jesse's cock.

"The sluts cumming " Mark announced sticking his head up, face covered in Honey's nectar. Just then Jesses followed her example and emptied himself deep in Honey's throat.

"Damn I never thought you would get off from being treated this way" Mark said moving up and roughly sticking his seven-incher into Honey's pussy.

She responded and clenched her muscles, squeezing Marks's cock until he thought he was going to explode and then he did. It shot far up her as she kept squeezing. He rolled off and she dutifully crawled over and cleaned all the juices from Marks's cock, not missing a drop. He wanted to try something and pushed Honey's head down until her lips were right over his asshole.

"Lick that now bitch, and stick your tongue as far up that ass as it will go"

Licking all around his hairy, dirty hole she caked it in saliva, before working her tongue up the middle and cleaning him out on the inside. She made love to his ass, sucking, licking, and slurping until she felt his now semi erect dick fall on her face.

"Oh yeah that's it baby, suck my ass until I'm hard again" he breathily told her.

Jesse too was getting aroused from his place on the couch. He still couldn't believe Samantha White was tongue fucking his buddy's asshole. Walking over he started feeling Honey's ultra cute ass and poked a finger into her tight anal ring, working it around. Being trained to get aroused from anything in her ass, she bucked back against him wiggling it in circles.

"I cant believe this bitch likes this" Jesse said looking at Mark
"She's a worthless tramp, she likes anything we do to her body"
Mark replied actually believing it know.

Jesse lay on the bed on his stomach and grabbing Honey's head moved her it until her mouth was at his crack.

"My turn babyslut, and I don't want to see your piece of shit face until your lips are brown" Jesse said.

Honey tried to oblige, licking the whole length of his crack before diving in and feasting on his hole. He had a real hairy ass and she felt some of his hairs in her mouth, but just swallowed them and kept sucking. Probing all around she swallowed all of the disgusting filth her tongue and lips brought back. She devoured his shit hole. After about ten minutes both boys were sufficiently back to normal. They made her go brush her teeth, as neither of them wanted to smell her raunchy breath when they fucked her.

"Hey, lets try something here since this is probably the only time in our lives we'll ever have a whore to do with as we want"
Jesse said.

"What do you have in mind?" Mark said looking up from the sight

of Honey deep throating him.

A few minutes later he knew as Jesse lay on the bed and had Honey crawl on top on him. He inserted his dick in her pussy and started to push it in. He motioned for Mark to attack her other whole at the same time. It sounded kind of gay to Mark, but what the hell he thought, it was prom and he knew Jesse wasn't gay. He wasn't sure he could get it in without any lube so he went around and stuck it in Honey's sideways turned mouth. "That's it baby, lube that assfucker, I'm gonna split that sweaty hole of yours" Mark told her. Moving back behind her he slowly stuck it in her ass, having to work and prod his way in, but after several tries he was buried. It was so tight he almost instantly came but mentally held out, and soon both boys got a rhythm and started fucking the teen gutter tramp for all she was worth.

"Tell us you like that baby, tell us you like getting double fucked, tell us to fuck you like a dirty animal" Jesse ordered the girl.

Panting, Honey acquiesced " yeah fuck me, fuck my pussy and ass at the same time, use me like an animal."

As sick as what they were doing to her and how they were treating her were, deep down she was loving every minute of it. Feeling as if she had a cock inside every inch of her body she came twice as the boys used her. They stopped five times, not wanting it to end too soon. They called her pig, cunt, bitch in heat, worthless tramp, anything demeaning they could think of. Jesse had her open her mouth and spat into it. Mark was alternating between slapping her ass and pinching and squeezing it. Finally they had enough and blew their loads. They rolled off and each

was sweating profusely. Honey was between them, leaking cum all over the bed. One at a time they shoved her face down on their dicks and had her clean them off. Mark's even had a few specs of shit on it, but she sucked without any complaint.

After lying back down from her duties, Jesse's slapped her arm and said, "your not done cleaning up slut, we gotta sleep here." He pointed to the pools of cum on the bed, some sort of brownish in color. She bent down on all fours and started slurping up the used cum but as fast she did more would fall out her two well-fucked holes.

"I have another brilliant idea," Jesse said as he put his boxers on and peaked out the door. He left for a minute and returned with a dirty spoon and bowl he found in someone's old room service tray.

"Now you can really eat our cum" Jesse said

"Making Honey squat over the bowl, they waited until all the cum had drained, even helping by scraping some out with the spoon. Jesse had Honey get on all fours and beg to eat the cum.

"Do you want this whore" he chided her

"Do you want to eat this cum straight from your ass and cunt" he kept going

"Hmmmm oh yes" she responded

He fed it her spoonful after spoonful. She gagged once or twice but not nearly enough as he thought she would. After it was empty he made her clean the bowl with her tongue and than stuck

the spoon up both her holes, and made her lick that clean too. This turned the boys on some more and they took turns fucking her again. Jesse used her ass and Mark went back to her pussy. It still felt unreasonably tight he thought. Afterwards the boys were spent and wondered what to do next, until Jesse came up with an another idea.

Chapter Five

Samantha cried the whole way home and locking herself in her room continued crying most of the night. An hour before going to sleep she retrieved from under her bed, the package he had given her. She opened it and examined the electrolysis machine he had made her take. Over the next hour she painstakingly jolted hairs from her vagina. After an hour she had barely made a dent and decided to go to bed. Sleep evaded her for most of the night and when it came, it was in fits. Manic depression gripped her heart pulling with a heavy weight. What was she going to do she desperately thought to herself? There was no nope. Her parents thought of her as a perfect angel. If they saw those photos it would break them and her. The police she had already decided were not an option. The only thing she could do was go along with the cruel man and save her future.

After cheerleading practice she went to the mall. Convincing her father that she needed new clothes, she had borrowed his credit card. Considering all she had to buy she could already see his face when the bill came. Hunter had had a long talk with her after he had taken her for the second time. She had to bring all her panties she owned with the next day, why she wasn't sure, but he had said before that she was only allowed to wear thongs,

g-strings and lingerie under her clothes from now on. Getting those out of the house had not been easy, with her parents getting ready for work. Now she had to buy at least enough skimpy panties for a month. That wasn't all. From now on she couldn't wear pants or anything conservative or preppy when she came over. She had to be wearing something "slutty" he called it, when he answered the door. Short skirts, dresses, and shorts that had to be form fitting and couldn't come down any further than her ass, were what she had been ordered to buy. Telling her that wasn't all, he had also outlined more, telling her that she should buy some bright red lipstick and get her ears pierced twice more. She was to always wear heavy makeup, unless he wanted an innocent look as he put it, which he would tell her ahead of time about. High heels or platform sandals were also a requirement now. Her mother would freak when she saw the new piercings but she might be able to hide them with her hair. She spent all afternoon at the mall getting her ears pierced and buying clothes. She changed into an ultra tight shiny sleeveless dress that came three inches down from her ass, that she had bought at some rave place. Then she applied the new lipstick and makeup she had bought. Before she had never worn much makeup, preferring the natural look, but she slathered it on now, and then looked in the mirror. Her bright red lips instantly stood out, as did the dark mascara around her eyes. The dress was tight and her tits were displayed prominently. Looking like a teenage call girl she left to go to his house.

When he answered the door she smiled, as he had told her always to do when he answered and said in a little girl voice "hi mister would you like to fuck my teenage pussy and abuse me?"

"Let's see why don't you come in little girl, and we can take it from there" he told her chuckling and moving to the side so she

could enter.

Walking in the house she moved her ass back and forth as she walked. He had told her this was how a slut walked and she was to do it from now on. She was carrying a garbage bag and laid it on the couch.

"Are those your panties Honey" he asked her?

"Yes sir" she answered trying hard to remember all the rules he had given her, twirling her hair with one finger, trying to stick her tits out, never speaking unless spoken to. Racking her brain to remember it all, everything came flooding back and she started once again sobbing.

"Im.... sorr sorry" she mumbled out.

"Now Honey, you know better than that. Time for another lesson I see." Bend over the couch, pull that shiny dress up and wait for your punishment" he told her

"I said I'm sorry, god my names Samantha okay, now lets get this over with" she blurted out fast while starting to take her dress off, trying to avoid the punishment.

"No leave it on Honey, even with you trying to get me to fuck that dirty hole. its not going to work. You'll learn soon enough. So if you don't want me to be nice I can be very mean."

He slapped her face hard and drug her by her hair to the couch. Pushing her body over the back he flipped up her skirt. She was wearing a matching shiny sliver thong. She was crying hard again, almost hyperventilating.

"NOW, if you don't be a good girl and take it smiling, I'm going to give you ten extra slaps"

Samantha was in her own world again, the shock of what was happening making her oblivious to outside influences. The first loud slap of the paddle brought her back. She screamed as the pain exploded into her.

"Now I want you to say, thank you for spanking my filthy teenage ass and showing me how to be a good tramp after every whack. For every time you don't, it will be five extra. The girl's ass was already a mass of black and blue bruises from the previous day's fun, and Hunter thought, after the first whack, that this was going to be extremely painful for the girl. Her precious little silver thonged butt looked so cute with paddle marks all over it, he thought.

SLAP The paddle went down again and Samantha passed out. He waited until she regained consciousness and hit her again, this time on her unmarked thigh.

"Still not learning eh, you will" SLAP

She was close to passing out again but knew she had to say it or this would go on all night. SLAP The paddle whistled through the air and landed on her other thigh.

"Thank you for spanking my filthy teenage ass and showing me how to be a good tramp" she babbled. She was sweating now and the tears kept coming.

After another twenty slaps, sometimes with breaks when she passed out, he put the paddle down. Her mind was foggy. Only one thing

made sense now, do whatever she could to please him, so she would never ever have to go through this again. He picked up her limp form and placed her on top of him on the couch, straddling his lap. He placed her head on his shoulder as she cried, until no more would come out. "Shooooo its okay, everything's gonna be just fine," he comforted her.

Knowing it was wrong but still feeling it anyway, she felt extremely close to him right now for stopping the paddling, and letting her cry on his shoulder. She had never been close with a man until the last two days and a little part of her was ashamed for upsetting him so.

Hunter knew he had to go relatively slow with the girl. He thought maybe he was rushing things, but still felt it was better to hit her with most of it now, get her off guard, break her and mold her into his toy. It was all so alien to her, he wasn't sure how far he could push her just yet. He picked her up and brought her to the bathroom. Bending her over the sink he lifted up her skirt and had her hold it while he looked at the large area of ruined flesh below. He went to the medicine cabinet and got some antibiotic cream and some lotion. Liberally spreading first the antibiotic and then the cream, he heard her first gasp with the stinging and then moan when he applied the lotion. Deciding against fucking her today he led her to the living room and had her remove the dress. He made her squat as he pulled the shiny dress up over her head. Her makeup was running from all her crying, and long black streaks were visible from her eyes all the way down to her jaw. Her lips! tick was even smeared, from biting her lip he assumed. She looked like the cutest little whore in the world. As she squatted there in her cute little shiny thong and platform sandals he unzipped his pants and fed her his dick. Samantha didn't resist at all as she opened her mouth and gave the first conscious blowjob of her life. He led

her through it, telling her what he liked. No teeth he told her several times throughout, as well as to never use her hands unless told to, except to cup or pull at his balls. She was supposed to apply as much saliva as she could and never take her mouth off of his cock when she was pleasuring him. He told her he also liked to see saliva coming out of the sides of her mouth and to drool as much as possible. She was happy to please him and she couldn't really figure out why. When he came he spilled his load all over her face, telling her to put her hands down which came up reflexively. When he was done, her face was covered in his sperm jism. Then he lay down on the couch, making her kneel in front of him and stick her thong-covered ass out. He told her she was going to have to get him off two more times with her mouth and if she wanted to get home at a reasonable hour, she had better get started. So with cum dripping off her face, which she had to lick up, she proceeded to orally consume his prick over the next hour and a half. She was made to swallow the next two loads, and with some difficulty she accomplished this act. Her already raw throat, from the previous days rape, and jaw were killing her but she made no complaint. Hunter was exhausted. He had never come three times in a row before, but the sight of the cute little coed covered in cum and staring in his eyes while she sucked his dick was too much.

For the last bit of fun for the day he fed the remaining cum on her face to the girl with his fingers. Her voice was practically gone by then, and when it did come out it was raspy. On the way out he gave her a large soft eight-inch dildo and told her to practice on it and she had a month to learn to deep throat it and his dick, without gagging.

The rest of the week he stayed away from her mouth and throat except to make her clean him after sex. He dressed her up in all

the outfits she had bought and fucked her in every way imaginable. Doggystyle in a blue teddy making her shake her ass the whole time, reverse cowgirl in a pink tiger striped thong, on the kitchen counter in white garter belt and matching thong and stockings, ankles behind her head while he pounded her in a plaid pleated skirt with frilly ankle socks and saddle shoes. He also got creative making her go to the store and buy cute little girl panties that were pink with yellow polka dots on them. He had her tie her hair in pigtails. While she watched Barney and repeated whatever Barney said in a little girl's voice, he fucked her bent over the couch through the hole he had cut in the panties. He made her yell, "fuck my little cunnie daddy" over and over during commercials.

Not until Friday did he even try to make her cum. In fact all that week when he was using her he made sure to stop and wait whenever she was getting close. He could tell she was in a worked up state by how wet her cunt got every time he violated her. He wanted to make sure that when she came it was doing something unbelievably dirty. Thinking about it all week, on Friday he had her call her father and for the first time ate her pussy. It still had a little hair on it, but was getting there he thought, as he chewed on her button. He ate her to two orgasms, which made her scream insanely loud each time. Trying to explain it all as one of her friends hitting her, she got off the phone feeling very dirty and very satisfied for the first time.

He fucked her at least three times a day that week and as the weekend finally arrived he was almost relieved. On her way out the door from his house Friday night, he couldn't resist one more fuck, so he ripped her clothes off and lifting her up fucked her against the door. He didn't let her clean the cum out and made

her drive home with it leaking down her legs.

Feeling the sticky goo sliding down her legs Samantha reached back and found a napkin in the backseat. Using it to wipe her pussy she realized just how sore it was. It was all red she noticed lifting her skirt and looking down. There were bruises all around her groin from how hard he fucked her. She couldn't even fathom how many times he had used her this week.

Arriving home she went to her room and stripped down to only her black g-string. Yes her pussy was red she confirmed examining it in the full-length mirror in her bedroom. She suddenly realized she was using the word pussy instead of vagina. God, he was starting to change her and it had only been a week. She went to her underwear drawer and was looking for a regular pair of panties. Not seeing him all weekend was going to be a break she needed like nothing else. Cursing herself for bringing all of her panties over that day he had thrown them all away she only saw thongs and g-strings in the drawer along with those polka dot ones he had made her wear. Thinking back she shuddered remembering him making her call him daddy and acting like a little girl while he had his way. The sex itself wouldn't be so bad if he wasn't so rough. Now she was very sorry she hadn't given herself to someone else instead of him first. He had been her first and he always would be, she thought! t dejectedly, as once again she started crying. Part of her enjoyed pleasing him and she hated this part of herself. Deep down she was developing strong feelings for him and she couldn't figure out why. All he did was fuck her, call her names, and make her do disgusting things. Her best friend Holly had called and wanted them to go out, but Samantha needed tonight to recoup. Spending most of the weekend in her room sleeping, her parents had asked what was wrong with her several times. They were used to the spirited

vivacious girl who was always talking and busy with something, and they thought something was wrong. If they only knew she thought.

When she arrived at hunters Monday after practice, in a white halter-top and blue and white checkered skirt with brown platform heels, he let her in and had another long talk with her. He told he she was doing okay, but today he was going to get more serious with her, train her more on how to please a man, which he reminded her was all she was good for anyway. He told her that she shouldn't think about anything else in life except how to make her man happy. Books were stupid for someone like her, he emphasized taking her copy of "Collected Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson" and throwing it in the garbage. She started to cry again but quickly stopped at a stern glance from Hunter. It would be better if she dropped or flunked out of all her advanced classes and took less demanding ones he said. She should concentrate on making sure her nails were perfect, what clothes would look best on her, and that her body was clean and in shape instead of worrying about college and her future. Whatever man she was with would worry about those things at that time, patting her head he informed her. He continued that he wanted more from her; and if she were smart she would start learning what and how he wanted her to act. From now on he wanted her to really try and stop thinking about anything serious. If she really tried, it would make her life simpler and happier he finished with.

"Now for today. Take off all your clothes except the panties and sandals and get on your elbows and knees on the bed"

She complied, and soon she had her face buried in the mattress sticking out her dainty little ass and shaking it as he had taught her. After five days off from abuse, her ass looked a

little better but bruises were clearly evident to the naked eye. He moved behind her after removing all his clothes, and reached for a bottle of lube off the dresser. Massaging it into his dick, for the first time he started rubbing her other little hole. With his oiled middle finger he gently started massaging the tiny wrinkled opening. It was puckered so tight he knew it would be a very very tight fit. Samantha jumped at the first touch and in return got a mean slap across her ass. Feeling how tense she had gotten, he slowly rubbed his finger all around the entrance to her last secret from him. After several minutes he moved his finger in and worked it all around, exploring her virgin asshole. After all the shocks of the previous week this one was even stranger for the young girl. It had never even crossed her mind that people liked to touch or feel another persons butthole. She was all ready to get fucked and had been hoping he would let her cum.

"Today you learn another way to submit to man honey, with your tight little rear end. From now on the only way you can orgasm is with my dick buried in there. I'm going to fuck you at least twice a day for the next week, only in your ass. You are going to be so loose by Friday that you're going to have to wear diapers. Your also going to act like you love it, better than anything else, yelling all the things I taught you last week, but adding my ass or butt instead of pussy or cunt. This is what stupid twits do Honey. They take cocks in their asses and act like they love it, all to please their man. You only get this week with the lube, and after that I'm only going to use your sloppy drool to lubricate it. I'm going to fuck your splendid little ass so much, eventually you will like it," he said laughing to himself.

He eased it in and as tight as her pussy was this was a whole

another level. It gripped his dick, squeezing it, cutting off blood flow, trying desperately to expel the intruder. What a lovely torture he thought. It took ten minutes but finally he was buried in her posterior. She was slinking away from him, but two slaps across her back brought her up to the position. After leaving it in for several minutes he started screwing her and picked up a rhythm. Soon she was grunting as each thrust seared into her.

Samantha started to hyperventilate and was in excruciating pain as his member split her hole. She couldn't imagine this without all that lube he slathered on. Her insides were on fire and she felt like she had to take the biggest shit of her life.

"That's it baby, take that cock in your asshole. Now shit it out, oh yeah , that's it cunt, poop that cock out. Oh bitch, that's it, listen to the little piggy grunt."

Samantha, through the pain realized she wasn't acting like she was supposed to, and started grunting words she knew he wanted to hear, through gasps of air.

"Fuck my asshole, that's it, pound my stupid dirty butt, impale me with that big cock, rip me apart."

He picked up the pace and soon after shot his load as deep into her bowels as he could. Rolling off he got his breath back and went and got his video camera. Pain still burning sharply in her asshole and even her insides, she lay there happy it was over and not able to comprehend she was going to get fucked there every day. Cum was leaking out of her battered hole as she saw him return with his video camera.

"Now baby you need to clean up that hole, I don't want your shit all over my bed" he told her turning the camera on.

White instantly becoming the color of her face, she instantly knew what he wanted. He couldn't possibly mean it. Turning over, her hands shaking, she reached down and caught some of the massive load seeping out. She brought her fingers to her mouth, trembling so much she almost missed it, and than she passed out, again.

When she awoke she was strapped on her stomach spread eagle on the bed, her wrists and ankles to the bedposts. She felt pressure over her wrecked hole and couldn't figure out what it was. Craning her head she looked back and saw hunter standing here holding what looked like a stick with leather straps coming out of it.

"Well Honey you really disappointed me there. I except complete submission from my whore. You've learned enough to not pass out. I'm afraid there's only one way to teach you to obey me, pain." he said emphasizing the last word.

As he started whipping her back, load moans of anguish escaped her mouth. He picked up a dirty sock and stuffed in her mouth to keep her quiet, and started anew. Thankfully for her he stayed away from her ass but the pain was quite sever on her back, as she sobbed into his sweaty sock. Glancing down at her back and seeing long red welts appearing he stroked the whip a couple of more times and than laid it down. Untying her, he held her in his arms as once again she sobbed in his embrace. After several minutes he lifted her head up and looked her in the eye.

"Now are you ready to be a good girl"

"Yes" she responded sniffing.

"Good, now get back to work"

She sat up and looking down realized he had used black duct tape to seal her asshole shut. The very thought of that was revealing in how depraved this man was. Peeling it off she felt it start to seep out again and stuck her index finger down catching the cum pouring out of her and brought the first bit to her lips. She slid her soiled finger in her mouth and tasted the brown bitter filth, and immediately gagged.

"Don't puke cunt, unless you want to eat that too, and your not acting like you want to do this Honey" he said in an annoyed voice setting the camera down and grabbing the instrument of pain. She quickly moved her fingers back down and caught some more of dirty goo to her lips, moaning "ummmmmm" as she licked the filthy slime from her hand.

"Clean inside Honey, it's dirty in there too."

Fingers starting to tremble again, the disgusted but obedient cheerleader stuck two fingers up her now gaping ass, and gagged again as she slurped down the treasure she had found.

"Do you like eating cum straight from you ass baby" he asked her, zooming the video camera in for a close up on her face.

"OH yes" she pretended, smiling and sucking, playing for the camera and him.

"That is so disgusting. What a nasty tramp you are," he reprimanded her as she sucked the slime out of her asshole.

After eating ever last bit of cum while smiling and moaning she licked the mattress clean. Hunter videotaped the whole thing, and after editing it knew it would look unbelievably dirty, the sexy cheerleader smiling and moaning in her thong and sandals as she consumed dirty brown cum from her butt. Too bad she was too young to actually sell the material, he thought. Maybe when she turned eighteen he told himself he could make a small fortune off of this girl.

"Now that I've been nice enough to fuck you up the ass, its time for your second anal lesson of the day"

With that he grabbed her by her silky brown hair and drug her to the coach, where he laid down, put a pillow under his ass, and lifted his legs up. He positioned her under him and placed her face inches from his ass.

Staring her in the face was his hairy dirty asshole. Still gripping her hair he pushed her face down until it was touching his shitter. "Now put your lips in a nice tight seal around my asshole."

She tentatively pressed her red painted lips in until they were locked around his butthole.

"Now stick your tongue as far up as it will go, and lick it like it's the last asshole on earth baby" he said laughing.

She closed her eyes and tried to think of something else as she licked him, running her tongue all around the rim and than inside. She started to taste his strong tasting filth and was about to wretch when he smacked her in the head.

"I didn't tell you that you could stop. Open your eyes and look at me when your sucking my butt Honey, You know better than to ever close them" he said smacking the side of her head again to remind her.

For the next ten minutes she moaned and pretended that sucking his ass was the greatest thing she had ever done as she attacked it. His dick was hard at the end and she knew she was in for another reaming. Leading her to the bedroom by her nipple he laid down on his back.

"Now its you turn to fuck me Honey with that tight little ass of yours" he said handing her the lube.

Pouring as much as she could on his dick and rubbing some all over her tender asshole, she mounted him. As his dick entered her again she gasped but kept forcing the enlarged sword in. Soon she was sitting on his cock, and once again she battled the waves of panic that overcame her. He told her to stop and than picked up the phone. He dialed several random numbers until he found a man, and handed her the phone. Rising up he whispered in her ear for a couple of minutes, and than lie back down as she started to fuck him. "Hello who is this?" a man on the other line said.

"Hi..... my names Honey.... And I was calling to tell you, this man I know has his dick buried in my ass" she said as she blushing fiercely.

"Listen is this a joke, I'm not paying for any phone sex scam or long distance calls!"

"No sir its free, I just wanted someone to listen as I fucked him

with my ass. I like fucking a man with my dirty brown hole, would you like to fuck my hole mister?"

Silence but he was still there.

"Yeah I like for a man to really own me and show me how worthless I am by sticking it where I poop" she continued.

She was grunting now, in-between gyrations of her ass.

"All women are stupid little pigs who need to be buttfucked, don't you think so mister"

It sounded like the man was having some fun of his own as she heard some heavy breathing on the other end.

"Yeah fuck his prick you dirty slut," he finally said.

"Oh I am mister, that's all dumb little twats like me are good for"

She was rocking back and forth as Hunter's hands roughly pinched and pulled at her ass. His dick still hurt like hell but now with her mind focused on squeezing the muscles in her ass, like he had taught her with her pussy, and talking to the man on the phone, it wasn't nearly as bad as before. Hearing the man grunt especially loud on the phone she realized he was cumming and than a few minutes later so did Hunter, filling her butt with streams of semen.

"Oh he just came really deep in my cute little ass mister, and it felt really good."

"Oh he did bitch, that's good."

"And now I'm going to clean his dick off of the sticky brown goo, and then eat the rest out of my own ass" she cheerily said going to work with the phone right next to her as she gobbled up all the cum on his dick. Sticking her fingers in her ass she proceeded to eat it for the second time today.

"I'm eating the cum from my ass mister"

With a look from Hunter she ended the conversation

"Well mister I gotta go now so he can abuse me some more. Nice talking to you"

"You too cunt, and call anytime"

With that she hung up the phone and curled up next to Hunter. He positioned her so she was on top with her legs wrapped around him and her ass sticking out. Both were exhausted and they slept in that position for hours.

The rest of the week was more of the same. It was like the first week, except all anal. She dressed up for him, and then he would fuck her ass, and then make her eat the sperm from inside it. He played with her clit while she rode him on Tuesday allowing her the only orgasm of the week. On Wednesday he pulled out a clear tube and stuck it in her ass after he had just got done filling it. He made her suck the contents out while moaning and smiling as he videotaped it.

Samantha had begun creating a dual personality for herself. At home and at school she was still the prim little stuck up

cheerleader, and with him she actually started thinking of herself as Honey, the dirty whorish toy. It was easier for her to think of it as two separate worlds. What he made her do, well she was doing it all know without any force, was what Honey did, not prissy Samantha. Her grades at school were falling fast and after two weeks her self-esteem was at an all time low. She never argued in class anymore, especially if it was a male teacher, and when guys would ask her questions, she found herself rolling her eyes and saying something stupid. She still cried herself to sleep every night. That Friday night she cried the hardest as she painfully removed the final hair from her pussy. He said around half would grow back and she would have to start over and keep repeating the cycle until it was gone, forever. Before meeting Hunter she had felt horny and occasionally played with herself, but now she walked around in a constant state of arousal. She prayed every time he fucked her he would let her cum, and even once had tried to hide it from him and came without him telling her she could. Knowing instantly he had beat her and she knew she would never try that again. Often over the week he would rub oil all over her body and tell her to play with herself. She always had to keep two fingers up her ass when she did, and just before she was about to cum he would make her stop. Then she had to beg for it, and not once did he let her, telling her she had to learn to cum just from getting fucked in the ass, before she would be allowed to have an orgasm from her pussy. He told her on Friday he had lots more planned for her and to rest up over the weekend. She could only begin to imagine what.

Chapter Six

Jesse returned a few minutes later with about four guys he had found mulling around the ice machine and bitching about their

dates not putting out, or just passing out in bed. Their eyes flew open when they entered the room. Samantha White, hottest chick in the school and any school close for that matter, was on the ground in a garter belt, stockings and heels with her ass facing them, shaking it back and forth. "Hi boys how about a piece of ass for a graduation present" she purred wiggling it around for them.

They all thought it was a joke, some sort of mirage, maybe a hooker who looked like her that Jesse hired, anything but what it was. Surrounding her they couldn't believe what they saw. It was her. She had more makeup on than they had ever seen her with, and of course she was practically naked, but in fact it was Samantha White, inviting them to fuck her.

"She's all yours guys. Do anything you want, and I mean anything. She is the nastiest dirtiest bitch you'll ever meet" Jesse told the group of dumb stricken boys.

They were all slightly drunk and some were more than that. She at one time or another had rejected most, and they were all more than willing to stick the stuck up bitch. As the first boy unzipped his pants and offered his cock to her, another got behind her and eased his dick in her cunt.

"Guys, Guys, your going way too easy. She likes it rough. Spit on her, call her names, slap her ass, pull her hair, whatever you want."

It took awhile but as the night progressed, all inhibitions were cast astray as they brutally fucked every hole on her. The fucked her pussy and ass at the same time, drooled on her face while she was sucking them, had her eat their asses at Jesse'

suggestion, made her dance with a candle stuck up her ass, anything they could think of to do. At one point they had her fuck a full champagne bottle and than stuck another one up her ass giving her a champagne enema. They almost vomited when they watched her release it in the toilet.

What they didn't know was that Samantha wasn't there. She no longer existed. It was only Honey. They grew tired after each had around three orgasms, and left the two boys and girl, leaving with many pictures and enough memories to last forever.

It was getting late and the boys were running out of ideas on how to abuse Honey anymore.

"Hey you know how we each need cars for college," Jesse said all of a sudden excited

"Yeah"

Well its Friday night and we got the hottest little piece of ass in town. How about we sell her out for fifty bucks a go. It's not much but we could do some serious volume, and make enough for a down payment for both of us."

"Yeah but where do we find guys who want to fuck her. She's not exactly looking fresh right now" Mark countered. "Dude this hotel is packed with people from prom, ours and every school around here that had theirs on the same night. There are tons of guys with money their parents gave them for tonight to spend on a little ass. We'll tell them they can have one go for fifty bucks in any hole they want."

Mark considered it and finally agreed "okay but you find them."

"No problem you work the door and I'll go get the johns" he laughed running out of the room.

Working door to door he soon found his first customer, a kid with bad acne and no date, who didn't believe him until he said he could pay after. Soon Jesse had a steady stream of guys hustling to the room. They averaged about five minutes with her as they were all hard up and she was extremely fuckable. Mark made her say when they came in "I'm a dumb whore and I'm trying to pay for breast implants so would you please fuck me for fifty bucks?" Most of the guys wanted her pussy but when they felt how loose it was they all decided on her ass. The majority just came in, did it and left, but some got rather rough with Honey, which was fine with Mark and Jesse. One particularly mean bastard took her in the bathroom and had her lie in the tub while he shit on her face and slapped her pussy. She was soon puking and Mark had to throw him out. He then made Honey clean it all up. It was a kink that cost them a good half-hour of money.

After four hours it was five a.m. and the boys decided to call it a night. Honey looked like she was going to collapse. She fell in a heap on the floor when the last boy left. Her hair was all matted to her face with cum and it was leaking down her legs from both orifices. Large gaping caverns were all that was left of her destroyed openings. She had bruises and welts all over, from the boys pinching and manhandling her. Her throat was aching and she could barely walk. The boys counted and they had two thousand dollars total, which meant Honey had fucked forty guys in four hours. They were ecstatic and right before going to bed, they made Honey suck their cocks one last time and then each came on her face, which was covered once again for maybe the thirtieth time tonight. They threw her dress at her and then shoved her

out the door.

"Hunter said you were to find your own way home tonight" they told the little cum covered tramp.

"Oh yeah Honey, your going to have real fun next year in school. I'm going to show everyone these pictures and tell them all about you" Jesse told the girl as an afterthought.

So, cum dripping down her face Honey walked down the hall wondering how in the world she was going to get home. Chapter Seven

After that first two weeks Hunter expected her to know how to do things so if he caught her acting wrong in the smallest way, he beat her. Not smiling enough when he spit on her, SLAP, forgetting to walk like a hooker, SLAP, not cleaning his dick immediately after sex, SLAP. It took her two months before she went throughout a single day with out getting beat. About a third of her pubic hair had grown back and now that too was also off. The third month of her training as he called brought the worst thing yet to happen to her.

She had arrived at his house Friday in a cutoff shirt that had boytoy printed across the front and tiny black shorts that clung to her ass like ceran wrap. They left nothing to the imagination and came about an inch up her ass revealing two curvy orbs. Adorning her feet were black heels and she knew exactly what she looked like. Handing her a picture Thursday night, he had told her to make her hair look like the women's she saw before her. She had spent two hours on it, skipping cheerleader practice. Using tons of hair spray she teased it and held it out and

finally she looked like some Farah Fawcett reject from the eighties. For some reason the hair seemed to bother her more than the clothes, which by now she had gotten used to strutting around his house in. When he answered the door, she said he customary introduction and started to step in, but he put his hand on her tit stopping her, and closed the door stepping out. Tonight was the first time she was staying over ! all night, setting it up by telling her parents she was staying at a friends, and the young girl was wondering what he had in store for the evening.

"Were going out tonight" he told her

Immediately she started to panic. What if someone she knew saw her dressed like this she thought. Working as hard as she could the last two months she had come to willingly do every disgusting act he liked. That should be enough for him, his own personal whore, but this was too much. For the first time in a while, except when she was getting beat, she started to cry.

He had been walking around the hood to get in when he heard her sniffing. Casually walking back around he pushed her against the tan suv and ripped her little shorts down until they were around her ankles.

"Still not obeying Honey? I thought you had finally become a good girl."

She was wearing a black thong and right there in broad daylight he spanked her hard ten times. She knew better than to resist and obediently stood there to be abused.

"Ready to go now?" he asked her.

"Yes, and thanking you for beating me" she responded pulling up her shorts, opening her door and getting in.

"Don't worry slut, were going a few towns over. You think I want to be seen with a skanky whore like you in public?"

Honey was relieved but felt bad about making a scene before. She knew better than that, she thought to herself.

He reached in his pocket and pulled a small white pill, out holding it out for her, as she opened her mouth and swallowed it.

Sometimes he liked to give her X, at least that's what he told her it was, and watch how uninhibited she got. He reached in the backseat and pulled a tiny black miniskirt out and told her to change.

They drove for about thirty minutes and finally they reached Columbia, the largest town around them. They stopped and ate at a Mexican restaurant. Honey was very happy, knowing no one would recognize her, and really not caring at this point if anyone did.

She was used to eating cold food out of a dog bowel and this was nice. Hunter didn't let her go out with her friends anymore, and she was thoroughly enjoying herself. Next he took her to a club and handing the doorman a twenty they let her through. He gave her another pill, this one larger, and she swallowed it just as the first one. They danced all night. She grinded into him and moved sexily about. Having been dancing for him the last two months and watching videos of strippers, Honey danced as slutty as anyone there had ever seen. Guys were constantly staring at her long smooth tan legs and cute little ass but she paid them no attention, concentrating on her man. Her man, which is what he had become, and she had! come to fully believe that. The months

of abuse had imprinted him on her and she had come to actually sort of fall in love with him. Firmly believing, that deep down he loved her too. At one point he took her in the men's bathroom and had her kneel and suck him off in the toilet while everyone watched. Her mind was foggy and she couldn't think straight by the time they left the club. She thought they were going home when she felt the car stop and her door open. The rest was a blur and she had no recollection what happened over the next two hours.

Waking Saturday morning, she had a headache and was dying of thirst. Her pussy and tits was sore and she just shrugged it off to some late night hijinks she didn't remember. Not wanting to wake him she slowly climbed off the still sleeping man and made her way to the bathroom. Walking by the mirror she came to a screeching halt. Looking down to confirm what she saw in the mirror, she froze in horror. Two large gold rings were sewn through her perfect nipples and looking down further she suddenly passed out. When she awoke a few minutes later she lay on the floor in shock. Her trembling hands slowly moved down her body coming to her bare mound. A little ways down they continued until she felt it, a ring through her clit. Oh my god he didn't she thought. Not being able to remember anything past the club, she realized he had taken her to a piercing parlor. That wasn't what had made her pass out though, rings could be removed and piercings close with time. What had! made her pass out was what was right above the new piece of jewelry. Looking down she passed out again at the sight. Each letter a different color, the word fucktoy had been permanently inscribed right where her pubic hair used to be. Awaking again she realized Hunter was pissing behind her.

"Hello fucktoy" he said evilly, turning around.

"How could you, after everything I've done, how good I've been" she sadly asked him.

"Listen cunt, your mine, and that body is mine, and I can do anything I want with it. Besides you had better look at your ass. You're not going to be able to hide that," he said smiling

Tentatively standing up she turned around and her eyes nearly popped out. She felt dizzy again. Hunter walked over and cupping her ass in his hands "this is what you are and everyone who sees your marked pretty ass will know it now." On her right ass cheek near the top, but still impossible to hide with a bathing suit or underwear, was the word "slut" painted in red. It was too horrible for her to even cry about. She would never again be able to wear a bathing suit or panties around someone without them seeing the tattoo.

Hunter grabbed her and forced her on the floor on her knees in front of the toilet. This was the culmination of the months of brainwashing for him, the day she realized that she indeed was worthless. The day she learned the truth, that she was his as long as he would have her. The day she realized no decent man would want a fucked out tramp with slut stamped on her ass and fucktoy on her cunt. Sticking her head in the toilet bowl where he just pissed and didn't flush, he rammed his dick up her ass without any lube or even saliva to ease its entry.

"What are you?" he asked wrecking her round rear entry.

"WHAT ARE YOU" he screamed driving with all his force deep into her and repeatedly shoving her head in the bowl.

Her face and hair covered in dirty toilet water she started crying and yelling "IM NOTHING, IM A DIRTY PIG, A PIECE OF SHIT,
A PLACE FOR A MAN TO STICK HIS COCK, IM YOURS, YOU... OWN ME."
She believed every word of it.

Close to cumming he ripped her head out of the toilet and plunged his dick down her throat and came while she cried her last bit of innocence away around his cock. Hunter removed his dick from her throat and stood up and reveled in the sight before him. He had done it, created his own sex slave. She actually believed it. Hunter knew this for a fact just by hearing how strained and honest her screams were. How much they hurt her to admit. It was no game played for him, she had mean it. His next goal was achievable now he knew. As insecure and helpless as she believed herself to be right now, she still had the outside shell of her life to keep her from turning completely to him. Everyone had to know what she had become before she would be his completely. He had it planned when and where that would happen.

Approximately four months from now he would let a boy taker her to prom, actually his neighbor's son Mark, who he would have a long talk with before the evening. Until than he could think of many more things for young Honey to learn.

The day Honey saw Hunter at McDonalds, she noticed him staring at her friend Holly, who had accompanied her here after practice. They used to come here all the time until that fateful day at the mall. Now all her free time was spent with him and he didn't allow her any friends, which was why she had thought it odd that he suggested she do this old routine. It had come after he was

looking at one of the cheerleading team pictures in the yearbook he had made her show him. When he asked whom the blonde was, she had told him. It was her best friend Holly and she told him how they had used to come to McDonalds every day after practice. Informing her that tomorrow she could do it again, she had sucked his dick especially hard soon after, she was so happy. Seeing him show up there, she started getting nervous as he stared at Holly. Knowing exactly what he was thinking she felt insanely jealous. Holly was probably the second best looking girl at school. Shorter than Honey at! 5'5 she had long blonde hair, great legs, and a great toned figure. Her only knock was that she had A cup tits, but the rest was gorgeous. They talked for awhile, actually Holly talked and Honey sat there smiling. Her friend was concerned, asking her what had happened and why she never saw her anymore. She asked about her grades and told her that Honey's parents were worried about her. Honey just smiled and said school wasn't that important to her anymore, and that she was sorry she hadn't been keeping in contact, but she had been busy with her new job and all. They hugged and left the restaurant. Hunter had left by then too, and she met him again at his house.

Prancing to the door, he let her in, and soon after she was upside down on the table getting face fucked, while he told her his plan for sexy little Holly. Honey just lay there and sucked as she numbly processed what he was telling her she was going to do. This was going to be the hardest thing yet, and she knew that she couldn't screw it up.

Honey's parents were going out of town the following weekend. She called Holly and asked her to come over for a girl's night of catch up. Her friend quickly agreed and they went to Honey's house after practice Friday. They had fun watching movies and

drinking some of her parents wine. Holly kept noticing how Samantha never really said much, just smiled at her jokes and sat there playing with her hair most of the night. It was almost like she was becoming an airhead, but she knew how smart Samantha really was. Around ten Holly started feeling really groggy and tired but just shrugged it off to the wine.

"I think I'm going to bed I don't feel real good" she slurred out

"Oh okay, just crash in the extra bedroom, Good night"

Butterflies were swarming in her stomach as she watched her friend stumble up the steps from the drug she had placed in her wine. God she was going to do it. She was going to rape her best friend while she was passed out on the bed. She had no choice as she went to her book bag and took out the video camera to tape it. Tip toeing into the Holly's room she sat on the side of the bed and gently nudged Holly to make sure she was out. Holly was on her side with the covers over her. A slight stream of drool was collecting on the pillow. Pulling back the covers Holly just lay there in an oversized T-shirt, which was riding up revealing her pink panties. Honey turned on the lights and set the video camera up hitting record and backing away. She got undressed until she was down to only a neon orange thong. Slipping on some black heels she made her way over to her life long friend. Gently pulling Holly's shirt over her head she lay down next to her and started exploring her body. It was so soft she thought. She pressed her lips against Holly's and started kissing her passionately, at least as passionately as she could under the circumstances. She had to act like she was a total lesbian and loved doing this, or she would be punished, he had told her. She slipped her tongue in Holly's mouth running it all around. Squeezing the little nubs below her at the same time

Honey actually started to feel aroused. Hunter had not let her cum at all this week in preparation for this. He had also fucked her while making her watch hours of lesbian porn. She felt a sense of power for once, and pulling her mouth off of those luscious lips, she kissed down to the prone girl's neck and spent several minutes giving her a cute little hickey. Working her way down she came to the center of Holly's womanhood and pulled her panties down and off her. Now completely naked she kissed the girl's inner thighs and soon came to her pussy. It had large fat lips that stuck! out and was shaved everywhere, except for a little blonde strip up top. She couldn't believe Holly kept her pussy like. She started licking all around. Knowing what she liked, she centered on her clit and started gently chewing on it with her lips. Holly's body responded and soon Honey's face was covered in the fluids from her friend's pussy. After five minutes there was a jerk and Honey thought Holly had just came. Kissing up her legs again she spent about twenty minutes giving the unconscious girl hickies all over. Than she slipped her thong off and got into a sixty-nine position, her pussy inches over Holly's delicate lips. Not believing what she was about to do she lowered her smooth as silk pussy down and started humping Holly's face. God she was horny. Rubbing her long overdue for pleasure mound all over her friend's face she reached under and grabbed Holly's ass cheeks, opening up her asshole. She stuck her face down and was heatedly rimming the girl and fuckin! g her face at the same time, when she came hard. Lying with her head buried in Holly's cunt for a few minutes she remanuevered so she was next to her again. She took Holly's face in her hands and kissed her again, tasting her own juices on her friend's face.

Satisfied for now, she got up and taking the tape out of the camera put a new one in. Than using makeup to cover her tattoos she donned a blonde wig. She went over and slapped Holly awake.

Still groggy and incoherent she looked very confused at seeing a blonde woman standing over her. Honey went back and hit record. Always keeping her back to the camera she returned to the bed and slipped in next to Holly. Gripping her she kissed her again and got on top straddling her. She moved Holly's hands up until they were on her tits and held them there so it looked as if she was fondling them. Next she held her head as they kissed. Holly was protesting mildly but Honey kept going, making it look like two teenage lesbo's hot for each other. Moving between her legs she sucked Holly until the girl spasmed around her face. Then she put her legs around Holly's head and straddled her face. She bucked and rode the distraught girl to another orgasm. Afterwards she lay next to her, ! fondling Holly's body in the afterglow. It had looked perfect she knew. No one would ever suspect the girl was drugged from the way Honey played it. She was proud of herself as she turned the camera off, hid the first tape, and got into bed with her. She snuggled up next to her and drifted off to sleep with her hand on Holly's pussy.

Awaking the next morning with the worst hang over ever, Holly bolted straight up in the bed. Honey's hand was nestled in her crotch and she was still sleeping. Removing the hand she sat there and wondered what in the hell had happened. Sitting for a minute puzzled, she tried to think back on last night. The last thing she remembered was going to bed. Only consuming a couple glasses of wine, she wondered why she felt so bad, and why in the hell she was sleeping naked next to her best friend. Just than Honey woke up. Stretching her arms she sat up and gave the bewildered Holly a kiss on the lips. Not reciprocating Holly jumped back making space between the two girls.

"What's wrong, I thought we would pick up where we left off last night," Honey said reaching up and fondling Holly's little

titties.

"Listen I don't know what happened last night, but nothings going to be repeated today."

"Feeling guilty, you shouldn't. I love your tight little body and we're going to fuck all day," she emphasized squeezing Holly's nipple.

"What the fuck is wrong with you, I'm not gay. Is this what's changed about you, you like girls now" she asked bewilderedly.

"Don't be stupid, I just like having fun with you, besides you liked it last night"

"Liked what, you climbing into bed with me naked and feeling me up? I cant believe you did that and are doing this" Holly said standing up covering her body with her hands. "Listen you little cunt, your going to put out for me all weekend, unless that is, you want me to show you dyking out last night, to everyone at school."

Brining the video camera over she hit play and Holly last night's exploits. Her face turned white when she saw the tape of her and Samantha. She couldn't remember anything, but there she was shyly with her hands all over the blonde girl. Starting to feel sick she realized the sticky stuff all over her face was probably cum.

"Oh my god that's you isn't it. Some how you set me up, drugged me or whatever and than made this so it wouldn't look like you"

"Of course that's not me" Honey said standing up revealing her

piercings and tattoos.

"What the fuck, Oh my god" Holly said taking in her friends alterations and lingering on the fucktoy tattoo. "What happened to you. I cant fucking believe this" Her mind was awirl. Her best friend, who was standing there with her nipples and clit pierced, had raped her and was now trying to blackmail her into sex. "Please Samantha don't do this, you can't show that tape to anyone, it would ruin everything. I won't tell anybody. Ill just get my stuff and leave and well forget this ever happened." She was panicking now and she just wanted out of this bizarre situation.

"No way" Honey said laughing with the same evil smirk she had seen Hunter have a million times. Either you're going to put out for me for the rest of the weekend or I'm going to email this tape to everybody at school"

Holly was considering it and really she had no choice. She couldn't believe what her friend had become, wanting sex from her, and looking like some porn star with slutty tattoos and piercings all over. Biting her lip while she thought about her options, she realized she had no choice.

"God..... okay but no way am I eating you out or anything" she said trying to sound strong and still tasting the bitterness in her mouth.

"Hahahaha of course you're going to eat my pussy, and my ass, and anything else for that matter. Your going to make me cum as many times as I want" Honey was trying hard to be dominant and in control like Hunter had told her to be, but it was so hard doing this to her best friend.

"Now lets get started shall we, but of course first we need to clean you and get all that dirty cum off your face"

Honey led her to her parent's bedroom and started filling the large Jacuzzi tub they were so proud of having. They were both naked and she led the hesitant girl into the tub, when it was finished filling. They spent an hour in there, washing each other and kissing. Holly really wasn't into it at all, but after a few nipple pinches and reminding her of the tape, she was better. Shaving the rest of Holly's pubic hair was very fun for her, and she realized she actually enjoyed watching someone else suffer for once. Honey made sure Holly paid extra attention to her special areas, and after getting extremely worked up, at least Honey did, they got out. After drying each other off Honey led her back to her room, which had a couple of concealed cameras Hunter had gotten from work, and started dressing Holly up. First she rubbed baby oil over every square inch of Holly's body until finally she was glistening from head to toe, and sensually soft. Making her friend return the favor, she was in heaven at how soft and warm her hands felt. Than she worked on Holly's hair coming it down until the long locks were parted in the middle and framing the golden face. Going to her closet she returned with a short red pleated skirt that she had bought for her, and a white half shirt. Helping her step into a pair of red velvet thongs she dressed Holly up, ending with a pair of six inch black heels. Next she got down to makeup, pouring her very own slut red lipstick on the girl until she would be able to paint a car with the amount on. Fixing the rest of her makeup she put way too much of everything on and than she was done. Holly stood there self-consciously, looking like the sleaziest little piece of ass in town.

"Perfect" Honey said walking and standing in front of the blushing young girl.

Working her hands underneath the skimpy little skirt she cupped Holly's smooth ass in her hands and stuck her tongue in her mouth heatedly kissing for several moments. Reluctantly Holly returned the kiss.

"Now we need some food to eat this weekend, so I want you to go to the store and shop for us"

"What.... like this, what if someone I know sees me."

"That's your problem" she told the girl pinching her ass.

Holly left and spent the next half-hour driving around the parking lot at the grocery store, too embarrassed to go in. Finally she gathered up the courage and pranced in with her head down. Feeling all eyes on her scantily clad body she hurried along, trying to get out as fast as she could. Honey had a list for her; she pulled it out of her purse and started shopping when she noticed two kids following her around and laughing.

"You could see her ass when she bent over" she heard one of them say as she hurriedly went about her deeds.

She was in the line to check out when she felt her tiny skirt raise a little and something brush her ass. Slowly turning her head, standing there was an obese man of about fifty she guessed, smiling and practically drooling. Quickly she turned around not wanting to cause a scene and have more people stare. Just before she was about to put her items on the counter she felt his hand on her ass, and then a hard pinch. "Ouch" she yelled frantically

placing her groceries down. She thought she was going to die as once again the man pressing against her, fully cupped her ass with both hands and started molesting her. The woman checking her out was staring with a disgusted look as the man fondled her ass. She picked up her bag and ran from the store.

Arriving home, she trotted into the house and dropped the groceries in shock, as she saw Honey lounging on the sofa. She was wearing what looked like a red latex teddy that was a thong in back. Complimenting it were long thigh high red latex boots with the skin between covered in black fishnet stockings. She had done her makeup to look like as much a whore as Holly did.

"I've been waiting for you," she said coyly.

Over the next day and a half Holly was subjected to every single thing two girls could do to each other, and probably some new ones. They had sex seven times. Honey came every hot session, and Holly three times. It was on the second day when she got more relaxed and used to it all that she reluctantly orgasmed. Honey fed her ecstasy the whole weekend, keeping her worked up. Holly licked her friend's pussy until her tongue and mouth were numb, and then her head would be pushed down to lick Honey's anus. She couldn't believe how much Samantha seemed to enjoy everything. Their bodies were constantly touching the whole weekend and even when they ate, Samantha would make her sit on her lap, and then feed the food to Holly with her fingers. When Holly had to use the bathroom Honey would stand over her and feel her up or make her lick her. Toys were also used frequently, as a fat black dildo busted her anal cherry. When she finally left shortly before Samantha's parents were due home, she was so sore and exhausted she had a hard time walking and sitting in her car.

Honey lay back on the sofa exhausted herself. Never expecting herself to enjoy fucking her friend that much, she felt very content and happy for the first time in ages. The only thing was, and she couldn't believe she was feeling this way, she missed Hunter. She knew that she was his now and even with all the things he made her do, she loved him. Occasionally he would make sweet slow love to her and that was why she was sure deep down he loved her too. He was her first love. Gulping and realizing how absurd that was she started playing with her pussy, thinking about him, and then stopped realizing she couldn't come unless he gave her permission. It had been given for Holly making her cum but not this.

Arriving at his house the next day she was excited. Watching the tapes while she sucked him off, she felt so good, knowing she had pleased him, and when he gripped her head and buried himself in her throat cumming, she felt wonderful as only he could make her feel now.

Life over the next four months was pretty ordinary. One night she offered to get her tongue pierced and the next day they had gone and had it done. She also had a tribal tattoo around her ankle that was supposed to signify the Native American hunter. They occasionally went out, always to another town, and she had come to miss him terribly when she wasn't with him. Cooking his dinner every night, washing his clothes, and cleaning house were her duties now. He had also taken her for the abortion at three months, but she thought she was pregnant again. She was failing all her classes. Her parents had seen her new tattoo, and they were considering sending her to therapy. On her seventeenth birthday Hunter had taken her out for a night on the town, and

using a fake ID he had made, she danced in amateur night at a strip club. Still trying a little to keep her old image, she still was a cheerleader, and tried to keep people thinking she was the prissy and proper teenager she had been. When Hunter had said she could go to prom, but only if she went with Mark his neighbors kid, she had jumped and thanked him. She had not gone to a dance or party in six months and this would make her look semi normal again. The only requirement was that he dressed her.

On the night of prom, he produced a black sleeveless latex dress, which was actually a little more respectable than some of the outfits she had worn for him. It came about three inches down her ass and was very form fitting. Her braless tits strained against it and looked as if they might pop out. Underneath she wore a black garter belt, matching thong and stockings. She knew what a complete slut she would look like wearing this outfit. Her high social status would let her pull it off without anyone thinking she was actually a whore she knew. They would just think she was trying to loosen her image a little from the conceited cheerleader most people knew her as. Mark picked her up around seven and off they went.

Conclusion

Honey's first stop was the bathroom in the lobby where she washed all the cum off of her face. Looking at herself in the mirror for the first time tonight, she realized how awful she looked after the long ordeal. Not being able to do much about her hair, which was still plastered down and sticky with semen, she noticed

the hickeys on her neck and even one on her face. A couple of the boys had done that while they were fucking her. Something to remember them by, they had told her. The bruises on her legs extended down below her skirt, and she even had some red and brown hickeys down there. Her pussy and ass were burning and she walked very tenderly. It was obvious to anyone who might see her why she was walking that way. A girl came into the bathroom and Honey realized it was Rachel from school. Not even recognizing the wrecked cheerleader, she went into the closest stall, after giving a look of disgust.

Honey made her way out of the hotel and realized she was going to have to catch a cab. She had no money and realized the only way she could make it home, was to offer the driver something else. Walking down the street she noticed a cab with its light off and walked up and opened the door.

"Sorry babe I'm off" he said looking at Honey and raising his eyebrows. "Little young to be a whore aren't you?"

"I'm not....nevermind can you give me a ride home?"

"Ummm I just fucking told you I'm off"

Honey was getting desperate, just wanting this night to end.

"I don't ... have any money but I could suck your dick or something"

"Where do you live?"

Telling him, he laughed and said that was way too far for a blowjob. If she wanted to come home and pump ass for a couple

hours, maybe he would give her a ride after. He told her sounding kind of bored and not really caring one way or another. Agreeing, she got in and they drove to his one room apartment. He made her take a shower and clean up.

"Damn how old are you," he asked seeing how young she looked all cleaned up.

"Seventeen"

"Well that's legal at least. Now, get over here and start getting me hard you filthy cunt. I'm gonna make you earn that ride home"

The next two hours the man used her body and she thought he hadn't cum for a year, as he made her swallow his three massive loads. It was hell for the young girl as the adrenaline from last night was wearing off. Each thrust of his cock was torture in her overused holes. He didn't use a rubber and Honey realized no one that night had either. God only knew what she had caught by now. Afterwards he was true to his word. After telling her he had never met a whore that let him abuse them as much as she had, he took her home.

Arriving at Hunters, she couldn't go to her house, she got out and went inside. He was still sleeping. She took off all of her clothes, showered, and quietly snuck into bed with him. Sticking her head underneath the covers she curled up next to him, resting her head on his stomach, gently putting his soft cock into her mouth, and trying to fall asleep while sucking on it like a pacifier. She hoped he would still want her and love her, were her last thoughts as she drifted off to sleep.

THE END