

Slave Sister Part One

"Fran's First Time"

By

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Jim stole naked through the dark house without making a noise. His already hard cock bounced up and down gently with each step. He paused outside his mother's bedroom to listen and scan the forms lying on the bed. 'Good' he thought, 'she's asleep'. He moved silently past her bedroom door and down the hall towards his younger sister's room. He crept through her door on his hands and knees, and crawled over to her bed.

Fran struggled with rising panic against the feeling of suffocation. When Fran realized that this was not just a bad dream the panic changed to terror. She redoubled her efforts to throw the weight from on top of her. She screamed, but the same pillow that was cutting off her air quieted her scream so that even her assailant could barely hear it. Fran had kicked her legs trying to push the man off and in the process had only allowed him to get between her legs perfectly positioned to carry out his plans.

Fran felt her attacker grab the crotch of her panties and pull them aside making way for his attack on her most private part. She felt a hard object she could only assume was his cock pushing against the opening of her pussy. As was her usual procedure Fran had masturbated just before falling asleep and the residual lubrication assisted her attackers efforts to force his way into her.

She screamed again and again into the suffocating pillow and tried to hit at her assailant with her hands. Her fourteen-year-old virgin cunt stretched and tore as the large hard cock forced it's way into her depths. It entered her entirely then pulled out and pushed its way back into her again.

As Jim began fucking his sister he slipped his hand under the pillow and used it to cover her mouth so he could remove the pillow. After making sure he had her mouth covered Jim threw the pillow into the middle of the room and stared into his sister's terror filled eyes as he pumped his hard cock in and out of her tight wet pussy. He leaned down close to her ear.

"I've waited a long time for this Fran." He continued pumping his cock in and out of her. "I'm going to take my hand off your mouth know. If you make any noise I'll hurt you so bad you'll never recover." He pushed into her deeply twice more then spoke again. "Do you understand?" Fran nodded her head 'yes'. Jim pulled his cock out of her, then sank it back in as far as he could push it then removed his hand from his sister's mouth.

"Why are you doing this." She whispered. "Stop it now. If you stop now and leave me alone I won't tell any one, I promise." Jim licked and kissed her neck while he fucked his cock in and out of her. Her cunt was already betraying her, lubrication flowed as her pussy welcomed the invader.

"No Fran dear," he whispered in her ear as he continued fucking her tight young pussy. "I will never stop fucking you." A soft sigh revealed Fran's building excitement. "From now on you will make yourself available for me

to fuck anytime I want."

"No, I can't. I won't. You can't make me. This is wrong. You're my older brother. Her hips were beginning to rock gently in time to Jim's hard cock thrusting in and out of her now wet open cunt. Jim began to suck on her right nipple and felt it harden in his mouth "Oh God please don't do this to me." Fran begged. Jim's only reply was to switch his sucking mouth to her left nipple while he continued his relentless fucking of her pussy.

For the next few minutes the room was quiet except for the rhythmic squeaking of the bedsprings as the two bodies silently fucked each other. Jim's sucking mouth moved from her now hard left nipple up her neck to her left ear, then across her cheek to her mouth. Fran stubbornly refused to open her mouth to his probing tongue. Jim slipped a hand between them and began to rub and twist her hard nipple until she sighed and her lips parted allowing his tongue to fuck in and out of her mouth in time with his hard cock fucking in and out of her now hot cunt.

Fran's body tightened under him as her orgasm pulsed through her muscles. Her hot pussy grabbed at Jim's thrusting cock and milked his cum from him. His body tightened with hers, then they both relaxed and Jim collapsed onto the bed beside his sister. Jim laid on his side with one arm under Fran's head and his other hand cupping her crotch feeling the heat and wetness of her just fucked pussy.

"I knew you would be a great fuck." Jim whispered in her ear. Fran blushed in the dark. Shame began to overwhelm her. 'God' she thought 'I've just been raped by my brother and I came.' She tried to turn away from him.

"Don't turn away from me you little bitch." Jim held her down and would not let her turn her back towards him. "I'm not done playing with you yet."

"Oh God Jim," She whispered pleadingly, "don't do anything more. It's wrong."

"Your hot slut cunt doesn't think it's wrong." Jim said as he slipped a finger into her wet hole and began to rub his thumb in circles over her engorged hard clitoris. He leaned down and slurped her left nipple into his mouth and began to suck and chew it back to hardness.

"No, if you don't leave my room right now I'll tell mom." Jim moved to her right nipple and worked a second finger into her wet eager cunt. Jim left a trail of wet kisses stretching from her hard right nipple to where her thick dark brown pubic hair started. He ran his tongue through her 'pubs' then circled it around her swollen clitoris eliciting a soft moan from Fran. After flicking the tip of his tongue across her sensitive engorged clitoris Jim worked his tongue into the wet folds of flesh at the opening to her tight young cunt.

"Oh God. Please don't. Oh God, Oh God, don't do this...Oh God...don't, it's wrong...OH GOD" Jim reached up and covered her mouth again with his left hand to keep her from waking their mother in the next room. He moved his right hand further down and began to work the tip of his lubricated finger into her puckered virgin asshole. Fran reached down and tried to push his

head away but Jim plunged his tongue into her hot cunt then licked and sucked on her fleshy pussy lips and finally ran his tongue back up to her clitoris.

When Fran's clitoris became engorged it looked like a miniature half-inch long cock. Jim sucked it into his mouth and ran his tongue around it then back and forth over it's tip. Then he took in his lips and began to move his head up and down like he was sucking a very small cock. Every muscle in Fran's body tightened and spasmed rhythmically for what seemed like hours to both of them. With each spasm Fran would pump her ass up and down on Jim's invading fingers. Even with his hand over her mouth Jim was afraid that her squeals of delight would wake up their mother. Finally she collapsed like a rag doll on the bed.

Fran made no effort to resist her brother when he spread her legs and pushed his hard cock into her cunt for a second fuck. Jim's large rock hard cock slipped into Fran's well-lubricated cunt with ease. Jim sighed and pushed his mouth against his sister's and began to fuck his tongue in and out of her mouth as his cock drove in and out of her pussy for the second, but far from last time.

They fucked long and slow, as only the second fuck of an evening can be. The urgency of the first fuck was dissipated and Jim could take his time and enjoy the tight hot wetness of his sisters fuck hole as his cock slid in and out in a steady fucking rhythm. Fran came again before Jim's body tightened and his cock twitched inside his sister and dumped its second load of incestuous cum into her clinging cunt.

Jim held his cock inside her until it started to shrink, then he pulled it out and laid down beside her. They both fell asleep and slumbered in each other's arms until Jim awoke with a start and realized that the shower was running in his mother's bathroom. A quick glance at his watch told him it was 6:15 AM.

Jim climbed out of his sister's bed and looked down at her still sleeping form. He regretted that he did not have time for another incestuous fuck before going back to his room. He slipped across the room and opened the door just a crack. He peaked out and made sure that no one was in the hallway. This would be the dangerous part mother came out of the shower he would have one hell of a job explaining what he was doing running around the hallway naked at this time of the morning. Jim breathed a sigh of relief when he made it back inside his own room and shut the door.

Fran woke up just as her brother slipped out of her room and closed the door behind her. A storm of contradictory emotions raged inside her. She knew that what they had done last night was absolutely wrong, but she had cum three or four times. Better cums than she had ever experienced from her own efforts. She knew that her brother had just raped her twice, but she also knew that she fantasized about her brother every time she played with herself. Fran got out of bed and donned a robe then walked to the bathroom for a shower.

After adjusting the water temperature Fran stepped into the spray and basked in the feel of hot water running over her well-fucked body. She picked up

the soap and began to dreamily rub her body unconsciously concentrating on her breasts and pussy. She pinched and twisted her nipples, then slipped one hand down over her stomach to her crotch where she began to gently rub her swollen clitoris with her soapy fingers. Soft moans began to escape her slightly parted lips and her hips began to move in small fucking motions.

Jim dressed quickly then headed down the hall towards the stairs. As he passed the bathroom and heard the shower running he paused for a moment then returned quickly to his room. Jim grabbed his SX70 from the shelf and headed back to the bathroom. It only took him a moment to unlock the door, then slip inside and shut the door behind him. He peaked through the shower curtain and saw his sister deep in a masturbation session and totally oblivious to her surroundings. He put the camera on the shelf above the toilet and opening his fly pulled his hardening cock into view.

Fran was working her right nipple and her clitoris with abandon when she was suddenly struck by a blast of cool air and realized that the shower curtain had been pulled back. Her first thought was that her mother was going to be angry with her for masturbating. Then she opened her eyes and saw her tormentor/brother standing in front of her with his large hard cock sticking out of his pants.

"Suck it." He said grabbing a hand full of her hair and pulling her head down toward his waiting cock.

"No, I won't, not here, not now. What if momma comes upstairs?" Fran tried to pull her head back up. She had to abandon her nipple twisting and clitoris stroking in order to put her hands on the edge of the tub.

"If you're afraid of being caught then you better get busy and make me cum." Jim used his superior strength to continue pushing her head down and began to bump his drooling cockhead against her closed lips. "Open your lips and suck me bitch or I'll hold your head in the toilet until you drown and tell mom it was suicide."

Fran moaned and her lips parted. Jim thrust his cock into her mouth until she began to gag. He pulled most of it out and pushed it back in until she started to gag again. After ten or so gaggings Fran's throat relaxed from exhaustion and the large hard cock slipped completely inside her mouth. Jim could see the sides of her neck bulge as his cock slipped past her mouth and down her throat with each forward thrust.

Tears of shame and humiliation streamed down Fran's cheeks, but her cunt begged for attention. Fran could feel her cunt juices running down the inside of her thighs. She reached down with her right hand and began to stroke her large sensitive clitoris. The shame and humiliation fed her lust, and the pleasure fueled her shame and humiliation in an ever-increasing spiral that was destined to end with a mind shattering orgasm.

Jim grabbed a handful of her hair and twisted her head up. Fran, distracted from her orgasmic spiral, opened her eyes just in time to be blinded by the flash. She tried to pull away from the huge hard rod in her mouth but her brother held her in place as he took more pictures of her lips stretched over his hard cock.

Jim hunched over and began to fuck furiously in and out of her open mouth. As Fran felt her brother's huge cock pushing in and out of her throat she matched it stroke for stroke with her hand on her large hard clitoris. Fran finally reached her peak and only the hard cock in her mouth kept her screams of pleasure from being heard by their mother down in the kitchen.

As her orgasm subsided Fran realized that her brother had cum on her face and was in the process of taking a close up picture of a string of incestuous sperm running from her left eyebrow down to the tip of her noes where it was dripping onto her breasts. Jim slipped his softening cock back into his pants and turned to leave the bathroom.

"Better hurry Fran, don't want to be late for school." As he closed the door behind him Fran collapsed across the side of the bathtub and began to sob. Jim put his camera back on the shelf where he kept it and looked at the developing pictures of his naked sister sucking his cock as he walked down the stairs. As he walked into the kitchen he slipped the pictures into his shirt pocket.

"Good morning mom." He said cheerfully.

"Hi honey, where's your sister?" His mother smiled back at him.

"For some reason she decided she had to take a shower this morning." Jim shrugged and poured milk over his corn flakes.

"Damn, this is going to through off my whole day." She walked over to the door, "FRAN HURRY UP AND GET DOWN HERE." She yelled before turning back and walking over to sit beside her son. Jim watched his mother with very un-son like interest. He enjoyed looking at her still tight ass and her long legs sticking out from her short skirt. He could just barely see the lace bra under her white blouse. Having caught site of his mom nude once or twice Jim knew that her beasts stood firm even without the support of the bra.

"Hay mom why don't you let me take her to school then you can take your time and finish getting ready for work." Jim watched as his mother's luses red lips relaxed and smiled.

"Thanks honey, that would help a lot. You sure you wont be late for your own classes?" She reached out and touched him on his arm.

"No problem mom." Jim watched as his mother got up from the table and walked out of the kitchen. He was already beginning to formulate plans for her, but they would have to wait until his sister's subjugation was complete.

Fran stopped crying and slowly stood up, then after turning off the water stepped out of the shower and reached for a towel. Dragging the towel behind her she walked naked out of the bathroom and down the hallway to her room. She heard he mother yell for her to hurry up. She sat on her bed and chewed on her lower lip, then with sudden resolve she stood up, dried her self and began to put on her clothes. She had made up her mind no matter

how much she enjoyed the orgasms it was wrong and she had to tell her mother what had happened. She would do it this morning on the way to school, before she lost her resolve.

Fran dressed but with her hair still wet, walked into the kitchen expecting her mother to be there. Her brother looked up and leered at her. She turned and started to leave the room.

"Mom said for you to ride to school with me since your so late getting ready." Jim continued to leer.

"No, I'm going to ride to school with mom, or I'm not going." She leaned over toward him. "And I am going to tell her what you have done to me." Jim pulled the pictures from his shirt pocket and gave one of them to Fran.

"Only if you want these posted on the bulletin board at school." Jim replied softly. Fran looked down at a picture of herself, naked, hair wet, and her mouth stretched over the enormous hard cock. It looked perverted, grotesque and extremely provocative. She noticed a renewed flow of juices from her pussy. She also noticed a weakening of her resolve.

As she stared at the picture Jim pulled his sister closer and slipped his hand up her dress. He began to rub her crotch through her cotton panties. He quickly found the nub of her swelling clitoris and began to concentrate his attentions on it.

"No." She said weakly her hips already beginning to move humping her clitoris harder against his invading hand. "Its wrong. We can't do this." Even as she said this she placed her hands on her brother's shoulders and squatted slightly spreading her knees and opening herself to her brothers fingers. Jim pushed the crotch of her cotton panties aside and slipped a finger into her now wet cunt. Holding onto his shoulder with one hand Fran began to pinch and twist her right nipple with the other hand. "What if I get pregnant?"

"Well, if you don't relish explaining to mom about how you got that way then you'd better do something about it." A soft moan escaped from Fran's throat. They heard their mother coming and Jim pulled his hand away from his sister's hot wet twat and allowed her skirt to fall back into place.

"Oh, there you are." Their mom said as she walked into the room. "Did Jim tell you that he is going to take you to school this morning?"

"Yes mom." Fran looked down and saw the picture of her self giving her brother a blowjob laying on the table. She snatched up the picture and stuffed it into her algebra book then turned to her brother "Let's get going, I don't want to be late." Then she turned and walked out the back door. Jim stuffed the last couple of bites of corn flakes into his mouth then hurried after her mumbling 'bye mom' as he rushed past her. Their mom looked out the back door smiling and thinking how lucky she was to have two children who got along so well.

Jim eased his car out of the driveway and began to accelerate down the street. Fran sat as far away from her brother as she could get and still be

inside the car. Shame and humiliation flooded through her again and, as before, her lust flared with the shame and humiliation. How could I have reacted so quickly to his hand up my skirt? Am I really that much of a slut? No, I have to find some way to stop this.

"Take off your panties." Jim ordered his sister. She looked over at him with a blank uncomprehending look.

"What? No. This has to stop, I'm not just going to do everything you say. You need help. You're sick. This is not normal. No I won't do anything else with you. Just take me to school like you're supposed to."

"Oh I'll take you to school all right. Then after I post these pictures on the school bulletin board I'm going to tie you buck naked to the hood of this car and parade you through the student parking lot at lunch time." Fran felt the adrenaline rush of fear and a gush of lubrication as she imagined herself tied naked to the car being looked at by all the boys in the parking lot.

She looked at her brother and realized that he was just crazy enough to actually do it. The fantasy excited her but she wasn't crazy enough to let it happen. She lifted her butt off the car seat and pulled her panties down her legs then stepped out of them leaving them on the car floor.

"Now scoot over here, I want to finish what mother so rudely interrupted." Fran scooted across the car seat until she was up against her brother. Jim reached down and lifted her skirt. He took a quick glance at her thick healthy patch of dark brown pubic hair then looked back at the road while he slipped his fingers through the hair and began to finger his sisters wet cunt. Fran held tightly to her brother's arm, not to push it away, but to make sure it wasn't pulled away until the job was done.

Fran spread her legs wider apart, leaned back closed her eyes and began to hump her now desperate cunt against her brothers fingers. Jim drove two fingers in and out of her wet claspings pussy and rubbed her large clitoris with his thumb. As Jim drove random circles around the almost deserted residential streets Fran began to rock her head back and forth moaning and softly encouraging her brother with a husky lust filled whisper.

"Ohhh godddd ohhh yessss that's it harder harder that's it that's it that's it there yes yes yes...." Jim pulled the car behind the buildings of a small shopping center and stopped the engine. As he continued to work her cunt and clitoris Jim ripped the front of her blouse open and roughly pulled her bra off her breasts. Leaning over he sucked her right nipple into his mouth. Fran's body became rigid, lifting her rump from the car seat. "OH MYYYY GODDDD" she screamed then collapsed into a limp quivering mass.

Jim removed his hand from his sister's crotch and used the hem of her blouse to wipe his fingers. Then he unzipped his pants and pulled out his large hard cock. The slit at the top of its large purple head oozed precum. Jim put his hand on the back of his sister's head and began to pull her down towards his waiting rod.

"It's your turn." He told her. She looked at him with a dazed expression,

then lowered her head and enveloped his eager tool with her wet mouth. She turned and leaving her right foot on the floor pulled her left leg up onto the seat thrusting her ass into the air. The idea of sucking her brother's cock in this semi-public place sent a surge of adrenaline laced lust lunging through every fiber of her being. As she began to bob her head up and down on his hard cock Fran slipped her hand down between her legs and started stroking her clitoris and cunt lips.

Jim reached over and pulled her skirt up exposing her raised ass. He gently caressed her but cheeks then, after dipping his finger back into her cunt for lubrication, began to work the tip of his finger into her tight virgin asshole.

Fran moaned and thrust her ass back opening herself to her brother's attentions. She moaned around the large cock in her mouth. She knew that anyone walking by the car would have a close up view of her stroking herself while her brother finger fucked her ass. The thrill of public incestuous sex pushed them both over the edge in a matter of minutes.

Jim rammed his finger completely into his sister's asshole as he thrust his cock into her eager mouth and began to shoot another load of cum down her throat. Fran swallowed cum frantically as she pulled on her large clitoris and humped her ass on his finger. Her body rocked forward and backward in sync with the waves of orgasmic pleasure sweeping through her. Suddenly both of them relaxed totally, Fran collapsed onto the car seat, her head in her brother's lap and his softening cock still in her cum drenched mouth. Jim's finger was still buried deep in her ass and Fran's fingers still gently rubbed the fleshy wet folds of her cunt. After a few moments Fran let her brother's cock slip from her mouth.

"We're going to be late for school." She said softly.

"In that case we'll just have to cut school and spend all day fucking." A small smile played across Fran's lips.

"What ever you say." She replied.

"Dave's Friends"

By

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Saturday morning Fran got out of bed just after her brother finished his morning fuck and headed back to his own room. She sat on the edge of the bed, trying to make sense out of what was happening to her. She seemed to have lost all her will power. All day yesterday she did whatever her brother had asked. After sucking his cock in the parking lot of the shopping center they had come back home and he tied her naked to the hood of his car and fucked her while the video camera recorded the whole thing. They were lucky that none of their neighbors had seen anything. Then he had brought her indoors and tied her to their mother's bed. He set up the video camera again and recorded her first ass fuck. He had recorded almost everything they did that day. All the fuckings and cock suckings and pussy lickings were now documented on video, and the worst thing about it was how much she enjoyed it all.

Fran planed to leave the house right after her mother went to work. She wanted to go away somewhere and think things through. She may have had a day of terrific orgasms, but she still thought what they were doing was wrong and she had to get away and think of some way to stop her brother. She dressed in a T-shirt and shorts and waited for the sound of her mother's car pulling out of the driveway. Seemingly of it's own volition her right hand slipped down to her crotch and began to gently tickle her pussy through her shorts as she remembered yesterday's events.

Fran jumped when she heard the car starting, and guiltily pulled her hand away from her crotch. She opened her bedroom door and looked up and down the hallway to make sure she would not be observed. When she got to the stairs she leaned over the railing to make sure her brother was not around. Fran dashed silently down the stairs and headed through the kitchen to the back door. She hit the screen door at a dead run letting it bang against the wall then bang back against the door frame as the spring slammed it shut behind her.

Just as Fran rounded the corner of the house she noticed a movement out of the corner of her eye. Before she could turn her head she was struck from her side and brought to the ground. After a brief struggle she ended up on her back with her brother setting on her stomach. There in the front yard in view of the entire neighborhood Dave lifted up her T-shirt and pulled her bra up exposing her breasts. Ignoring her kicking legs Dave roughly massaged her breasts and pinched her nipples.

"Where do you thing you are going?" He asked as her nipples began to get hard in his fingers. Fran grabbed her brother's wrists and tried to pull his hands away from her breasts.

"Please....don't' do that, not here where everyone can see." Her struggles to remove her brother's hands from her hardening nipples met with failure. "I was just going to visit Vickie for a while."

"You can't do that I have some friends coming over and I promised them that you would be here to entertain them." Dave squeezed both of her breasts hard until she winced in pain then leaned over and licked the red swollen nipples pouching out over his fists. Fran began to kick and struggle with renewed vigor.

"God no" she hissed "you can't make me do it with your friends." She started bucking her hips trying to through her brother off. She released his wrists and began to hit at his arms and face. "No you fucking pervert I will not fuck your fucking friends, ever. Do you understand?" Fran shocked herself with her easy use of the 'f' word. Two days ago she would never have said that word out loud. Dave stopped sucking on her nipples and pulled her T-shirt back over her abused breasts. He grabbed a handful of Fran's hair then stood up pulling her to her feet.

"Follow me dear." He ordered walking towards the backyard pulling her behind him by her hair. "I need to get you ready for the party." Fran grabbed her brother's arm with both hands as she stumbled along behind.

"God damn you. If you do this to me I will kill you I swear to God." Fran's face had become bright red with anger and, although she was not ready to acknowledge it, her pussy was beginning do drip into her panties.

"My my what would your little second graders in Sunday school think if they heard their assistant teacher swearing like that." Dave threw his sister onto the ground beside the large oak tree that shaded their backyard and sat on her again facing her feet this time. Ignoring the rain of punches on his back and the stream of profanity now coming from her mouth Dave wrapped a chain around her left ankle and locked it in place. Once his sister was secure Dave stood up and walked into the house. Fran pulled on the chain only to discover that the other end was wrapped around the oak tree and locked with a matching padlock. Fran pulled with all her might trying to slip her foot from the chain but only managed to scrape the skin from her ankle.

Only when she gave up and relaxed on the grass did Fran realize how horny she had become. He pussy was wet and open and her nipples were standing up hard under her know torn T-shirt. I don't care how excited I get, she thought, I'm not going to fuck Dave's friends. Just then the back screen door slammed open and Dave appeared carrying his video camera and a tripod. Ignoring his sister Dave set up the tripod and affixed the camcorder to it. He then returned to the house and came back moments later with a chalkboard.

Fran strained to see what was written on the board as her brother held it up in front of the camera. She groaned audibly when she saw the lettering. It read, 'FIRST WEEKLY FRAN FUCK'. Dave filmed the lettering on the blackboard for sixty seconds then threw the board aside and turned his attentions back to his sister. Dave walked over to where Fran sat on the grass still dressed in her shorts and T-shirt. Fran looked up at her brother with a combination of anger and fear.

"You can't do this to me." She said softly. Dave squatted down in front of her.

"I can do anything I want to you." He reached out and grasped the bottom of her T-shirt and began to pull it up. Fran clamped her arms down trying to keep her brother from removing her shirt. "If you try to fight me you'll just end up getting hurt." Dave warned his sister. Then he grabbed the front of the shirt with both hands and with one swift movement ripped it open, exposing her loose bra barely covering a pair of firm young breasts, and left it hanging on her arms. Dave ripped the shoulder straps off the bra and tossed it aside leaving Fran setting with her breasts exposed.

Dave pushed Fran down onto her back and placed his knee on her chest. Holding her down with his knee Dave unhooked and unzipped her shorts. Fran began to kick her legs again trying to knock her brother away. Dave pulled her shorts half way down her thighs then pushed his hand between her legs. His sister's inner thighs were already wet with seeping sex lubricant. When Dave's hand reached Fran's wet cunt he slipped two fingers into her with no resistance.

"I knew my slut sister was lying." He said to her as he forced his fingers further into her hot open cunt. "You can fight all you want but your pussy is saying yes." Fran relaxed and opened her legs for her brother's invading hand. Oh god, she thought, why do I give into him so easily. As soon as her brother's thumb began to work circles around her growing clitoris Fran started to hump her hips against his hand. Dave pulled his hand away from Fran's wet pussy and stood up towering over her. As he unbuckled his belt and unzipped his pants Dave watched his panting sister's body undulating on the grass below him.

"On your hands and knees slut, I'm going to fuck you doggy style." Fran whimpered and turned over onto her hands and knees as Dave let his trousers fall to the ground revealing his large thick hard cock. Dave stroked himself then pushed his sister's face and chest down onto the grass leaving her ass sticking invitingly in the air. Kneeling behind his sister Dave grabbed the base of his cock and rubbed his cockhead up and down Fran's dripping cunt lips.

Fran moaned with pleasure as her brother's thick hard rod pushed into her. Spreading her hands out on each side Fran grabbed handfuls of grass as her whole body began to rock back and forth pushing her cunt onto her brother's hard cock matching each of his thrusts. Dave reached down and began to stroke his sister's giant engorged clitoris causing a wave of trembling to sweep over her body with each stroke.

"OOH GODDDDD." Fran almost yelled lifting her head up from the grass. Dave, knowing his sister's tendency to scream during orgasm retrieved his discarded jockey shorts and stuffed them into her mouth. Then, once his sister was silenced, Dave pinched her large clitoris while he slammed his hard cock into her. Muffled screams could be heard through the jockey shorts as her body spasmed with orgasmic pleasure.

Dave continued to roughly pinch and stroke her clitoris while he repeatedly slammed his large cock into her upturned pussy. Each cunt slamming clitoris-pinching stroke elicited more muffled screams and body spasms from his abused sister. Then Dave abandoned his sister's clitoris and grabbed both her hips. Holding his cock buried inside his sister Dave's body jerked

as his own orgasm erupted and her filled her with his cum.

Dave pulled his still dripping cock from Fran's open wet cunt and pushed the head against her tight crinkled asshole. With one stroke he pushed his slimy tool completely into her rear hole. Without losing his erection Dave began to slam his cock in and out of her ass while he again reached for her overly sensitive clitoris. Fran's entire body jerked and spasmed like a person having a convulsion as wave after wave of orgasmic pleasure crashed over her.

Finally Dave ground his body against Fran's as his cock jerked inside her leaving a smaller load of incestuous cum in her bowels. When he was done Dave wiped his cock off with Fran's shorts then laid down on the grass beside his sister who had turned on her side and was laying with her knees pulled up to her chin in the fetal position. Tears were leaking from her tightly closed eyes. Dave patted his sister on the hip.

"Is it possible for you to have an orgasm without crying afterward?" Fran pulled away from her brother's touch. "Before my friends start showing up to fuck you I think it's time to go over a few rules." Dave stood up. "Kneel in front of me." He ordered. When Fran did not respond he grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled her up to a kneeling position.

"Whether you like it or not you are now my sex slave." Fran began to shake her head 'no' and opened her mouth to speak. Dave slapped her hard knocking her to the ground and leaving red finger marks on her cheek. "Don't speak unless you are given permission, or are asked a question. Now get on your knees in front of me." Fran pushed herself up from the ground and rubbed her cheek while she knelt in front of her brother. Seeing his sister kneeling submissively in front of him caused a noticeable swelling in Dave's limp cock. Seeing his cock begin to grow caused Fran to wonder about her brother's seemingly in exhaustible sex drive.

"When, where, who and how you fuck is now my prerogative. I will tell you when to fuck whom to fuck where to fuck and how to fuck, and you will obey me without question. From now on you will not wear panties, shorts or trousers of any kind. You will only wear skirts and blouses or dresses. Your cunt and your ass must be available to me and to my friends at all times. Do you understand?" Fran slumped as her brother described what her life would be like from now on. Dave took hold of his sister's chin and forced her to look up at him. "Do you understand?"

"Yes." She whispered weakly.

"Whenever you come into my presence you will present yourself in front of me no matter who else is in the room. If I choose to I will inspect your genitals either by sight or by touch to make sure you are complying with my orders. Do you understand?"

"Yes." Fran's answer was stronger this time. She began to wonder about the warm feeling that was radiating from her wet pussy as her brother continued issuing orders. She pictured herself standing in front of Dave having her wet cunt felt to insure she was not wearing panties while their mother had her back turned at the kitchen sink. This image caused a wave of

humiliation to wash over her, and caused the radiating heat from her cunt to grow more intense. Dave picked up his trousers and pulled a pin from the pocket. He held it out for Fran to read. The pin had a bright red background and a large white 'FF' in it's center. Dave looked at the pin with pride.

"I designed this myself. We will tell people that the 'FF' stands for 'Friendly Fellow' but everyone that owns one knows that it really stands for 'Fran Fucker'." Fran felt heat on her face as she blushed with humiliation knowing that soon everyone would know the real meaning. Soon the entire school would know who got to fuck her and who didn't.

"You will of course allow anyone wearing one of these pins to fuck you anytime they wish to." Fran began to shake her head again.

"No Dave. I can't. No please don't." Dave's cock was almost completely hard again. I really get off on this shit, he thought.

"Shut up slut. No one said you could talk." Fran started to speak again, then thought better of it and remained silent. Dave pushed his growing cock against her lips "Suck on this, maybe that will help you remember to keep quite." Fran opened her mouth and her brother's cock slipped past her lips and onto her tongue. It tasted of her brother's cum and her own secretions. Dave paused in instructing his new slave to enjoy the feeling of her hot wet mouth on his cock. He put a hand on each side of her head and pushed his cock down into her throat. Fran wrapped her arms around her brother's thighs to hang on while he fucked her mouth. Having set up a nice relaxed slow rhythm in and out of her mouth Dave began his instructions again.

"When you have your period you will use tampons so you do not have to wear panties, and you will wear a red scarf around your neck so I and all the 'Fran Fuckers' will know." Fran moaned with humiliation and felt the heat of her blush spread down her neck and over the tops of her breasts. God, she thought, how can he do this to me? Soon everyone at school would know what it meant when she wore a red scarf. Everyone knowing when she was on her period seemed to be even more humiliating that everyone knowing who was fucking her. The warmth in her face from embarrassment was matched by the warmth in her pussy from growing lust.

Dave quit talking and concentrated on thrusting his hard meat in and out of Fran's mouth. Drool ran from the corners of her slobbering lips and dripped from her chin onto her breasts. Dave reached down and pinched and twisted her nipples while he pushed his cock further and further into his sister's throat. Dave shifted his foot so Fran straddled his leg and she began to rub her wet twat on him like she was a dog humping his leg.

Dave dropped her hard nipples and, grabbing her head with both hands pulled her face tight against his belly as his throbbing cock began to shoot cum down her throat. Dave felt Fran's orgasmic squeals trying to escape from around his hard tool as she rubbed her cunt up and down on his leg and swallowed his cum. The last spasms of his orgasm were interrupted by the sound of applause. Dave turned to see several of his friends looking on with undisguised admiration as he pulled his cock from his sisters dripping

mouth and allowed her to fall to the ground.

As Fran hid her face in embarrassment she heard a chorus of 'Way to go Dave' and 'Way to fuck that bitch's mouth' from the gathering crowd. Oh god, she moaned to herself, they saw me rubbing myself on his leg. Then she turned away and tried to roll herself into a tight ball. Dave knelt beside her and applied some gauze and tape to her eyes as a blindfold. Then he stood up and pulled her up to a kneeling position beside him.

"Here she is boys." Fran could feel her face turning red again. She could also feel her nipples getting hard and her cunt beginning to drip lubrication again. "We will keep her blindfolded today so she won't know who's fucking her. That way you can do anything you want to her and she will not know who it was." They all laughed and Fran could feel the crowd gathering around her.

Suddenly there were hands touching her all over her body. She was lifted up to a standing position and her legs were pulled apart. Hands massaged her breasts and pulled at her nipples. Hands ran over her stomach, her back, her buttocks, her thighs and her cunt. Fingers sank into her wet opening. Other fingers followed in her tight rear.

Fran was pushed down to her knees and a cock was forced between her lips. Fran suddenly felt liberated by the blindfold, and excited by the continued touching of every inch and private part of her overstimulated body. She began to rock her hips forward and backward impaling herself on the first one set of fingers in her cunt then another in her ass. She sucked ravenously on the cock thrusting in and out of her mouth. This cock was not as big as her brother's and she easily took its entire length into her mouth and throat. The cock began to jerk and her mouth was flooded with cum.

The first cock was pulled out and just as another one was about to be shoved between her waiting lips, fingers discovered her engorged clitoris and began to yank and pull on it.

"My god, look at the size of her clit." Fran was lifted up into the air and turned almost upside down. As blood rushed to her head, her legs were pulled apart and her one-quarter inch penis-shaped clitoris was exposed for all to see. The sight was met with a chorus of 'Look at that monster' 'Is that a clit or a dick' 'Let me feel that thing' and her over-sensitive clitoris was pulled, pinched, stroked, poked and generally abused by every male in the crowd.

At the first touch of her clitoris, Fran's entire body began to shake and tremble uncontrollably. She was only vaguely aware of being turned back right side up and another cock pushing into her mouth. Fran lost all sense of time, she didn't even try to keep track of how many cocks spewed their cum into her sucking mouth. Every time a cock would flood her mouth with fresh sperm, it would be replaced with another one. Her arms were pulled up and she found her hands wrapped around hard cocks.

Hands grabbed her thighs and picked her up off the ground then lowered her cunt down onto a waiting cock. All without disturbing the one thrusting in and out of her throat. Fran was now living in a land of dicks. Every hole

in her body got attention from this legion of hard intruders. After the first blow job Fran could not recall a time all afternoon when at least two of her holes were not filled with hard cock, and most of the time it seemed like all three holes and both hands were being serviced at the same time. Fran began to orgasm when the fingers first touched her clitoris and did not stop until some hours later when she realized that she was laying naked under the oak tree and that no one was fucking her. She Slowly pushed her self up into a setting position and looked around. Everyone was gone, the chain was no longer around her ankle. The only indication of what had happened to her was the over powering smell of cum that seemed to permeate every pore of her body. She reached up to touch her hair and found it caked with dried cum. Then she reached down between her legs and felt cum oozing from her pussy and from her ass. She ran her tongue around the inside of her mouth and tasted cum. She looked down and saw splotches of cum still drying on her breasts and stomach. Her pubic hair was matted with it.

Fran slowly got to her feet and stood uncertainly on her wobbly legs as she stared blankly around the back yard then, still naked, began to walk towards the back door to the house. She gingerly stepped up into the kitchen and went to the sink for a glass of water. She chugged her first glass, and was working on her second when she realized that there were voices coming from the front room. Still in a daze she sat the glass down and wondered towards the noise.

The living room was full of boys watching a video. On the screen Fran saw herself being fucked by three of the boys now watching the action on TV. Dave turned and signaled his sister to come over and sit between him and the other boys on the couch. As she worked her way through the crowded room hands reached out and touched her naked body. Every one was wearing clothes except for Fran making her nakedness more humiliating.

Fran sat where her brother indicated and watched her self getting fucked on the TV while Dave and the boy on the other side of her pulled her legs open and began to finger her cunt and her nipples. On the TV screen the boy fucking her mouth pulled his hard cock from her slack lips and shot cum into her hair and over her face. As soon as the cock stopped shooting cum he was pushed aside and another boy pushed his hard cock into her mouth. Dave picked up the remote control and stopped the video then he pulled his fingers out of his sister's cunt and stood up.

"Hay guys how about a little live action sex show instead of this recorded stuff?" The question was met with general approval as Fran tried to hunker down on the couch and started to shake her head 'no'. Dave pulled the coffee table around so that it was more in the center of the room. He took Fran by the hand and pulling her up from the couch led her over to the table.

"Lay down on the table and put on a little sex show for us." He instructed her while pushing her compliant body onto the table. Even while she continued to shake her head 'no' Fran laid down on the table and pulled her knees up and apart opening her cunt for everyone to see. Her crotch seemed to burn from the stares of all the boys in the room. The heat from her pussy seemed to mix with the humiliation that colored her face and chest and erupted through her vagina as a gush of lubrication that could be seen

streaming from the bottom of her cunt even before she touched herself.

Closing her eyes and pretending that she was alone in her bed Fran reached down and gently dipped the tip of her finger into her own cunt juice and rubbed it in small circles around her enlarged overly sensitive clitoris. Fran repeated this process until the engorged nub glistened with lubricant, then she began to slowly stroke her clitoris with two fingers like it was a miniature penis while she pushed two fingers from her other hand deep into her over flowing pussy.

Fran's legs began to pump up and down in time with her clitoris stroking and her cunt fingering. The crowd of boys looked on in awe as she began to almost scream a chant of 'Oh my god fuck me...Oh my god fuck me...' and rhythmically bang the back of her head on the table as her whole body began to twitch. One of the boys slipped a pillow from the couch under her head then joined the rest of them as they all stroked their hardening cocks through their pants and watched Fran's orgasmic gyrations.

Without a word being spoken the boys all unzipped their pants and pulled their hard cocks into view. They stroked themselves a few more times then began to spew their final cums onto Fran's spasming body. Gobs of cum hit Fran everywhere on her tits, on her stomach, in her face and hair, on her thighs and especially on her cunt where it added to her own glistening lubrication. The boys, their lust spent, put their cocks back into their pants and watched as every muscle in Fran's body knotted pulling her into a sitting position with her fingers still buried in her cunt. She opened her mouth in what appeared to be a silent scream then after two or three violent jerks fell back onto the table seemingly unconscious.

The boys stood around with dazed looks of their faces as they watched Fran slowly begin to sit up on the table. Dave walked over to his sister and helped her stand up.

"Moms going to be home soon why don't you say goodbye to your friends know?" He guided her naked cum soaked body to the front door. Fran could feel her skin tightening as the breeze coming in the open door dried the sheets of cum glistening on her body. As each of the boys filed past her and out the door they jiggled her tits, or pinched her nipples or fingered her cunt while assuring her that she was the best fuck they had ever had and they hoped she would invite them back soon.

As Fran stood there saying goodbye to the boys who were getting one last feel of her naked sperm covered body on their way out the door she desperately tried to find some remnant of her former self. That last orgasm in front of all these boys piled on top of the hours of fucking that went before seemed to have permanently warped her mind to the point that it seemed perfectly normal to allow these boys to feel her naked body as they left.

The last boy got his last feel of Fran's naked body and left then Dave closed the door. He looked at his sister leaning up against the wall beside the front door, fresh cum still making her skin shine. He suppressed his desire to fuck her. For him nothing looked sexier than a girl who had just been gang fucked, but mom was coming home soon and he had to finish getting

things cleaned up.

"You're a mess, why don't you go clean yourself up." He said curtly as her turned his back on Fran and walked across the room to retrieve the tape from the VCR. Fran stared at him blankly for a moment.

"I may be your sex slave but that's no reason to speak to me like that. Whatever I am becoming you are making. So it must be what you want." With that she turned and, mustering as much dignity as she could without clothes on, stomped out of the room. Dave smiled and turned to watch his sister's shapely ass moving across the room and up the stairs.

A few minutes later when Dave walked past the bathroom on the way to his bedroom he heard water running in the tub. He continued on to his room where he retrieved a box from his closet shelf. On the top of the box had been written 'Fran Archives'. Dave opened the box and added the videotape he had retrieved from the VCR to the ones already stored there.

Fran laid back in the tub full of hot water and let her mind wander back over the last two days. She marveled at how easily she had been transformed from a fourteen-year-old virgin to a lust crazed incestuous sex slave. The door opened and Dave walked in and sat on the edge of the tub. Fran no longer locked door since locks never seemed to even slow her brother down.

Dave picked up a wash cloth and after rubbing soap on it began to wash her body for her. He tenderly washed every inch of her abused body including her hair. He was very kind to her and only gave her tits and pussy a couple of extra feels as he helped her out of the hot water and dried her with a large towel. Dave helped his sister into her room put her to bed.

"I'll tell mom that you weren't feeling well so you went to bed early." Dave started to leave his sister's room then just before closing the door he turned back to her. "I'll be back later on for a fuck or two." He gave her a smile then shut the door behind him.

"You better." Fran said as she drifted off to sleep with a smile playing across her lips..

"Fran Goes to Church"

By

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Fran laid in bed thinking. Her brother had, after his now traditional good morning fuck, just left the room heading back to his own bed before their mother woke up. How, she wondered, after the events of the last two days could she possibly go to church this morning and act like every thing was normal? How could she help teach those innocent second graders in Sunday school after all of the perverted and depraved things she had been forced to do? It all started Thursday night when her brother sneaked into her room and raped her while their mother slept next door.

It got worse on Friday when Dave kept her out of school and spent the day fucking her. Including twice up the ass. Then there was yesterday, tied naked to a stake in the back yard while his friends fucked her like a bitch in heat and he video taped the whole thing. It wouldn't be so bad except for the fact that she came so often and so hard that she had been practically delirious by the time her brother's little party was over.

Maybe church is just what I need, she decided and got out of bed. Church will give me a place and some time where I can think without Dave stuffing his cock into me every time I turn around, she said to herself. She put on a dress with a skirt that came to just above her knees and, despite her brother's orders, she put on a pair of panties. She did her make up and was turning to leave the room when she jumped almost 'out of her skin'. Dave was standing almost behind her. She had not heard her brother enter her room.

"Stand up." He ordered her. He lifted her skirt. "You will be punished for this before the day is over. Now take them off." Fran hooked her thumbs under the waistband of her panties, pulled them down her legs then stepped out of them and kicked them onto her bed. Dave got down on one knee and, lifting her skirt began to massage her clitoris causing it to swell. Fran moaned softly as her overly sensitive organ lengthened to its full one quarter inch size. She watched as her brother, satisfied with its size, slipped a small elastic band over her clitoris. A length of fishing line was tied to the elastic band and a small round fishing weight was tied to the other end. Dave let her skirt fall back into place. The fishing line was just long enough to suspend the weight an inch above the bottom of her dress.

The weight tugging on her clitoris excited her, but she was coming to realize that everything excited her. She gasped when she took the first step. Each additional step drove her towards an orgasm. The weight bounced back and forth between her thighs when she walked. With each bounce it tugged gently on her clitoris. Fran could already feel her free flowing fuck juice beginning to run down her inner thighs.

"Don't take it off until I tell you to." Dave ordered then turned and proceeded her out of the room. When Fran reached the bottom of the stairs she had to stop and lean against the banister for a moment to let a wave of

orgasmic pleasure subside. No matter how carefully she walked each step caused the weight to bounce and tug on her engorged clitoris. On her way through the kitchen she grabbed a handful of paper towels. She carefully climbed into the back seat behind her mother and slipped paper towels between her free flowing pussy and the back of her skirt. She did not want to go to church with a wet spot on the back of her dress.

Their mother drove the car, Dave sat on the passenger side of the front seat, and Fran sat directly behind her mother. Dave turned in the seat so his back was to the door and could see his mother and Fran at the same time. Whenever their mother was adequately distracted by traffic Dave would mouth orders to his sister. First she had to pull the front of her dress up until she was exposed up to the waist. Then she had to spread her legs and lift her right knee up onto the car seat so Dave could have an unrestricted view of her open wet pussy.

Just before they arrived at the church Dave indicated that she was to slip two fingers into herself. Fran obeyed biting her lower lip to keep from moaning with pleasure as her fingers slipped effortlessly into the wet fleshy folds of her hot cunt. Dave did not allow her to pull her fingers out of herself and put her dress back down until they actually pulled into the parking lot of the St Andrew Episcopal Church.

Fran opened the car door and eased carefully out. She was on the verge of another orgasm. She was used to thrashing around a bit and squealing into her pillow when she came. During the outdoor fucks over the last two days she had been gagged. The gag was not to keep her from calling for help but to keep her orgasmic screams from attracting the neighbors. Now she was going to have to walk across the parking lot and into the church without letting anyone know she was cuming with every step.

As soon as she got into the church she went into the ladies room and locked herself into one of the stalls. She got handfuls of toilet paper and gently wiped the excess fluids from her thighs and crotch. She came again when she gently patted her swollen clitoris with tissue. If men are attracted to the smell of sex, she thought, they are going to be swarming around me today.

Fran considered taking the weight off, but did not want to risk what Dave might do to her if he found out. Fran stood in front of the sink. She washed her face with a paper towel then looked at her self. Without thinking about it she reached up and began to stroke her nipples through her cloths, and wondered why her brother had not put nipple clamps on her. She heard the door open behind her and jerked her hands away from her breasts. God, she thought, I'm getting as perverted as my brother. She turned as saw her mother coming into the restroom.

"Are you OK?" her mother asked her as she felt Fran's forehead, "you feel a little warm."

"I'm fine mom, really."

"You were awfully quite on the ride over here, and you do feel a bit warm, are you sure your OK?" What was she supposed to do? Say 'No mom, I'm in the middle of a constant orgasm because my brother tied a fishing weight to my

clit.'?

"Everything's fine mom, honest. I've got to get to the Sunday school class." She pushed past her mother and walked out of the restroom. Dave was waiting for her in the hallway. He walked with her towards the second grade class room. When they reached a small side alcove Dave took Fran's arm and pulled her out of the hallway. Standing facing each other Dave reached under her skirt to insure that the weight was still attached to her.

He took hold of the line and slid his fingers upwards until they touched her warm sticky flesh. The touch caused her body to jerk and a low moan to escape her throat. She bent her knees to give him better access and leaned against him as his fingers played over her sensitive vaginal tissues. Her whole body began to tremble, she laid her head on his shoulder, he could hear Fran's ragged breathing in his ear. Then when she was just on the edge of total release Dave pulled his hand away.

"Don't you think you better get to the class." He said with mock severity.

"You bastard." She turned and stomped angrily away. She got about five steps before she paused and Dave could see the orgasmic waves pulsing through her muscles. Fran stood still for several moments then collected her thoughts and walked more carefully into the class.

About half way through the class time Fran told the main teacher that she was not feeling well and left the room. She went back to the ladies rest room and into the stall once again. Her intent was to sit down with the weight held up so her over stimulated clitoris could get a rest. Fran had been sitting for about five minutes when she heard the door open. She sat still hoping whoever it was would take care of their own business and leave without trying to engage her in conversation. The person went into the stall next to hers. Then suddenly she heard a voice from above.

"That's cheating." Fran looked up and saw Dave looking down at her from the top of the partition. Her brother leaned way over and unlatched her door then his head disappeared. It reappeared as he slipped into the stall with her. Dave pulled her up off the toilet then threw his leg over so he was straddling it. He pushed Fran forward from the waist until her head was resting against the inside of the stall door. She heard his zipper then felt the cool breeze as he flipped her skirt up over her back and slipped his large hard cock into her open wet cunt with one motion. Dave sighed deeply and began to fuck in and out of his sister.

Fran put both of her own hands over her mouth to keep herself from screaming as the biggest orgasm of her life coursed through her body. Fran was rapidly becoming the perfect sex slave, even willing to gag herself when necessary. The position he had put her in left the weight to swing free and bounce around with each thrust of his massive hard cock.

Dave fucked his sister with quick hard thrusts until his own orgasm arrived and he buried his hard cock into her while his body spasmed and he filled her with more of his incestuous cum. When he was done fucking his sister Dave slipped past her and out of the stall with amazing speed leaving Fran sitting on the toilet slumped over in total exhaustion. She leaned against

stall partition and pondered her brother's talents. He seemed to be able to slip in and out of locked doors, enter and leave rooms without being seen, and always seemed to know where she was and what she was doing. Fran heard people talking out in the hallway and new it was time to clean her self up and go into the sanctuary for the worship service. She took more toilet paper and carefully wiped away the remains of their recent animalistic fuck. She straightened her cloths and left the restroom. As she expected her brother was waiting for her in the hallway with a satisfied grin on his face. She stepped up to him and spoke softly into his ear.

"Have you made a pact with the devil? Is that why you can do all these things?"

"No," he replied moving his leg so it bumped the weight hanging under her dress, "I'm just good." He took her arm and moved her toward the door to the sanctuary. "You're lucky. You get to rest during the service. There's not much I can do with mother sitting right beside us." Fran was both relieved and disappointed.

During the service Fran did get a rest from the bouncing of the weight, but the elastic around her clitoris kept her ever mindful of her sex organs and her recent fucking in the bathroom. Also there was the standing, sitting, kneeling to keep at least some stimulation going. Then came the time for the Eucharist and Fran had to walk up to the altar railing to take communion. The slow walk forward and the kneeling put her just on the verge of another large orgasm. Dave, in the process of kneeling beside her, managed to bump her just right to set her off just as the priest put the wafer in her mouth. When they got back to their seats he leaned over and whispered.

"Did you have a deeply religious experience?"

The worship service ended. Fran experienced some minor orgasms getting out to the car. As they were leaving the priest commented on how 'radiant' she looked this morning. She once again had to display herself in the back seat and finger herself while her brother watched. When they got home Fran went immediately to her room.

She took off her dress and looked at herself in the full-length mirror. The weight was still hanging from her red swollen clitoris. Fran's clitoris had become so sensitive that even the breeze from the open window threatened to set off another orgasm. Her bedroom door opened and her brother slipped into the room.

"No." she said immediately "Not in the middle of the day with mother next door. What if she comes in here? What if she wants help with lunch?" She watched as Dave walked over to her.

"Haven't you learned yet that you have no say over when, where, how or who fucks you?" Dave grabbed the weight hanging between her legs and with one snap of his arm yanked it off her swollen clitoris. Fran put one hand over her mouth to stifle a scream while she cupped her cunt with the other and bent over in agonizing pain. "I told you this morning that you were going to be punished for trying to wear panties."

Dave pulled her over to her bed by a handful of hair and pushed her over so her face was against the mattress. Unzipping his pants he pulled his huge hard cock out and rubbed it back and forth over her cunt lips to pick up lubrication then forced it into her upturned asshole. Fran buried her face in the bedspread and bit down on a mouth full to help keep from screaming and drawing attention.

Dave fucked his entire cock in and out of his sister's ass. Fran grabbed handfuls of bed sheets as she rocked her body back and forth pushing her ass further onto her brother's huge hard cock. They both froze when there was a knock on the door.

"Fran come down stairs and help me with lunch." Their mother's voice was muffled by the closed door. Fran lifted her head and swallowed twice before answering. Just as she started to speak her brother restarted his long fucking strokes in and out of her ass.

"O....OH...OH KAY, mo..mom I...I'll be down in a minute." Something about talking to her mother just on the other side of the door while her brother fucked in and out of her ass sent Fran over the edge and she buried her face in the sheets to smother another orgasmic scream. Just as she started to cum Dave plunged his cock into her and held it there while he reached around and stroked her abused clitoris. Fran's whole body began to twitch like she was having a seizure.

It seemed to Fran that every time her brother fucked her she had a better orgasm than the last time, and the more he abused and humiliated her between times the harder she came. Dave loved to hold his hard cock buried inside his sister while she came.

Whether in her ass or her cunt her muscles massaged his hard cock while she orgasmed. It almost always made him cum right after her. This time was no different. When Fran started cumming Dave held his cock inside her hot hole and held on for the ride of his life. Just as her orgasm died away Fran felt her brother's massive hard cock jerk and twitch inside her like it was doing a dance, and she knew that he had deposited another load deep in her body.

Dave pulled his softening cock out of his sister's abused asshole and picked up her dress to clean himself. After he wiped his cock clean on her good dress Dave pushed his organ back into his pants and zipped up. Then he turned and without saying a word left the room. Fran got some tissue and began to clean herself before putting on her shorts and blouse. As she gently wiped and patted herself dry she thought back trying to remember how many times she had been fucked in the last fifty nine hours.

She just sat and tried to count up how many times her brother had fucked her, never mind about all his friends yesterday. It was hard for Fran to remember that just fifty-nine hours ago she had been a virgin, and that nothing bigger than her own finger had been inside her pussy. She counted them up, counting pussy fucks, ass fucks, finger fucks, blow jobs and cunt lickings she had sex with her brother twenty times in less than three days, and today wasn't over yet.

She stood up and absent mindedly put on a T-shirt and a pair of shorts. She could not even begin to guess how many different boys had fucked her, or how many times yesterday when she was staked out in the back yard. Fran was walking into the kitchen where Dave and their mother were working on lunch when she realized her mistake. She had broken one of Dave's main rules. He looked over at her and Fran saw the anger building in his face.

"I'm sorry. I forgot." She said in a low voice.

"What are you sorry about dear?" her mother asked cheerfully. Before Fran could answer Dave spoke up.

"Oh, I've been helping Fran with a little project she has. She's decided that she wants to start acting more feminine and lady like, so as a first step she agreed to stop wearing shorts and slacks and only wear dresses and skirts from now on." Dave looked over at his sister. "I'll finish helping mom, you go upstairs and dress properly." As Fran turned and walked back up the stairs she heard her mother.

"Why Dave, it's so nice of you to help your little sister like that. I'm so glad you two get along so well."

Fran could just hear the smile in her mother's voice. Was her mother stupid? Couldn't she see what was going on? Fran worried about something she had overheard her brother say to one of his friends during yesterday's 'first weekly Fran fuck' as her brother insisted on calling it. Her brother, while video taping three guys fucking her at the same time, casually mentioned that soon he would have their mother staked out for a fuck party.

Fran went back into her room and while she pulled off her shorts and looked in her closet for a skirt to wear tried to decide what she might do to save her mother. The thought that her mother might not want to be saved never crossed her mind. Deep in thought she was startled when her brother appeared, almost miraculously, beside her. She turned to face him.

"You can do whatever you want to me, but I'm not going to let you treat our mother like this." Dave slipped his hands up inside her T-shirt and began to pinch and twist her nipples, which immediately began to harden. Fran could feel lust signals already streaking from her breasts to her cunt.

"Not only will I fuck mom, but you will help hold her down the first time, and you will lick her pussy clean when I'm done." Dave gave her nipples an extra hard pinch then released them.

"No, I will never help you. I will do everything I can to stop you." She was almost in tears.

"Don't worry about it now, when the time comes you will do it willingly. Now come down for lunch. While we eat I have to decide how I'm going to punish you for being a bad girl." Dave turned and walked out of the room. Fran followed behind him chewing her lip pensively.

Lunch seemed almost anti-climactic in its normalcy. Their mother talked about her work. Dave talked about classes at school. Fran even managed to relax and participate in the family discussion acting as if her brother's cock had not been inside her twice since she got out of bed that morning.

After lunch their mother went to her room for a nap. This was a family custom that had been in place for as long as Dave or Fran could remember. As soon as their mother was out of the room Dave had Fran tuck the back of her skirt up into the waist band so he could watch her tight little butt while she did the dishes. Fran blushed whenever she caught sight of her brother watching her move around the kitchen with her ass exposed. Every time she came near the table he would reach out and pat her behind.

When the table was cleared off Fran ran water in the sink and began to wash the dishes. Dave came up behind Fran and put his hands on the edge of the counter on each side of her. Fran could feel his hard cock through the fabric of his trousers. He wiggled his hips back and forth working the bulge into her ass crack.

"You ready to fuck again?" he asked, whispering in her ear. Her cunt was beginning to ooze lubrication. She pushed back against her brother's hard cock.

"Don't you ever get tired?" she asked.

"I don't think I will ever get tired of your hot cunt, or your tight ass, or your wet mouth." Dave slipped his hands inside her arms and under her T-shirt. He cupped her breasts like a living bra then began to pinch and twist her nipples while she washed the dishes. Fran leaned back against him and could feel his hard hot cock twitching against her. While Fran continued to wash dishes while Dave moved his hands down across her stomach and, lifting the front of her skirt began to run his finger tips through her abundant pubic hair.

Dave slipped his fingers around her clitoris and pussy lips leaving them untouched as he gently caressed her inner thighs. Fran's cunt was leaking so much lubrication that her skin seemed to be covered with baby oil. The smell of her sex permeated the room. A deep throaty groan escaped from Fran, as she began to rock her ass up and down on her brother's bulging crotch.

Dave pulled Fran back from the sink so she would have to lean over to get at the dishes. Fran heard her brother's zipper, then felt his cock, unencumbered by his trousers, resting against her ass. He ran his fingers over the slick skin of her inner thighs then grabbed each of her cunt lips with the thumb and forefinger of each hand. He pulled her cunt open then gently pushed the head of his large hard cock into her. Fran pulled the last dish from the rinse water and set it in the dish rack then she held onto the edge of the sink and leaned over making her hot wet pussy available to her brother/lover/master. Dave released her cunt lips and allowed them to engulf his cockhead. He grabbed Fran's hips and slowly pushed his cock deeper into her. As Dave large hard cock slowly sank into Fran's hot wet flesh she leaned further over and rested her head against the counter.

"Oh God fuck me brother." She said and reached back with both hands and spread her ass cheeks apart. When Dave reached maximum penetration into his sisters snatch Fran reached back between her legs and began to massage his balls with both hands.

"I've wanted you to fuck me ever since I found out what fucking was" she finally admitted.

Dave bent over Fran's body and while she massaged his balls Dave began to squeeze and massage her breasts and nipples. Then Dave wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her back with him until he landed in one of the kitchen chairs with Fran still impaled on his long hard cock.

"Don't move." He ordered. "Just sit on my rod and concentrate on what it feels like to have your cunt filled with your brothers cock."

Dave's hands roamed over Fran's body igniting trails of fiery passion every where he touched. Every time her lust overcame her and she would start to move up and down on his cock Dave would grab her hips and order to sit still. Sitting on her brother's lap with his hard cock inside her became an exquisite pain/pleasure for Fran. Not allowed to move her brother's cock seemed to grow inside her until it filled every fiber of her being. Fran's whole body began to tremble. She brought her hand up to her mouth and bit on her knuckle trying to keep from screaming out her pleasure.

Fran's cunt muscles began to spasm and tremble, clasp at Dave's invading cock like a hot wet hand. Despite Dave's commands to sit still Fran began to rock back and forth biting her knuckle harder and harder and emitting deep guttural growling sounds with each rock.

Fran's universe shrunk until nothing existed except her trembling cunt wrapped around what was now feeling like a monstrously large cock. She wanted to scream at the tops of her lungs. She wanted to yell "FUCK ME GOD DAMN IT FUCK ME." But he didn't start fucking, instead he stopped her rocking, and once again made her sit still on his rock hard organ.

"Concentrate on the cock. Don't think about anything but what it feels like inside you." Dave whispered in her ear as his hands continued to leave trails of fire over her lust-crazed body. "Concentrate on what the cock feels like inside your cunt. Concentrate on what your cunt feels like stretched over my cock." Dave continued to whisper in her ear as the trembling of her body turned in to spasms.

Dave wrapped one arm around Fran's waist, he picked up a cloth napkin from the table and stuffed it into her mouth then placed his hand over her napkin filled mouth to muffle the screams that accompanied the racking spasms jerking her body forward and backward and side to side. Copious amounts of lubricating fluid ran from Fran's spasming cunt. It flowed over Dave's balls and onto the chair, puddling under his butt. Fran lost contact with the world around her. Her universe consisted of Dave's giant cock deep inside her grasping cunt. Dave held her as the muscle spasms died away and her body went limp in his lap. He pulled the napkin out of her mouth and Fran gulped great lung fulls of air, then laid

with her head on her brother's shoulder while she slowly worked her way back to full consciousness.

Fran realized that her brother's cock was still hard, and still buried completely in her wet pussy. She started to move her hips wanting to repay Dave for the mind-blowing orgasm he had just given her. Dave grabbed her hips and stopped her.

"No. Just sit. There are times when having a hard cock buried in a hot wet cunt is even better than coming. I want to keep my cock inside you until we have to stop. Mother will be in her bedroom for at least another hour, and I intend to keep my hard cock inside your wonderful pussy for fifty-nine of those sixty minutes." Dave began to run his hands over her body again. "I want to see how many of those earth shaking orgasms you can have during the next hour."

"Oh God you're a monster." Fran moaned as she kissed her brother's neck and began to concentrate on the feel of his massive hard cock stretching her hot wet cunt.

End Part Three. "Fran Goes to Church"

Slave Sister part four
"Back to School"
by
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Fran was awakened by a soft buzzing under her pillow. Following her brother's instructions she got up and removed her night cloths then walked naked past her mother's bedroom to her brother's room where Dave would be waiting to have his sexual desires serviced. As Fran walked across the room Dave laid on his side against the wall making room for his nude fourteen-year-old sister to lay down on his bed beside him. Fran climbed into her brother's bed then laid on her back and spread her legs welcoming his hard cock into her eager cunt. As Dave rolled on top of her Fran parted her lips and welcomed his thrusting tongue into her mouth just as his thrusting cock had been welcomed into her wet pussy.

The only differences in this morning's fuck from the last three mornings were that Fran had been summoned to Dave's room instead of his appearing in her room and, Fran being well along the path transforming her from a fourteen-year-old virgin to an experienced sex slave, there was less rape involved in the sex. It's more appropriate, he had told her when he installed the buzzer, for the slave to come to the master instead of the master coming to the slave.

Fran wrapped her legs around her brother's hips and her arms around his neck and humped her hips against his as she thrust her tongue into his mouth. Her large sensitive clitoris was being rubbed by the thrusting cock and brought her to the brink of orgasm almost immediately. Dave broke off the kiss and stuffed the jockey shorts he had worn the previous day into her mouth to muffle the orgasmic screams he knew would be coming.

After fucking his sister through two orgasms and giving her some last minute directions for her first day back at school as a sex slave, Dave allowed her to return to her room. Fran entered her bedroom just as her alarm was going off. She sat on the edge of her bed for a few minutes then began to dress in the cloths set out for her by her brother. Fran put on the short plaid skirt and the tight sweater without panties or a bra. She was by her brother's orders no longer allowed to wear panties.

Fran wanted desperately to go into the bathroom and wash her thighs and pussy where the remnants of their recent fuck were drying. She didn't dare, Dave had issued a new rule, and she was not allowed to clean herself up after sex unless given permission to by him. She looked at herself in her full-length mirror as she combed her hair. The skirt was just barely long enough to keep the Girls Vice-Principal from sending her home to change. The white sweater was one she had not worn for almost a year. It was too small and just barely reached the top of her skirt. The fabric stretched so tight over her breasts that every curve was magnified. Fran could see her nipples growing hard under the thin material as she brushed her hair.

The thought of every boy in school seeing the outline of her nipples made Fran blush with anticipatory humiliation. It also caused more lubricant to

leak from her freshly fucked cunt onto her already soaked thighs. Fran pulled the back of her skirt up when she sat at her make up table and allowed her wet cunt to rest directly on the cold wood chair. The coolness felt good on her warm pussy. After finishing her make up Fran waited impatiently for her brother. She had been instructed not to leave her room until he came to inspect her.

Dave walked into his sister's room and sat on the edge of her bed. The same bed in which he had raped her three days before starting her journey into sexual slavery. Fran submissively walked over to her brother and stood in front of him with her legs spread. Dave lifted the front of her skirt and examined her to insure himself that she was following his instructions. Dave pinched and pulled on her clitoris until it attained it's fully engorged one half inch size then he slipped a small elastic band over it.

"I won't make you wear the weight today." He informed her as he let her skirt drop down. "But the elastic band will keep you aware of your sex organs." Dave then pushed her tight sweater up exposing her hard nipples. After taking a few moments to pinch and pull on her nipples, making them even harder, he slipped elastic bands around each of them, then pulled her sweater back down.

Dave turned Fran around so she could see herself in the mirror again. Her nipples stood out obscenely under the stretched thin sweater fabric. Dave stood up and without a word Fran followed him from her room and down the stairs to the kitchen.. Each step caused her breasts to move inside her sweater, and each movement of her breasts caused her hard, bound nipples to rub on the cloth stretched over them. The movement of her thighs as she walked caused her elastic bound clitoris to throb.

Dave sat at the kitchen table and, after serving him his food, Fran stood beside him with her legs spread and her hands held behind her back. Available for whatever 'play' he might like to indulge in while he ate. Knowing that his mother would sleep late since she was changing to the swing shift for the next week, Dave freely fingered his sister while he ate his corn flakes.

Fran's entire body was trembling on the verge of orgasm when Dave removed his fingers from her dripping pussy and, after depositing his bowl in the sink, proceeded his sister out the back door and to his car. Without being told to Fran scooted across the car seat and sat next to her brother with her legs spread and her skirt lifted. Fran new this was expected of her and she was also hoping that Dave would continue to finger her on the way to school and not leave her so close to an unfulfilled orgasm.

Fran's wish only partially came true. Dave did finger her on the way to school, but he was careful not to let her have an orgasm. Fran arrived at school filled with dread and anticipation. She expected to see every boy at school wearing the red badges sporting the large white 'FF' that gave them permission to fuck her whenever they wanted to. She was not sure if she was relieved or disappointed when she did not see a single boy wearing one. Her fantasy/nightmare about this day was that she would be forced into closets and fucked between every class by hordes of horny males wearing "Fran Fucker" badges.

Fran ran into Vickie, her best friend, outside their first period Algebra class. Vickie stared open mouthed as Fran walked down the hallway towards her. She could not believe that her virginal best friend was wearing a skirt that short, or a sweater that tight.

"God damn, girl," she said as Fran stepped up next to her, "you look really hot this morning. You trying to give every boy in school a hard on?" Fran blushed with embarrassment and humiliation.

"I didn't have anything else to wear." Fran answered weakly "What did I miss on Friday?" she asked trying to change the subject. Vickie gave her friend another look up and down.

"Turn to chapter eight." Fran pulled out her Algebra book. The book fell open to reveal a Polaroid picture of herself on her knees in the shower with her mouth stretched over a large cock. "Oh my God.." she whispered and tried to slam the book shut before Vickie could see the picture. Vickie managed to get her hand into the book and snagged the picture just as the book closed with a loud bang. Everyone around them looked over at the noise. Luckily they were in a corner far enough away from the others that the picture could not be seen.

"Oh my God.." Vickie said as she turned into the corner to avoid Fran's hands trying to grab it back. "And I thought I was the slutty one." The bell rung just then and Vickie dropped the picture into her own Algebra book and went into the classroom without waiting for Fran.

All during the class time Fran noticed Vickie opening her book and staring intently at the picture then looking over at her. Fran groaned inwardly it was hard to keep her mind on anything except the tight bands around her nipples and her clitoris. She imagined that everyone was staring at her. She imagined that everyone could smell her wet pussy. She recognized one of the boys in her class as being one of Dave's guests at Saturday's "First Weekly Fran Fuck" and wondered why he wasn't wearing a 'Fran Fucker' badge. He looked at her and smiled then stuck the tip of his tongue out between his lips and wiggled it up and down.

Fran blushed with humiliation that obscene boy has fucked me, she thought, I've sucked his cock, he has watched me finger fuck myself. Fran looked down at her Algebra book and refused to look back over at him. In her humiliation she imagined that everyone in the class knew what had happened and were staring at her in disgust. Despite Fran's imagination most of the people in the class that noticed anything about her were wondering why a girl almost famous for hiding her body under baggy clothes would suddenly come to school dressed like...well, dressed like her friend Vickie.

As soon as the bell rang Vickie jumped up and almost ran out of the class. Fran tried to run after her but the boy she recognized and another one blocked her way. Fran stopped but, since they were not wearing badges she pushed past them and, ignoring their hands on her breasts and ass, tried to catch up with her friend.

Fran and Vickie had separate classes for the next two periods. Fran was

deeply troubled. What she imagined Vickie was thinking about her caused more profound humiliation than her conviction that every body was staring at her hard nipples silhouetted by her tight sweater. Fran spent an agonizing two hours constantly aware of her nipples rubbing on the inside of her sweater and her clitoris bound by the elastic band placed there by her brother. Her humiliation and dread were heightened by occasionally seeing one or another of the participants in Saturday's fuck party.

Finally it was time for gym class and Fran would get to see Vickie and try to explain what was going on. Fran and Vickie each managed to convince the gym teacher that they needed to set out the activities that day. While the rest of the girls began playing volleyball Fran climbed to the top row of the bleachers where Vickie sat watching her approach. Fran was a little put off by the way Vickie watched her, it reminded her of the way the boys who attended Saturday's party looked at her.

"OK Fran out with it girl." Vickie said even before Fran got seated beside her. Fran hesitated for only a minute, then it seemed that she lost control of her mouth. She told Vickie everything, starting with early Friday morning when her brother came into her room and raped her and ending with her going to Dave's room this morning to fuck her brother before school.

After an unbearably long silence Fran looked over at Vickie. Vickie was sitting with her fist pushed down between her legs rocking gently back and forth with a dazed expression on her face. Suddenly she realized that the story was over and looked at Fran.

"God you're lucky." She said earnestly, "Do you know what I would give to have your brother fuck me everyday?" It was not what Fran expected to hear. She knew that Vickie was wild and, yes, a bit on the 'slutty' side, but Fran expected at least some outrage from her. "Do you think Dave would let me be his slave too?" Fran felt a wave of unexpected jealousy surge over her. She almost said 'Why would my brother want a whorey little slut like you for a slave.' But she bit her lip at the last second. "I don't know." Was all she said.

"Show me." Vickie said looking at Fran.

"Show you what?" Fran pretended not to know what Vickie wanted to look at.

"You know." Vickie responded.

"Not here." Fran's voice began to take on a pleading quality, like it had when her brother ordered her to do something she didn't want to do.

"Yes. Right here, right now." Vickie's voice took on a sudden air of command. Fran looked at her friend then slowly stood up and with her back to the gymnasium full of volleyball playing girls lifted the front of her sweater so her friend could see her engorged sensitive nipples held tight by elastic bands. Vickie reached up and gently ran her fingers over her friend's red swollen nipples. She heard Fran moan as the nipples grew even harder under her fingers. When Vickie reached under her skirt Fran spread her legs without objection.

Vickie's fingers handled Fran's swollen tender clitoris with a gentleness Fran had never felt before. She almost fell forward onto her friend's lap and only managed to remain standing by putting her hands on Vickie's shoulders. Fran summoned all of her will power and pulled away from her friend's marvelous fingers and sat back down beside her. They sat silently for several minutes.

"I want you." Vickie said finally with blunt honesty. Fran's mind whirled from confusion, humiliation and lust.

"No. I can't." Fran finally answered in a low husky voice that gave away her inner desires.

"You mean you don't want to." Vickie said her voice full of hurt and reproach.

"No. I can't. You don't have a badge." Fran looked down at the floor in front of her trying to hide her tears of humiliation. "I have to fuck anyone that has a badge and I cannot fuck anyone that does not have a badge." Tears were now rolling down her face. "If Dave finds out that I even let you feel me I will be punished." Vickie took her friends hand then stood up.

"Come with me." She said and pulled Fran after her headed for the girls shower room.

Ms Marshall, the gym teacher had been watching the two girls high in the bleachers. She wondered about their intense conversation, and was suspicious when one stood in front of the other blocking her view. When she saw them headed for the girl's shower room she waited for three or four minutes then followed. The petite muscular 'handsome' woman opened the door to the girls shower room and slipped in as quietly as she could. She moved around behind an equipment rack where she could see the two young girls without being seen.

"Come on Fran, there's nobody here except us. Dave will never know. Just take your clothes off and let me look." Fran was trembling with lust and fear.

"He always knows." She replied. Ms Marshall watched as Vickie stepped up to Fran and pulled her sweater over her head exposing her firm young breasts topped with swollen red nipples. She slipped her hand down the front of her gym shorts as Vickie unbuttoned Fran's skirt and let it drop to the floor.

Fran's large clitoris was swollen to almost twice its normal one half inch size by the elastic band around its base. It looked like a bright red miniature penis. Her cunt lips glistened with her copious vaginal secretions. So, Ms Marshall thought as she rubbed her own clitoris, the rumors are true. I'm going to have to find this Dave person.

Ms Marshall felt her own excitement growing as Vickie, after staring in awe at her best friend's voluptuous body quickly stripped off her own skirt and blouse and engulfed her in a passionate embrace. Ms Marshall's muscles tightened then relaxed as she watched the two young girls kiss deeply as their hands roamed over each other's bodies. She wiped her fingers off on a

towel then quietly slipped out of the room. She was anxious to get home and share this with her lover.

When the bell rang Vickie and Fran frantically put their cloths back on and were just leaving the shower room when the crush of sweaty girls almost knocked them over.

"Out of the way sluts" one of them shouted. Fran recognized her. Her brother was one of the boys who gang fucked her on Saturday.

"It won't be long before everyone knows." She said to Vickie as they walked toward the snack bar for their lunch.

"Hay, to hell with them. Those cunts are just jealous." Vickie seemed to be deep in thought for a minute. "Hay Fran, there's something I have to take care of real quick. I'll be back in just a minute." Fran was feeling extremely vulnerable and would have preferred to have her friend with her but Vickie dashed off without waiting for a response.

Fran got her food then found a place to sit away from the other students and tried not to look around while she ate. Fran was becoming apprehensive. Her worst fears had not materialized. That could only mean that her brother had something even worse in mind for her than what she had been expecting.

Vickie left Fran standing in line at the snack bar and walked quickly across the street to the student parking lot. Just as she expected Fran's older brother was hanging out there. Fran walked up to him.

"I want to talk to you." She said then turned and walked off. Dave winked at his cronies then followed her. "I know." Vickie said when Dave caught up.

"Of course you do." Dave responded with total nonchalance. "I didn't expect Fran to be able to keep it from you." He stopped walking and turned toward Vickie. "What do you want."

"I want a badge."

"Why should I give you one?"

"I'll be your slave too if you want me." She said hopefully then added, "You can tie me to your car and parade me around the parking lot naked. As long as I get to have Fran."

"Tempting offer." Dave pretended to give it deep thought, "OK you can't have her until I tell you, and you can't tell her ahead of time, and I will let you know when you are going to be paraded around tied to the car, agreed?" Vickie swallowed several times.

"OK" she said finally and walked off. Vickie ran back to the snack bar, got a sandwich, then joined Fran at the table where she was setting by herself. "Sorry I had to run off for a minute. How are you doing.?" Fran's growing anger at her friend for running off was dissipated by her obvious concern.

"I'm OK, I'm just concerned. Nothing has happened yet and I'm afraid that means that Dave has some surprise planned for me." Vickie suppressed the urge to say 'Yea I have a surprise too.'

"Hay, I'm sure it will be OK. I mean if he does anything really outlandish it would spoil his fun." That thought seemed to console Fran and she gave Vickie a weak smile.

They sat and talked, as only old friends can, until the bell rang and they had to go to their separate classes. They would not see each other again until last period when they had US History together. Fran spent the next two hours imagining what her brother could be up to. She fantasized about being taken up on the stage during a pre game rally and being fucked by the football team. She imagined herself tied to the main stairs leading up to the front door of the school where every boy could fuck her when they left school for the day.

Despite her fevered imaginings nothing happened. She saw no 'Fran Fucker' badges. Nobody pulled her into a broom closet and fucked her senseless. Other than the constant reminder of the elastic bands on her nipples and clitoris it was just an average day at school.

Fran met up with Vickie again outside Mr. Roberts' History class. Mr. Roberts was the only really 'hunky' male teacher in the school. Every female had a crush on him when he first arrived there at the beginning of the school year. Fran and Vickie walked into the class deep in whispered conversation and it wasn't until she was sitting at her desk in the front row that Fran looked up. Staring back at her from Mr. Roberts' lapel was a red pin with white letters, two F's.

Vickie saw it at the same time Fran did. That lucky bitch was Vickie's first thought. Mr. Roberts began his lecture. For almost an hour he talked about the civil war, then he left his desk and began to walk around. As he walked around the class he dropped a piece of paper on Fran's desk. Trying not to draw attention to her self, Fran unfolded the paper. There, in her brother's handwriting was the message.

"Show him your cunt"

Fran could feel the heat as her face turned bright red. By this time most of the kids in the class probably knew what the red pin on his lapel signified. She stared straight ahead, she did not want to see the looks on their faces. She struggled to keep from reaching down and stroking her self. Her pussy was as hot as her face. She could smell her own cunt as she scooted forward in her seat and slowly spread her legs. Mr. Roberts walked back to the front of the class and sat on the edge of his desk. He slowly looked around the classroom then stared directly at her crotch. Fran wanted to hide her face. She wanted to die. She wanted someone to fuck her brains out. She wanted to lock herself in a closet and never come out. She wanted to be chained to the oak tree and gang fucked again. She wanted to die. She wanted to disappear forever. She wanted Vickie to suck on her clit until she passed out from ecstasy. She wanted to run away where no one knew her. She wanted the football team to fuck her in front of the whole student body.

Mr. Roberts began to walk around the class again as he droned on about the Civil War. When he passed Fran's desk he dropped another note on it. Fran looked at the paper like it contained poison. God no, she thought I can't do any more. She didn't remember unfolding the paper but she was staring at her brother's handwriting.

"Finger your cunt for him"

Fran was sure the smell of her sex permeated the entire room. Mr. Roberts walked back up the front of the room and sat on his desk again. While he continued to talk he stared directly at Fran and raised one eyebrow quizzically. Fran slowly sank even lower in her chair, she spread her legs further. Then while Mr. Roberts watched she slipped her right hand down and started to work the tip of her finger between her wet glistening folds of cunt flesh. Fran brought her other hand up to her mouth and bit down on her knuckle she was determined not to yell or scream when she came.

Just as the first waves of orgasm crashed over her the bell rang and everyone else got up and left. Vickie gave Fran one last envious look then left with the rest of the kids. Fran could not have left even if she had been told to. Mr. Roberts continued to watch as Fran worked two fingers in and out of her wet open pussy. She was biting on her finger so hard Mr. Roberts was afraid she was going to draw blood.

As the noise of the departing students died away Mr. Roberts could here low "mmmmm...mmmmm...mmmmm" sounds coming from Fran as she rocked back and forth in time to her fingers fucking in and out of her cunt. Mr. Roberts walked over to the door. After locking it and pulling the blind down he came back over and stood in front of Fran. Mr. Roberts slowly unzipped his trousers then he reached inside and pulled out a hard cock even bigger than her brothers.

As soon as the cock was in view Fran pulled her knuckle from her mouth and leaned forward engulfing the huge rod and sucking it down her throat. Mr. Roberts gasped as Fran's noes buried itself in his pubic hair. Seldom had he found even grown woman who could take his huge cock all the way down their throats. Fran began to bob her head up and down and suck on his cock like her life itself depended on getting cum in her system immediately.

After a minute of expert cock sucking Mr. Roberts pulled his cock from Fran's mouth. Ignoring the whimpering sounds coming from her Mr. Roberts pulled her to her fee. He pulled her tight sweater over her head and unbuttoned and unzipped her short skit letting it fall to the floor. Fran, now naked, allowed herself to be guided to the teachers desk where Mr. Roberts picked her up and positioned her on it's edge. Pushing her back onto her elbows Mr. Roberts pulled her legs up and apart exposing her wet hungry cunt for his inspection.

Her pubic hair was matted and her pussy was open and waiting. Mr. Roberts positioned his cockhead between the gapping lips of her cunt and pushed into her with one easy stroke. As he began to fuck her hot pussy Mr. Roberts leaned over and began to lick and kiss her red swollen nipples.

Each time Mr. Roberts' cock stroked over her swollen clitoris Fran experienced almost unbearable pain, and almost unbearable pleasure. Every lick of Mr. Roberts' tongue over one of Fran's red swollen nipples caused the same mind shattering combination of extreme pain, extreme pleasure. Fran put both hands over her mouth to muffle her screams of pain and pleasure.

Fran lost track of time, she had no idea how long she was in her universe of pain and pleasure as Mr. Roberts fucked his cock in and out of her cunt. She was vaguely aware of his body and cock spasming against and in hers as he came.

Then she was left alone. She gingerly pushed herself up to a sitting position on the edge of the desk then sat there staring into space. When she heard the door opening Fran tried to cover her naked body, then she saw that it was Vickie and gave up. Vickie rushed over to her friend to help down from the desk. Fran collapsed into her arms and began to sob.

"Was it that awful?" Vickie asked holding her nude friend and stroking her hair. Fran's sobs began to fade.

"When it's happening it's wonderful, but when it's not happening I feel dirty and perverted." Vickie continued to stroke her hair and hold her friend's beautiful nude body.

"But that's what is so wonderful about your brother." Fran pulled away just enough to look at her friend.

"What do you mean?" she asked, their mouths almost touching.

"He makes you do all the things you want to do but can't" their lips met and parted as their tongues explored each other's eager mouths. They kissed deeply for only a moment then Vickie pulled her lips away. "Let me help you get dressed, your brother's waiting for you in the parking lot. And judging from the bulge in his pants I don't think your day is finished yet." Vickie helped Fran put on her skirt and sweater then walked her to the front door of the school, where she gave her friend another tender kiss on the lips. "I'll see you tomorrow."

Fran walked to the parking lot with slow careful steps. Her blood-engorged nipples were causing severe pain every time they moved against the sweater and her swollen tender clitoris shot pain through her with each step. She finally reached the parking lot where Dave waited for her, leaning against his car. Fran leaned her head against his chest.

"Please, take them off, I can't take it any longer." Dave reached up under her skirt and yanked the elastic band off her clitoris with his thumb and forefinger.

"OH GOD!" Fran almost screamed. Then when he reached up under her sweater and pulled the bands off her nipples she went limp against him on the verge of passing out. Dave put her into the car and drove her home. As they walked into the house through the back door Fran turned to her brother.

"I know you are going to fuck me, but could you PLEASE do it in my ass?"

"Whatever you want." Dave replied with a smile.

End part four of "Sister Slave" "Back to School"

Slave Sister
Part Five- "The Raffle"
By
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Fran reached between her legs and ran her finger gently over her protruding cunt lips. It had been a full week now and she still wasn't comfortable with not being allowed to wash her self without her brother Dave's permission. The thick viscous cum she felt oozing out of her pussy onto her thighs was deposited there by her brother just moments before during his regular early morning fuck.

Fran could hardly believe all that had happened in the week since her brother had slipped into her room in the early morning hours last Friday one week ago to rape her while their mother slept in the next room. As she reviewed the week she began to dress in the cloths set out by Dave. She had been relieved when Dave told her that there would always be a clear message from him telling her what to do, like the notes Mr. Roberts, her history teacher had given her before he fucked her after class on Monday.

She felt safer knowing it was really up to her brother, not the boys wearing the red badges, the ones with the "FF" in large white letters as to when and where she would fuck. His original instructions were that she had to fuck anyone wearing one of those badges, anytime and anywhere they wanted. When Dave gave her the amended instructions he admitted the first instructions had been to keep her on edge all-day Monday so she would be primed for Mr. Roberts' attentions. Although she felt relieved about the badges, she still felt concern about Dave's stated intention to rape and enslave their mother.

During their after fuck cuddling this morning Dave had softly talked to her about the efforts needed to keep each day more exciting than the last. Fran immediately understood what he was talking about. A week ago just pretending the fingers touching her were Dave's instead of her own was enough to give her a great orgasm, know being fucked by her brother, while still pleasant, was an everyday common occurrence. Well actually a several times a day common occurrence, but just being fucked by him no longer gave her the 'ultimate' orgasms it used to. On Monday when Mr. Roberts had fucked her after school she had been driven to orgasmic 'deliriums', now Mr. Roberts fucking her after school was just a part of her daily life, admittedly a very enjoyable part of her daily life. She understood that the day would come when the rising tide of sexual excitement would peak, and that she would be condemned to spend every day of her life trying to reach that peak again.

Fran finished dressing and as she sat on the edge of her bed waiting for her

brother to come for his inspection and last minute instructions, she pondered her newfound feelings for her best friend Vickie. Since she had told Vickie about her new status as her brother's sex slave, Vickie had taken every opportunity to kiss and touch her in ways she never had before. Fran finally admitted to herself that she wanted to fuck her best friend. Fran was jerked out of her reverie when the door to her bedroom opened and her brother stepped in. Dave sat on the edge of Fran's bed while Fran stood in front of him with her legs spread. Dave reached under his sister's skirt and explored her cunt with his fingers then stroked her clitoris to its full one half inch erect state.

Dave slipped the same elastic band over her clitoris that Fran had worn to church on Sunday, but this time instead of supporting a small fishing weight hanging high enough to be hidden, it supported a tiny brass bell hanging low enough to be seen below her skirt. Dave worked her nipples until they were hard then slipped elastic bands over them. Each of these bands supported another tiny brass bell hanging just below the bottom of her blouse.

As Fran followed her brother out of her room and downstairs to the kitchen she heard the high pitched ding's generated from each bell with even the slightest movement of her body. She knew from experience that the constant tugging and pulling on her nipples and clitoris would keep her in a state of near orgasm all day. On Sunday the weight bouncing and tugging on her clitoris at church had been a secret. Today every one could tell on what parts of her anatomy these bells were attached.

After serving her brother breakfast and standing beside him as he absent mindedly played with her pussy while he ate, Fran followed him out to the car for her ride to school. When they pulled into the student parking lot Dave reached into the back seat and retrieving a cigar box and a roll of raffle tickets handed them to Fran. Fran looked at the double roll of tickets designed to tear one ticket off for the purchaser and to drop the identically numbered ticket into the box. On the top of the box was written "The Shave Fran Raffle" under that "25 cents per ticket, 5 for a dollar". Fran did not have to ask what part of her was going to be shaved, and neither would anyone else who saw the box.

"If anyone asks you for more details," she could just barely hear her brother's instructions her face and chest were already beginning to burn with humiliation, as was her cunt. "tell them there will be six numbers drawn. The first four get to hold down your arms and legs," Fran moaned and frantically tried to think of a way to get out of this. "the fifth person drawn will get to shave your pussy, and the grand winner will get to be the first person to fuck your bare cunt. The drawing will kick off the second weekly 'Fran Fuck' in our back yard tomorrow." Dave pushed Fran out of the car. "Oh, yes, they do have to be present to win."

Fran walked across the street towards the school building trying to figure out which was more humiliating the tinkling bells announcing her available

sex organs, or the raffle which she just knew everyone else had known about for days. Her worst fears were confirmed when virtually every male in her first period Geometry class met her with dollar bills in their hands, even the ones not wearing the 'Fran Fucker' badges. After wading her way through the crowd of hopeful pussy shavers Fran felt both touched and betrayed when Vickie held out a five-dollar bill.

"I'll take twenty five tickets please." Fran blushed down to her nipples having everyone in the hallway watch as Vickie bought raffle tickets. As soon as the transaction was complete, Vickie leaned over and whispered in Fran's ear. "Would you rub these on that sweet cunt of yours for good luck?" Fran blushed even more brightly as the bell rang and she attempted to walk into class with out ringing her own bells.

Raffle ticket sales were brisk all morning, as were bell ringings. Fran met back up with Vickie in gym class. Fran approached Ms Marshall for permission to set out yet another day of volleyball expecting to be denied, instead Ms Marshall looked at Fran then smiled broadly.

"Why Fran what a unique idea for bells, most girls would be satisfied with having them on their fingers and toes." Ms Marshall gently bounced one of her 'tit' bells up and down a few times. "Why don't you just sit out the class today, I wouldn't want you to have to take those off and put them back on again."

As Fran walked around the gym floor to the bleachers Carla stopped her. Carla was the snooty sister of one of the boys who had been involved in her first gang fuck the previous Saturday. It was the same girl that had called her a slut on Monday. The girl's snobby friends gathered round them as she dug her hand down the front of her gym shorts and produced a damp wrinkled dollar bill and held it out to Fran.

"My brother asked me to buy some raffle tickets for him." Carla looked around to make sure all her friends were listening. "I really don't know why he would want to fuck a little tramp like you. Much less get involved in god only knows whatever perverted little games you play with your brother." Fran felt like her whole body was on fire with humiliation. Her hands were shaking so hard she could hardly get the tickets counted out and torn apart. "Did you fuck your brother this morning, slut?" Carla sneered as she took the tickets from Fran's trembling fingers. Just then Vickie came charging through the gathering crowd.

"You leave her alone you stupid little bitch." Vickie hissed at Carla as she pushed her away from Fran. "You're just jealous because you couldn't get Fran's brother, or your own, to fuck you if you paid them." The girl pushed Vickie back.

"Well at least I'm not a dike running around trying to fuck another girl." The focus having left Fran she walked over, sat on the bleachers, and ignoring the hair pulling catfight starting between Vickie and Carla, began to sob. Vickie tackled Carla and the two of them rolled around the floor ripping their cloths and pulling each other's hair. The smaller but scrappier Vickie soon had Carla penned to the floor. Fran was distracted from her sobbing and started laughing at the sight of Carla kicking her legs trying to dislodge Vickie who was sitting on Carla's stomach pinching her nipples through her torn blouse.

"Get off me you fucking lesbian bitch" Carla shrieked just as Ms Marshall arrived to break up the fight. After sending Vickie over to the bleachers to 'comfort' Fran Ms Marshall jerked Carla to her feet with a bit more force than was absolutely necessary.

"I don't ever want to hear talking like that in my class again." Ms Marshall yelled her face only inches from Carla's. "If you ever talk like that again your going to be sent to the Vice Principals office for detention." Ms Marshall winked at Fran and Vickie as she turned to gather the rest of the girls into volleyball teams. Carla's friends gathered around her as she attempted to cover her breasts with the torn remnants of her blouse. As they walked towards the gathering class the group paused in front of Fran and Vickie.

"'Big dyke' isn't always going to be around to protect you slut so just watch yourself." Carla hissed glaring at Vickie.

"I hope not, next time I'm going to ride you until I cum." As the group walked off Vickie slipped her hand down the front of her gym shorts and spoke quietly to Fran "Did you see the way that bitch was bucking under me when I twisted her nipples?" Fran watched in amazement as her friend stroked herself under her gym shorts.

"Ah, Vickie" she reached out and put her hand on the other girls arm, "I don't think this is the proper place to be doing that." Vickie paused in mid stroke and looked at her friend.

"For someone walking around with a bell hanging from her clitoris you sure are getting judgmental." The comment's sting was tempered with a grin and a quick wink as Vickie resumed her stroking. "I can't wait, thinking about what's going to happen to you and riding that bitch while she bucked around on the floor has just made me too horny." Her body tensed as she rocked back and forth, Fran could hear low moans coming from her throat, then Vickie relaxed and pulled her hand from her shorts. She held her fingers under Fran's nose. "Want to smell?"

Fran fained disgust even as she resisted the urge to lick her friend's

fingers clean. Her own swollen clitoris and nipples begged for attention. To Fran's dismay her new sexual slavery consisted more of being kept on the verge of orgasm than it did being fucked crazy like she had originally feared/hoped. Without realizing it Fran had begun to flick her finger back and fourth on the bell string hanging down between her legs. The gentle vibrations traveling up the string to her clitoris brought her closer and closer to her own orgasm. Fran was just a flick away from cuming when Ms Marshall sat down beside her. Fran almost screamed in frustration as she pulled her hand away from the string.

"Are you girls ok?" the Teacher asked them as she watched her volleyball playing students. Ms Marshall had not allowed Carla to change her blouse, and had assigned her to the volleyball court directly in front of where Ms Marshall was know sitting with Fran and Vickie. Carla's face became a deeper shade of red every time she had to hit the ball, allowing her breasts to bounce into view through the torn blouse. Vickie leaned forward and looked past Fran at Ms Marshall.

"If you hadn't stopped me I would have ridden that bitch until she was tamed." God, thought Fran, she's getting more outrageous every day. Ms Marshall chuckled obviously enjoying the mental image created by Vickie's words.

"Why don't you two go ahead to lunch?" Ms Marshall gave Fran's knee a familiar squeeze as she stood up and walked back across the gym. Vickie leaned over and whispered in Fran's ear.

"She's hot for you girl." Fran and Vickie stood up and under the malevolent glare of Carla and her friends walked out of the gym. The soft ding-a-lings from Fran's bells being masked by the sounds of a gym full of volleyball playing girls. Being early for lunch Fran and Vickie staked out their favorite table under a large tree on the edge of the school's central courtyard. Fran stayed at the table while Vickie went to the snack bar to get them some food.

Setting her cigar box and roll of raffle tickets down on the table Fran sat on the bench and slipping her right hand to her lap began to flick the bell string hopping to finally gain some relief from her unrelenting sexual need. Just as she approached the precipice and was about to dive headlong into orgasm two boys suddenly sat down one on each side of her. Each was holding a ten-dollar bill. Fan reluctantly pulled her hand away from her bell sting and, as she began to count out raffle tickets, looked at each of the boys. She recognized them even without badges. They had both helped fuck her silly last Saturday.

As she counted out the tickets the boys each slipped a hand under the table and began to explore her wet open pussy. Probing their fingers into her and gently pulling on the bell string. With their other hands they bounced her

'tit bells' up and down.

"God, I don't know if I want to be the one to shave this cunt of yours, or to be the first one to fuck it after it's shaved." The boy on her right said, more to the other boy than to Fran. A tray slammed down on the table and all three of them looked up to see Vickie glaring at them as she sat sown on the other side of the table.

"Hey, take it easy, everyone will get a chance at her." The other boy said to Vickie. Fran blushed and a wave of humiliation washed over her. Her cunt reacted by clamping down on the fingers that had been pushed inside her. The boys reluctantly removed their hands from Fran's crotch and, unable to stand Vickie's protective glare, retrieved their tickets and left. Fran, not sure if she really wanted to be 'saved' right now smiled weakly at her friend.

Fran picked up her sandwich then paused with it in mid air. She looked across the table at her friend's mischievous grin. Then smiled back at her as she spread her legs and felt Vickie's bare foot slide up the inside of her thighs to rest gently against Fran's achingly needy cunt. Fran scooted forward on the bench and spread her legs as far as she could as the ball of Vickie's foot maneuvered in small circles around her swollen tender clitoris. Fran's clitoris nestled comfortably in the cavity formed between Vickie's big two, her second two and the ball of her foot where it was protected from being over stimulated.

Fran and Vickie ate their food, grinning at each other across the table. Vickie's right hand disappeared below the table as she lifted her skirt and stroked her clitoris in time with her foot's circular massage of Fran's pussy. They were alone in the almost deserted courtyard, Vickie put her sandwich down and slipped her other hand up inside her blouse to pinch and stroke her hard nipples.

Fran put her sandwich down and held onto the edge of the table. As her excitement built Fran's breathing quickened, causing her 'tit bells' to ring and the bell attached to her clitoris ding-a-linged in time with the massaging foot. Fran leaned her head back and a low moan could be heard coming from her throat.

"HhhhoooooGooooooooood" Fran moaned as she rocked gently back and forth pushing her self harder onto her friends massaging foot. Every muscle in Fran's body tightened, her body jerked repeatedly driving her cunt against Vickie's toes. Fran brought her right hand to her mouth and bit down on her knuckles trying to suppress the orgasmic scream she felt growing deep inside her chest. With her other hand Vickie pushed down hard on the pit of her stomach as her entire body jerked twice more, then collapsed onto the table her face just inches above the remains of her sandwich her mouth open and panting. She reached under the table and pushed her friend's foot away.

"Stop, please stop." Was all she could say until her breathing returned to normal, then she smiled at her best friend sitting across from her, "Thank you " she whispered. Vickie reached over and took Fran's hand.

"Anytime." She whispered back, her own breathing not quite back to normal yet.

"Why, isn't that just soooooo sweeeeet." Carla's voice dripped sarcasm as she sat down next to Vickie, her friends gathering around. "You owe me a blouse you fucking little slut." Three of Carla's friends, who had moved around to Fran's side of the table, grabbed Fran while the rest of the girls pounced on Vickie. With hands over Fran and Vickie's mouths, and ignoring their kicking and twisting the six girls looked around, then quickly carried their two victims behind the gym and out into the middle of the football field. Even before they reached their destination Carla was tearing at Vickie's blouse.

"You owe me a blouse, and I'm going to collect it. With interest." Fran lost sight of what they were doing to Vickie and tried unsuccessfully to fight off the three girls who were ripping at her cloths. A piece of her torn blouse was stuffed into her mouth and held there while the girls yanked the elastic bands holding her bell off her nipples and clitoris then laughed at her muffled screams. They elicited more muffled screams to laugh at by taking turns pinching Fran's tender swollen nipples.

Fran, to her credit, got in several good kicks and several of the attackers were limping as they ran off leaving the two naked girls laying in the middle of the field. Vickie rolling over onto her hands and knees and crawling over to Fran put her arms protectively around her friend's naked shoulders. Vickie, gently rocking Fran in her arms looked around the field to see where they might take refuge.

"Dave's going to be so mad at me." Vickie whispered seemingly unaware that she was talking out loud.

"Why would he be mad at you?" Fran asked through her sniffles.

"He told me to look after you and protect you, and it looks like I've failed miserably. I was so involved in playing with your sweet pussy that I didn't see those bitches coming." Vickie helped Fran to her feet and with her arms still around Fran's shoulders started walking her towards the nearest door to the gym. "and I didn't even have permission to play with you."

"Is that why you defended me in the gym? Because my brother told you to?"

Fran came to a stop as she asked the question seemingly unconcerned about the possibility of being caught outdoors naked.

"No." Vickie answered frantically looking around and trying to get her friend moving again. "He told me to protect you because he knew I would do it anyway." She pulled at Fran and got her moving towards the gym door again.

"OH God." Fran stopped again resisting Vickie's frantic efforts to get her moving. "Dave's going to be pissed. I lost my bells and the raffle money."

"God, don't worry about that now." Vickie pulled at her arm. "Let's get inside before some one sees us." Pulling hard Vickie managed to get Fran moving again. Just as the two naked girls reached the gym door it burst open. Fran and Vickie were engulfed in a stream of football uniformed jocks and swept by their momentum back out onto the football field. Amid yells of "Hay look what we got here." And "Let's have a fun practice for a change. "

After a hasty whispered conference among the team members the surrounded girls were ushered to the far end of the field and behind the grounds keeper's equipment shed. There was a lot of touching and probing during the walk, and after they reached the comparative privacy behind the shed, the boys closed in around the naked girls reaching out with their hands and touching whatever bare skin they could reach.

Fran, to her own surprise felt no fear at all. She recognized over half the team members as having been present for the 'First Weekly Fran Fuck' as her brother had called it, last Saturday. It quickly became obvious that the boys were waiting for something and the naked girls were not going to be attacked, at least not immediately. Fran relaxed and enjoyed the hands touching her bare skin.

A hush fell over the crowd, and the boys parted like the Red Sea is said to have done for Moses. Dave walked up to the two girls and looked at them for a moment. Vickie stared at the ground unable to meet his gaze. Fran noticed that he was carrying the cigar box full of money and raffle tickets. After giving Fran a quick protective hug and glaring at Vickie Dave turned to the gathered boys and held the cigar box up like a treasure box.

"It's ok." He pronounced. "The drawing will go on as planned." Since virtually every one of them had purchased at least one ticket they greeted the announcement with a cheer. Dave looked at the girls then back at the team. "Well, it looks like I'm going to have to get some clothes for my sluts." Fran and Vickie both blushed clear down to their nipples. "Would you guys mind keeping them, ah, 'occupied' until I get back?" The team answered with another cheer. Dave started to walk off then turned back and spoke to the boys again. "Blowjobs only." A groan replaced the cheer, but

it was obvious that none of them would dare go against Dave's orders. "Oh," he continued, "would one of you gentleman kindly give the sluts a jersey to kneel on so they don't get grass stains on their knees." Fran and Vickie received a shower of jerseys as every member of the team stripped his off and tossed it at them.

It's not so bad, Fran thought, I've already had most of these dicks in my mouth at least once before. Vickie had also had most of these dicks in her mouth at one time or another, just not one right after the other. As the quarterback and tight end approached the two naked girls Fran and Vickie sank down onto their knees and prepared to welcome the first of many hard cocks into their warm moist mouths.

"Now we know what's for desert." Vickie whispered to Fran with a wink then turned her head back and engulfed the large hard cock waiting for her mouth. Fran sucked the quarterbacks cock deep into her throat and ran her tongue over the shaft. Without saying a word both girls had entered into a competition to see who could suck the most dicks before Dave returned with new clothes.

Fran kneaded the quarterbacks thighs and buttocks as she sucked his cock in and out of her mouth leaving streaks of lipstick along its shaft. The team members were already near their peaks and it only took a few strokes for Fran to receive the team's first liquid offering. Each hard cock stayed in her mouth for only one or two minutes before she drained its juice and moved on to the next one.

As Fran sucked her fifth or sixth cock she realized that it was sticking out of a pair of trousers and not a football uniform. Twisting her head slightly and rolling her eyes up Fran saw the football coach standing above her with his hands on his hips and his cock buried in her throat. Fran would have waved 'hi' to him if her hand hadn't been inside his trousers massaging his balls, after all she had not seen him since church last Sunday morning. Every member of the team had left a deposit with either Fran or Vickie and they were lining up for seconds when Dave arrived with clothes for the girls.

"Come on boys, let's get some football practice in." The coach yelled, clapping his hands then blowing his whistle. The team members reluctantly stuffed their cocks back inside their pants and headed out onto the field.

"Help Fran get dressed." Dave instructed Vickie handing her a blouse and skirt. Dave watched as Vickie helped Fran put on her two meager pieces of clothing, then he hugged his sister and sent her off to class. Once she rounded the corner of the building and was out of sight Dave turned his attention to Fran's friend. Vickie tried to stare back defiantly, but quickly wilted in the glare of his anger.

"You've failed at your assigned task, and disobeyed me by playing with Fran before I gave you permission." He paused to let it sink in that he knew about her little foot game under the table. Then pulling two miniature c clamps from his pocket, Dave applied one to each of her nipples tightening each one until Vickie could barely keep from screaming. Once the clamps were in place Dave gave her a skirt to wear. The skirt just barely covered her pubic patch, she would not be able to walk or sit down without exposing herself to everyone. Last he handed her a small thin T-shirt to wear. "Now go to class." Dave started to walk off then turned back to her. "Mr. Robertson will let you out of last period fifteen minutes early. When he does come directly to the student parking lot."

Only after she was alone did Vickie allow herself to cry. He was right and she knew it. She deserved whatever he decided to do to punish her. Vickie stopped in the girl's restroom on her way to class. After peeing Vickie looked at herself in the mirror while she washed her hands. The c clamps were clearly outlined by the thin fabric of the T-shirt. I'm going to get that bitch she promised herself as she left the restroom.

By the time Vickie and Fran met back up in their last period History class, taught by the 'hunky' Mr. Robertson, Vickie's nipples throbbed. It seemed that every boy in the school had been given permission to pull on the clamps as she walked past.

"Sixteen-fourteen" Fran beamed with pride as she sat down at her desk next to Vickie. Vickie looked at her best friend with total confusion.

"Sixteen-fourteen what?" she finally asked.

"I did sixteen you only did fourteen, I won." It still took several seconds for Vickie to realize Fran was talking about the lunchtime football team suck off. Her aching nipples had forced such mundane matters from her consciousness.

"Congratulations, I'm sure your brother will be real proud of you." Vickie answered with a bit more sarcasm than even she usually used. Fran looked at her friend, her growing anger dissipated when she noticed the c clamps screwed tightly to her nipples.

"Is Dave making you wear those?"

"I told you he was going to be mad at me." Mr. Robertson entered the classroom, and as he walked up the aisle between the desks his hand 'accidentally' brushed across Vickie's throbbing right nipple causing her to bite her knuckle and rock back and forth in her seat to silence a scream of

pain. Fran and the rest of the class watched in fascination as Mr. Robertson, droning on about American history walked up the isle on one side of Vickie then back down the isle on the other side.

Each time Mr. Robertson passed Vickie he would 'accidentally' bump her nipple on that side with his swinging hands. Each time Vickie winced in pain Fran felt another gush of lubrication coat the inside walls of her cunt and leak out onto her already damp thighs. About half way through the class Fran felt a sudden wave of insane jealousy wash over her. Every day for the last week Mr. Robertson had fucked her after school. Every day Vickie had waited in the hallway to help her straighten her cloths and kiss her good bye before she walked out to her brother's car.

What if this time he wants to fuck Vickie, Fran thought in her jealous rage. What if this time it's me waiting in the hall to help Vickie straighten her cloths? In her jealous fantasy Fran failed to notice her own hand slipping under her short skirt. She almost thought the finger flicking gently back and forth over the tip of the clitoris belonged to some one else. Fran was pulled out of her fantasy when Mr. Roberts grabbed her arm and pulled her hand out from between her legs. She intertwined her fingers and held her hands together on top of her desk like a little girl trying real hard to be good.

At fifteen till three Mr. Robertson executed a masterful double strike on Vickie's left nipple as he 'accidentally' hit it turning to check the time them 'accidentally' hit it again turning to dismiss her from the class. Vickie, folding her arms across her chest in an attempt to support her tender abused nipples, failed to notice that her short skirt had worked its way up around her waist. It looked like a wide belt leaving her ass and crotch totally naked and exposed as she walked out of the classroom. Fran was overjoyed, knowing that she would indeed get the fucking she was looking forward to.

Fifteen minutes later Mr. Roberts dismissed every one else, except Fran. Without waiting to be told Fran hiked her skirt up to her waist and sat on the edge of Mr. Roberts' desk spreading her legs and opening her hot wet cunt for him. Mr. Roberts' huge cock had been hard for almost the entire hour and he wasted no time pulling it from his pants and plunging its entire length into Fran's gapping pussy with one hard stroke.

As the entire length of his rock hard cock sank into her Fran wrapped her legs around his waist and dug her heels into his buttocks pulling him deeper into her. She pulled her blouse over her head and grabbing one firm breast in each hand offered her hard nipples to Mr. Roberts' sucking mouth. Fran's orgasm started the instant Mr. Roberts' cockhead touched her cunt and didn't stop until she found herself laying across his desk in an empty room with thick viscous cum oozing down her thighs.

Getting off the desk Fran straightened her blouse and skirt then slowly made her way through the deserted halls to the door leading out to the student parking lot. She could feel her history teachers cum running down her legs as she rounded the corner of the school building and came to a halt. Across the street the student parking lot was teeming with kids. It seemed like the entire student body had gathered there, sitting on car hoods or leaning against the sides of the cars.

Then Fran noticed her brother's car slowly circling the lot. Vickie was naked and tied to the hood her legs spread as far as possible in a kneeling position. Ropes ran from her ankles to the doorposts on each side. More ropes ran from her knees to the front bumper. Her wrists were tied behind her back and additional ropes ran from her wrists to the doorposts holding her leaning forward over the front of the car like a living hood ornament. Long rubber bands with weights tied to them had been attached to the clamps on her nipples. Once the weights started bouncing the rubber bands would keep them in motion pulling on Vickie's tender engorged nipples.

The student parking lot was in need of repair and was well known for its potholes. Dave drove his car slowly around the lot being careful to hit every pothole, keeping Vickie's tit weights bouncing and dancing pulling on the nipples and breasts. Vickie held her head up high, and while there were tears running down her cheeks she refused to cry out or scream with the pain. After two additional circuits around the lot Dave stopped his car and, after getting out, stood in front of his new hood ornament. With deliberate slowness he reached between her legs and pinched her clitoris.

Vickie spasmed and jerked against the ropes as a wave of orgasmic pleasure mixed with her pain and flowed over her body. The watching students applauded, Dave turned and acknowledged their applause with a bow. Fran, in a moment of clarity realized that her brother was an artist. His medium was female orgasms and she and Vickie were the canvases on which he would perfect his art.

End Part five "The Raffle"

Slave Sister

Part Six

"The Prize"

by

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Fran paced back and forth across her room waiting for the Saturday afternoon 'weekly Fran Fuck' to get started. The 'clit and tit' bells her brother had recovered from Carla ding-a-linged with each step. She stopped in front of her full-length mirror and looked at her naked body. Cupping her breasts Fran jiggled them making the bells attached to her nipples dance and ring. She ran her hands down over her firm stomach and gently pulled at tufts of her pubic hair. The crowd of boys outside, waiting for the drawing to see who would get to shave her, grew noisier. As she watched her self in the mirror Fran slipped her hand lower and flicked her fingertip back and fourth over her large clitoris making her 'clit' bell dance and ring.

Fran continued stroking herself as she walked across the room and looked out the window. The back yard was full of boys from school. Vickie was on her knees, naked, holding a large bowl from which David was drawing raffle tickets. Vickie glanced up at the window and grinned at Fran. Her face and chest were flushed with excitement and her nipples, despite the previous day's torture, stood up hard and crinkled.

Fran dropped the curtain and reluctantly pulled her hand away from her clitoris. Her brother's orders had been for her to keep herself excited, but he had specifically forbid her having an orgasm. Fran laid on her bed and gently stroked her glistening cunt lips while she waited.

Dave had brought Fran and Vickie home Friday after Vickie's naked ride around the student parking lot and fucked each of them twice before their mother came home from her swing shift job. Having gotten permission for Vickie to spend the night the two girls were sent to bed early, their cunts still dripping sperm. Dave told them they could 'cuddle' but under no circumstance were they to fuck each other or have orgasms during the night. Fran and Vickie stretched the definition of 'cuddle' just as far as they dared, but still spent a sexually frustrating night in each other's arms.

Fran was disappointed when she was not summoned to Dave's room early Saturday morning for what had become their customary early morning fuck and cuddle session. This was the first morning since her brother had taken her as his slave that he had not fucked her. Fran had paced around the house like a cat in heat waiting for her mother to leave for work.

As soon as their mother's car had disappeared around the corner Dave and

Vickie went to work like a well oiled machine setting everything up for the drawing. Fran was stripped, her 'clit and tit' bells were attached and, after she was fitted with a collar and leash, she was left in her room to wait until she was summoned. She had watched out the window as Dave and Vickie pulled the picnic table into the middle of the yard and set up Dave's video camera to capture 'The sacrifice of Fran's Pubic Bush to the God of Teenage Lust' as he was titling today's activities.

After the table and camera were set up Dave supervised Fran and Vickie fingering each stopping them just short of orgasm. When Dave was satisfied with his slave's state of sexual frustration he made a call on the phone saying only 'It's time' to the person before hanging up. The back yard seemed to instantly fill with horny, noisy boys waiting for their chance to fuck.

Fran stood up when she heard Vickie coming up the stairs. Vickie rushed into the bedroom and threw her arms around her friend. They kissed then Vickie picked up the robe Dave had chosen for his sister to wear for her entrance.

"We are going to get fucked silly out there." Vickie said with excitement as she draped the robe over Fran's shoulders. "Dave wants you to hold it shut at the neck from the inside." Vickie stepped back and checked the drape of the robe, which covered Fran from neck to ankle. "When you get out to the end of the table Dave wants you to stand with the robe closed until he signals you. Then you are to throw the robe off and hold the pose with your hands up over your head while he pans over your body with the camera. When he gives you're the second signal, sit on the table then lay back and spread your legs." Vickie was almost bouncing around her friend as she gave her the last minute instructions.

Vickie picked up the leash and led her best friend out to the waiting boys. Fran could feel her vaginal lubrication seeping from her hot cunt and oozing down her thighs. Last week she had thought she was going to die from humiliation being chained to the oak tree and fucked by her brother's friends. Now, one week later, she felt like her body was vibrating with excitement, her cunt was aching for a cock.

Fran walked with head held high trying her best to look like a queen going to her coronation. She saw Dave put on a CD and 'Pomp and Circumstance' filled the back yard. How absolutely appropriate Fran thought as she paused stepped her way from the back door to the redwood picnic table 'altar' where her pubic hair was to be removed. The scarlet colored velvet robe swayed with each step, opening up just enough to give a lucky few glimpses of her soon to be shaved crotch.

Fran felt a power she had never felt before, she realized that in her submission she had the power to make every one of these boys cum. She would

make them cum over and over again. Fran reached the end of the table and stood waiting, with her head held high, for Dave's signal. At his signal Fran raised her arms and let the robe drop to her feet. As she held that pose Fran licked her lips and stared directly into the lens of her brothers video camera. Dave slowly panned his camera down his sister's naked body, pausing on her heaving breasts with their hard crinkled nipples from which bounced her two tiny brass 'tit' bells.

Fran noticed her brothers left hand slipping down to his own crotch as his right hand panned the camera down to her crotch. Fran's face and chest were flushed, not with embarrassment or humiliation, but with excitement. She looked around and noticed that many of the boys already had their cocks out of their pants and were gently stroking them as they watched.

"OK, now sit on the edge of the table and lay back, spreading your legs for the camera." Dave instructed his sister as he held the camera focused on her crotch. Fran followed her brother's instructions with dramatic slowness. The boys selected to hold her arms and legs stepped forward to claim their prizes. The ones assigned to her legs pulling them up and apart opening her cunt to the close view of her brother's camera. Dave zoomed in for a super close up of her cunt, open and oozing lubricant the lips puffy and glistening in the afternoon sun. The boy who won the honors of shaving Fran stepped forward and, without getting in front of the camera gently pulled her cunt lips apart allowing the camera to peer directly into her dark wet passage.

Dave widened his shot bringing Vickie, kneeling and holding a bowl below Fran's crotch, into the frame. One of the boys handed the second prize winner a Wahl battery operated beard trimmer. Switching on the trimmer the boy held the back part of it against Fran's large swollen clitoris, moving it in small circles, until deep moans were heard from their victim. Receiving nods of approval from the crowd he turned the trimmer over and slowly cut the first swath through Fran's abundant pubic growth, making sure the clipped hair fell into the waiting bowl.

Fran's moans turned into screams of delight as the vibrations from the clipper and the boys probing fingers brought on her first orgasm of the day. Kneeling, and holding the bowl, Vickie looked around at all of the hard cocks sticking out of flies right at her eye level, then licked her lips in anticipation. The clipping done, Vickie ceremoniously covered the bowl containing Fran's pubic hair and retrieved a shaving mug, a safety razor, a bowl of warm water and a damp towel.

Recovering from her orgasm Fran was startled when she thought she saw her mother watching from one of the upstairs bedroom windows, but when she looked back she only saw a curtain that might have been swaying just a bit.

Wanting to extend his time in the spot light, and his proximity to the most

desired pussy in school, the second place winner made an elaborate production of whipping the shaving soap into a lather, and several times tested its consistency, before brushing it over the stubble left on Fran's just clipped crotch. Then, picking up the razor and leaning so close he was almost fucking her with his nose the boy began shaving Fran's crotch in short gentle strokes.

Fran was startled and suppressed jumping only because of the closeness of the razor to her clitoris when she thought she saw not her mother but the football coach watching from the upstairs window. But, again, the figure disappeared before she could be sure that she had really seen anything at all.

The shaving over and her, now smooth, crotch dried and powdered Fran sat on the edge of the table. Leaning back on her elbows, with her legs held up and apart Fran displayed her self and allowed every boy present to come by and test the smoothness of the shave by running their hands over her thighs and crotch. Fran leaned her head back and enjoyed the warm sun on her body and the gentle touch and admiring statements of the boys parading by.

When it was time for her first 'post shave' fuck Fran was hot wet and ready. Fran was immensely turned on by a streak of exhibitionism that she had never before admitted existed. She had to admit to herself that she loved being the center of attention with all these hard cocks just for her. She was a bit put out knowing she had to share them with Vickie. She was supposed to be the star. This was, after all, supposed to be the 'Second Weekly Fran Fuck', not the 'First Weekly Fran and Vickie Fuck'.

Fran laid back on the table and again positioned her cunt so it hung slightly over the edge, Vickie removed her 'clit bell' and stepped aside. Until this very moment Fran did not know who was going to be the first one to fuck her after the shave. To her disappointment a blindfold was placed over Fran's eyes. The crowd grew silent with anticipation. Fran jumped slightly when strong confident hands stroked her thighs. She felt a cockhead at the entrance to her cunt and pushed her self towards it eager for her first fuck of the day. As the hard cock began to push into her wet cunt Fran realized that she was being fucked by a cock that was bigger around and longer than any she had ever felt before.

The crowd watched in awed silence and listened to Fran's moans as the huge hard cock slowly sank into her freshly shaved pussy. A moment of fear, almost panic, spread through Fran. She suppressed the urge to beg her brother to stop this monster from fucking her. Her brother, who had quickly moved the camera, was busy keeping his close up shot of the cock slipping into her in focus. Fran's panic subsided and she relaxed as best she could, listening to soft almost reverent choruses of 'Look at that monster slip into her'. 'Look at her cunt stretch' and 'it really is going to be sloppy seconds for the rest of us'.

Fran felt the first tickling of the man's pubic hair against her freshly shaved cunt and realized that she had done it, she had taken the monster cock without disappointing her brother or embarrassing him in front of his friends. She only hoped that the blindfold would be removed and she would be allowed to meet the 'man with the monster dick' as she was already thinking of him. As the huge cock reached its maximum penetration and reversed course Fran felt like her insides were going to be sucked out with it.

"God what a dick." Fran shouted as it thrust back into her bringing a cheer from the audience. Holding onto both edges of the table to keep from being pushed across its rough surface by the force of the thrusts Fran lifted her legs and spread them even wider greedy for every fraction of an inch she could get in penetration.

"Oh God yes fuck me." Fran yelled as each slamming penetration of her freshly shaved cunt bounced her breasts and made her 'tit bells' ring. As the monster cock continued fucking in and out of her wet cunt Fran's shouted 'fuck me's' turned into her 'trademark' orgasmic screams. Her entire body jerked and spasmed in time with the cock fucking her. Fran felt hot liquid raining down on her breasts and knew without looking that she was being showered with cum from dozens of hard cocks.

Just as the 'man with the monster dick' pulled his cock from Fran's stretched cunt and added his own contribution to the shower of cum spattering on her breasts the blindfold was pulled from Fran's eyes. There, still wearing his backward collar was the kind, gentle, meek Father Michael from St. Andrews.

"Just call me 'big daddy'." He suggested, with a licentious grin, as the last of his cum dripped onto Fran's stomach.

"Doesn't this break your vow of celibacy?" Fran asked without taking her eyes from his huge still hard cock.

"You're thinking of Catholics my dear," Father Michael said as he reached down and began to rub the cum pooled on her stomach down over her just fucked cunt, "we're Episcopalians."

"OK everybody," Dave shouted over the noise of the crowd, "we have one more piece of business to take care of before we can move on to our fuck fest." His announcement was met with moans of disappointment from the crowd of boys all sporting cocks that were still hard despite the cum shower they had just given Fran.

At Dave's signal four of the boys helped Fran from the table, and four others grabbed Vickie by the arms and legs and placed her on the table. Vickie squealed in delight thinking 'they don't have to hold me down to shave me, or to fuck me'. Working quickly before Vickie had any idea what was happening Dave produced a leather punch and pierced each of her cunt lips. Dave then pushed the shank of a small padlock through the holes and snapped it closed. It was all over before Vickie's mind had time to register the pain.

"This," Dave said holding up a key, "may not be the key to Vickie's heart, but it is the key to her cunt." Dave turned and addressed Vickie "Any body who has a key to this lock has the right to fuck you." Dave turned back to the gathered crowd. "For today it will be blowjobs and anal sex only for Vickie, we have to give her new adornment a chance to heal."

"I'm first" 'Big Daddy' said as he pushed Vickie to her knees and pressed his still dripping cock to her lips. Fran was picked up and her now hairless cunt was quickly lowered onto the waiting cock of a boy laying on the grass. Another hard cock was immediately presented for her to suck. For the next several hours Fran and Vickie lost contact with each other. When they did catch glimpses of the other one, they were always servicing at least two hard cocks at a time. From time to time, when Fran's mouth wasn't occupied sucking the life out of some perpetually horny teenage boy's cock, she would glimpse up at the second story windows. Several times she was sure she had seen her mother, the football coach, or both of them standing in the window watching the backyard orgy. But it seemed that another cock was always being shoved into her mouth so Fran could never be really sure of what she saw.

As the party died down Fran was dispatched to the upstairs bathroom to bathe, and Vickie was sent along to help her. Fran quickly checked all of the upstairs rooms but could find no evidence of her mother or the football coach. Vickie ran a tub of hot water, then kneeling on the floor washed the accumulated cum from Fran's body, and bodily orifices. Vickie washed Fran's hairless cunt for twenty minutes before she was satisfied with its cleanliness. Fran stepped out of the bath and, after Vickie dried her, sat on the closed toilet seat and examined the small padlock now holding her best friend's cunt closed.

"You know," Fran said finally, "this is really kind of sexy looking."

"Do you really think so?" Vickie asked, her desperate need for Fran's approval heartbreakingly apparent. Then Vickie grinned "I wonder who is going to show up with the key first." She mused more like her old self again. She leaned forward and spoke to Fran in a lower voice. "God who ever would have guessed Father Michael was hiding such a monster under his robes." The door opened and Dave entered carrying the scarlet colored velvet robe Fran had worn for her slow march to the 'altar' that afternoon.

"Vickie, I spoke to your mom and got permission for you to spend another night with us." Dave spoke as he draped the robe over his sister's shoulders. "I want you to go to Fran's room and wait there." As Vickie left the room Dave stepped to the door and spoke to her down the hall. "And no playing with yourself in any way. No fingers, no vibrators, no hair brushes, no coke bottles, nothing." Dave stared after Vickie for a moment, enjoying the view of her ass walking away from him down the hall then turned back to his sister. "I don't want her to wear her self out before we get back to her this evening." He grinned and winked at Fran. "Come on," he said walking toward the stairs, "we still have a busy night ahead."

Dave led his scarlet robed, but otherwise naked sister out the back door and to his car. Once they were away from the house Dave pulled a small padlock key hanging from a red silk ribbon from his pocket and after draping it over Fran's neck slipped his hand inside her robe to explore her smooth shaven pussy. As Fran spread her legs to make her brother's exploration easier she picked up the key hanging around her neck and took a closer look at it.

"Is this.." she started to ask.

"Yes, the key to Vickie's cunt." Dave answered Fran's unfinished question. "Consider her an early birthday gift." Dave gave his sister a quick grin as his finger slipped into her wet hairless cunt. "To do with as you please." After driving three blocks Dave pulled the car over to the side of the street and turned to Fran. "I'm going to have to blindfold you now." Dave slipped the blindfold over Fran's eyes, his finger back into her pussy and the car back into traffic.

Fran quickly lost track of right and left turns and had no idea where they were when Dave finally parked the car and, helping her out of the passenger side door walked her up to the front porch of a house in the middle of the block. Dave positioned Fran in front of the door, then took her robe and walked back to his car leaving Fran standing in the failing twilight in plain view of anyone who might drive by wearing nothing but a blindfold and the key to Vickie's cunt on a red silk ribbon around her neck.

Fran's nipples hardened in the cool night air. She heard the door open and felt hands touching her arms encouraging her to step into the house. Trusting in her confidence that her brother would not put her in a position to get harmed Fran stepped into the welcoming arms of Ms. Marshall, her lover and their two best friends.

Fran's senses were overwhelmed by the deep piled carpet under her bare feet, the smell of incense and perfume, and the warm hands gently stroking over every part of her body. Soft music played in the background. Fran felt earplugs being pushed into her ears then taped in place. Ms Marshall

plugged the long wire from the earplugs into the stereo, the music safely covering their voices the four women began to talk.

"I told you she was a beautiful creature." Ms Marshall said to her lover and the other woman. Ms Marshall took Fran in her arms bringing her naked body in contact with Fran's. With one hand holding the back of Fran's head and the other holding her butt Ms Marshall extended her knee between Fran's spread legs and gently moved Fran's cunt up and down her thigh while she probed Fran's mouth with her tongue. Fran wrapped her arms around the woman kissing her and kissed back excited by the feel of warm hard nipples pressing into her own. Fran moved her hips in time with the woman's hand on her butt.

"Hey, don't 'Boggart' that girl, Helen." Ms Marshall's lover joked after the kiss had gone on for several minutes without any sign of breaking before both women collapsed in mutual orgasm. Ms. Marshall reluctantly broke off her kiss and, after tenderly pinching Fran's left nipple, passed Fran to her lover.

"Don't worry Wilma, there's plenty of Fran to go around." Ms Marshall said to her lover with a wink. Fran felt herself being turned slightly and leaned back. Another tongue forced its way between her lips, while her shoulders were cradled by one strong arm. Another hand roamed over her breasts then down across her tight stomach to her hairless crotch where the forefinger circled then flicked back and forth over Fran's one half-inch long clitoris. The tongue abandoned Fran's mouth and licked down her neck circling her left breast then spiraling up to the already hard nipple. Fran's loud moan caused smiles of approval to appear on the lips of the women who were watching.

"Mind if I cut in?" asked the woman on the other side of Wilma, tapping her on the shoulder. Fran felt herself being passed to another woman. This time Fran was pulled into a powerful hug. Fran's head was tilted back and she was kissed by a woman considerably taller than her self. Fran felt like she was being engulfed by a giantess with large pillow like breasts. The woman moved her entire body up and down Fran as she kissed her.

"Hey, it's my turn." The fourth woman said playfully punching the taller woman who was still probing Fran's throat with her tongue and Fran's cunt with her finger on the shoulder. As Fran was passed to the last woman she was turned around so the woman could press herself against Fran's back while she reached around and pinched both of Fran's nipples and sucked on Fran's neck.

"Debbie's the queen of hickies." The taller woman said speaking of the woman now pinching Fran's nipples.

"Quit teasing her, Betty." Ms Marshall said to the tall woman as she dropped to her knees in front of Fran and, putting Fran's legs over her shoulders, supported Fran's butt with both hands while she leaned forward and ran her tongue over the glistening folds of Fran's smooth cunt. Ms. Marshall's lover silenced Fran's moans with a deep kiss while Betty knelt behind Ms Marshall and began to lick Fran's feet, sucking Fran's toes slowly in and out of her mouth.

Having never seen Fran cum the four women were surprised by the force with which her body jerked and almost dropped her before they managed to lower Fran's spasming body to the carpeted floor. Betty rudely pushed the others aside and, straddling Fran's head slowly lowered her wet cunt onto Fran's open waiting mouth. Fran stretched her tongue eager for her first taste of pussy. As Betty's cunt sank over Fran's face Fran worked her tongue through the woman's folds of pussy flesh until she found her clitoris which Fran sucked into her mouth and flicked with her tongue, just as she liked having done to her own clitoris.

The woman riding Fran's mouth reached down and pinched Fran's nipples as she rocked her cunt up and down on Fran's head. After Betty came, clutching Fran's breasts in her hands and grinding her cunt on Fran's face until Fran thought she would suffocate, she climbed off and Ms Marshall abandoned Fran's smooth pussy to mount Fran's now available mouth. Ms Marshall's lover took over the position between Fran's legs. The four women continued licking Fran's cunt and pushing their own pussies in her face until Fran thought her tongue would cramp from all the licking she was being forced to do.

"Doesn't it just send chills down your spine when she cums and screams while she's licking your cunt?" Ms Marshall asked the other three while she was taking her fourth turn on Fran's mouth. Ms Marshall leaned her head back and moaned loudly while her cunt jerked back and forth across Fran's puffy sore lips.

"God that was good." Ms Marshall said as she climbed off the prostrated young girl's face. "But unfortunately it's time to give her back to her brother." All four women helped Fran to her feet and supported her as they removed the earplugs. Fran appreciated the strong hands holding her up while she walked with shaky legs through the house and out onto the front porch.

The cold air goose-pimpled Fran's skin as she waited naked and blindfolded for her brother to make his presence known. Fran had no idea what time it was or how long she had been licking the cunts of these women.

"Did you enjoy all of those cunts?" Fran jumped only slightly at the sound of her brother's voice coming from so close to her. Dave took Fran's arm and led her out to the street. Fran felt the damp grass on her bare feet, as well as the cool breeze on her naked body. Dave opened the door for Fran and helped her sit in the passenger side seat. Fran realized that her

brother had managed to get a convertible for their drive home. The only person Fran knew with a convertible was the Football Coach. As the car accelerated Fran could feel her hair being whipped by the wind.

Dave drove down quiet streets at first, but then they turned onto a noisy boulevard and Fran could only guess that she was being taken down the 'main drag' naked at the height of the cruising hour. Fran surprised herself by sitting up proud and tall instead of trying to hide. She smiled, and her nipples got harder and her already dripping pussy got wetter every time she heard a boy making a comment about her. Especially when they called her a slut, to her own amazement she was going crazy with lust every time she heard that word. Fran felt the distinctive bounce of the car being pulled into a parking lot and felt rising panic as voices gathered around the car. Dave got out of the car and slammed his door.

"OK boys," Dave yelled as he walked around the car, "one more late night fuck before I take the slut home and put her to bed." Fran heard the door on her side open and felt Dave's strong hands pulling her from the car. "Once more into the breach..." he whispered in Fran's ear as he bent her over the car door and spread her legs. Fran felt a warm body behind her and just vaguely made out the sound of a zipper before she felt the head of a large cock move twice up and down the folds of her cunt. The boy behind Fran held his cock at the base and pushed it into her wet opening. Fran's moan was drowned out by the noise of the watching crowd.

Fran felt the car move as someone climbed into the front seat beside her head. Seconds after hearing the second zipper Fran felt the head of a second cock being pushed against her lips, accompanied by a rough 'take it all slut.' Fran opened her mouth and welcomed the hard invader with her tongue. 'God' Fran thought 'is Dave trying to set a new twenty four hour fuck record, using my body'. Fran sucked the cock into her mouth until her nose nestled in the boy's pubic hair.

'I just hope they spell my name right in the record book.' she thought, the smile unnoticed on her cock stretched lips.

End part Six

Slave Sister
Part Seven
"Fran's New Family"
by
Norm DePloom
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Dave had continued driving up and down the main drag, pulling into parking lots where kids were gathered, and offering his sister for their pleasure until the early hours of Sunday morning. Finally arriving home exhausted and still naked, cum drying on every part of her body. Fran climbed the stairs to her bedroom. Before she could even smile at her own slave the buzzer under her pillow came to life summoning her to Dave's room. As Fran left her bedroom she noticed that a fine gold chain ran from the padlock holding Vickie's cunt closed to the headboard where it was locked with a matching padlock. Fran arrived in her brother's bedroom to find Dave naked and sporting a hard twitching cock.

"I couldn't wait any longer" he announced as he took Fran in his arms, "I've been too busy all day to fuck." Dave sat on his desk chair and pulled Fran down on his hard cock with her legs straddling his. As his cock slipped into Fran's wet open cunt Dave sucked on her nipples tasting the cum drying on her breasts. Fran held onto her brother's shoulders for balance and plunged her cunt up and down the length of his hard rod. As her own excitement grew one more time Fran whipped her hair from side to side moaning loudly. I'm not going to be silent, Fran decided, if Mom doesn't know what's going on by this time she's going to find out right now. Dave cupped and squeezed his sister's butt cheeks pushing them together to increase the pressure on his cock. Fran leaned her head back looking at the ceiling.

"Oh God Damn." She shrieked. "Nobody fucks like you." Dave clutched Fran around the waist and held his cock buried inside her cunt while his body jerked and he deposited more cum inside her already dripping pussy. Dave and Fran sat and held each other gently rocking back and forth enjoying a few moments of after fuck peace.

"I mean it." Fran said laying her head on Dave's shoulder nuzzling and gently kissing his neck. "Nobody fucks like you."

"It's just because I'm your brother." Dave responded in a self-effacing manner to her compliment. "Breaking the incest taboo gives us an extra thrill."

"No," Fran said squeezing his cock with her cunt muscles, "I think its because you have a huge cock. You literally touch me in places no one else

can." Fran let her head rest on Dave's shoulder for a moment longer then sat up and gazed into his eyes. "Except for Mr. Roberts, he touches those places too." Fran paused for a moment faining deep thought. "And 'Big Daddy', you know Father Michael, he really touches those places." Fran looked at Dave struggling to keep a straight face. "And maybe the Coach, he seemed pretty big when he was in my mouth yesterday."

"Why don't you let your slave lick you clean." Dave suggested to Fran as he lifted her off his cock laughing at her list of the big cocked men in her life. "I don't mind if you cum again tonight." Fran smiled at her brother as she turned and left the room. Fran, walking back to her own room stopped to peak in on her mother who seemed to have slept through Fran's shrieked complement of her brother's fucking skills.

Fran, finding Vickie laying curled up on the foot of the bed asleep, laid down on the bed then gave her slave a nudge with her foot. Vickie yawned and stretched then smiled at her mistress.

"I need a bath." Fran announced.

"Do you want me to run the water for you?" Vickie asked.

"No, I want you to use your tongue. Lick me clean. Start at my toes and don't stop until your get to my hair." Vickie knelt on the floor beside the bed and began to lick Fran's toes and feet. "I'm sure you'll recognize the taste."

Fran relaxed and enjoyed the tongue moving up her legs. When Vickie was ready to concentrate on her cunt Fran patted her on the head. "Get it good and clean," Fran said spreading her legs, "Thirty or forty guys dumped cum in there over the last couple of hours." Fran smiled as she stroked Vickie's hair "The fresh runny stuff is Dave's." After a thorough tongue bath the two young girls fell asleep in each other's arms.

Dave, Fran and Vickie all slept soundly for the four hours they had left until the alarm went off at seven o'clock am. When Fran and Vickie hugged, kissed then sat up and stretched they could already her Fran's mom in the kitchen.

"Come on down here kids" Dave and Fran's mom yelled up at them. "I want to have a little family meeting before we go to church." Fran unlocked Vickie from the bedpost, but kept the padlock on her cunt. The two girls donned robes and slippers and headed downstairs drawn by curiosity about what Fran's mom had to say and by the smell of sausage cooking. Fran's mom met them at the kitchen door.

"Do you want me to go back up stairs?" Vickie asked Fran's mom, "I don't want to sit in on a family meeting if I'm not wanted." Fran's mom looked at the young girl then reached out and gently stroked her cheek.

"I feel like you belong to this family already dear." Fran's mom told Vickie, "why don't you just do whatever Fran suggests." Vickie smiled at Fran's mom then sat down next to her best friend and mistress letting her robe fall open just enough to show the silver padlock between her legs. Dave came bounding down the stairs and gave his mother a hug then sat down on the other side of Fran. Dave and Fran's mom hummed cheerily but tunelessly as she brought plates of sausage links and scrambled eggs to each of the children. After placing a communal plate stacked high with toast in the middle of the table Dave and Fran's mom brought her own plate over and sat facing the three kids.

"You seem to be really cheerful this morning mom." Fran commented around a forkful of eggs headed for her mouth. Fran's mom paused for a moment then smiled at her daughter.

"Why yes I am, thank you dear, and the cause of my happiness is the reason I want to talk to you kids." Their mom paused to smile at her kids, not forgetting to include Vickie in her radiated joy. "All the time I was cooking I was trying to figure out the best way to share this news with you." Their mom took a bite of toast. "I know it sounds trite, but the only way to tell you is just to tell you." She finished chewing and swallowed her bite. Fran had stopped eating and stared at her mother imagining all kinds of dreadful news. Fran's mom smiled at her daughter and reached over and patted her hand. "Smile dear, it's happy news." Fran smiled weakly at her mom.

"Bill and I, ah, Mr. Wilson and I have been talking about getting married for several months now..."

"The football coach?" Fran asked in shock remembering his cock sticking out of his pants and into her mouth.

"...Yes dear the football coach. We have decided to go ahead with our plans..."

Fran was just barely aware that her mother was still talking. 'How' she thought 'can I tell her'. Surely she doesn't want to marry a man that has fucked her daughter in the mouth.

"...He's such a masterful and dominant man..."

I can't let mom marry him without her knowing what he's like.

"...It's been so long since I've had a man like that in my life..."

I've got to tell her.

"...Not since your father died have I met a man who made me feel so, well, so submissive..."

'What?' Fran thought finally hearing what her mother was saying. He makes her feel so submissive?.

"...I'm sure you can understand that 'Sweet Stuff'." Fran's mother took Fran by the hand as she used her old baby nickname for her. Fran looked into her mother's eyes and saw a familiar need.

"It run's in the family dear." Her mother continued. "Some of us just need a good dominant man in our lives to make us happy." Fran's mom squeezed Fran's hand then released it so she could continue to eat.

"Your brother already knows about this." Fran gave her brother a quick glance. His smile looked almost sheepish for someone who was practicing dominance.

Suddenly Fran remembered the figures she kept seeing in the window during the 'Fran Fuck' the previous afternoon. Fran's head, and her world, spun. When it stopped spinning Fran wondered if anything in her life was what it appeared to be.

"You and the coach watched...."

"Yes dear."

"You've known all along..."

"Yes dear."

"You...you and Dave..."

"No dear, not yet." Fran's mom smiled at her son. "We feel that you need to get to know your new 'daddy' better, so we thought you should go home with him after church and spend the day with him." Fran paused and swallowed a couple of times, remembering the feel of his hard cock in her mouth.

"I..I wouldn't mind getting to know him better." She stammered, the wetness already growing between her legs. Then Fran looked at Vickie with a worried look on her face.

"Hay don't worry about me." Vickie said answering the unasked question. "I have a family reunion to go to. You're going to have to handle your 'daddy' all by yourself." Vickie grinned at her friend "You're the luckiest little bitch I've ever met." Fran blushed and looked down at her plate.

"Now Vickie," Fran's mom reprimanded her gently, "you know I don't approve of such language." Vickie looked down at her plate her face growing red with embarrassment.

"Well she is" Vickie insisted quietly.

"Yes I know honey," Fran's mom patted her hand, "but I still don't like that kind of language." Fran finished eating her breakfast with a few anticipatory squirms in her chair as she thought about spending the afternoon with the coach. Once the meal was done and the plates were rinsed and stacked in the dishwasher Fran and Vickie went up to Fran's bedroom. Fran found clothes already set out for her to wear on top of the neatly folded sweater and skirt was an electric razor and a note from Dave. "For a quick touch up. You don't want your new Daddy to find you with a five o'clock shadow." When Fran picked up the razor and turned around she found Vickie kneeling in front of her.

"Will my mistress please tell this poor unworthy slave what to wear?" Vickie asked with total submission.

"You really get into this shit don't you?" Fran asked the kneeling girl.

"Oh God yes!" Vickie answered with a slightly less slave like demeanor. Fran walked over to her kneeling slave and, placing a hand on each side of her slave's head pulled Vickie's mouth onto her cunt.

"Then lick my hot cunt bitch." She demanded. Vickie eagerly dug her tongue into Fran's hairless slit. Fran rubbed her wet cunt all over Vickie's face, concentrating on her noes, then pushed her away. "That's what you will wear today, my smell all over your face, and don't you dare wash it off. Now," Fran ordered handing Vickie the razor, "Shave me and be quick about it."

This, Fran thought as she leaned back on the bed and spread her legs, I could get into.

Well, quick is a relative term, as soon as the vibrating head of the battery-operated razor neared Fran's large clitoris Fran grabbed Vickie's wrist and would not let go until after her second orgasm. After the 'quick' shave Vickie dressed in a tight T-shirt that was cut off just below her breasts and a short skirt that just barely covered her thick pubic patch, then stood in front of her seated mistress with her legs spread and her hands held behind her back. Fran lifted the skirt and stroked Vickie's wet pussy, jiggling and gently pulling on the small silver padlock hanging from her cunt lips.

"How does this feel?" Fran asked her submissive friend.

"It hurt at first, and is still a little sore, but when I walk it pulls on my cunt lips and moves them back and forth across my clitoris." Vickie paused, "I cum about every ten steps." She finished with a giggle. Fran lifted Vickie's T-shirt and sucked on one of her nipples. God this is great, she thought, almost as much fun as being a slave. Fran released Vickie's now hard nipple and let the T-shirt fall back into place.

"If I remember right you have a couple of male cousins that will be at this reunion, don't you?" Fran asked as she stroked Vickie's clitoris.

"Yes, Ricky and Tom." Vickie answered breathlessly.

"You don't like them do you?"

"No, they're snotty little brats." Fran pulled her hand away from her slave's crotch and smiled at the disappointed moan.

"During your family reunion you must get each one alone, show him your locked cunt, let him play with it then suck him off." Fran loved Vickie's look of total disgust.

"Suck off those to little brats...OUCH" Vickie's protest was cut off with a hard squeeze of her left nipple by Fran.

"You will do as you are told." Fran hissed with mock anger.

"Yes Mistress." Vickie answered with real contrition.

"Now, go home, I have to get ready to visit with my new daddy." A thrill went through Fran when she said 'daddy'. Fran had always had just two masturbatory fantasies. One was fucking her brother, which had come true. The other one was being possessed and fucked by a mysterious and powerful 'daddy'. Vickie leaned over and quickly kissed Fran on the mouth.

"I love you." She shouted as she left the room and headed down the stairs. Let's see, Fran mused, six blocks with an orgasm every ten steps...Fran gave up trying to figure out how many times Vickie would cum on her way home. Instead she thought about the surprised and delighted looks Ricky and Tom would have when Vickie knelt in front of each one and submissively sucked them off.

Fran quickly dressed in the clothes her brother had picked out for her. They were clothes she had never seen before. Fran put on the tight fitting gold sweater with the school name emblazoned across her chest and the short pleated white skirt. Fran looked in the full-length mirror and just knew that her new daddy, the football coach, was going to be pleased with his new cheerleader.

Fran hurried down the stairs and came to a quick stop when she saw her mother. Fran looked her mother up and down. Fran's mother was wearing a shimmering gold colored blouse that draped and flowed like water over her breasts when she moved. Her nipples could just barely be made out through the constantly moving material. Her mid thigh length skirt of the same material was gathered at the waist and seemed to flow like a waterfall over her hips, and slide over her thighs with each step. The effect was both elegant and erotic at the same time.

"Oh God your beautiful mom." Fran finally managed to say. Fran's mom chuckled.

"I don't have to play the 'responsible single parent' any more. Bill bought me these pretty clothes and I will wear them any where he wants me to." Fran's mom leaned closer to Fran and spoke to her conspiratorially "I'd go to church naked if that's what he wanted me to do." Fran could feel a new bond growing between her and her mother.

As they walked out to the car Fran felt a flare up of jealousy, Dave was paying more attention to mom than to her. The bulge in his pants obviously had more to do with their mom's barely visible hard nipples than with Fran's short skirt and tight sweater. Fran pouted in the back seat as Dave gushed and practically drooled all over their mother as he drove them to church. Why don't you, Fran thought several times, fuck her and get it over with.

The coach met them in the parking lot and hugged Fran's mom first then

hugged Fran with a quick, very un-fatherly squeeze of her naked butt under her short skirt. The new 'family' walked into the church building. As Fran headed off to the third grade class to assist the teacher she saw her mom, with the coaches arm around her and his hand resting on her butt walking into Father Michael's study where the 'Adult Singles' group met. Knowing what she did about the coach and Father 'Big Daddy' Michael (and her mother for that matter) Fran pondered just what type of 'Sunday School' class was going on in there.

As Fran walked down the hallway toward the third grade room Dave pulled her into the same convenient alcove he had used the previous week to insure she still had the fishing weight hanging from her clitoris. Fran stood submissively with her legs apart as Dave ran his hands over her hairless crotch and dipped his fingers into her wet cunt. Then Dave produced a device from his coat pocket and after rubbing it on her pussy for lubrication had Fran turn around and bend over.

"This," he announced as he pushed it against her rear hole. "Is a butt plug. It is designed so that it will stay in your asshole, neither slipping all the way in nor falling out until it is removed." Fran moaned as she felt her ass stretch over the wide part of the plug. As Fran's sphincter muscle relaxed around the narrow stem of the plug Dave continued, "I just wanted to give you a reminder of who your owner is." Dave pulled Fran to a standing position then reached under her cheerleader skirt and checked the plug to insure its security. Fran could feel Dave's hard cock bumping into her as he looked at his watch then glanced up and down the rapidly emptying hallway.

"Go into the women's bathroom and make sure it's empty then let me know." Fran walked across the hallway to the women's bathroom door, her walk taking on a slight 'waddle' as she accommodated the butt plug planted firmly in her ass. Fran opened the door then signaled Dave when she had determined it to be empty. Dave joined Fran and, giggling, the two of them went into the same stall they had used the previous week. The usual thrill of Dave's large cock pounding into Fran's cunt was heightened by his body pushing on her newly installed butt plug with each thrust.

"Oh god yes." Fran whispered to her brother, "Fuck your nasty little slave." Then Fran bit her knuckle to keep from screaming as her orgasm swept over her body.

Fran's appearance in the Third Grade classroom, her hair mussed and her face flush with excitement, was met with open-mouthed stares from the boys in the class. All of the boys, and some of the girls suddenly became very clumsy dropping pencils, papers and erasers which they had to bend under the table to retrieve. Fran's exhibitionist streak kicked in and she spread her legs just enough to give them a glimpse of what they were working so hard to see.

After Sunday School the family gathered back together and sat in the last pew of a small alcove off to the side of the main sanctuary. It was a small pew with just enough room for Fran, Dave, their mother and the coach. Fran was seated in between Dave and the coach, Fran's mother was sitting on the other side of Dave.

Every time they stood or knelt the coach would stroke Fran's naked butt cheeks under her pleated cheerleader skirt. When they would sit the coach would gently stroke her inner thighs moving higher and higher as the service continued. When they sat down after the last pre-sermon hymn the coach slipped his hand under Fran's short cheerleader's skirt and gently massaged her inner thigh. Fran automatically spread her legs to allow him greater access to her body.

"Maybe next week you can do pulpit service." The coach whispered in her ear.

"What? What is 'pulpit service'?" Fran whispered back. The coach slipped his hand higher up Fran's thigh until his little finger rested against her clitoris.

"Each Sunday one of the young lady's in the church is chosen to sneak into the bottom part of the pulpit." Fran bit her lip suppressing a moan as the coach's little finger moved back and forth over her sensitive clitoris.

"Then while 'Big Daddy'," Fran jumped slightly hearing her future daddy use that term, "is giving his sermon she crawls up inside his robe and sucks him off." Fran rocked her hips rubbing herself on her new daddy's hand while she imagined being in the pulpit sucking on 'Big Daddy's' monster cock while he preached. Her new daddy leaned closer, "Big Daddy never stops preaching until he's cum twice."

Fran struggled to keep from moaning out her pleasure as her daddy slipped a finger into her hairless cunt, she wrapped her arms around his arm and clamped her thighs down on his hand and rocked like she was riding a hobby horse rubbing her dripping pussy against him. Fran looked down and saw her daddy's cock bulging in his pants and, stimulated by the sight, rocked even harder.

Fran's first wave of orgasm washed over her, she barely managed to cum without interrupting Father Michael's sermon with an ear splitting scream. Fran grinned and snuggled closer to her daddy as she listened to Father Michael's sermon on 'The Dangers of Sexual Sin'. Her daddy's hand never left Fran's crotch during the longish sermon. Once near the end he leaned over and whispered in Fran's ear.

"I hope you're a better cock sucker than this bitch is. I'd hate to sit through another sermon this long next week." Fran leaned over to his ear.

"You already know I am Daddy." She whispered causing the bulge in his pants to twitch noticeably. Fran's Daddy reached over and, slipping his other hand under her cheerleader sweater gently pinched her nipple. As her nipple hardened Fran saw Father Michael pause momentarily in his sermon then, his body visibly relaxing, grin at the congregation. "Looks like the sermons over she whispered to her daddy."

When the music started for the final hymn and Fran's new daddy pulled his hand out from under her skirt, Fran took his hand and pulled it up to her mouth. Staring directly into his eyes Fran licked her own cunt juice from her daddy's finger then smiled at him and snuggled under his protective arm as they shared the same hymnal. Fran had not been too busy cumming to notice that Dave's hands had been all over their mother during the sermon.

As Fran, with her Daddy's arm draped over her shoulder joined the other parishioners filing out the back door of the sanctuary she nudged Dave and pointed to the girl sneaking out from behind the pulpit. Dave looked then grinned back at his sister. The girl was one of Carla's erstwhile cohorts.

"Fran here has volunteered to be your special assistant next week." The Coach announced to Father Michael as they shook hands at the back door.

"Oh wonderful," Father Michael beamed at Fran, "It'll be just like old times." He said to her with a wink. "I'll plan a much shorter sermon." Fran blushed and almost wiggled with pleasure at the implied complement of her cock sucking skills.

"Well, come on Fran," the coach said taking her arm, "Say goodbye to your mother and brother for a while so we can go get some lunch and decide what to do with ourselves for the rest of the day."

"Yes Daddy." Fran said with a smile.

End part seven "Fran's New Family"

Slave Sister
Part Eight
"A Day With Daddy"
by
Norm DePloom
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Fran and Daddy

After church Fran walked to her Daddy's fully restored 1968 Mustang convertible nestled comfortably in his strong arm, and watching with eager anticipation the bulge growing more prominent in his pants. As the engine roared to life Fran straddled the gearshift to get closer to her new Daddy. With her legs spread, the Coach pulled his little cheerleader's pleated gold skirt up and rested his hand on her smooth cunt in between shifts. Fran, turning her head to the right then left to let the wind blow through her hair, caught sight of her breasts in the rear view mirror and was astonished at how prominent her hard nipples were under the sweater. They grew even harder as she watched them. Leaning on her Daddy Fran hugged the arm that was resting in her crotch with her left arm and let her right hand slip down his front until it rested on the large bulge in his pants.

"What are we going to do today?" Fran asked as she gently rubbed her hand over the material that covered head of the Coach's hard cock, then slipped her hand between his legs and firmly squeezed his large testicles.

"We," the coach answered working his finger into her hairless slit, "are going to the Promenade Room for lunch first."

"Oohh, thanks Daddy," Fran gushed as her hand moved back up to his throbbing cockhead, "I've never been there." Fran, gripping her Daddy's cock through his pants, couldn't understand why she had become such a ravenous slut all of the sudden. "Oh my god." Fran shrieked as she took her hand away from the Coaches hard cock.

"Oh my god what?" He asked her still slipping his fingertip up and down her slick hairless slit.

"The butt plug." Fran shouted.

"The butt plug?" He asked.

"Dave put a butt plug inside me." Fran explained, "And it's resting on the center console of your car. It feels like your entire car is vibrating

inside me." Fran's Daddy slipped three fingers inside her with no resistance. He could feel the vibrations of the car transferred through her ass to her cunt. Fran leaned forward and grabbed the top of the windshield with both hands. Spreading her legs as far as she could without interfering with the driving Fran began to rock her hips forward and backward fucking her cunt on her Daddy's fingers and pushing the butt plug harder onto the center console. Fran fucked harder onto her Daddy's hand as her hips moved with quick jerks. Holding onto the windshield Fran leaned her head back and let her hair stream out behind her.

"Oh my Gooooooooodddddd." She screamed as her lower body spasmed so violently that the Coach almost drove off the road. Good God, the Coach thought feeling Fran's pussy clamp down on his fingers, that's going to feel great on my cock. Fran collapsed into the passenger seat her face flushed and her chest heaving with excitement. The Coach let his hand rest on her inner thigh while he drove the last three blocks to the restaurant. After parking the car the Coach looked over at Fran, sitting sprawled in the passenger seat, her legs spread, her pleated skirt hiked up to her waist and her wet hairless slit glistening in the sun.

"Come on, let's eat lunch." He said giving her thigh a possessive squeeze. The coach climbed out of the car and, walking around to the passenger side opened the door for Fran. Fran almost spilled out of the car, stumbled to her feet then, after pulling her skirt down to cover her crotch and attempting to smooth the wrinkles out of it, leaned against her new Daddy and walked on still wobbly legs into the restaurant.

The Promenade Room was cool and dimly lit. Each booth was walled and situated for maximum privacy. It was a restaurant designed for sexual assignations and made no secret of it. With his hand tightly around Fran's waist the Coach handed the maitre d' a tip and asked for a private booth for him and his daughter. The maitre d' looked Fran up and down. Fran reacted by sticking her chest out to show off her nipples, hardening in the cool air. The maitre d' turned with a disdainful sniff and led them through the darkened restaurant. As they walked to their table the Coach lifted Fran's short pleated skirt with his thumb and caressed her muscular butt, enjoying the ripple of her muscles with each step.

"Thank you Daddy." Fran said almost shyly after they were seated. "That was one of the best orgasms I have ever had." Holding the menu with one hand the Coach reached down under the table and Fran, spreading her legs to accommodate his hand, leaned against his arm and sighed contentedly. The waiter arrived and the Coach ordered their meals, complete with wine, without stopping his obvious fingering of his young companion beneath the tablecloth. Fran could feel herself blushing with embarrassment from being fingered in front of this stranger.

The wine appeared almost instantly and the coach poured Fran and himself glasses. Fran, having only had wine a couple of times before and still not

sure if she really liked it or not, just sipped hers occasionally. The Coach pulled his fingers out of Fran's hot cunt and concentrated his efforts on her large swollen clitoris.

"Later today I'm going to have to give this famous clitoris of yours a visual inspection." Fran giggled at the way he talked. "You know your mother has a large clitoris also." Fran almost spewed her sip of wine across the white tablecloth to hear him mention her mother's clitoris so casually. Then Fran's competitive streak kicked in and she wondered whether her mother's clitoris was larger than hers.

The Coach moved Fran so she was sitting almost facing away from him with one leg up on the seat stretched out away from him. With Fran leaning back against him and his arm between Fran and the padded back of the booth, the Coach had easy access to her thighs, her pussy, her stomach and her breasts. Fran leaned her head back against her new Daddy and closed her eyes, enjoying the hand roaming over her naked skin.

Fran heard the rattle of dishes and looked up. The waiter, totally ignoring the fact that her cheerleader sweater was pulled up exposing her breasts, and that her Daddy was busy kneading said exposed breasts, set their lunch out on the table then disappeared again. Fran's hand was busy inside the Coach's unzipped pants pulling out his hard cock.

For the next hour Fran and her Daddy busied themselves playing with each other's bodies and feeding each other fried shrimp, scallops, oysters and other items from their seafood platters. Then the Coach gave Fran a gentle shove under the table.

"Time for your desert dear." Fran pulled the tablecloth back so she could see her Daddy's face as her wet mouth engulfed his hard cock. While Fran's mouth worked up and down the Coach's hard shaft she heard the waiter return to their booth and refill their coffees without asking about the missing girl. Kneeling between her Daddy's legs under the table, Fran alternated between swirling her tongue over the velvety head of his large cock and working her mouth up and down the shaft. As she worked his cock with her mouth Fran massaged his thighs and balls with her hands.

Fran felt his leg muscles tighten then felt her mouth being flooded with his cum. Instead of swallowing her Daddy's thick white sperm Fran held it in her closed mouth while she climbed back up on the seat of the booth. Fran put a hand on each of her Daddy's cheeks and held him facing her as she opened her mouth and let him see his cum puddled on her tongue. Then she tilted her head back so he could witness her swallowing as his cum flowed off her tongue and down her throat. After swallowing the last of his thick cum Fran looked into her Daddy's eyes and smiled seductively.

"That is my favorite desert daddy." Fran said hugging him around the neck. The Coach drank the last of his coffee then, pulling Fran with him, scooted out of the booth and, after dropping money on the table, headed for the door. Being slightly tipsy from the wine, and sexually over stimulated from lunch with her new Daddy, Fran turned around at the door and pulled her sweater up exposing her breasts to the Maitre d'.

"Don't bother," the Coach told her pulling her out into the parking lot with her sweater still up around her armpits, "He's not interested in females." Fran, pulling her sweater down over her firm breasts, had a hard time accepting the concept that a male could possibly not be interested in her body. When they got into the car Fran, with a silly grin on her face, started to straddle the central console again. The Coach pushed her back into the passenger seat.

"You're just going to have to wait until we get to my place." He told Fran sternly ignoring her pout. "I don't want to take a chance on running off the road again." As her Daddy drove out into traffic Fran, with a wicked grin on her face, turned and facing the Coach leaned against the car door. Fran spread her legs then snapped them shut every time he looked her direction teasing him with glimpses of her wet open cunt.

Tiring of the teasing Fran let her legs spread wide open and, slipping two fingers into her cunt, began to fuck herself for her Daddy's entertainment. Letting her head hang over the door, and her hair blow in the wind Fran slipped her other hand under her sweater and messaged her breasts and pinched her nipples while she luxuriated in the feel of warm sunshine on her bare skin.

"I need to cum Daddy," Fran moaned as her fingers slipped in and out of her cunt and circled her large clitoris, "Please let me cum."

"No." The Coach answered firmly. "Not until we get to my house." Fran looked at her Daddy with surprise. Fran had intended her request to be more of an alert to let her Daddy know she was ready to cum if he wanted to watch. She had never dreamed that he would say 'no'. Fran pulled her hand away from her wet pussy and started to close her legs.

"Leave you legs open." Fran left her legs spread as far as she could and looked away with her lower lip sticking out. The Coach reached over and stroked up and down her inner thighs coming very close but never quit touching her open hairless slit. Fran could only maintain her pout for half a minute before she was giving her Daddy her most seductive 'little girl' look.

"Pleeeeeeeasssse Daddy." She begged. "I need to cum so bad it hurts." Every time the Coach's hand came close to her pussy he could feel the heat

radiating from it. Fran began to shift her hips trying to force his hand to touch her needy cunt. It quickly became a game as the Coach deftly moved his hand away before Fran could rub herself on it. This continued until the Coach pulled his hand away to pick up the remote and open the garage door.

As the garage door closed behind them the Coach leaned over and, pushing Fran's legs even further apart kissed and licked his way up her slit until he reached her large swollen clitoris. Fran moaned with incoherent joy as he sucked her clitoris into his mouth and flicked his tongue over it's swollen tip.

"Oh god no." Fran wailed as the Coach pulled his mouth away from her pussy before she could cum. The Coach got out of the car and without looking back headed into the house. Fran scrambled to catch up with him. The Coach, leading his young cheerleader through the kitchen and into his front room, sat in a plush leather covered chair and pulled Fran over to stand in front of him. Fran put her hands on her Daddy's shoulders for support. Fran trembled with excitement as his hands explored her firm young body. Moving under her skirt and sweater to knead her breasts, pinch her nipples, stroke her clitoris and explore the depths of her hot wet cunt.

The Coach abandoned his exploration of Fran's body just long enough to unbuckle his pants and, after unzipping his fly, lift his butt off the chair just far enough to pull his pants down to his knees exposing his large throbbing cock. Fran licked her lips and rubbed her own breasts in eager anticipation.

"Yes Daddy." Fran whispered almost inaudibly as the Coach held her by the waist and guided her almost dripping cunt down onto his waiting cock. "Fuck me Daddy, fuck me hard."

Dave and Mom

Dave held his mother firmly around her waist as he walked her across the church parking lot to their car. Once they were away from the crowd Dave moved his hand up from her waist and gently squeezed his mother's breast through the thin material of her blouse. Dave opened the car door and held his mother's hand while she sat in the car seat. Closing the door Dave grinned at his mother who grinned back when she saw him pushing his hard cock back down in his pants. Once they were out of the parking lot Dave's mom leaned over and, unzipping his trousers pulled his cock through the fly and engulfed it in her wet mouth, eliciting a deep growling moan from her son. After three long slow strokes up and down his shaft with her hot mouth Dave's mom let the hard cock slip from her lips.

"It's nice having a slut for a mom isn't it honey?" She asked her son as she stroked up and down his saliva-covered shaft with her hand. Dave's mom looked up to see her son blushing.

"Oh mom," he stammered, suddenly and unexpectedly feeling very shy and self-conscious. Dave's mom laid her head on his shoulder while she continued her slow hand stroke on his hard cock.

"Hey, son, I'm depending on you to be just as dominant with me as you are with Fran." She gave Dave's cock an affectionate squeeze. "I'm just as much you sex slave as she is."

"In that case," Dave said giving his mom a quick grin, "suck my cock slut." Dave's mom moaned softly and lowered her head back into her son's lap, her experienced mouth easily sucking his entire cock down her throat. Dave slipped his hand under his mother's blouse and pinched her already hard nipple. Dave's mother massaged his balls through his trousers as she sucked on his rod of hard flesh. It was obvious to both of them that, due to the excitement of getting his first maternal blowjob, Dave was not going to last very long.

"Eat your son's cum whore." Dave yelled as he put his hand on the back of his mother's head and, forcing his cock all the way inside her throat, shot hot cum into her sucking mouth. Dave's Mother eagerly swallowed every drop of her son's cum then sat up and, leaning against his shoulder, continued to hold his still hard cock in her hand. Dave heard his mother smacking her lips and turned to look at her.

"You taste great." She smiled, licking drops of his cum from her lips and giving his cock an affectionate squeeze. Noticing another drop of liquid appearing when she squeezed, Dave's mom leaned over and licked it from the tip, causing Dave's cock to twitch.

"God you're good mom." Dave moaned as he turned into their driveway and parked beside the back door. Dave got out of the car without bothering to put his cock away, or zip his pants, "Come on," Dave said grinning at his mom, then pulling her out through the driver side door. "I've got to fuck my slut mom's hot cunt."

Dave picked his mother up and carried her to the back door. Pushing the back door open Dave carried his mom into the kitchen and sat her down on the edge of the counter. Holding his mother's legs up and apart Dave sank his hard cock into her open wet cunt in one swift thrust, banging the teeth of his trousers zipper into her swollen tender cunt lips. Dave's mom wrapped her legs around his waist and her arms around his neck as she grimaced in a combination of pain and pleasure.

"Fuck your slut mother, baby" she moaned in his ear. Obliging Dave pulled his cock back and slammed it into her again. "Yes baby, fuck me hard." She whispered clinging to his arms. Dave pulled his mother's blouse over her

head exposing her hard-nippled breasts to his sucking mouth. Dave's mom leaned her head back until it rested on the cupboard door, then stroked her son's hair as he sucked on her nipples and pounded her pussy with his hard cock. Dave slipped a hand between their bodies to stroke his mother's clitoris then suddenly stopped in mid thrust. Leaning back Dave looked down to where their bodies joined together.

"My god, mom" Dave whispered in awe, "your even bigger than Fran." He finished as he stroked his mother's huge engorged clitoris between his thumb and forefinger making her shiver with excitement. Dave looked up and grinned at his mother. "You could almost fuck somebody with this." Dave looked down at his mother's clitoris again and, suddenly realizing that the teeth from his zipper must be slamming into her cunt, started to unbuckle his belt.

"Leave them on dear." Dave's mom said putting her hand on top of his to stop him. "A little pain always makes the pleasure so much more intense." Dave wrapped his arms around his mother, holding her back with one hand and cradling her head with the other. Then bringing their lips together he probed her mouth with his tongue as he pushed his cock into her and ground the teeth of his zipper into her cunt lips. Dave's mother sucked on his tongue and, grinding her pussy against him, used her well-trained vaginal muscles to massage her son's cock in ways he had never dreamed of. Dave and his mother ground their mouths and their crotches against each other until they both stiffened and jerked in mutual orgasm.

Breaking of their kiss they laid their heads on each other's shoulders and gently rocked back and forth with his cock still buried in her cunt. Dave's mom gently stroked his hair and back as they rocked.

"Fran's right," Dave's mom whispered as she gently kissed his neck, "Nobody fucks like you." Dave's mom gently pushed her son away from her "Now, young man," she said with mock sternness, "you go upstairs and wait on my bed and I'll bring you some lunch." Dave turned to leave the kitchen. "And I only serve lunch to naked people." His mother called after him as she slipped down off the counter and gathered up her blouse, which had fallen unnoticed to the floor.

Dave went to his own room and stripped then walked naked, his half-hard still dripping cock bouncing with each step, to his mother's bedroom. Despite having her suck his cock and having just fucked her, Dave felt strange lying down on his mother's bed naked. Just knowing that he was lying on his mother's bed brought his cock to full erection again. As Dave lay on the bed and listened to the sounds of his mother preparing lunch he gently stroked his hard cock then bringing his hand up to his mouth and nose, Dave tasted and smelled his mother for the first time.

Dave's mom, appearing in the doorway naked and carrying a tray loaded with

cheese, lunchmeat and crackers, struck a seductive pose for her son before entering the room. She sat the tray on the bed, then climbed onto the bed herself. Kneeling on the bed facing her son Dave's mom began to feed him pieces of cracker and cheese. Gently stroking his chest and stomach while he chewed. Moving closer and closer to the large hard cock sticking up from his nest of pubic hair. After the fourth bite she 'accidentally' bumped into it.

"What's this?" she said faining surprise, "I try to be nice to my son and he thanks me by sticking this rude thing in my face." Dave's mom grabbed his cock and squeezed it firmly while she stuffed another piece of cheese and cracker into his mouth. "I simply will not continue to feed you if I have to look at this thing." She grinned at her son, "We must find a way to hide it." With one practiced motion Dave's mom straddled her son and sank down engulfing his hard cock in her wet pussy eliciting a cracker and cheese muffled moan from her son.

Dave's mom grinned wickedly at her son as she slowly moved her hips up and down, grasping his cock with her practiced cunt muscles. As soon as Dave swallowed his mom stuffed more cheese and crackers into his mouth without breaking her slow fucking motions on his cock. As Dave chewed his mouth full of crackers and cheese his mom leaned forward and, while rubbing her hard-nippled breasts against his chest let her hair slide sensuously over his face, then ringed his neck with wet kisses.

Lifting his head and looking over his mother's shoulder Dave saw their reflection in her dresser mirror and was mesmerized by the sight of his mother's cunt as it slowly lifted off his cock then slid back down engulfing it entirely to it's base. Dave reached down with both hands and pulled his mother's buttocks apart to get a better view of his slime-covered cock slipping in and out of her wet pussy. The plate of cheese and crackers temporarily forgotten Dave matched his mother's slow strokes thrusting himself up into her and grinding his pubic hair against her aroused sensitive clitoris.

As his excitement built towards another orgasm Dave coated his finger with his mother's natural lubricant and worked the tip into her tight crinkled ass. Dave's mom moaned loudly and sucked on his neck as his finger slipped further into her.

"Make me be your slut." Dave's mom whispered in his ear as their bodies rocked in mutual orgasm. "Make me do something you have never asked anyone else to do for you." Dave's body was wracked with orgasmic spasms thinking about how great it would be to humiliate his mother by forcing her to lick and tongue fuck his asshole.

Fran, Dave, Daddy and Mom

Fran and her Daddy arrived at Fran's house late in the evening. Entering through the back door they heard sounds and walked arm in arm to the door leading into the front room where they both stopped and watched. Dave was rocked back in the recliner and his mom was riding his hard cock while they watched a video tape of the 'First Weekly Fran Fuck'. On the screen Fran, naked and blindfolded with a chain running from her ankle to the oak tree in the back yard, was crouched over a cock which was fucking up into her cunt as another fucked her ass and a third stroked in and out of her open mouth.

Fran's fatigue began to evaporate as a new wave of lust swept over her body. With insight into her own ego Fran realized that she was more turned on by watching herself getting fucked on videotape then by watching her mother and brother fucking in real life.

"Hay you two." The Coach said in his most authoritative drill instructor type voice, causing Dave and his mom to turn towards them. Fran giggled at the startled expressions on their faces. "What do you think you're doing." The coach demanded.

"Fucking honey." Fran's mom answered sweetly. "Don't you recognize it?" She continued as she resumed the steady up and down motion of her hips as she fucked herself on her son's hard cock. Fran and her Daddy walked into the room and sat on the couch where they could watch both the videotape of Fran getting gang banged and the live action in the recliner. As they watched Fran leaned her head over trying to catch a glimpse of her mother's clitoris, she just had to know if it was bigger than hers.

Dave grabbed his mother's waist and pulled her down on his cock as he bellowed and ground his crotch into hers. Fran slipped her hand into her own crotch and gently fingered her clitoris while she watched. The Coach and Fran sat silently for a minute respecting Dave and his Mom's moment of mutual pleasure. After catching her breath Fran's Mom, still laying in the recliner with her son, turned and smiled at the couple on the couch.

"Did you enjoy yourself dear?" Fran and the Coach looked at each other not sure which one of them she was addressing.

"Well, I know I did." The Coach answered emphatically giving Fran's closest nipple a quick pinch, causing Fran to blush slightly. Fran's Mom looked at Fran and raised her eyebrows questioningly.

"I had a wonderful time." Fran grinned at her Mom and Dave, then blushed deeply not used to seeing her Mom naked and openly playing with her brother's half-hard cock.

"Dave" The coach addressed Fran's brother.

"Yeah Coach?" Dave looked over at the man sitting next to his sister.

"What do you think of the idea of us watching our two slaves fuck each other?" The Coach gave Fran's nipple another tweak as he spoke. Fran felt totally embarrassed for the first time in days. Oh god, she thought, I can't possibly have sex with my own mother. Fran looked over at Dave desperately trying to let him know with her look that she really did not want to do this.

"That sounds like a great idea." Dave said enthusiastically as he grinned at his sister. "Fran got fucked by four lesbians yesterday, she should be an expert now." Dave, his Mom and the Coach all stared at the red-faced Fran as she sat on the couch. Fran tried several times to say something, anything that would get her out of this, but the more she looked like she didn't want to do it the more enthusiastic Dave and the Coach got for the idea.

Fran's Mom climbed off the recliner and walked across the room toward her daughter and her fiancé. Fran tried not to stare at her Mother's naked body but the beauty of her Mother pulled her eyes up until they met her Mother's eyes. The Coach released Fran's nipple and stood up making room for Fran's Mom on the couch.

"It's ok honey," Fran's Mom whispered to her as she sat down beside her, "if this is what our men want us to do then we must do it." Fran's Mom put her arm around her daughter and pulled her closer, bringing their lips together and probing her daughter's mouth with her tongue. As the kiss continued Fran felt her Mom's hand slip under her cheerleader's sweater and expertly pinch and twist her nipples. This, Fran thought, is not Mom's first time with another girl. Fran's Mom broke off their kiss long enough to pull Fran's sweater over her head then leaned over and sucking Fran's left nipple into her mouth, plunged her hand under Fran's skirt.

Both Dave and the Coach sat on the coffee table and watched with interest as Fran's Mother continued the seduction of her daughter. Fran ran her hand gently up and down her Mother's back enjoying the feel of her smooth flawless skin. Fran leaned her head back against the couch and moaned in total surrender to her Mother's expert nipple sucking. Fran's mother let Fran's nipple slip out of her mouth and leaned back pulling Fran's head down toward her crotch.

"You lick your brother's cum from my cunt honey," she said spreading her legs, "then I'll lick Bill's...ah...your daddy's cum out of your sweet little pussy. Fran pulled her Mother's cunt lips apart and, lowering her head, pushed her tongue into the wet cum dripping hole. Fran's Mother placed her hands on the back of Fran's head and pulling Fran's face tight

against her well-fucked crotch, began to rotate her hips in small circles grinding her cunt on her Daughter's mouth.

In the shift of bodies Fran had ended up with one foot on the floor and one knee on the couch bent over with her face between her mother's legs, her skirt shifted up around her waist leaving her cunt and still plugged ass exposed to the two men watching. Fran felt a tugging at her upturned rear then squealed into her mother's cunt as the butt plug was pulled out of her body. Fran wrapped her arms around her Mother's thighs from underneath and held on 'for dear life' as her Mother's hips began to spasm, jerking up and down so hard the whole couch bounced with her movements.

"Oh god eat me," Fran's Mother began to scream out her orgasmic pleasure, "eat your mommy baby eat your mommy." Then she collapsed on the couch totally relaxed grinning at the two men watching her show. Fran lifted her cum smeared face from her Mother's crotch and sat down on the couch. Fran's Mother slowly stirred then, reversing directions pulled Fran's legs up onto her shoulders and began to explore her daughters clean shaven pussy. By the time Fran's Mother had returned Fran's favor and brought her daughter to a screaming orgasm leaving her draped exhausted over the arm of the couch, the Coach had removed his clothes and the two masters stood in front of their worn out slaves with hard cocks demanding attention. Both Fran and her Mother groaned as they sat up on the couch to receive instructions from their masters.

"We have decided," Dave began with a nod from the Coach, "that it is time for our first family fuck."

Slave Sister
Part Nine
"Mom Goes Shopping"
by
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Dave and Fran's mom sat at the kitchen table drinking a cup of coffee and enjoying the exhaustion that comes from fucking all night. A small smile spread across her lips as she thought about how nice it was to have a dominant man, make that two dominant men, in her life again. After an afternoon of trying to satiate the lust of her seemingly inexhaustible son, her fiance and Fran returned from there day getting to know each other better and the four of them experienced a night of unbridled sexuality.

She smiled as she remembered the whole family gathered around the breakfast table this morning, including Fran's new little 'pet'. I wonder what's going on there, She thought, remembering how Vickie had showed up early and headed directly for Fran's room. Nothing unusual there, but when they came back down for breakfast Vickie was unusually quiet, and Fran was rebuffing Vickie's obvious attempts to get back in her good graces. Oh well, Vickie probably failed to follow some directions, I'm sure I'll hear about it soon enough. She glanced at her watch then headed to her bedroom hoping to get a little rest before she had to be at work.

As she entered her bedroom Dave and Fran's mom was startled to see her son going through her dresser and piling her clothes onto the bed where there was already a large pile and beside it a very small pile. The closet door was open and most of her hangers were empty.

"What..." she started to demand what he was doing messing around in her stuff, then remembered the change in their relationship "...are you doing at home?" she finished less demandingly.

"Oh, hi Mom." Dave said turning to face her with a hand full of her cotton panties. "You've been hiding behind this 'responsible single parent' facade long enough," he continued throwing her panties into the larger of the two piles. "It's time for you to start dressing like the slut you really are."

"You know I'll dress any way you want me to around the house, honey." Dave's mom replied holding her robe closed as she sat on the edge of the bed. Dave walked around the bed to where his mom sat and, grabbing the edges of her robe pulled it open exposing her naked body underneath.

"Yes, Mom, you will." He paused to look at her firm breasts, "and you will wear what I tell you to when you go out of the house also." Dave reached down and cupped his mother's breasts with both hands. "God." He moaned squeezing them, "you're even sexier than Fran, Mom."

"Why don't you call me Martha?" She asked smiling at the growing bulge in

his pants. "It is my name after all."

"No." Dave pinched his mothers hardening nipples. "I prefer to call you Mom, especially when I'm fucking you."

"I'll dress however you want me to at home, but I still have to maintain my appearance at work." Martha insisted looking up at her son's face. Dave pinched his mother's nipples until she winced.

"You will dress as I tell you to at all times." Dave ran his hand down over her stomach and through her pubic hair. "Until you and the Coach are married I'm your master," Dave moved his finger over his mother's large clitoris as he talked, eliciting a moan from her. "and I will decide what you wear."

"But, " Martha spoke through her moans, "At work..." Dave pulled his mother off the bed and pushed her down on her knees in front of him.

"Am I your master?" He demanded.

"Yes son." She answered staring at the bulge in his pants.

"Are you my slut?"

"Yes son." She answered meekly.

"Then you will wear what I tell you to at all times."

"Yes son." Martha could feel the wetness oozing out of her cunt stimulated by the anticipation of being forced to dress in slutty clothes.

"And now " Dave said picking up the large pile of clothes, "We are going to insure that you do not wear any unauthorized clothing." Dave pulled his mother to her feet then led her through the house and into the back yard, where he tossed the clothes in a pile then retrieved a can of lighter fluid.

"Take off your robe." He ordered. Martha let the robe slide down her arms revealing her firm breasts with her nipples hardening in the cool morning air, then standing naked, held it out to her son. "Toss it on the pile." Dave instructed his mother. After the robe joined the rest of the clothes, Dave doused them with lighter fluid then tossed a lit match onto the pile.

As the clothes burned Dave turned to his mother and, taking her by the arms, pushed her down onto her knees. Without being told Martha unzipped her son's pants and pulling his cock out through the fly, engulfed it's entire length with her mouth as she watched her clothes burn out of the corner of her eye. There was no turning back now, Martha thought, I am the property of my son and my fiance. Dave began to talk as he pumped his cock in and out of his mother's wet mouth.

"After you're done here..." he spoke in between the growing moans, "we will go shopping for some new clothes. And some special things for your wedding night." Dave put his hands on the sides of his mother's head, grabbing handfuls of her hair, and fucking his cock into her mouth with ever-greater

force. "OOOO yes, suck my cock Mom." Martha spread her knees apart and rubbed her wet cunt with one hand while she held the base of her son's hard cock with the other. With one final moan Dave pushed his cock into his mother's waiting throat and shot his cum into her stomach. "Eat your babies cum Mommy." He almost whispered as his twitching cock spurt down her throat.

Dave kept his cock buried in his mother's throat, cutting off her air supply, while he watched her desperately trying to push him away. Then having satisfactorily demonstrated his dominance over her body Dave pulled his cock from his mother's mouth and pulled her to her feet as she gasped for air.

"Let's get you dressed for some shopping." Dave said grabbing her arm and pulling her toward the backdoor. Dave led his mother back upstairs but this time they went into Fran's room instead of hers. Dave went through Fran's clothes and picked out a skirt for his mother to wear then a T-shirt. Martha squeezed into the skirt, it was a little too tight, and a lot too short. The T-shirt came down almost to the bottom of her skirt, until Dave finished with the scissors, then it barely covered her breasts.

As Martha looked in the mirror she realized that the lower curve of her breasts just peaked out from under the newly cut off shirt. Blushing at the sight Martha realized that she could not raise her arms, or even shrug her shoulders without exposing parts of her breasts to who ever might be looking. The skirt barely covered her cunt, if she stood still and made sure it was pulled down as far as it would reach, but any step or movement was bound to pull it up enough to expose her wet slit. As the blush spread across Martha's chest her nipples hardened noticeably under the thin T-shirt and she could feel the wetness oozing down her thighs.

Martha hadn't been forced to dress like this in public since her husband had died. A rush of pleasant/scary/exciting memories washed over her almost like an orgasm. Dave took his mother's hand and led her back into her own bedroom where he dug her highest heeled shoes from the closet and gave them to her to put on. Oh God, Martha moaned to herself as she sat down and slipped the shoes onto her feet, there's no way I can keep myself covered wearing these.

Dave stood his mother in front of the full-length mirror then, standing behind her, wrapped his arms around her pinning her arms to her sides. Watching over her shoulder Dave rubbed his hands up and down her firm stomach, then as she leaned back against him, up under her cut off T-shirt to pinch her already hard nipples. As Dave ran his hands down his mother's stomach towards her barely covered pussy, Martha began to grind her hips against her son's hardening cock. Dave listened to his mother's moans as he lifted her skirt and, gently pulling her cunt lips apart ran the tip of his finger up and down her large engorged clitoris.

"Oh God," Martha moaned breathlessly as she ground her butt harder against her son's cock, "please fuck me."

"Not yet" Dave answered as he continued to flick his finger back and forth over his mother's clitoris until he thought she was only one flick away from cumming, then he suddenly stopped and just held his mother against him as

she continued grinding her butt against his throbbing cock. Martha smiled as she felt her son's cock twitch against her butt, knowing that he would have a tell-tale wet spot on the front of his pants when they separated. Martha stopped rubbing her butt against her son and they just stood, watching them selves in the mirror until Dave was ready to go.

Martha, still unsatisfied, obediently followed her son out to their car. Dave opened the door for his mother and smiled when her wet pussy peaked into view as she climbed into car. Martha watched her son walking around the car with a wet spot on the front of his trousers, and smiled remembering the feel of his hard cock twitching against her butt. The skirt was so short that Martha found herself setting with her wet pussy against the fabric of the car seat, and smiled remembering her husband teasing her about 'pussy tracks'.

Dave drove them to the downtown area and parked in front of a coffee shop across the street from a construction sight. It must be coffee break time, Martha thought as she saw the coffee shop full of construction workers. Dave got out of the car, and walking around to her side, opened the door for his mother. Only then did Martha realize that there was no way for her to get out of the car without flashing her naked wet pussy for everyone in the coffee shop to see. Dave stood in front of the door and reached over the window to offer his mother a helping hand. Martha gave her son a pleading look, which he ignored as he waited patiently for her to step out of the car.

Martha looked at the coffee shop window and could see the men all elbowing each other and gathering at the window for a better look. Blushing furiously Martha took her son's hand and stepped out of the car working to minimize her exposure. Once she was out of the car, Martha smoothed the short skirt down to cover as much of herself as she could and looked around with as much dignity as she could muster.

"Oh, darn." Dave said with exaggerated innocence. "I left the keys in the ignition." Dave grinned at his mother before continuing. "Would you lean back in the car and get them for me?" Martha looked at the window full of men and back at her son, her face growing brighter red. Then, still trying to maintain some dignity, she turned and started to climb back into the car. Dave reached out and stopped her.

"Just lean over and reach for them." He instructed her with his best 'cute little boy' smile, the one he had developed solely to melt her heart whenever he wanted anything. Spreading her legs as little as she could for balance Martha leaned over at the waist and supporting herself with one hand on the car seat stretched across to the keys in the ignition. As her fingers touched the keys she heard cheering from inside the coffee shop and turned her head to look around her leg. Most of the men standing at the window were openly stroking their hard cocks through their blue jeans.

While she was turned back looking at the men Dave ran his hand possessively over her butt checks, then pulled them apart to give the men an even better view of her open wet cunt, her healthy growth of pubic hair and her crinkled asshole. With one hand on the small of her back to hold her in place Dave slowly slipped two fingers into her pussy, and fucked her slowly to the

cheers of the watching crowd. Finally, after what seemed like hours to Martha, bent over in the car, Dave pulled his fingers out of her and allowed her to stand up.

"Bow for the nice men." Dave instructed her. Martha turned toward the men, her face flush with a combination of embarrassment and unfulfilled desire. Is he, she thought with growing fear and excitement, going to make me fuck all of these men? Her disappointment almost overshadowed her relief when Dave turned and walked her down the street. As Martha walked her cunt came more and more into view with each step and her breasts bounced working the thin whisp of T-shirt covering them higher and higher threatening to expose her hard nipples to the view of those walking the other direction. Martha heard someone call her a slut as they walked by causing a spasm of excitement to run through her lower body. She had almost forgotten what potent magic that word had for her.

"You really get off being called a slut don't you?" Dave asked her.

"Yes, oh God yes." She answered with a deep moan.

"That's because you are one." Dave whispered to her as he turned and opened a glass door with "H of B" painted on it. Once inside the door Dave pushed his mom up against the wall of the hallway leading to another glass door and pushed his hand between her legs. "You're a slut and a whore." He said as he pushed several fingers inside her causing more spasms. Then Dave pulled his fingers back out of her wet pussy. "But I'm not going to let you cum yet." He announced as he walked her through the second door.

The second door had "House of Bondage" painted on it and underneath that "Fine bondage equipment for the discriminating enthusiast." Dave wrapped his arm around his mother's waist then walked to the counter where the only other person in the store, the clerk, waited by the cash register.

"My mother here is getting married in a couple of weeks." Dave announced, nonchalantly slipping his hand under her T-shirt and pinching her nipple. "And we would like to register here for wedding presents."

"I'm not really sure how to do that." The clerk said, his eyes never leaving Martha's body.

"I'll just take this legal pad," Dave said reaching over the counter with his other hand, "and this pen. We'll write down all the things we want people to buy them for their wedding, then when they come in to buy a gift you just show them the list."

"OK, ah, is she really your mother?" the clerk watching Dave's hand massage her breast.

"Yep, sure is. Wait till I bring my sister in to have her brides maids manacles fitting." Dave said as he and his mother started roaming around the store looking at items and writing them on the list. After looking around for several minutes Dave spotted a 'Merry Widow' corset and insisted that his mother try it on.

"I don't see any dressing rooms." Martha said as she looked around the store.

"Just strip and try it on right here." Dave grinned at his mother "That shouldn't take very long. After all you're not wearing much in the way of clothing." Dave, and the clerk, watched as Martha removed the T-shirt and skirt then put on the corset. The top of the corset flared into what was more of a shelf than a bra, intended to hold up and display the breasts. Her nipples just peaked over the top edge like two eyes looking over a fence. Dave knelt down in front of his mother and pushed her legs apart so he could examine the snap out crotch close up.

"Well take three of them." Dave said to the clerk after he stood back up. "The Coach and I will really love fucking you, Fran and Vickie while your wearing those." Dave looked thoughtful for a moment. "Fran can wear her's while she's doing 'pulpit duty' next Sunday." Dave smiled at his mother "Oh, don't bother," he told her when she started to put the skirt and T-shirt back on. "I might want you to try something else on."

Martha followed her son around the store naked while they continued to look at manacles, leather straps, paddles, whips and all manner of bondage equipment. Finally they stopped in front of a display case containing an assortment of butt plugs of all sizes and shapes. Dave selected one then, taking it from the clerk turned to his mother and told her to spread her legs and lean over. Dave rubbed the end of the butt plug up and down his mother's cunt to pick up lubrication, then pushed it into her ass, ignoring her gasps and moans of discomfort. Once it was fully inserted Dave turned to the clerk.

"What do you think?" Dave asked inviting the clerk to take a closer look. "Does it fit right?" Martha's face turned red with humiliation as she remained leaned over allowing her son and this stranger to push and pull on the butt plug to insure that it was seated properly. Martha's humiliation increased as their discussion of the butt plug turned into a discussion about her open wet cunt and how wet and sticky her thighs were. Dave finally allowed his mother to stand up, then kept her standing naked beside him while he selected a piercing tool and six gold nipple rings. The final selection made Dave picked up the bag of purchases and with a wink to the clerk unseen by his mother turned to leave.

"Oh by the way." Dave said turning back to the clerk. "My mom here will make a down payment on this stuff." Dave turned to his mother "I'll met you in the car after you've taken care of it." Dave turned and walked out the door leaving his mother standing naked in front of the counter. Martha's blush spread across her face and down onto her chest.

"I...ah...I...don't...know...what...I'm...ah...I...don't have any money...I...don't...know what I could make a down payment with." Martha said blushing even more because she knew exactly what she was expected to make the down payment with.

"Oh that's ok." The clerk said as he walked around the counter rubbing his hard cock through his pants. "Just let me lock the door and put up the 'out to lunch' sign, then we will see what you can make a payment with." As the

clerk walked to the door Martha's worried expression suddenly brightened into a smile. That little brat, she thought, he had this all arranged from the beginning.

"Do you know the Coach?" Martha asked the young man as he walked over to her.

"Yeah, I used to play football for the Coach." The young clerk suddenly realized he had 'spilled the beans' about this supposedly impromptu sexual liaison, and grinned at Martha.

"Well," Martha said holding her arms out and slowly turning in a circle "which way am I supposed to make this payment?"

"That wet cunt of yours looks like it would be heaven to fuck." The clerk said with a sudden touch of shyness.

"Why thank you." Martha said with a shy blush of her own. "I haven't had any complaints yet." Martha stepped up to the clerk and ran her hand over the bugle in his pants. Then, dropping to her knees, she unbuckled his belt and unzipped his trousers allowing them to fall around his ankles. The clerk's hard cock popped out of the fly in his boxers without assistance from Martha. Martha took the cock in her mouth and swirled her tongue over the head with expert dexterity pulling a loud moan from the young man.

"Oh God you're even better than they said." The clerk moaned as he grabbed her head and pushed his cock further into her mouth. After a few strokes in and out of her mouth the clerk pushed Martha away. "I have got to fuck that cunt of yours." He said pushing her onto her back on the carpeted floor. Then, pausing only to remove his boxer shorts knelt down and lowered his body between Martha's raised outstretched legs.

Holding the base of his cock the clerk rubbed his cock head up and down Martha's wet cunt slit. Martha gasped and her hips convulsed every time the clerk's cock head rubbed over her large sensitive clitoris. Martha wrapped her legs around the young man's hips and grabbed his ass with both hands.

"Fuck me." She screamed pulling him into her cunt with all her strength, "fuck me hard." Following her screamed instructions the clerk began to pound his cock into her with such force that every stroke moved her an inch across the floor. The clerk had to crawl forward after every two or three thrusts to keep up with her. Martha pulled the clerk's face down to hers and fucked her tongue in and out of his mouth matching her tongue thrusts with the clerk's cock thrusts into her cunt.

The clerk could hear and feel her screaming into his mouth as her body began to jerk rhythmically in orgasmic pleasure. Martha's hot wet cunt clutching at his cock brought the clerk to his own orgasm, he clutched Martha to his body and ground his crotch against hers as his cock spasmed inside her clutching pussy and filled her with his hot cum. As their mutual muscle cramping orgasmic spasms slowly died away Martha and the clerk held each other in their arms and softly kissed each other's face.

"Thank you." Martha said smiling at the young man whose softening cock was

still buried inside her still twitching cunt. "I needed that." Martha tried to look around the store without getting up. "Do you happen to know where my clothes have gotten off to?" The clerk pulled her head back down to the floor and began to softly nibble on her breasts.

"Don't be in such a hurry." He told her between nibbles. "Dave said I could have you for lunch," the clerk broke off his nibbling at her breasts long enough to glance at his watch, "and my lunch hour has just started."

"Well" Martha said lying back and gently squeezing his rapidly re-hardening cock with her practiced cunt muscles, "here's to a long slow lunch."

Slave Sister
Part Ten
"Lunch With Mom"
By
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Martha kissed the store clerk good bye with a friendly squeeze of his well used cock then walked down the short hallway and out the second door into the bright noon time sun. Her thighs were sticky and wet clear down below the bottom of the short skirt Dave had forced her to wear. Feeling 'frisky' after three good fucks on the floor of the bondage shop Martha walked with long skirt hiking steps, coming down hard enough on her heels to make her breasts bounce under the thin cut off T-shirt. Her nipples hardened yet again as she watched the men turning to stare at her barely covered ass. As she approached the car Martha saw Dave talking to five construction workers who all turned to watch as she approached them.

"These nice men have offered to buy us lunch." Dave said smiling at his mother and waving his hand in the direction of the sweaty blue jeaned men surrounding him. Martha was immediately surrounded, and ushered into the coffee shop. As they walked hands felt her bare skin and lifted her skirt and T-shirt to create additional bare skin for them to feel.

They all sat at a booth in the back of the coffee shop. Three men sat across from her and one sat on each side. Dave stood on his knees on the seat of the booth behind his mother so he loomed over her and watched as her breasts, thighs and pussy were explored by the men before the menus arrived.

The waitress was obviously unhappy. It was apparent that she depended on massive amounts of exposed cleavage and a skirt almost as short as Martha's to generate tips, and she did not like to have 'her boys' distracted by this slut invading her territory. After distributing the menus the waitress turned to leave in a huff when Dave stopped her.

"Ah..." Dave glance at her nametag. "...Betty, I just know your going to do such a good job waiting on us that I wanted to give you your tip in advance." Dave gave her a wink as he slipped a folded twenty between her massive breasts just above the neckline of her low cut dress. Her tip guaranteed Betty became much friendlier and began to tease the men about their new 'toy'.

"Is she really your mom?" Dave was asked for the second time in less than two hours by the man seated to Martha's left.

"She sure is." Dave said reaching over her shoulder and, slipping his hand through the neck of his mother's T-shirt rolling her nipple between his thumb and forefinger. The man shook his head in disbelief.

"You sure don't look like the kind of slut that would fuck her own son." The man addressed Martha "I mean your clothes are slutty but you look a little

to classy to be that much of a slut."

"Show him how much of a slut you are mom." Dave said continuing to pinch her nipple. Martha reached down and began to massage the man's cock through his jeans. Just then the Betty came back with glasses of water for everybody.

"How big is it honey?" she asked Dave's mom as she glanced down at Martha's hand in the man's crotch.

"Feels pretty big." Martha answered looking up at Betty, "but not as big as my fiance's" Martha gave the hard cock a little squeeze, "or even my son's. You should see it, Betty, it's huge." The man's face turned red but Martha's hand felt too good doing what it was doing for him to complain.

"I wouldn't mind that at all." Betty said looking at Dave and actually smacking her lips at the thought. Dave blushed uncharacteristically as Betty frankly examined the bulge in his jeans. "You can get a lot more than just good service for that twenty." She said with a broad wink.

"Hey, give her a try kid." One of the men on the other side of the booth teased him. "You just don't now what a good fuck is till you've been fucked by a bosomy waitress."

"Hay, spread that around a bit." The man on the other side said giving Martha's breast a friendly squeeze. Martha reached down into his crotch, and spread her legs as both men returned the favor and lowered their hands to feel her abundant pubic hair and wet cunt.

"Why don't you take her up on that son?" Martha said still squeezing a cock in each hand. "You might discover there is better pussy out there than mine, or your sisters." That brought a chorus of whoops and yells from the men at the booth.

"You fucking your sister too?"

"God damn, you horny little bastard."

"Wish I'd had a family like that when I was a kid." Betty delivered food to the table.

"You're coming in the back room with me." She announced grabbing Dave's shirt and pulling him out of the booth.

"I promised these guys you'd suck them off in exchange for lunch." Dave informed his mom as Betty pulled him toward the door leading into the storeroom. Once in the supply room Betty pushed Dave up against the closed door and massaged his growing cock.

"Are you really as big as your mom says?" she asked smiling at his blush. "Yes," she continued, unzipping his pants, "you are." Betty dropped to her knees and, pulling Dave's growing cock from his trousers began to lick the head running her tongue up and down the underside of the shaft. Dave moaned in pleasure as he unbuckled his belt and let his trousers fall to the floor. Then, after stepping out of his pants, Dave reached down and dug Betty's

huge breasts out of her bra and allowed them to hang down over the front of her dress while he pinched and pulled on her large hardening nipples.

"You can only have me if you're willing to be my slut." Dave informed Betty as he pulled on her nipples, forcing her large breasts to stretch into elongated cones on either side of his thighs. "Are you willing to do whatever I tell you to do?" Dave asked twisting her stretched nipples with increasing force until she winced in pain then nodded her head 'yes' without letting his cock escape her sucking mouth.

In one motion Dave grabbed her breasts and pushed her back onto the floor then, straddling her stomach and grabbing a bottle of vegetable oil from the shelf, poured it into her cleavage until it ran down either side of her neck and pooled on the floor underneath her back. Tossing the bottle aside Dave pushed her oiled breasts together then plunged his hard cock between them fucking up toward her waiting mouth. Dave kneaded her large glistening breasts like two piles of bread dough while he roughly fucked his cock between them.

"Fuck my tits, honey." Betty cried out. "Fuck them hard. I love having my tits fucked by a horny young stud." Betty's hands rubbed over Dave's bare butt while she talked. "I can cum just having my tits fucked, I like it better than having my cunt fucked." Dave redoubled his efforts making Betty's entire body shake every time he slammed his cock into her tits. Betty held her head up off the floor and flicked her tongue over Dave's cockhead every time it peaked out from between her quivering breasts.

"I'm going to fuck your tits." Dave announced as he fucked harder and harder, "Then you're going to get on your hands and knees and I'm going to fuck your cunt doggie style."

"Anything you want honey." Betty promised in between lapping at his cockhead with her tongue. Dave crammed his cock into Betty's tits forcing his cock head between her lips and gyrated his hips against her stretched tit flesh as his cock pulsated and spewed gobs of hot sticky cum into Betty's mouth and across her face. After Betty licked the last of Dave's cum from his cock, Dave sat back on Betty's stomach then slapped his hands back and fourth across her slimy oil coated tits.

"Oh god," Betty begged, "hit my tits, I love it. Hurt my tits honey, make me cum again." Dave pulled Betty's nipples up to his mouth and sucked and bit roughly on both at the same time, generating another round of moans from the waitress. Looking around Dave saw a large wood spoon, which he grabbed and began to smack straight down on her nipples switching with each slap from one nipple to the other.

"Oh God yes...Oh God yes...Oh God yes..." Betty chanted and bucked her hips with each slap of her nipples. "I'm cuming honey, I'm cuming..." As Betty's orgasm reached its peak Dave climbed off the gyrating waitress and pulled her over onto her hands and knees. Then, kneeling behind her, Dave thrust his hard cock into her wet open cunt with one hard shove. Having buried his cock into her gapping pussy, Dave reached under her and grabbed a handful of tit with each hand. Pulling on her breasts for extra leverage Dave slammed his cock into her cunt with all the force he could muster.

Betty, her head hanging down and being slammed up against a bag of potatoes, continued to chant 'I'm cuming honey, fuck me hard honey' with every slamming thrust of Dave's large hard cock into her wet dripping cunt. Dave continued his relentless fucking of Betty's cunt until his own orgasm surged through his body leaving him limp and laying over her massive buttocks, resting on her back. When Dave finally released his grip on Betty's breasts he noticed marks where his fingernails had dug into her tender flesh. The two of them lay on the floor in a limp pile for a few minutes before Dave spoke again.

"You do have a real nice cunt their, Betty." Dave said as he rose from the floor and pulled his trousers on. "I think I'll send the coach and Father Michael by to pay you a visit." Betty, who had grabbed a towel and was busy wiping the oil from her breasts, paused in mid-wipe.

"You mean 'Big Daddy'?" she asked. Dave nodded 'yes'. "I've always wondered why they call him 'Big Daddy'." Betty continued as she resumed wiping her breasts with the towel.

"Well, you pull him back here and you'll see why." Dave took Betty by the arm and ushered her through the door with her breasts still hanging out of her dress.

"Why don't I take care of that obligation right now while you gentlemen are eating." Martha said, turning and seeming to flow off the seat, as soon as the door to the supply room closed behind Betty and Dave. Martha started with the man whose cock she had compared to Dave and the Coach's.

"You really do have a nice cock." She said looking up at him from under the table while he took a bite from his ham sandwich. "Real thick, I like that." She finished as she sank her mouth over his cock and swirled her tongue around its head. The man froze with his sandwich half way to his mouth.

"OH God," he moaned, "Just wait till you guys feel this." He put his hand on the back of Martha's head to guide her speed and depth. His other hand slowly sank back down to the table where the ham sandwich slipped from his grip and fell back onto the plate. "This is worth a hundred lunches."

The other four men stopped eating and watched the expression on the face of the man receiving the blowjob. Every lick and swirl of Martha's tongue on his cock was reflected on his face until his eyes rolled up so far that only whites showed then a deep growling groan could be heard from his throat.

"Drink my cum, slut, drink my cum." He moaned as his cock twitched pumping hot sperm into Martha's mouth. He was left sitting limply as Martha moved on to the next man. Each man in his turn felt the expert attention of Martha's hot wet sucking mouth. Then after the last cock had dumped its cum

onto her tongue she slithered back up into her seat. Picking up her sandwich, Martha took a dainty bite from one corner and looked around at the glassy stares on the five men as she chewed.

"Oh my excuse me." She said with mock seriousness as she lifted her cut off T-shirt, exposing her breasts, to dab at a spot of cum left on her chin, then took another bite of her sandwich. The men at the table began to come out of their blowjob-induced stupor and ate their sandwiches with silly grins on their faces. As Martha popped the last bite of her sandwich into her mouth Dave wondered back to the table wearing a silly grin of his own, followed by Betty who's breasts were still hanging over the front of her dress displaying her large nipples.

"See, what did I tell you about those bosomy waitress types." One of the men at the table said then, turning to the other men, "Well, we better get back to work boys." Each of the men gave both Martha's and Betty's breasts a friendly squeeze on their way out of the coffee shop.

"Thanks guys." Dave called after them as they walked toward the front of the coffee shop. "Betty will be glad to take care of all of you lunch time needs from now on." Dave turned and grinned at the blushing waitress. "You did promise to do everything I told you to do." Dave spoke softly before turning to his mother.

"Come on, Mom," Dave said holding his hand out to help her up from the booth, "We still have to buy you some new clothes."

At the fashionable clothing store Martha followed her son around trying to keep the cut off T-shirt and the short skirt both pulled down far enough to cover her self. Martha blushed furiously every time a breast peaked out from underneath the T-shirt, or the skirt pulled up to expose her pouting cunt lips and still sticky inner thighs. Why, Martha wondered, do I feel more embarrassed here, in front of other women, than I did in the coffee shop sucking on the dicks of five total strangers.

As each piece of clothing was selected Dave would allow his mother only to step behind a clothing rack so the mall shoppers outside the store could not see her, when she removed her T-shirt or skirt to try on the selected item. Martha blushed when she saw the disapproving looks, and heard the mumbled references to 'that slut', from most of the women in the store, but her cunt oozed lubricant down her thighs and sent urgent fuck me messages to the rest of her body.

As she modeled each of his selections for her son's approval, Dave would slip his hands under the top, or skirt being tried on and 'check the access' to his mother's breasts or pussy, before either accepting or rejecting the piece of clothing in question. Each 'access check' was made in plain view of the other shoppers, and with lingering squeezes and pinches before the decision was made. After making his final selections, and paying for the clothing, Dave escorted his mother to the back of the store.

"Take off all your clothes" Dave ordered producing the 'merry widow' corset he had purchased at the House of Bondage, from a bag he had been carrying with him. As Martha Striped, Dave waved at two young women who had been

following them around the store and invited them over.

"Are you store security, or lesbians, or just sluts who are enjoying the show?" Dave asked them as they joined him and his mother at the back of the store. The two giggled and looked at each other then back at Dave and his naked mother who was blushing as she waited to be told what to do next.

"Well," answered the taller of the two, "sort of all three." The two giggled again. Dave looked at the two young women then back at his mother.

"Why don't you take her into the back office and make sure she's not trying to shoplift anything?" Dave suggested. The two 'security officers' wasted no time in taking Martha by her arms and walking her between them past the fitting rooms and through a door into their 'security office'. Dave followed with an expectant bulge growing in his trousers.

Dave looked around the 'security office' and chuckled. These two, Dave thought as he scanned the TV monitors obviously attached to hidden cameras in the fitting rooms, really do like to watch shows. Dave stopped and watched one of the monitors. On it one of the women who had been calling his mother a slut. sat in the fitting room, her legs spread and her hand rubbing furiously up and down her crotch. Dave smiled as the woman leaned her head back and looked directly into the hidden camera, then opened her mouth in an unheard moan as her hips gyrated and humped against the chair. After the woman's orgasm was over she stood up and sheepishly straightened her clothes then hurried from the room.

Dave turned from the monitor just in time to see the two 'security officers' begin their 'full body cavity search' of his naked mother. Dave stroked his hard cock through his trousers as he watched the two girls finish their extensive examination of his mother's body cavities. Dave unzipped his pants and stroked his hard cock directly when the girls insisted that his mom return the favor and examine their body cavities. When they were done Dave walked across the small room and repositioned his mother so she was bent over at the waist with her chest was laying on the desk and her legs spread as far as they would go. As he unbuckled his belt with one hand Dave gently caressed his mother's ass, sticky thighs and wet pussy with the other.

Once his hard cock was liberated from the confines of his trousers Dave, holding his cock at its base rubbed his cockhead up and down his mother's open wet cunt. Then Dave smiled at the two 'security officers', who were watching with rapt attention, as he slipped his cock slowly into Martha's pussy. The two security officers decided to practice their 'body cavity search' techniques on each other while they watched the mother and son fuck. Dave was sure that the moans and groans, as well as the smell, generated by their fucking could be detected clear out into the mall.

Dave watched the two girls sucking on each other's cunts while he pumped his hard cock in and out of his mother's pussy. Dave fucked with body pounding force until Martha's moans reached an almost ear splitting intensity and her well muscled cunt walls grabbed and milked his cock while she came, rotating her hips in small circles against his crotch and hanging onto the far edge of the desk with both hands. When his own orgasm started Dave pulled his cock from his mother's cunt and spewed his cum on the two girls who were

licking each others wet pussies.

Dave watched the two 'security officers' grind their bodies against each other as their cunt muffled moans announced their own orgasms. All four of them sat looking at each other in semi-embarrassment as they caught their breaths and began to put their clothes back on. Dave gave his mom the corset to wear, and a short sleeveless dress to wear over it. The dress was the only item Dave purchased that covered his mother's body with any degree of modesty. The item that made the dress attractive for Dave was the zipper that ran down the entire front of the dress allowing it to be opened to completely expose her body. Dave unzipped the dress far enough to expose her breasts which were being held up and displayed by the corset.

Dave stepped back and looked at his mother in her new clothes then, after turning to the two girls and getting nods of approval from them, took his mother by the arm and escorted her out of the office then through the store and into the mall. Martha smiled as they walked through the crowded mall, she always enjoyed a good fuck, especially one from her son. Dave put his arm around his mother's waist and allowed his head to rest on her butt, giving her a gentle squeeze now and then as they strolled through the mall stopping now and then to look into the windows of the stores. Martha looked at their reflections in the windows and admired her son's selection of slutty clothes for her to wear.

With each step the dress shifted just enough to allow first one nipple, then the other to peak into view then slip back into hiding again. With each shift of the dress across her nipples, they would harden more and more, until they ached to be sucked. This action of the dress across her sensitive nipples combined with the lusty stares of men passing by, and the disapproving stares of the men's wives, worked together to keep Martha's cunt wet and ready for another fuck.

"I want to find a set of books for you and the coach for your wedding present" Dave announced as he directed his mother into a small bookstore. Every few minutes, as they walked around the store, Dave reached over and pulled the zipper on his mother's dress down another inch exposing more of his breasts being displayed by the black corset. A young man with a growing bulge in his pants walked over to them.

"Can I help you with anything?" He asked without taking his eyes from Martha's hard nipples. "Anything at all?"

"Yes," Dave answered firmly squeezing his mother's butt. "I'm looking for the 'Beauty' series. You know, the ones written by Ann Rice." Dave waited for a response then spoke up again louder. "Do you have those books?"

"Ahh..." The clerk finally pulled his eyes from Martha's nipples. "Yes, ah, we have those, ah, follow me." The clerk turned reluctantly and led Dave and his mother to the back of the store. As they followed the clerk Dave pulled the zipper all the way down so her dress hung open exposing not only her breasts but also her pubic hair and pouting cunt lips below the corset.

"I think these are what you are looking f..." The clerk turned as he was speaking. Dave, standing behind his mother was holding the dress open giving

the clerk a full and unobstructed view of his mother's corseted body. The clerk's mouth hung open and his hand slowly sank to his side at which time the three books slipped from his grip and fell to the floor. While the clerk watched Dave, with his chin resting on his mother's shoulder and his head beside hers ran his hands up her corseted stomach and pinched her already hard nipples. Then, smiling at the clerk, Dave ran his hands down his mother's front and pushed them between her legs spreading her cunt lips and exposing her erect clitoris. Martha leaned back against her son and rotated her hips against his hard cock just like she had done earlier at home in front of the mirror.

As the clerk continued to stare in open mouthed disbelief, Dave pulled his mother's legs apart and fucked two fingers in and out of her wet cunt. Dave and his mother heard a gurgling sound, almost a strangling sound coming from the clerk's throat. They saw the lump in his trousers twitch then watched as the wet spot spread darkening the light colored material.

"Oh God." The clerk moaned as he quickly covered his still twitching cock in embarrassment. Martha slowly licked her lips then smiled at the clerk.

"Would you," Dave asked the clerk as he removed his fingers from his mother cunt and brought them up to her mouth to be licked clean, "like to fuck my mother in exchange for those books?" The clerk, who's cock had, obviously, not lost any of its hardness, despite its recent spewing of cum into his pants, nodded his head in mute assent to Dave's proposition. Dave, his fingers now licked clean, moved them back to his mother's crotch where he stroked her large erect clitoris like it was a small penis, eliciting a deep throaty moan from his mother.

"I'm sure my mom would love to pay for her wedding present by fucking your brains out." Dave informed the clerk giving his mother a quick kiss on the neck as he continued stroking her clitoris.

"Oh god yes," Martha moaned, "I'm so horny I would fuck a dog if you brought one in here."

"That's fine mom," Dave answered her, "but for right now just fuck the clerk." Dave released his mother and she stepped forward and, taking the clerk by the hand headed for the door leading into the storeroom. "Mom," Dave called to her causing her to stop and turn toward her son.

"Yes honey?" she asked.

"Do it right here on the floor." Dave pointed to a spot right at his feet hidden from the passers by in the mall only by a shelf of books.

"Why of course honey." Martha said sweetly to her son despite the redness spreading over her face and chest. Martha pushed the clerk to the floor then, straddling him, unzipped his pants and pulled his still hard cock into view. Holding his cock with one hand and supporting herself with the other hand on the floor beside the clerk's head, Martha lifted herself up then lowered her cunt onto the clerk's cock. The clerk moaned incomprehensibly as his cock was engulfed by the wettest, hottest cunt he had ever fucked.

Martha leaned forward placing one hand on each side of the clerk's head and began a slow figure eight gyration of her hips never rising her crotch from close contact with the clerk. The clerk mumbled, then screamed gibberish as his cock was milked by Martha's well trained cunt muscles. His head shook back and forth more and more rapidly until his whole body seemed to vibrate under Martha's crotch.

"I'm cuming, I'm cuming, I'm cuming." The clerk shrieked at the top of his lungs as his body spasmed three times and shot cum into the cunt that gripped his cock so tightly.

"Oh fucking god so am I." Martha's shriek joined the clerk's as her body tightened and her hips jerked sharply forward and backward several times looking almost as if she was trying to rip the clerk's cock from his body with her cunt.

"Come on mom, we have to go now." Dave said to his mother as he pulled her from the almost delirious clerk. After zipping her dress all the way to the neck, and picking up the three books, Dave quickly walked his mother and her still dripping pussy from the store just as the mall security guards arrived to investigate the screaming.

"I think," Dave said as they headed for the car, "we've done enough shopping for today."

"Yes," his mother agreed, "why don't we go home and fuck?"

Slave Sister Part Eleven

"Vicki's Punishment"

By Norm DePloom

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"Please Fran," Vickie begged with a whine that was rapidly becoming very irritating to Fran, "I don't want you to be mad at me." Vickie hurried breathless from trying to talk and keep up with Fran's determined steps. "I told you because I thought you would get a kick out of it." Fran suddenly stopped and spun around. By the time Vickie arrested her momentum she was standing face to face and tit to tit with Fran staring into the eyes she had loved since she first saw Fran.

"Listen you fucking little tramp," Fran hissed at her best friend turned slave, trying to keep her voice low so the kids swarming around them heading towards the main school entrance would not hear. "You're the one who wanted to be a fucking slave, you volunteered for this." Vickie hung her head in shame as she listened to her best friend turned mistress and love object read her the riot act for misbehaving. Vickie swore to herself that she would do anything to get Fran to like her again, and if Fran would just forgive her she would never, ever, disobey again.

"I don't know a lot about this sex slave stuff," Fran admitted in a softer voice, "but I do know that having unauthorized sex is a major infraction and has to be punished." Fran could barely keep a straight face, she struggled to keep from giggling. Fran put her arm around Vickie and walked her over to the low concrete retaining wall surrounding the raised yard area in front of the school where they sat down in the morning sun.

"It was good for you to tell me, and the proper thing for you to do as my slave," Fran continued, "but now I'm going to have to punish you." Fran put her hand under Vickie's chin and lifted her head so she could see her eyes. "I have to," she emphasized, "it's my job as your mistress. If I didn't punish you I would not be fulfilling my role as your mistress." Fran smiled at Vickie and got a weak smile back.

"I promise," Vickie said sniffing back her tears, and looking Fran solemnly in her eyes, "that I'll never, ever disobey you again." Vickie held her fingers up in a mock scout salute.

"Bullshit," Fran replied with a grin, "you are such a little slut that you could never refrain from unauthorized sexual activity. That's why Dave put that padlock on your cunt." Fran sighed like the load was almost too large for her. "I'm just going to have to think up a whole bunch of punishments for you." Both girls giggled and hugged like the best friends they still were.

"Here's what I want you to do." Fran spoke becoming very serious, visibly shifting from 'best friend' to 'mistress'. "Go to the Coach's office. He'll let you use his copy machine. You are authorized to engage in whatever sexual activity he desires." Fran glanced at Vickie to insure she was

listening. "Make up a 'Why I Want to Whip Vickie' essay contest form and make about a hundred copies of it." At the mention of whipping Vickie became much more attentive, Fran wasn't sure whether it was from anticipation of fear. "You are to pass them out to every one who wants one. They are due back on Thursday. The winner of the essay contest will be allowed to whip you as part of the pre-marriage ceremony on Saturday."

"Thank you, mistress." Vickie spoke staring humbly down at the sidewalk. "You're the best mistress a slave could want."

"If you want to kiss my ass," Fran responded, "wait until we get home and do it for real." Vickie grinned at Fran then hurried off in the direction of the Coach's office.

Fran sat and brooded for several minutes. She was used to having Dave's attention in the morning. Sure he had fucked her first thing this morning, but it wasn't the same, he was noticeably distracted. All the time he was pumping his cock in and out of her cunt he was talking enthusiastically about what he was going to do with their mother that day. If there was one thing that Fran just could not stand is was not being the main focus of whoever was fucking her. This was the first time since her brother had first raped her that she had been left unsatisfied by one of his fuckings.

The Coach had fingered her still sticky cunt all the way to school but that seemed to only make matters worse. God damn, she thought, he didn't even make me wear rubber bands or weights on my nipples this morning. Fran was on the verge of tears. How dare he ignore me so he can play with our slut mother, Fran thought. Fran felt sorry for Vickie, she knew that her own frustration was causing her to treat Vickie worse than she normally would. Fran felt a depression coming on. She desperately needed a good fucking but did not feel that she could depend on her brother and master to have made arrangements for her needs to be met.

Just as Fran's thoughts reached their darkest she was distracted by a small white disk that came flying over her head and landed on the sidewalk between her feet. The disk spun on its edge for a moment then slowly wobbled like a coin and finally laid flat on the concrete. Fran stared at the red 'FF' that stood for 'Fran Fucker', the badge that was supposed to give its bearer total access to Fran's body. Fran craned her neck and looked up over her shoulder to see Steve, Carla's brother staring down at her with a silly grin on his face.

"Dave said you were supposed to come with me." Steve handed Fran a folded up piece of paper, then continued as Fran unfolded it. "He said you were to help me, and that I could have you any time I wanted during the day." Fran glanced up from the note and saw Steve's face turn red with embarrassment. Gees, Fran thought, this guy has been involved in gang fucking me twice and he's blushing.

Fran looked back down at the note.

Fran,
Go (and cum) with Steve today
Dave

Fran did not even have to look at the name on the bottom, the handwriting and the stupid joke were enough to tell her that this note did indeed come from her brother. Fran looked back up at Steve.

"We'll, what are we doing today?" Fran asked wondering why she would be given to the brother of her worst tormentor for the day. Steve jumped down from the low retaining wall and sat beside Fran.

"We're going to cut classes this morning and go get some compromising pictures and video's of Carla." Steve grinned evilly at Fran. "I promised Dave I'd get pictures that Carla would do abso-fucking-lutely any thing to keep from being made public." Fran began to share Steve's evil grin as she tried to imagine Carla doing anything that would put her in jeopardy of blackmail. Fran leaned towards Steve and, after snaking her tongue in and out of his ear said, "Let's go".

As they stood up Fran began to think that Steve's blushes were 'kinda' cute. Fran and Steve walked arm in arm out to the student parking lot, where they got into Steve's old beat up Volkswagen bus and drove in embarrassed silence to Steve's house.

Vickie hurried to the Coach's office eager to prepare her contest forms and get back in time for first period. As Vickie entered his office the Coach looked up and smiled at her, then raised his eyebrows questioningly.

"Fran said that you would let me use your copy machine." Vickie said looking at the Coach hopefully, when the Coach did not respond she continued. "She also said I was to participate in whatever sexual activities you wanted." Vickie added with a sly wink.

"What is it you need to copy?" the Coach asked as he stood and walked around to lean against the front of his desk. Vickie did not fail to notice the bulge growing in his Dockers. Vickie pulled out a piece of notebook paper and explained the "Why I want to whip Vickie" essay contest to the coach.

"What are you being punished for?" Vickie's bravado wilted under the Coach's practiced glare.

"I disobeyed." She said meekly.

"What did you do?" The Coach continued his interrogation.

"I fu...ah...I...ah...had sex when I wasn't supposed to." The red faced Vickie answered staring at the floor.

"You managed to fuck with your cunt locked shut?" The Coach asked with

amazement.

"No. I...ah...I had...ah...anal..." Vickie stammered with growing humiliation.

"You let somebody fuck your ass without your mistress' permission?" The coach asked bluntly.

"Yes." Vickie said relieved that the facts were now out.

"OK," The Coach continued, "You can use my office to make up your form and print copies of it. Why don't you use my PC," the Coach gestured at the computer setting on his desk, "and make it a really official looking entry form?" The Coach locked the door to his office, "but you have to do it naked, and with my cock up your ass."

Vickie could barely contain her excitement. She had not confided this in anyone yet, but Dave had definitely locked the wrong orifice. Ever since the first time a boy had slipped his cock into her back hole Vickie had been a real 'anal' slut, preferring to have a cock in her ass than one in her cunt.

The Coach walked back behind his desk and after dropping his trousers and boxer shorts around his ankles sat in his desk chair with his large hard cock sticking straight up and waiting with eager spasmodic jerks for Vickie's tight ass. Vickie, only wearing a T-shirt and short skirt, was naked and kneeling in front of the coach almost before his trousers hit the floor.

Vickie firmly massaged the Coach's balls and cock while she swirled her tongue around his cockhead. Then, without taking her lips from his cock, Vickie pulled her purse over and felt around inside it until her hand immersed with a small bottle of sex lubricant. No anal slut should leave home without it, she thought as she pulled her mouth from the large hard cock and began to rub the clear jell over the twitching rod.

Once Vickie was satisfied with the slickness of the Coach's cock she stood up and, after turning around so the Coach could view the action, cocked her leg up and wiped the excess lubricant onto her tight crinkled hole. As she started to lower her self onto the Coach's waiting erection, the Coach put his hands on her waist and guided her shiny glistening hole onto the head of his equally shiny cock.

Vickie and the Coach sighed in unison as his rock hard cock slipped into her tight hot ass. Vickie leaned back and, resting her head on the Coach's shoulder slowly gyrated her hips grinding her stretched sphincter on the Coach's kinky pubic hair.

"Oh God," Vickie moaned, "I love hard cock up my ass." While Vickie gyrated on his hard cock the Coach reached around her and played with the small gold padlock holding her cunt lips closed. Vickie reached up and ran her hand through the Coach's hair then, turning her head, pulled the Coach's lips to hers and fucked her tongue in and out of his mouth.

"Don't you think you better get busy on that 'Why I Want to Whip Vickie'

essay contest form?" The Coach asked breaking off their deep tongue kiss. Moaning, Vickie rocked forward and began to type on the computer keyboard while she continued gyrating her hips and grinding her ass on the Coach's cock.

>From then on every time Vickie got distracted from her form designing task the Coach would pinch one of her nipples until she winced then direct her to get back to work. In between nipple pinches the Coach caressed her back, sides and thighs with his right hand and stroked her clitoris with his left. During all of this the Coach looked over Vickie's shoulder and gave her advice and suggestions for her form. The form designing and ass fucking lasted for almost a half hour before Vickie was ready to hit the 'print' icon and send her master piece to the printer.

As soon as the printer started Vickie turned her upper body and brought her lips to the Coach's and sucked his tongue onto her panting mouth. While she sucked on the Coach's tongue, Vickie began to pump her ass up and down the length of his hard cock. As her orgasm approached Vickie abandoned the Coach's tongue and, turning back around placed one hand on each of the chair's arms and with her feet beside the Coach's thighs on the seat began to pump her whole body up and down. The Coach looked down between their sweaty bodies and watched his cock slipping into and out of the young girl's tight, stretched ass, as he held onto her hips to help support her.

"Oh god," Vickie screamed, "Fuck my hot ass Coach. Fuck my ass hard." The chair began to jump and slid around on the floor with each of Vickie's thrusts on and off of the Coach's cock. Afraid that the chair might collapse the Coach got his feet under him then in one swift move stood up and pushed Vickie face down onto his desk beside the computer monitor. Still holding onto her hips the Coach slammed his cock in and out of Vickie's ass with such force that his desk scooted an inch across the floor with each thrust.

Burying his cock into her ass for one final time the Coach grabbed a handful of Vickie's hair and, pulling her head up off the desk yelled "Take my cum you dirty little whore bitch", then shot his cum into her bowels.

"God yes, fuck my slutty ass." Vickie screamed back as she ground her ass against the Coach's crotch. Then the Coach collapsed on top of Vickie with his cock still buried inside her. When their heads quit swimming the Coach stood up and pulled Vickie off the desk onto her knees facing him.

"I don't have time to go wash, so lick my cock clean for me." Without hesitation Vickie began licking the Coach's cock and balls.

As Fran and Steve walked into his bedroom, Steve rapidly picked up several pieces of dirty underwear from the floor and, blushing even more than before, tossed them into his closet and closed the door. Fran sat down on Steve's unmade bed and looked at him expectantly, causing another blush from the teenage boy.

"What are we doing here?" She finally asked. "And why would you help us get back at Carla?"

"Carla may be my sister," Steve answered staring at Fran's T-shirt covered nipples while he pulled a straight back chair over and sat in front of Fran, "but she is a fucking bitch and I'd love to help you guys get even." Steve licked his lips before continuing. Fran smiled to herself enjoying the boy's embarrassment. "Besides Dave told me I would be forever banned from fu...ah...having sex with you if I didn't."

"And if you did," Fran continued for him, "you'd get to have me all to yourself for the day. Right?" Steve nodded his head yes, still staring at her chest. Fran rolled her eyes then, grabbing the bottom of her T-shirt stripped it over her head and tossed it aside in one fluid motion, exposing her bare breasts topped with large red, hard nipples. Fran almost giggled out loud when she saw Steve's mouth drop open.

"You've seen these before." Fran stated as she cupped her breasts and held them out toward Steve. "You've seen a whole lot more than that." Fran paused to give what she hoped was a seductive look, which was totally lost on the blushing boy.

"Hey Steve," Fran released her breasts and put both hands on Steve's knees, "you've fucked me several times already, what's all the embarrassment about?" Steve looked away from Fran his blush growing even deeper. "Come on, Steve, tell me." Fran's voice took on a demanding tone that she had been practicing on Vickie.

"I...I've...never been alone with a girl before." Steve finally admitted. Fran's face softened when she heard the boy's admission.

"Have you ever fucked a girl?" Fran asked seriously then grinned, "Other than me at Dave's little orgies I mean." Fran's face turned more serious again. "You've never fucked a girl just you and her?" Steve shook his head 'no'. "Well, you just let me take care of that." Fran said as she dropped down onto her knees and began to unbuckle his belt.

"Now," Fran continued as she pulled his cock from his pants and began to stroke it with her hand. "I'm going to suck on your cock for awhile," Fran paused to swirl her tongue around the swelling head of Steve's growing cock., "and I want you to think of something that you never thought you'd be able to ask a girl to do." Fran enveloped his entire half-hard cock in her wet mouth then released the cock and licked up and down its underside.

"Remember I'm your sex slave for today," Fran looked directly into Steve's eyes as she continued to stroke his now wet and fully erect cock. "And I have to do what ever you want." Fran felt Steve's cock twitch in her hand as she emphasized 'have to'. Fran once again pulled his cock into her mouth and swirled her expert tongue around its head. With her left hand Fran firmly stroked the base of Steve's cock and with her right hand she massaged his balls.

"Oh Godddddd." Steve moaned then shot his first spurt of cum into Fran's

throat. Fran held his cock and balls while she sucked every drop of cum from him. When his cock stopped twitching Fran remained kneeling between his knees and laid her head on his thigh while she watched his cock begin to shrink in her hand.

"Did you think of anything special you want me to do?" Fran looked up at Steve.

"Yes, there is one thing," Steve said still embarrassed at the thought of what he was going to ask her. "But it will have to wait, we have to get things ready for Carla."

Fran wearing only her short skirt and with her naked breasts gently bouncing and swaying with each step, followed Steve out into the back yard where they hid a microphone in some bushes beside the patio. Then they carefully ran the wire through the bushes and behind patio furniture then up the downspout and into Steve's second story bedroom window. Or more accurately Steve hid the microphone and ran the wire while Fran helped by rubbing her bare breasts against him and massaged his bulging crotch whenever she got the chance.

"How come your dogs in a cage?" Fran asked pointing to the large St Bernard as she 'helped' Steve with his work.

"That's not a cage, that's a dog run." Fran shrugged her shoulders unable to see the distinction.

When they finished they went back to Steve's room and set up a video camera and a still camera. The cameras were barely in place before they heard Carla enter the house and shout hello a few times to verify that the house was empty. Steve signaled Fran to be quiet as they stood behind the bedroom door so Carla would not see them as she went into her bedroom then came out a few minutes later completely nude and headed down the stairs.

As soon as Carla was down the stairs Fran and Steve moved to their positions, Fran running the video camera and Steve the still camera. Carla walked across the patio then laid down on the chase lounge right beside the bush where they had hidden the microphone.

Zooming in for a close up shot Fran taped Carla as she rubbed suntan lotion onto her body. Carla started at her feet and worked her way up her calves and thighs, avoiding her cunt for now, and over her stomach. Fran decided that Carla must have been concerned about her breasts getting too much sun since she spent the next fifteen minutes applying lotion to them, especially the now hard nipples.

Steve adjusted the sound level to insure they would record every moan now coming from Carla's throat as she moved her lotion applying activity back down over her stomach then, after spreading her legs concentrated on her cunt. Fran almost giggled as she taped Carla's orgasmic moans and gyrations. As the gyrations died down Fran removed her eye from the camera's eye piece and pulled her own skirt out of the way so she could give her own wet cunt a few quick strokes.

"Wait," Steve whispered, "she's not done yet." Fran reluctantly abandoned her own dripping pussy to continue recording Carla's activity just in time to catch her standing up and walking naked across the yard to release the dog from the run. The St Bernard nuzzled Carla's crotch all the way back to the chase lounge. Carla would giggle and tell the dog to wait each time his cold nose was pushed into her crotch.

Fran watched through the zoom lens of the camera as Carla lay back down on the chase lounge then said 'here boy' and invited the dog between her legs. The dog, obviously no stranger to Carla's pussy, began to lap at her cunt with his large wet tongue. Soon Carla's body was trembling and twitching and her head was jerking back and forth.

"Oh god lick my cunt Buster," she began to moan, "lick my hot cunt." Carla reached down and scratched the dog's ears as his tongue worked up and down her open cunt. "Make your sweetie cum Buster, make me cum hard." Now Fran understood why Carla would do 'abso-fucking-lutely', to quote Steve, anything to keep these pictures secret. As she taped Buster licking his mistress through another body jerking orgasm Fran, almost, felt sorry for Carla.

After her clandestine show was over Carla scratched Buster's head and told him what a good dog he was then put him back in his run.. Fran and Steve once again stood behind his bedroom door as Carla went into her room and came out dressed a few minutes later and left the house. When Fran heard the front door slam shut she wasn't sure if she wanted to roll on the floor with laughter, or rape the poor boy who was now at her mercy.

"Well," Fran asked as she dropped her skirt and stood in front of Steve totally naked thrusting her breasts out as far as she could, "what is this thing you want me to do?" Steve blushed again and looked at the floor.

"Could you stand by the bed with your legs spread and lean way over until your head in on the mattress?" Steve asked without looking up. Fran's expression reflected her confusion. It sounded for all the world like Steve wanted to fuck her ass, but surely he had already done that at one of the 'Weekly Fran Fucks' sponsored by Dave. Or, at the very least he'd seen the other guys doing it.

Oh well, Fran thought as she turned around and assumed the requested position, if this is what he wants I'll let him have it. Steve, with his trousers still on knelt behind Fran and with a gentle reverent touch ran his hands over her legs and butt. Fran watched upside down from between her legs as Steve parted her butt cheeks and slowly brought his mouth to her ass.

Steve ran his tongue quickly and lightly over and around Fran's crinkled sphincter for several minutes before he stiffened his tongue and began to push it into her rear hole. Fran was overwhelmed both with the wonderful feelings being generated by the soft referent tongue action and by the attitude of almost worship from Steve. His caressing of Fran's legs and butt grew more robust as Steve's tongue fucking of her asshole grew more and more fevered.

"Oh yes Steve, that's wonderful." Fran moaned as she reached back and began

to finger her cunt while she arched her back to make her asshole more available to her young worshiper. "Oh god that feels good...don't stop...oh yes...oh...godddd...oooooooooyessssssss...yes...yes...yes...do it...oh god...oh...oh...oh...GOD DAMN THAT FEELS FUCKING GREAT." Fran's hips began to jerk in sharp fucking motions as her vocalizations degenerated into a long guttural scream, followed by Fran's collapsing on the bed panting. Steve sat in the chair and watched Fran as she recovered from her body shaking orgasm.

"That's what you wanted to do?" Fran asked as she sat up on the edge of the bed.

"No," Steve grinned shyly, "I was just demonstrating what I want you to do to me."

"After an orgasm like that, I'll do anything." Fran answered as she stood up and made room for Steve to remove his trousers and assumed the same position Fran had just been in. Fran knelt behind Steve and began with the same reverent caresses of his thighs and butt as he had given to her. Then, spreading his butt, Fran brought her mouth to his ass and showered it with light almost tickling licks before she also stiffened her tongue and began to work it into the tight hole.

As Fran fucked her tongue in and out of his rapidly loosening sphincter she massaged his balls and cock with firm strokes. Fran continued working her tongue in his ass and stroking his cock until she felt his sphincter muscle clamping down on her tongue and her waiting hand being filled with his sticky hot cum.

After his orgasm, it was Fran's turn to sit in the chair and wait for Steve to catch his breath. Fran sat patiently until Steve sat up on the edge of the bed then, after showing him what she still held in her hand, brought her hand up to her mouth and poured his cum from her palm onto her waiting tongue. After swallowing the portion of his cum that dripped onto her tongue Fran, while continuing to stare directly into his eyes rubbed the rest on her naked breasts like it was suntan lotion.

"Remind you of anybody you know?" Fran asked with a sly grin after she imitated Carla's moaning.

Slave Sister
Part Twelve
"Slave's Revenge"
by
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After Steve watched Fran rub his cum into her breasts and imitate his sister's masturbatory moans he jumped up from the bed and moved to the window where the cameras were still set up and ready to go.

"Hey, I've got a great idea." Fran stopped her breast rubbing and moaning and turned toward Steve with a questioning look. "You go down to the patio and do yourself on the lounge and I'll film it on the same tape with Carla."

"Well..." Fran responded questioningly.

"Hey, it's ok." Steve assured her. "This tape is going directly to Dave." Steve looked over at Fran. "Really, I won't even get a copy of it."

"OK" Fran finally agreed with a grin. Then stood up and walked towards the door.

"Oo...Oo...I got a great idea." Steve said grabbing her arm and pulling her to a stop. "Follow me." He demanded as he pulled Fran out of his room and to the door to Carla's room. "Hang on." Steve said after he wiggled the locked doorknob. "I'll be right back with my key." Steve returned from his room with a screwdriver. Getting down on one knee Steve examined the shaft of the doorknob closely then placed the screw driver blade carefully against it. One sharp 'thunk' of his palm against the screwdriver handle and the knob popped off of Carla's bedroom door and spun on the floor. Steve stuck the blade into the hollow shaft and twisted the screwdriver. Just as Fran heard the hollow thump of the inside knob popping out of the locked position the door swung open and Steve led Fran into his sister's room. Steve opened the top drawer of Carla's dresser and fished around behind her panties until his hand emerged holding a large vibrator.

"Why don't you use her very own personal vibrator." Steve suggested as he turned to grin at Fran.

"Carla makes a big deal about being a virgin." Fran said thoughtfully as she took the vibrator from Steve and stroked it as if it was a cock. "It's obvious her virginity is just a technicality." Anxious to get the filming started Steve took Fran by the arm and tried to pull her from the room. Steve's arm seemed to stretch then pull him back into the room as Fran stood motionless in deep thought.

"I've got a better idea..." Fran informed Steve

Steve listened to Fran's plan with growing excitement, and a growing dick. Yes, he thought repeatedly as she gave instructions, yes yes. Steve, ignoring his naked and erect state, ran out into the back yard and collected

the microphone. Then, after collecting the cameras and some lights he rushed back to his sister's room. God, he thought as he stopped to stroke his throbbing cock every few minutes, this is going to be fucking great.

When Steve re-entered Carla's room he found Fran dressed in his sister's favorite nightgown. Lying on the bed with her back to the door and the pillow hiding her hair, Fran looked very much like Carla. Steve set up the lights, then the video camera.

"Are you ready?" He asked the girl on the bed as he set the microphone down on the dresser, just out of the camera's frame. He heard a muffled 'Uh-hu' from the bed and turned on the video camera. "OK, action." Steve picked up the still camera and began to snap pictures with his left hand while he stroked himself with his right.

Fran slowly turned onto her back and, keeping her head hidden by the pillow ran her hands over her nightgown-covered breasts, then down her stomach to her thighs. Doing her best 'Carla moan', Fran slowly pulled the night gown off her thighs then, after slowly lifting and spreading her legs, began to rub her cunt in slow circles with her open hand. Fran rubbed her wet cunt and large sensitive clitoris while carefully keeping her legs at the proper angle to hide her smooth shaved pussy from the camera.

Reaching over her head Fran retrieved the vibrator from the bedside table. After flipping the switch to 'high' she began to rub it over her hard, still nightgown-covered, nipples. Fran ran the vibrator down her stomach and began to run little circles around her clitoris with the vibrating plastic appliance. Her moans grew deeper and more raucous but continued to sound remarkably like Carla's.

"Oh God," Fran almost shouted as she slipped the vibrator into her open wet cunt. Still trying to sound like Carla, Fran continued. "Fuck me Steve. Fuck you're sister." Steve's cock throbbed when he heard Fran say 'fuck your sister'. Steve continued to tape Fran's impersonation of his sister fucking herself with her vibrator for another five minutes before the strain got too much for him and he abandoned the still camera to join Fran on the bed.

"Fuck me Steve, oh god fuck me." Fran yelled as he climbed onto the bed, making only a token effort to continue impersonating Carla through her own very real lust. "Oh God, yes." Fran shouted as Steve's cock slipped into her dripping cunt. "That feels so fucking good." Steve pushed the nightgown up baring Fran's breasts and hard nipples for his eager sucking mouth. Fran and Steve, wanting to perpetuate the illusion that she was Carla, continued to hide her head and her hairless cunt while they fucked for the camera.

"Fill your sister with incestuous cum brother." Fran demanded through her orgasmic moans as she felt Steve's body tighten and his cock twitch, filling her hot cunt with his thick white liquid. "Oh god yes," Fran continued, "I love fucking my brother." She finished honestly.

Steve and Fran lay in each other's arms for a few minutes catching their breaths. Then Steve, his softening cock still dripping cum, climbed out of the bed and walked behind the camera. Fran ran her hands slowly over her

crotch and thighs, rubbing the sex juices into her skin and moaning soft relaxed 'after orgasm' moans.

"I never knew how much fun it could be to fuck my own brother." She said still hiding her head from the camera. "Until I tried it." After a moment for dramatic effect Fran peeked over the edge of the pillow directly into the camera lens. "And you should try it too Carla." Fran winked at the camera before continuing "Steve is one hell of a good fuck." Fran picked up Carla's vibrator and looked at it critically. "Much better than this nasty old vibrator."

Fran swung her legs over the edge of the bed and sat up. After spreading her legs Fran ran the vibrator up and down her smooth, shaved cunt. "I'll load it up with Steve's cum for you." Fran leaned her head back enjoying the feel of the vibrator tip penetrating slightly between her wet cunt lips. "So Carla," Fran continued as she stared into the camera lens once again, her hand still moving the vibrator over her pussy. "By the time you see this tape you'll have already fucked your brother, at least symbolically." Fran grinned at the camera. "And I've pretty well fucked you now, symbolically of course." Fran's grin spread across her face. "Just remember, the best is yet to come."

Steve turned off the video camera and the two of them began to laugh almost hysterically. As the laughter died down they put the cameras back into Steve's room and straightened Carla's room.

"I hope she doesn't wash that before she uses it." Fran said as Steve returned the vibrator to its place at the back of Carla's panty drawer.

"No, she always washes it when she's done." Steve answered automatically then stopped with his hand half way out of his sister's panty drawer to look over at Fran who was appraising him thoughtfully.

"And just how do you know so much about your sister's masturbation habits?" Fran asked putting on a mock maternal sternness. She almost giggled when Steve blushed and stared at the floor before answering.

"I'll show you." He said with obvious embarrassment as he closed his sister's panty drawer and took Fran back into his own room. Taking Fran into his closet Steve closed the door behind them. Fran heard Steve moving some clothes to the side and saw what looked like a small bright light. "Put you eye up to it." Steve suggested. Fran moved her head closer to the back wall of the closet and found her self looking through a small hole directly at Carla's bed. "I've been watching Carla masturbate almost my whole life." Fran could hear Steve's embarrassment in his simple statement.

As Steve opened the closet door Fran looked below the hole to verify the existence of what appeared to be several years worth of cum stain build up on the wall. Then she smiled at Steve and rubbed her still naked body against his as she pushed her way out of the smell closet.

"To bad you couldn't sneak me in there some night." Fran teased him with a grin. "Then you would have a better place to leave your cum than on the wall." Steve's blush seemed to spread over his entire body. "You really do

want to fuck your sister, don't you?" Fran's voice became serious as she asked the question. Steve's all over blush darkened.

"Yes..." he paused not sure if he should really admit such a thing. "Yes, I do, I've always wanted to fuck her." Fran stepped over to Steve and touched his face gently. "I could tell." Fran leaned close to him and kissed him on the lips. "I won't tell anyone." She promised. "Not even Dave or Vickie." Steve smiled at her weakly.

"Thank you."

"But," Fran suddenly grinned at him again, "if you ever want help making that dream come true," Fran winked at him then continued, "we'd be the best ones for the job." Steve returned her grin

"I'll let you know." Steve looked around the room to make sure everything was put back in its place. "We'd better get dressed and get back to school." Fran took on an exaggerated 'slut' persona and rubbed her breasts against his chest then peered up at him.

"Are you sure you don't want me to be Carla for one more fuck first?" Steve reached down and kneaded her buttocks with both hands.

"No, but if you'll be yourself I'd love to fuck you again before we leave." Fran wiggled her naked body against his.

"Deal." She said as she pushed her lips against his and slithered her tongue into his waiting mouth.

Vickie left the Coach's office with his cum still dripping down her thighs. Having missed first period she headed for her second period class hoping to catch a glimpse of Fran. Vickie wanted to see her best friend/mistress at least long enough to determine whether she was really mad or not. Fran was not with the kids leaving the Geometry class. Damn, Vickie thought, as she looked around then headed for her next room. She was immediately stopped by two of the boys who had been present the previous Saturday when Fran's cunt had been shaved.

"Aren't you supposed to be handing out some contest forms?" one of them asked. God, Vickie thought as she dug contest forms out of the front pocket of her backpack, word sure spreads fast around this school.

"The 'Why I Want to Whip Vickie' Essay Contest" one of them read off the form. "Do we get to fuck you also?" he asked blocking her way.

"I don't know." Vickie answered trying to push her way past him. "That's up to Fran."

"You mean," He continued still blocking her path, "that having permission to fuck Fran doesn't extend to you?"

"I know," Vickie said pulling her self up to her full five foot two height, "that without Fran's permission the only way you'll get to fuck me is to

rape me."

"That," the other boy chimed in, "is not an entirely unpleasant idea." Vickie, having just had the same thought, paused for a moment then, shaking her head 'no' pushed past the boys and hurried to her English class.

Vickie spent a worried and frustrating day, handing out contest forms and wondering what had happened to her best friend/mistress. Then, just as she was about to go into Mr. Roberts' American History class Fran and Steve suddenly appeared and sweeping her up with them headed to the gym.

"Where..." Vickie started to ask.

"Shh..." Fran silenced her. "I'll explain it all to you later." They entered the gym and after joining Dave at the far end, handed him the videotape and pictures.

"There's some..." Fran began to explain.

"Shh..." Dave silenced her. "We don't have time, Carla's coming right now." Just as he finished the door opened and Carla stepped from the bright sunlight into the cool gym. After taking two or three steps Carla stopped and looked around.

"What's going on here?" she demanded. "I was told that Ms. Marshal wanted to see me."

"Come on over here." Dave instructed.

"Oh no you don't." Carla backed up towards the door. "I'm leaving. I'm not going to get close to you guys."

"I think you'd better look at this picture first." Dave warned stopping her before she opened the door. "It's a picture of you and, what's your dog's name 'Buster'?" Carla froze in her tracks a faint 'Oh god' was heard from her direction before she turned and walked slowly across the gym. Carla took the stack of pictures and looked through them with trembling fingers.

"Oh god, you can't" she moaned softly as tears began to roll down her cheeks. "It's not what it looks like."

"It's not?" Dave asked with mock concern. "Well let's watch this video tape and see if it sheds any light on the topic." Dave pushed the video cartridge into the player and turned on the monitor. Carla stood in stunned silence, occasionally shooting alternately threatening and pleading glances at the people around her, especially her brother. Then sank slowly to sit on the bleacher as the video showed her putting Buster back into his run and walking naked back to the house.

"Wait." Fran almost shouted when Dave reached for the stop button. "There is more." How could there be more Carla wondered, I came back to school after that. As they watched the screen flickered several times then came to life showing a girl lying on a bed facing away from the camera. As Carla watched the action on the screen she new almost instantly that it was Fran in her

bed, wearing her nightgown and fucking herself with her vibrator, but she also new that most people could easily be convinced that it was her they were watching.

When Steve made his appearance on the screen Carla took a deep breath, and a quick glance at her brother's crotch. She had no idea he was that...mature. Everyone in the room watched the screen with rapt attention as Steve fucked his faux sister. Carla tore her eyes away from the screen long enough to notice that everyone in the room, both male and female, were stroking their crotches. Giving into her lust Carla pushed her hand between her legs and imagined that it really was her under her brother's sweaty body. Yes, Carla thought as she watched Fran rubbing Steve's cum on her vibrator, I will fuck my self with his cum.

The show ended, and Carla realized that everyone else was watching her, waiting for her reaction. Carla's lust subsided to be replaced with humiliation, humiliation and anger. Her face burned red, Carla drew her self up to her full height.

"How dare you..." She started. Dave picked up the stack of pictures and started walking towards the door. "...where are you going with those?" Carla finished, her anger being replaced by panic.

"If you don't shut up and do exactly as you are told," Dave walked towards her menacingly, "I'm going to pin them up to every bulletin board on the campus." Carla seemed to visibly deflate, then collapsed onto the bleacher sobbing.

"OK," Carla sniffed through her tears, "just please don't let anyone see those." Dave sat beside Carla while Fran sat down on her other side. They both put their arms around her.

"Here is what you are going to do..."

Carla left the gym, sniffing and desperately trying to think of some way to get out of what she had just been told she had to do. As soon as she was gone Dave, Fran, Steve and Vickie turned the video back on and watched the whole show again. Vickie had her hand down Steve's trousers stroking his hard cock. Fran, while performing the same service for her brother, whispered in his ear until he nodded his ascent, then concentrated on her main duties between his legs. After Fran and Vickie licked their hands clean Fran grabbed Steve by the arm and pulled him towards the gym door.

"Vickie," Fran shouted over her shoulder, "you go home with Dave." Then she turned and began to hurry Steve out the door.

"Where," Steve asked as Fran pushed and pulled him towards the parking lot, "are we going?"

"Back to your house." Fran answered still trying to hurry him up. "And we have to get there before Carla." Under Fran's continued urgings to 'hurry up' Steve drove them back to his house and parked, once again, around the corner. Fran explained to Steve, while he drove, what she was hopping to

accomplish. When they got to his house Fran and Steve rushed up to his bedroom and, after quickly stripping scrunched them selves into his closet and closed the door.

Standing in Steve's closet, their naked bodies rubbing against each other, their excitement built and Steve's hard cock was already inside Fran's hot wet cunt by the time they heard Carla come into her bedroom. Taking turns peaking through the small hole, Fran and Steve gently and quietly fucked each other as they prepared to watch Steve's sister.

Carla looked into her brother's room, including behind the door, to insure he was not there this time, then went into her bedroom and sat sobbing on her bed. After the tears ran dry she lay on her bed and caressed herself over her clothes. As her excitement built Carla slowly removed her blouse, then her bra, next her skirt then finally her panties. As each part of her body came into view it received special attention from her roving hands. While Steve and Fran fucked and took turns watching Carla spread her legs and fucked her fingers in and out of her wet cunt while she rubbed little circles around her clitoris with her other hand.

Steve held Fran tightly and felt every twitch and quiver of her cunt as she came with his cock buried deeply inside her. Fran's spasming cunt muscles milked Steve's cock as it jerked inside her and spewed its sticky fluid deep in her. They both sighed deeply and kissed their tongues dancing in each other's mouths, as the smell of their fresh sex mixed with the smell of stale cum from the wall.

As their breathing slowed Fran and Steve, their bodies still joined once again took turns peaking at Carla through the wall. Carla, her own first orgasm subsiding got up from the bed and retrieved her vibrator. Sitting on the bed Carla brought the plastic implement up to her nose and gently sniffed, trying to detect some indication of either Steve or Fran's sex scent. After a few sniffs, Carla extended her tongue gingerly and licked at the tip of the vibrator. Her tentative licks quickly grew to vibrator engulfing slurps as she sucked on her plastic tool like it was a cock, obviously enjoying the taste of her brothers cum and Fran's cunt.

Steve's cock remained hard after his orgasm and Fran and he continued gently and quietly fucking as they watched Carla lean back on the bed and insert the now saliva coated vibrator into her wide open wet cunt. Their sweaty naked bodies rubbing against each other the smell of fresh, and stale, sex, the sight of Carla fucking herself quickly brought both Fran and Steve to another peak of orgasmic pleasure.

Fran quietly dropped to her knees and took Steve's half-hard cum covered cock into her mouth as Steve continued to watch his sister masturbating with her favorite vibrator. Watching Carla fucked the vibrator in and out of her wet cunt with ever-increasing speed and force, Steve grabbed handfuls of Fran's hair and fucked his now re-invigorated cock deep into her willing throat.

Remembering Steve's preferences Fran fucked a finger into her cunt for lubrication then pushed it into Steve's quivering ass. As she fucked her finger in and out of his ass in time to his cock fucking in and out of her

mouth Fran could hear Steve's whispered moans 'Take my cock Carla, take all of me, eat my cum'. As Fran added a second finger to the one fucking Steve's ass she just barely heard through the wall as Carla screamed out her orgasmic joy.

"Oh god fuck me Steve, fuck your sis, give me your hot cum." Fran jammed her fingers all the way into Steve's ass and felt his cock twitch as it erupted in her mouth. After swallowing his cum Fran pushed the closet door open and sat on Steve's bed. Steve, sweaty and exhausted, sat down beside her.

"I'm going to leave now." Fran whispered to Steve. "If I were you I'd go in there and fuck Carla. Fuck her long and hard." Fran looked at Steve's blushing face then after kissing him tenderly on the cheek quietly got dressed and tiptoed from the room, then out of the house.

The next morning everyone in the house was excited. Fran and Dave had gotten up early and, after their now traditional 'good morning' fuck began to get things ready for the pep rally. Fran returned to her room and awakened Vickie. After 'allowing' her to lick Dave's still dripping cum from her cunt Fran dispatched Vickie down to the kitchen to fix breakfast for everyone. Having heard Dave's enthusiastic description of their mother's activities the previous day, Fran decided to let her mom sleep in this morning.

After breakfast Fran and Vickie piled into Dave's car with two sports bags full of equipment and headed off to school, laughing and giggling with anticipation. Arriving at school, Dave parked his car then the three of them headed to the auditorium. Carla, true to her promise was waiting for them at the back door. As they entered the building Carla leaned over close to Fran

"Thank you." She whispered then hurried into the auditorium.

The school was buzzing with rumors. Something big was going to happen at the pep rally. Finally third period arrived and the student body packed themselves into the auditorium with eager excitement. The cheerleaders ran down the aisles and up onto the stage. They did their cheers. The team and the coach followed. The team captain spoke to the student body, the quarterback spoke to the student body, and the coach spoke to the student body.

The student body was beginning to get restless. Many of the kids who never attend these functions regularly were beginning to get rowdy. Shouts went up the students began to stamp their feet and clap their hands in unison. They were not going to listen to any more coaches, or team captains, or quarterbacks. They weren't going to watch any more cheers, well maybe if the cheerleaders stripped first. The rising level of noise was quelled by the sudden blackening of the room as the lights went out.

A single spotlight hit the curtain with glaring intensity. The curtain slowly parted revealing an almost nude figure. A mummer went through the crowd as the watchers tried to determine the identity of the girl. The girl

stood strait and tall, her head was covered with a mask that turned into a headdress with a thick flowing main running down her back. A black leather rod extended from each side of her mouth. Through a ring on each side of the rod leather rains ran down her front to nipple clamps which were affixed to her tightly crinkled nipples. The girl war black boots and held her black gloved hands close on each side of her breasts. Her hands were tightly fisted and held bent forward to emulate horse hooves.

The Horse Girl's stomach was bare and her dark pubic patch glistened in the bright spotlight. The rains were pulled by some still unseen person making her nipples stretch and her breasts bounce. The curtain opened and the spotlight enlarged to reveal the Horse Girl's 'trainer'. The 'trainer' also wore a mask with a headdress of tall feathers. She also wore black boots and was otherwise nude. The trainer's smoothly shaved cunt stood out in contrast to the Hors Girl's healthy growth of almost black pubic hair.

The trainer pulled on the rains with one hand and swatted the Horse Girl's stomach with a riding crop. When the Horse Girl turned and began to prance across the stage a large flowing horsetail came into view. The tail bounced and shimmered as the Horse Girl pranced to one side of the stage then turned and pranced to the other side. The trainer crossed the stage staying with the Horse Girl and showering her body with blows from the riding crop.

The crowd cheered and applauded the performance. The Horse Girl and her trainer could hear the shouted comments about their breasts, stomachs, thighs and butts. Their bodies glistened with sweat as the trainer moved the Horse Girl back and forth across the stage four times before bringing her to a halt center stage. The Horse Girls body was covered with red welts where the riding crop blows had fallen.

The trainer tuned the Horse Girl so her back was to the audience. On command the Horse Girl spread her legs then bend over from the waist and placed her hands on the stage between her feet. As the Horse Girl assumed the required position the spotlight narrowed until only her butt and spread thighs could be seen. The Horse Girls skin seemed to glow white in the bright spotlight. Cheers and shouted comments came from the audience as they realized that the horsetail was attached to a butt plug planted firmly in the Horse Girls ass.

A flick of the riding crop on her left butt cheek started the Horse Girl swinging her butt. The horse tail swung to the side, revealing her open wet cunt to the gaze of the student audience, then it swung back momentarily hiding the glistening pink female flesh before it would swing to the other side once again exposing the Horse Girls most private opening.

The Horse Girl stopped swinging her butt. The trainer pulled the horse tail to the side and just as the riding crop pushed the girls swollen wet cunt lips apart, the lights suddenly went black. Moments later the house lights came back on and a wave of, mostly, male students pushed their way onto the stage shouting and looking for the two girls. High above the stage standing in the shadows on a catwalk the 'Horse Girl' and her 'trainer' held each other as they watched the boys scurrying back and forth below looking for them. The 'Horse Girl' gave her 'trainer' a hug.

"Sorry I was so mean to you the other day." Carla said softly.

"That's OK." Fran said returning her hug then touching her cheek softly. Carla smiled weakly back at Fran. Fran allowed her hand to drop from Carla's cheek to rest on Carla's breast. "You make a really sexy 'horse'" Fran leaned forward and kissed Carla on the lips. Carla stiffened and tried to pull back. Fran ran her hand down Carla's sweaty body as she kissed her neck with growing passion. Carla's body relaxed as Fran's fingers found her wet open cunt and slipped into her with no resistance. "Feels like this made you as hot as it made me." Fran continued between kisses.

Fran ran a line of kisses down between Carla's sweaty breasts then across her stomach and through her black pubic hair. Fran pushed Carla back against the catwalk railing and after lifting Carla's legs over her shoulders, buried her tongue in Carla's waiting cunt. Carla reached out on both sides of her and held onto the catwalk railing for dear life as she rested her feet on the lower railing on the opposite side of the catwalk.

Fran, wondering if Carla shared her brother's interest in anal stimulation, worked one finger tip gently into her rear opening as she fucked her tongue forcefully in and out of Carla's wet cunt and rubbed her nose up and down across Carla's clitoris. Carla responded by fucking herself up and down on Fran's extended finger as she held onto the railing and rubbed her cunt on Fran's face.

"Oh God yes." Carla moaned as the Catwalk began to squeak and sway with her violent fucking motions. "Yes...yes...yessssssssssssss" Carla's body wrenched violently three or four times forcing her cunt against Fran's face as a gut twisting wave of orgasmic pleasure went through her body. Both girls collapsed on the floor of the catwalk smiling and touching each other tenderly.

"I'd like it if you'd come to my mom's wedding on Saturday." Fran spoke softly to her new friend. Fran grinned at Carla "Steve will be there."

End part 12