**Babysitting Trouble Ch. 01**

by [StoryTeller07](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=721483&page=submissions)©

"Oh thanks Sara you're a life saver." Martha gushed. "The babysitter let us down and the tickets are so expensive. I've been looking forward to seeing the show for simply ages."

"Yes, yes I know you said on the phone. I wouldn't do it for anyone else you know." Sara told her neighbour. "Just don't tell anyone else or I'll get stuck with phone calls from everyone." Sara said. Sometimes she wondered why the silly woman was on her list of friends.

"Well it's not as though you're doing anything these days." She smiled sweetly.

"Thanks, just rub it in will you." Sara laughed.

"They won't be any trouble." Martha said.

"They?" Sara questioned, raising an eyebrow in suspicion.

"Harry has a friend over. Its better that way, the two of them will entertain each other. They will be in the study playing computer games and be out of your way all day. Just relax you won't have to do a thing. They are old enough at eighteen to look after themselves. I just don't want to leave them in the house alone, that's all. Wild parties isn't their thing but you never know."

"Come on Martha! It's a long drive and we need to get going." Her husband called through the open front door.

"Just go. Enjoy." Sara sighed.

The way her husband had been looking at her, with that look of interest in his eye, she was glad they were leaving at last. All her friends' husbands looked at her that way, since the divorce. It was hard to think of herself as an available hot single woman but that's how they saw her now.

Sara had flirted a little at parties and her friends had recognised the signs making gentle hints even arranging blind dates for her. She did need a man but there seemed too few good ones around. All the choice males around here had been snapped up and were fiercely protected by wives.

Not that she would ever play around but after a couple of drinks it was too easy to tease the errant husbands. They asked for it too. After a party she would run a nice hot bath, lay out the candles and dream about what might happen if she let it go too far.

Playing with her self gave a short lived respite to a growing need. A vibrator was purchased over the internet only this too left her frustrated after the moments of pleasure.

Martha was right she had to get out more even though the thought of singles clubs was so tacky. She would be rather young at thirty-two at the divorcee clubs and too old to be cruising the usual clubs.

The first and last time at a singles club, last month, her old dance troupe t-shirt had caused a stir. It was a bit tight but the slogan 'born to perform' was no longer seen to be so innocent by the older divorced men. By the tired end of the evening they began to move in and one by one asked her to perform for them with lewd suggestions. The joke had soured in her opinion, very quickly.

Sara looked in at the pair engrossed in a game, lost to this world. "Hi! Harry. Who's your friend?" She asked. About to turn away from their ignorant dismissal he suddenly came too. Apparently the level hadn't been successful.

"Brian." He said. They hadn't even turned to look at her wanting to re-run the level.

"Nice to meet you Brian." She said. The sarcasm totally missed by the gaming pair of lads.

She wondered into the guest room and changed into a bikini. The pool and pool-house beckoned enticing her to a free afternoon in the sun. No chores, no sales phone calls, no botheration.

Turning over she caught the lads ogling her from the bedroom window. "The little twerps are just computer geeks. This is a close as you get guys, watch and weep." It reminded her of high school days practising for the game as a cheer leader. The guys used to watch thinking they hadn't been seen but all the girls knew.

The judge, as her father was called, would have forbidden it so on practice days she told him she was taking extra lessons in English. Fortunately he was always too busy to attend a game. Now he was a senior state judge and wanted her home after the divorce but so far she had resisted this demand.

The onerous task of sunbathing and cooling off in the pool complete she retired to the pool-house. Sidling past the fitness machines she headed for the hot tub. Hesitating before a mirror she looked over her shoulder. Perhaps her bottom was as attractive as they said, it was still firm. She still had pert breasts, a slim waist and nice shapely legs. So why couldn't she find the right man?

Lying in the warm water bubbling around her body she contemplated on how many men there were around that wanted her, none of them the right one. She started to put together a man forming them from their choice parts. A nice arse, muscular back and a big bank account.

The list went on as she played with herself making up the ideal man. "Whoa! Stop that girl." She said out loud. "I'm hungry for something; I wonder what's in the fridge. I need ice cream to cool me down. Damn! I've been living alone too long I've started talking to myself."

Scooping up a large spoon of strawberry frozen yogurt Sara contemplated, it had been pretty obvious Martha would banish fattening ice-cream from her home. In a moment of weakness thought she should at least play the part of babysitter and pay them some attention.

Upstairs she found the pair of computer geeks. "Here guys, strawberry or strawberry." She said, dropping a tub into their laps. "Here you'll need spoons. I'm guessing you know how to use them or are you completely unused to civilised living and conversation?"

Harry looked up in annoyance. His eyes widened and nostrils flared.

Sara thought he was being extremely rude showing such anger over the interruption of a stupid game; especially after going to the trouble of bring them ice-cream; well it was just an almost suitable ice-cream substitute. She was completely wrong about the look he gave her.

Harry stared at the woman bent over them offering a pair of spoons. All he saw was a bikini clad cleavage supporting ripe nipples; hardened by the frozen yogurt tubs she had hugged to her chest. As he watched the ice melted into the bikini revealing nipples as dark tubes pointing accusingly at him through the clinging white cotton.

She waggled the spoons to draw him back from the game into reality inadvertently bouncing her breasts in his face. "Frozen yogurt, spoons, for the eating of."

His face reddened and he looked away with a misty look in his eyes. In a mirror he caught sight of her bent over and moaned. "Oh! Yeah!" He murmured. The sight of her perfect heart shaped ass was too much for him he just had to escape back into the game.

She dropped the spoons on the carpet before their crossed legs. "In polite company one says thank you when someone brings you a gift." The sarcasm dripping in her voice went unheard with Brian still intent upon the game.

"Thank you Miss Catalina." Harry sheepishly replied. He turned away from her trying to concentrate on the game too embarrassed to look at her wonderful body; it was doing something to him, confusing his mind. As she left his head whipped round to watch her ass wiggle out of the room.

He had watched her from his bedroom window when at a party she had swum in the pool and then again this afternoon. He had never been this close to her before and would dream of her tonight in bed while playing with himself.

In the guest bedroom she dropped the bikini to the floor and wrapped a thin cotton robe around her naked body. "Shall I take a shower or a private luxuriant soak?" Life was full of decisions unfortunately none as pleasant as this. In the privacy of the bathroom with scented oils and candles she luxuriated in the hot water ready to complete what had been started in the hot tub.

Loud music from downstairs interrupted the intense contemplations. Reluctantly she wrapped a towel around a still soapy body ready to traipse across to the guest bedroom.

"Harry! What's all that noise from down stairs?" He was standing there gawping at her.

The guest towel wasn't exactly the largest of garments to be wearing when surprised by a young man. A deep cleavage was on show and it hardly covered her thighs. The embarrassment tinged her ears pink clashing with long auburn hair; not that any male would notice her ears when clad in just a little towel.

In a second she turned from heavy going babysitter to nervous teenager with knees pointing together in an embarrassed pose not used for years. A feeling of being a gawky schoolgirl, confronted by bullies, swept over her for a brief moment. She anxiously tucked a corner of the towel in more firmly under her arm.

When Harry looked over her shoulder it served as a warning. Turning her head she saw a blur of a hand and felt a tug from behind. Off balance her arms flailed to the side. Too surprised to react she felt the towel slipping from her body.

In a panic she grabbed at it only her hands seemed to move in slow motion as though moving through treacle always just too late to catch up. She watched it slide from her breasts, over her tummy and slither away between her knees. It was obvious someone behind her had pulled it away.

She quickly stood up straight from trying ineffectively to grab at it. She looked at Harry staring at her, mouth falling open, almost as surprised as she was.

Sara squealed in astonishment and desperately wrapped both arms around her naked body not needing to think about it, just reacting. For a brief moment she had stood there naked, her wet skin gleaming with oil fresh from the bath. This young lad had taken it all in, the expression on his face one of surprise and delight, quickly turning to lust.

She was bent at the waist trying to cover her breasts and crotch at the same time. She didn't think of the lad behind her having such a lascivious view of her naked bottom. Her lips were squeezed enticingly between tightly pressed thighs; the teenager was mesmerised by the image unable to take his eyes from the lewd display.

This shameful exhibition was so terrible she wanted to run and hide form these gawping teenagers. How dare they strip her naked! Her lovely breasts, her bottom even her most private little place had been exposed to them. In her bikini grown men had been brought to heel with the hope of glimpsing more of her body yet these young kids had seen it all.

Mixed emotions were spilling through her mind, both shame and anger. An irate shout at Harry was stifled on hearing a giggle from behind. She turned to face the culprit.

"Give me that towel you stupid shit!" She growled. Brian held it away from her then threw it to Harry as she approached. Turning again she moved toward Harry. "Stop this now! Give me that towel you little shit. You're behaving like very naughty boys and you're old enough to know better. Wait till I get my hands on you, you'll be sorry!" She shouted.

It felt ludicrous to be playing naked piggy in the middle with these two youths but they had her full attention. Too slow she watched Harry snatch it out of the air before she had a chance. This was no good. Every time she made a grab for it they laughed on seeing her breasts revealed.

Her arms weren't much protection and her bottom was on view to one of them each time she turned to the other. With a hand between her legs she grabbed at the towel as it flew between them and again missed. It was so humiliating for they were laughing at her breasts jiggling up and down as she bounced around between them.

With an angry growl she gave up on the undignified game to run back into the bathroom. The gown stuck around her damp arms as she hastily slipped into it, increasing the anger from the frustration it caused. She wanted to run straight out there and kick them but instead took a couple of deep breaths to calm down.

She was so angry at being humiliated like that she wanted to shout and scream. It was embarrassing to be caught naked by a couple of naughty adolescents and stupid to have danced to their tune. The image of her body stripped of its dignity with her breasts bouncing around for their naughty enjoyment was burning her up. "Damn brats!" She spat at the door.

Tying the robe cord tight around her waist she stepped into the corridor but instead of heading to the bedroom to get dressed, as intended, marched in a temper down the stairs. Slamming open the door it bounced back upon her bottom pushing her into the living room where she was ready to confront them both.

"Harry! What was that all about?" She demanded. A silly question but her mind hadn't straightened itself out from the humiliation of being seen naked by a couple of stupid teenagers. The aggression in her voice was enough to stop Harry in the door way to the kitchen. She brushed past him striding toward the fridge.

"Harry! You and your friend played a nasty little prank on me. I don't mind a joke but that was going too far." She said with controlled anger tightening the expression on her face.

She was about to tell him either she went or Brian did. Thinking about it the bluff couldn't be called for what would she say to Martha after storming out? It would look so foolish giving in to two young lads. She didn't want the embarrassment of Martha finding out they had stripped her naked.

Sara took a bottle of white wine from the fridge not bothering to look at the label. Pouring it into a glass she took a large gulp hoping it would settle her nerves. The thin cotton material of the robe revealed a pair of hardening nipples as the cold air brushed them.

She slammed the fridge door in anger not feeling the wave of cold air over her bare legs. The robe was just a short wrap around meant to be worn in the bedroom not to be standing in the kitchen chastising an errant adolescent.

It was still wet, plastered to her slim waist emphasising the size of her breasts. It stuck between the cheeks of her heart shaped bottom but she didn't notice. Harry stole a look at her when he could, taking it all in. Every movement enwrapped him in a deeper adoration of her body.

Harry quickly looked down at the floor not daring to meet her eye. "Sorry, Miss." He said looking genuinely regretful.

"You are a couple of little shits! If I hear of you two boasting about your naughty little tricks I'll march round here to your parents and make sure you're grounded for the rest of summer. In my day you would have been paddled like a disgusting brat you're behaving like! Do you understand? Where is Brian?" She asked with both hands on her hips.

The murmurs of 'Yes Miss' reminded her of being in Miss Harriman's class so many years ago. If she hadn't been so angry she might have chuckled at his down turned expression.

"Brian is upstairs playing on the computer." Harry murmured.

'These violent computer games spoil their innocence.' She thought. She felt guilty thinking maybe it was just a bit of an overreaction. They weren't bad kids as all they needed was a bit of time spent with them. This whole neighbourhood was populated with parents too busy working for the must have possessions to spend quality time with their kids.

Harry now looked chastened enough to handle easily after the angry outburst. "So what are you going to do now?" She asked.

'Do I sound like my mother?' She wondered.

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"No you're not playing with that computer game just yet. I need to talk to you about this. That naughty prank upstairs I mean." Sara said.

She was feeling calm now he was sitting on the sofa next to her looking pale and guilty. She needed to speak to him to ensure he didn't blab to his parents or his friends.

"It's OK! Maybe I overreacted. I just don't want you to tell anyone, it would be very embarrassing, that's all. What you did was wrong of course but I guess I shouldn't have been walking around like that."

"No." He said quietly.

"You can't take advantage of some one because they make a mistake, Harry." She said with a cross tone raising her voice. 'This is no way to gain his confidence.' She thought. "Sorry. It did shake me up a little." She smiled at him.

"I didn't mean that, I meant it wasn't your fault." He said. He couldn't tell her it had been Brian's idea. He just went along with it.

"Did you enjoy it? Seeing me like that." She asked. He didn't answer perhaps thinking it was a trap. She laughed a light tinkling teasing sound.

"It's OK! I know what adolescents are like. I'm an old experienced woman to you so don't pretend. There could only be one reason you pulled the towel away from me. Alright, Brian pulled it away but I saw the look you gave me."

"What was going through your mind then? I'm curious. Honest. I deserve to know after what you put me through." She asked.

"I don't know." He said bashfully.

"Did you like seeing me naked?" She asked, feeling once more in charge and confident with the innocent eighteen year old.

"Yes." He said, still looking away.

"It's OK." She said. "Now it's over I feel a bit funny about it too." It was her turn to blush. He looked at her sideways, now curious.

"What do you mean?" He said.

"I asked you first." She laughed again only with embarrassment this time.

"I did. I wanted to see you like that." He stammered.

"Well now you have. So it's over and we can forget about it." She said formerly.

"I won't ever forget." He admitted without thinking what he was saying.

"Well, it can be our little secret fantasy then." She said gently. Curiosity got the better of her. "Do you fantasise, I mean, do you think about girls and do naughty things at your age?" She asked in a sceptical tone alight with laughter.

"I'm old enough." He said then realised what he might be admitting to.

"Oh! So you will imagine me naked prancing around in your house!" She said lightly.

"No!" He said, his voice rising in anguish.

"It's alright, I guess. What you do in your head is your private business. I'm sorry I pried. I was just curious. It's OK. Every one has their fantasies. Mine is being captured by pirates and rescued by a handsome prince." Sara laughed. She couldn't tell him the whole story he just wouldn't understand.

"Captured by pirates?" He laughed.

"I know it sounds silly!" She said, flushing with embarrassment.

"No it's not. Mine is . . ." He began but choked off the words.

Sara took his hand and said. "Go on. I won't laugh, promise. We can share this and not tell anyone else."

"I saw you in the pool and imagined rescuing you, pulling you from it." He murmured.

"Well that's nice. I guess you got to touch me?"

"Yes. You're bikini got pulled off, accidently." He looked wistfully at her breasts seeing her hardened nipples pushing at thin material of the gown.

"Well, now you have seen my breasts. I know you liked that. I guess I should be flattered. For me it was humiliating you two seeing me like that, naked and vulnerable. Don't worry. It was somehow a turn on. The humiliation I mean." Sara hadn't meant to say it but this was new to her too.

"How do you mean?" He asked.

"I'm not sure I understand it myself. I felt humiliated, somehow spoiled by you young kids seeing me naked. Yet that humiliation and shame turned me on." Sara blushed at having revealed such a private thought.

"So what else happened to me when you saved me?" She said trying to divert attention from the wicked little revelation.

"I kissed you, like a life saver." He said.

"Would you like to kiss me now?" She said, meaning just to tease him and make him forget what she had inadvertently revealed.

"Yes please." He said not daring to look at her.

"If you don't tell anyone I'll let you. I'll teach you to do it properly for when you have a girlfriend." She said. The words tumbled from her wine wet lips before they could be censored.

He looked up at her with such a look of hope and pleasure she found it hard to refuse. He closed his eyes and puckered up so tight lipped it was a parody of a kiss. She smiled to herself, tempted to shock him. She leaned forward and opened her mouth probing him with her tongue.

She was surprised on feeling his tongue enter her mouth in return, gently exploring. The earlier bath time fantasy had prepared her body and the prancing around naked had made her angry yet it too added to her excitement. Now the wine had loosened her inhibitions.

She stiffened on feeling a hand delve into the thin cotton gown. His free hand held her head pressing his mouth tight onto hers.

'Shit! What am I doing letting this damn kid do this?' She thought.

"Ouch!" She said, pushing him away.

"You can't touch my breasts Harry, you're too young. When you're older with a girlfriend you must be gentle." She sighed.

Noticing his stare she looked down and hurriedly pulled the gown over her breasts. A look of pure lust and wonder was writ large across his face leaving her feeling foolish.

"Sorry I shouldn't have let you do that. It's my fault." She said.

"No Sara. That was wonderful. I've dreamed of that, of touching your tits, I mean breasts." He breathed the words heavily.

"Just don't tell anyone and I might let you again sometime." She said trying to regain some control of herself and him.

"Show me how to touch them and I won't tell anyone." He said mischievously.

Her nipples were like bullets showing clearly through the thin gown and it was a difficult struggle not to give in to him. His innocence was so refreshing from the expectations of friends husbands treating her like some hard up divorcee.

She hadn't said no and Harry watched her hesitation keenly. He desperately needed to feel those luscious tits in his hand again. "I could pretend to be a pirate and capture you. I could rescue you and you could reward me with a kiss." He gushed.

"You could tie my hands up and tell me I've been a naughty girl." She responded in a breathy distant voice.

He quickly undid his belt and looped it around her wrists before she could recover her wits. Tying the free end through the wooden fretwork of the back rail he pulled her arms over her head.

Coming to her senses she wondered what to do. If she wriggled upright to loosen the belt the gown would be pulled up far too short, especially as she had forgotten to put on panties. She looked at his expression of expectation and lost the feeling of superiority over this young man.

She was supposed to be his babysitter not playing out some foolish fantasy. All she had wanted to do was to get him onto her side and not tell anyone about that stupid prank. Instead he had taken over and the situation was worse than ever.

"You've been a naughty girl Sara. We pirates have decided to capture you and punish you." He said in a mock stern voice. "So what do you do? What do the pirates do to you? Do they spank you?" His voice changed subtly taking on a throaty hoarseness.

Sara couldn't tell him they raped her. She guessed he was a virgin but then there was always the first time and that was just not going to happen! Being some geeky eighteen year olds fantasy was one thing but letting him do that was just too much.

"Yes." She whispered in confusion.

He pulled her toward him twisting her over, tightening the loop of the belt around her wrists. The gown was pulled up short over her thighs and tight around her breasts.

She felt him slap her arse and it stung through the thin gown. "Not so hard." She protested.

They both realised she hadn't told him to stop. In a state of bewilderment she wondered why. He didn't think about it but took it as encouragement.

He slapped her bottom again and said. "You've been a naughty girl and need to be punished. What did you do to deserve this Sara?" He asked.

The humiliation of being spanked by this callous youth was dreadful but worked on her body and mind in a dark place kept concealed even from her own consciousness. The thoughts and feelings were too powerful. The fantasies of rape and humiliation were becoming overwhelming and real in her thoughts.

"I've been a naughty tease." She murmured.

He slapped her arse telling her. "You've been a naughty teasing babysitter running around naked showing off your tits."

"Yes. I deserve to be punished." She whispered.

This time the stinging slap was on her bare ass and she quivered in delight. A young man just out of high school punishing her, a grown woman, was humiliating and she unhappily realised this was turning her on. The thought itself was degrading and being excited was shameful yet both ideas were combining to urge her on.

"Punish me hard. Take me hard. Rape my teasing pussy." She whimpered. She just couldn't help herself. The words came tumbling out as though she were at home playing out a favourite fantasy.

With one hand he played with her breast squeezing hard and pinching a nipple. A hand slid between her red cheeks. Her thighs thrust up at his fingers on feeling them gently touch her wet lips.

As a matter of routine her body expected to feel something inside her pussy. It seemed to yearn for the familiar vibrator. A finger tentatively slid over her labia accidently pressing on her tender bud. She thrust up in frustration at the touch engulfing the teasing fingers. She worked on them with a heaving intensity brought on by months of frustration.

The humiliation of fucking herself on this young man's fingers was intense driving her on. Wrapped up in her own little world of fantasy she was unaware of what it was that was driving her on only aware of the need.

"Rape you're naughty teasing babysitter, Harry. Roughly pound my pussy." She moaned.

Over the initial shock of touching her he began to match the thrusts by ramming his fingers deep into her. He was completely unaware his free fingers rubbed her bud. She was aware of every damn touch stimulating her body to fever pitch.

"Pinch my nipples. Do it to me, rape my teasing pussy." She said through gritted teeth.

Harry looked down in wonder at his babysitter sprawled next to him on the sofa. Legs stretched out ass upward pushing up onto his fingers. It seemed as though he were working her like a puppet with his fingers inside her and a hand squeezing her breasts.

Sara was about to cum. The world had shrunk to the size of her pussy the sensations there the only thing that existed. Her world exploded outward. The awareness of sensations firing through her body, out from between her legs, through her breasts, to the tips of her toes and fingers, even her scalp tingled in pleasure.

'Hell! What have I done?' Sara thought. She sprawled on the sofa kept from falling by the bonds tying her wrists. The gown was twisted around her waist. "Please cover me Harry. You are too young to see me like this." She sobbed.

'How could I have let this young adolescent finger fuck me it's so crude, so awful.' She wailed inside.

"I'm your hero now. I claim my kiss before I release you." He demanded. He pulled the gown back over her body caressing the hot flesh with his soft fingers.

She couldn't say anything but prepare a pair of full glistening lips. With greater experience he explored her mouth still tingling from a deep orgasm. Every touch sent shivers through her nerve racked body. It went on and on like a high school smooch by hopeful wannabe lovers.

"Can we do that again?" Harry asked.

Sara opened her eyes wide in shock. "No! Harry it was wrong and very naughty. We can't. Just promise me. Please don't tell anyone." She caught the look of understanding and wondered what she had let herself in for. She was tied helpless and he now understood he held the power of his silence over her.

"Why did you ask me to rape you?" He hesitantly asked.

"It's just a fantasy. Not something I want or any woman would want to happen. It's hard to explain. When you saw me naked it excited you. Well the fantasy of being raped and then saved helps me to, well; it just does something for me."

"Did you get excited when we stripped you?" He asked in a moment of inspiration.

"I think I did." She whispered. She didn't want to admit it but she was still acquiescent in the after shock of a powerful orgasm. While still softened up she was vulnerable but couldn't escape him while tied. She would have to try and win him over.

'Hell! What if someone walked in catching us like this?' She thought. It was a surprise to admit being turned on by their prank but it was true.

"Do you want to see me naked again? We could try it if you like? You could rip my clothes off and well, what ever." She said lamely.

"Does that excite you, to have your clothes ripped off?" He asked.

"I sometimes think about it when I play wit myself." She said. It was all so upsetting to tell him such intimate details but couldn't help herself. The words just kept spilling out. "It's humiliating for me to be seen naked by you but it's exciting too. I guess it's too complicated for you to understand. Just forget it and let me go, please." She said.

"I don't think so. I think the pirates should punish you some more." Brian said.

They both turned to see Brian standing before them with a broad grin on his face. If he knew about the pirates then he knew too much. Sara swallowed nervously knowing he had listened in on their entire conversation, heard every sordid thing.

She struggled with the leather belt holding her arms and clamped her thighs together. It was no good she was helpless and felt so very vulnerable. Brian had persuaded Harry to rip that towel from her body and it looked if he was planning more indignities for her.

Well she had loaded the gun with ammunition and it was pointed straight at her with no where to hide. "It was just a game Brian. We are finished so I can be untied now." Sara said with conviction. Desperately needing to regain control of the situation she held his eye. If he won now would Harry just go along with him?

"I didn't tie your babysitter up you did Harry." He smirked. It seemed to be a speciality of his to twist his mouth into what looked like the bad guy's expression in a cheap western.

"I think we should teach your babysitter not to shout at us and treat us like dirt Harry. I heard your father talking about her saying she's just a teasing flirt."

"Harry, untie me." Sara said trying to sound calm. She hadn't liked Brian from the start and now he looked threatening standing over her.

She looked up seeing how easy it would be to lift the loop of the belt off the back of the chair only it was out of reach. It was infuriating to be so helpless but it was all happening too fast to think straight. She wondered what nasty little prank he had in mind. With Harry being so easily led by Brian it was obvious he wouldn't stop him.

"You like to play games well I think I shall join in this time." Brian said.

Sara was becoming hot and bothered now unsure whether to protest or try to get them to play her game. If she encouraged them in the right direction she just might be able to keep them under control.

"So it was your idea to rip my towel off Brian." She said. He didn't seem fazed by this at all. "If you want to see me naked again then you have to play by my rules. It's my game Brian not yours." At least he looked unsure of himself.

"Yea, Brian. Hear her out. She won't tell on us if we play her game and we won't get into trouble." Harry spoke up.

"OK! What do you want us to do?" He said.

When it came down to it she felt foolish. This was either going to fall flat or provide some exciting fantasy material for future bed time playing. Either way she would have to keep them on her side, drawing them in so as to keep them quiet.

It had gone too far to let them go bragging around their friends. She shuddered at the thought of their parents finding out. If Brian became caught up in this game as Harry had he wouldn't be able to tell anyone either.

"If you rip my clothes off you can see me naked and do what you like with me." That last offer might be risky but they didn't look experienced enough to go too far. This time she would have to keep herself under control not let that dreadful state of lust take over.

Sara watched Brian lean toward her and she felt afraid despite having made the offer. He wasn't a gentle soul like Harry. He pulled at the gown and she glared at him in defiance. It opened spilling her breasts out the top. She gasped.

"Please no! Don't look at me like that. Cover me up." She said.

Brian hesitated a moment savouring the look of those delicious breasts. He licked his lips with Harry looking at them unable to intervene wanting to see more. "You want us to treat them gently do you babysitter? That's what you told Harry." He said.

He pinched a nipple and she protested. "No! Stop it. I'm your babysitter not some slut you can torment. Play nicely Brian or it stops right now." She said.

"You're not a slut? Well I think you're a teasing babysitter of a slut. Take hold of her breasts Harry and tease them to teach her a lesson. I heard the slut tell you what to do so do it." He said.

Harry didn't need encouragement he fondled them lifting them in each hand savouring the wonderful softness of them and rubbed the hard nipples. Sara could only look at what he was doing in trepidation. Neither of them noticed Brian walk away or return.

He squatted on the floor before her positioning himself between her legs moving them apart with the weight of his body. "No Brian! Please." She said on seeing a pair of scissors glinting in his hand.

"It's just a game Miss Catalina." He chuckled. He slipped the scissors up the gown cutting it away from her body until it lay in shreds on the sofa.

"Please look away you shouldn't see me like this. Let me close my legs at least." She pleaded.

"What have we here? You shave your pussy Miss Catalina. You are a teasing slut!" He said.

Harry was still holding onto her breasts now moving in to kiss them. She could feel Brian's breath on the lips of her pussy while he intently studied it. The humiliation was so intense her legs trembled and tears formed in her eyes.

He turned her over to kneel on the sofa. She could feel his breath on her ass and vagina. It was so disgraceful to feel it responding to these young men. She felt Brian unexpectedly slap her ass.

"What are you?" He asked.

She didn't know what he meant her mind whirling with sensations confusing her. He slapped her again forcing her to answer. "I'm a teasing slut."

"What do you want the pirates to do to you?" He asked.

"Punish me. They must punish me for being a teasing slut." She wailed.

He slapped her ass and she bit her lip. Not so much from the sting of his hand but the torment of being so abused and wanting it.

"Wrong answer Miss Babysitter! What did you tell Harry you wanted him to do when you rode his fingers? Tell me."

"I can't remember." She prevaricated hoping she was wrong yet knowing he had heard every sordid detail.

"I watched you two playing your dirty game and know so tell me." He warned.

"Rape my teasing pussy." She blurted out. "You can't do that you're just a young man. I'm in charge of you. You can't decide what to do with me. It's my game and I'm telling you to stop right now, let me go." She told them trying to sound confident but failing miserably.

She felt his hands on her ass sliding between her cheeks to her pussy. The position itself was demeaning, with her knees spread perched on the edge of the sofa displaying everything to this young man. It was even more demoralizing from being so wet and open before him.

A finger plunged in exploring her. "Oh!" She exclaimed not knowing if it was in pleasure or pain of the disgrace at how easily he had entered her. Any resistance left to their abuse of her naked body had vanished with that one finger deep inside.

"Now ask for the punishment nicely Miss." He said mocking her.

"No! Stop it now." She bleated pitifully. Harry's hands and lips were devouring her breasts spreading them over her chest matching the pleasurable sensations in her pussy. It would be a last ditch attempt to prevent becoming overwhelmed.

How could they do this to her? They were playing with her body making her say things she wanted to but would never dare before anyone let alone these young lads. In defiance she clamped her mouth shut.

His cock nudged her swollen labia and she shivered in fear and excitement.

"This pirate has decided to punish your teasing pussy." He told her.

The intensity of tone was missed as she became lost in a fantasy of being captured and raped. She felt the head of his cock enter and hold still. "Please. Please do it to me now. I need to be punished."

"You were so open you must be a slut. Tell me properly, ask nicely slut." He told her.

"Do it to me, please." She said breathlessly. "Fuck me. Rape my teasing pussy you little shit. Is that what you want me to say you bastard!" She bawled.

He plunged in deeply filling her with his cock. With powerful young legs he pushed and with strong hands held her hips still. With the weight of Harry concentrating on her breasts she couldn't move.

He held his cock deep inside not moving. In an agony of frustration and shame she begged him. "Please Brian. Fuck me. Punish my teasing pussy with your nice big cock. Stretch my little babysitter pussy. Punish it for teasing you. Please fuck me!"

She cried out in distress at the shameless pleading with such pathetic mewling it was impossible to hold onto a shred of dignity.

He slapped her ass and told her. "You're such a slut Sara. You're so easy to fuck. You are my babysitter slut." He began to slowly push in and pull back in long strokes. Her pussy held on to every movement pulling every sensation into her mind enhancing it in her imagination.

"Yes I'm yours Brian. I'm your slutty babysitter. Pound my pussy with your young cock. Faster! I need to cum. Make your babysitter cum Brian. Faster! Pound my cunt. Make me you're cum slut. Fill me up Brian with your young spunk. Pound me faster. I'm just a little spunk hole so fill your filthy little slut. Yes! Oh! Yes!" Sara sang out in a tuneless tone.

More than ever her mind and body had been overwhelmed by sensations exploding throughout her body. As though her pussy had been hard wired to a pleasure centre in the brain it sparked lividly short circuiting her mind.

She would never be the same again. The humiliation of having two young lads fuck her brains out was too much, she collapsed between them inert. Their cum seeped from her open pussy still on display where she crouched unable to move.

The shame and degradation of those moments swamped her being though sometime she would have to face it and them. What would happen next couldn't be faced just yet. Now they had used her was it all over or did they have plans to abuse her again?

**Babysitting Trouble Ch. 02**

Sara had agreed to house-sit while her friend was away, just in case the son hosted a party and the house got wrecked. He was eighteen and it was summer holidays so who knew what kind of trouble he might get into. Only it was Sara who got into trouble.

At thirty-two she should have been on her guard around him and his friend but she was sure of herself. The neighbour teasing beauty could look after herself as she had experience in keeping men in check so these youths shouldn't have been any bother.

Relaxing her guard had been a bad idea. A silly prank got out of hand and she handled it badly only to be handled badly her self by two young men. It was a shock to have let them work her up to a fever pitch of excitement.

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"I'm really thirsty after that. You get us some orange juice while I go and get washed up." Brian told Harry.

"What about her?" Harry said, pointing to Sara. She was still perched on the edge of the sofa in a lewd position with Harry's belt holding her there. She was leaning over with her legs spread, almost ass upward with everything open and on view. Cum was leaking from her vagina where Brian had taken her.

Harry didn't want to look whereas Brian feigned a nonchalant pose as though he were experienced and didn't care. "I'll get the bitch something to wear. Leave her there till I get back." He said.

Sara was coming to and winced at the harsh tone Brian used in discussing her. All day she had been in charge of these adolescents as their babysitter until Brian had walked in on a foolish moment with Harry. In just a few short minutes he had taken advantage of that foolish lapse of judgement.

'Why oh why did I tell Harry about my fantasy?' She moaned inwardly. Now Brian knew it too after listening at the door.

It was bad enough that he had taken her but she had become so excited from months of frustration she had succumbed so obviously and completely. On top of that she had begged him to make her cum using such depraved language she felt bitterly ashamed. "How could I have said those vile things to such a young man?" She moaned quietly.

Harry waited until Brian returned, afraid to be alone with the babysitter after what had happened. She had been there house sitting not him but he still thought of her as his babysitter. He walked in almost spilling the juice on seeing his friend rubbing her between the legs. 'What the hell is he doing to her now?' He wondered.

Sara felt an agony of indignity at every touch. This adolescent was wiping her between the legs with a wet cloth like some dirty child. The irony of the situation was not lost on her when it was she who was supposed to be there making sure they didn't get out of hand.

Her legs were cramping up so when he undid the belt around her wrists she would have slipped to the floor except he caught her and stood her up. He held onto her to stop her falling, she felt so weak. Before she could summon the strength to protest Brian told her. "Here put these on."

He helped her place her legs into the black lace panties and pulled them up her legs to smooth them into place. 'What the hell is happening to me?' She thought. 'This little creep is dressing me as though I were the one being babysat.'

Brian turned her round and pulled the back of the silk panties into place. They were a perfect fit between the cheeks of her bottom and cupped her lips tightly. She lifted her arms giving him an eyeful of her breasts as they rose into a pert display. With the thin night gown over her head and arms he unexpectedly moved in to suck on a nipple.

A shiver ran down her spine. The gentle bite was a reminder of her now lowly status in this little group of three. He pulled the short cotton nightgown down over her breasts where it covered the top of her thighs. Despite it being so petite she was relieved to be dressed.

The very clothes she wore had been his choice adding to the feeling of being under his control. If she were to recover some dignity Sara would have to rest back her position of authority over these youths and quickly before they pounced on her again.

With her wrists held tight he walked her over to the wall. She looked over at Harry who was still too embarrassed to meet her eyes. "That's enough Brian. I'm going up stairs to change into something decent." She told him. Looking him firmly in the eye she straightened her shoulders attempting to dominate him with extra height the only advantage available.

She hadn't noticed him pull a length of rope from his pocket. Before she could push past him he wrapped a loop around her wrists then the free end around a wall lamp. "Hey! Let me go. This has gone far enough Brian. You've, well you, raped me." Sara said quietly. Her bottom lip trembled on saying the word.

The words were quiet enough to exclude Harry. She had hoped to scare Brian at the same time convince her self that was what happened. She again wondered at her own collusion in what he did to her knowing it couldn't be called rape at all. He continued to fasten the knot holding her hands above her head.

"Don't pretend babysitter. You enjoyed it." He said. Sara hung her head in shame the attempted escape shattered. She didn't even struggle under the wall lamp; merely suffering in silence in a daze of private thoughts.

"Give me that bag Harry." Brian tipped Sara's bag onto the sofa and rifled through the personal things spilled out in a heap. "I know you're that classy woman with the lawyer husband who thinks your so above us all in this neighbourhood. You seem too old to be babysitting so let's take a look at your driving licence. You're twenty eight, that's old for a babysitter." Brian sneered.

"I'm just doing this for a friend to make sure you don't wreck the place with a party for your friends while she's gone. I wouldn't stoop to look after you two otherwise." She spat the words at him from a sudden surge of anger.

"So! What is this then Miss too-good for us babysitter?" Brian asked.

Her face reddened in embarrassment at the thing he waived in her face. She didn't want it going around the neighbourhood that she was desperate enough to use one of those naughty things. Even more embarrassing was that the vibrator glistened from being recently used.

It was so obscene seeing this private possession in this lads hand after having been inside her. Harry was staring at it with a quizzical expression obviously unaware of its significance. Brian seemed well aware of where it had been and why.

He switched it on and the buzzing sound seemed loud in the quiet hush of expectancy that overcame them all. Brian lent in close and touched it to a nipple. It was like an electric shock. It was more annoying than pleasurable and in front of these two it was damned impertinent.

Before she could protest Harry spoke up. "Leave her alone!" He stammered. "You've done enough to her. You had better leave."

Sara joined in the dissent. "Stop that right now. I'm here to make sure you behave yourselves not to play your naughty games. Mrs. Turner put me in charge and I'm telling you to untie me. Do it now! You have already been told to leave so leave this house Brian. I warned you I would see your parents so now I will. No more silly games! Don't make it worse for yourself." She said through gritted teeth not wanting to reveal how dreadful she felt.

"You look as though you're enjoying it to me Miss Catalina." Brian taunted her.

She looked down at the swelling nipples as he moved the vibrator from one to the other. At its touch she flinched. She never did this even when alone for her nipples were too sensitive.

"Look at them Harry. Look, she's really enjoying this." He said to his friend with delight.

It looked as though Harry was ready to help but Brian had gained his full attention. They marvelled at the sight of her breasts caught tight under the nightgown. Her nipples were clearly engorged seeking to tear through the thin material. She pressed her thighs together unconsciously in response to those little lustful looks.

She watched mesmerised as he guided it down over the slight bulge of her stomach lower and lower. She struggled with the rope a moment then clamped her thighs together even tighter.

"No! Stop it! This has gone far enough. My father is a judge. He'll punish you for this outrage." She shouted. At least this time she hadn't been teasing Harry and working herself up in the process. She was calm enough to resist without the danger of those lewd feelings overcoming her better judgement.

All three turned to look as a lad walked into the lounge, followed by two others. The three of them walked in and stopped to stare. "Hi Eddie." Brian said. "Hope you didn't mind me inviting a few friends around." Brian said to Harry.

The three young lads walked over to Brian with mouths open gawping at Sara standing against the wall with her arms stretched above her head. The short night gown revealed a glimpse of the tight panties but they couldn't take their eyes off her breasts. The gown was pulled tight around them showing off the erect nipples.

"I thought you were having us on. Pete will be sorry not to have made it here." Edward said. He was in awe of Brian almost as much as the sight of the woman, helplessly tied.

"You had better go and take them with you." Harry told Brian. He stuck out his chin with hands on his hips striking a defiant pose.

"You shouldn't be so impolite as they are your friends too. Take Harry into the dining room and tie him to a chair. He's spoiling our fun." Brian told Edward.

"No! Leave him alone. It's his house and you have been told to leave. The lot of you must go right now." Sara told them crossly. They dragged the slightly built lad away and with him her only means of defence. Not only had he tried to defend her but they had at least some rapport, whereas Brian didn't care about her in the slightest.

They walked in looking more confident now. She was surrounded by young eighteen year old youths and felt afraid by the way they looked at her. Sara's eyes opened wide in fear as they knelt on the floor either side of her. She flailed her legs around kicking out in panic only making it easier for them to pull her legs apart.

She felt the horrid thing slid up an inner thigh and gasped as it touched her lips through the thin silk panties. She tried to speak but her tongue stuck to the roof of her mouth.

She knew Harry had a crush on her and hoped he might escape and perform a desperate rescue. He had stood up to them and nearly succeeded. A part of her was glad the nice lad wasn't here to see this disgusting intrusion on her little private place.

Inexpertly he waggled it around under the gown missing her most sensitive spot for which she was grateful. Not that it would be pleasurable it was just so humiliating to be lewdly tortured before these young lads. They had been drawn into the bully's nasty game and were caught up in it, perhaps too innocent to realise how wrong it was.

"Stop that now! You're being evil not clever." Realising this wouldn't stop him she decided to plead with him for at least she might reach the others. "Please Brian. Stop that, it isn't nice. You're hurting me." She said gently.

He hit a sensitive spot and she gasped. It was a surprise to feel she had opened up a little from this inexperienced delving. All those eyes watching her had been so upsetting she didn't think it would have been possible.

"So you liked that Miss Tease." Brian leered at her. "I can't see what I'm doing here. Let's get that gown off." He said to Edward.

"No! Please! Don't do that." She looked over Brian's shoulder trying to appeal to the others. "You guys mustn't look at my naked body. I'm here to house-sit, I'm in charge you must do as you're told. Don't you dare! Let me go you brute. I'm an older woman; you lads can't see my breasts it's very wrong." She wailed.

'I'm supposed to be in charge here not letting him play evil games with me. I shouldn't have teased him. Oh! Why didn't I put some clothes on before coming down stairs?' The recriminations spun though her mind.

The hand gripping her neckline so close she bit it. "That's not nice Miss Slutty Babysitter." Brian said and slapped her face. A look of shock replaced the anger. "Behave yourself and stand still. It's not nice to scratch and bite. Tell me you're sorry."

She couldn't bring herself to reply until he raised his hand again. "I'm sorry Brian." She said quickly.

Pulling hard on the top of the gown Brian ripped it open. She looked down to see her lovely pale breasts spill out on show.

"Cover me up! Cover me up, please. Please Brian you've had your fun, just stop it now before things go too far. Those nice young men mustn't see my breasts!" Sara said desperately. She knew they had gone beyond forgiveness already but a small hope of recovering the situation was all she had left.

In disbelief she watched him rip open the front of the gown. The sound of the thin cotton giving way was horrendous. The material clung to her shoulders but was torn open revealing her body in the tight lace panties. His body was the only thing between her near nakedness and those young men's eyes.

He cut it off her shoulders with a small penknife letting it slither onto the floor. She pressed her naked body against him as the only way to protect it. Looking down she caught Edward staring up at her and groaned in shame closing her eyes tight.

"So I'm exciting you now Miss Catalina." He told her.

"No. It's not that Brian, please hide me from them. Please cover me up. What you're doing is so shameful. You can't let them see me like this." She begged.

He stepped away and she opened her eyes to see all those naughty young men consuming her naked body. "Stop it, please. You mustn't look at me. This is so wrong your behaving dreadfully. Please look away all of you. Cover me up Brian. Please, I beg you to cover me up." She whimpered pathetically.

She stood with her shoulders heaving with every sob at the dishonour of being stripped down to her panties before them. Her breasts were on show with erect nipples revealing a state of excitement. With her legs stretched out the tight panties were failing in their job of concealing a very private place. She closed her eyes tight not wanting to see the look of lust on their young faces.

She felt the vibrator touch and she groaned hoping it would be over soon. 'How could they do these disgusting things to me?' She wondered. 'I shouldn't have paraded around in my bikini; it was too much for them. Why did I shout at Brian? He just wants to humiliate me now!'

Brian slipped it into the panties massaging it along her crotch working it up to her ass hole and back to her wet lips. It was so crushing to feel herself opening up to this heartless youth she wanted to scream in desperation. "Stop it. Let me go please." She whispered in a feathery light voice.

Sara felt a hand on the band of the panties and whimpered. "No! Please lave me some dignity for pity sakes. That's a very private place Brian. You've had your fun now leave me be. Please! Brian no! I'm an adult, a grown woman, you can't show them that."

The tight panties were difficult but he managed to pull them down to above the knees. She felt the two of them eagerly tug at her legs. "She shaves it Brian, look." Edward said, stating the obvious.

"Well, what did you expect, she's a right slut. She told me herself while I pounded her pussy. She was begging me for it." Brian boasted.

"No it's not that. I have to shave so as to wear a bikini." She said pathetically. 'Damn him! He's reduced me to justifying myself to these callous youths. This is just so bad I don't know what to do.' She considered screaming for help but the thought of someone finding her like this was just too awful to contemplate.

"Get that collar and leash Edward, the one they used for the dog. It's in the laundry room."

When the two of them let go of her legs she pulled them together clamping them shut. At least she could hide a little from them now.

Brian grabbed a hold of her hair and struggled with the collar while the others were too afraid to touch her. He pulled her onto the sofa over his lap. With the free end of the leash he slapped her upturned naked bottom.

"Not that Brian. Please! I'm a grown woman you can't put me over your knee like a child. Everyone can see my naked bottom. Put me down." She wailed. Her anger and determination were returning. She couldn't let him perform this humiliating act upon her, especially not in front of them.

Sara wouldn't let someone do this to her even in fun it was too demeaning. In fun at a party bent over a mans knee would be unseemly but while naked it was obscene. Before these young lads it was just so degrading she wanted to kick out at him.

"You said I should be paddled. Well I'm going to punish you for teasing all of us and shouting at me." He said and slapped her arse with the leash.

She struggled to get free but he was too strong. "No, Brian! Please Brian. Stop it." She told him trying to sound stern.

"You sweet talked Harry trying to get him to chuck me out." He told her with another whack.

She felt another swish of the leather leash crossing her cheeks with stinging lines. "Oh! Ouch! Please, no." She pleaded.

'Why are they humiliating me like this? In front of these strangers he's punishing me, but I'm the one in charge and should be punishing him.' Thoughts of self pity were overwhelming her. She couldn't stop him and the humiliation was tearing her up inside.

"Please Brian. Stop! I'll do anything you want just put me down." She wailed pathetically.

"That's better Miss High and Mighty babysitter. You've been punished and if you step out of line you now know what you'll get." He told her, sounding mean enough to carry out the threat.

"Can I get off your lap now?" She timidly asked.

"No! Get some ointment out of the bathroom Eddy. I don't know anything will do." He said.

'Damn! No more! I can't bear it. I'll die with the shame of it.' She thought. Not daring to move she lay there knowing all of them had watched her being thrashed by this horrid bully. She was a grown woman for god's sake not some errant school girl. She closed her eyes tight, feeling so dreadfully humiliated, knowing they were fixated on her upturned bottom striped red from the thrashing.

She squeezed her thighs together and groaned out loud. Her lips had swollen and were showing between her thighs. She was bent over his lap arse up and all of them could see how excited she had become. This was just adding insult to injury.

"Open up. Oh! You already have." He chuckled.

She hoped it was only Brian that had enough experience to know what was happening to her. She felt his hands rubbing some grease over her sore cheeks and when he moved her legs apart she didn't have the will to resist.

'Hell no! No!' She shuddered at a dreadful thought. 'I want this horrid youth to rub me down there. How could I have let him get me in to such a dreadful state?'

She felt his fingers slide between her cheeks roughly gouging a furrow between them over her anus to her pussy. The feel of his rough hands was so infuriatingly frustrating. Her body was begging for more while her mind was being tortured with the shame of it. "Please, Brian." She stammered.

"That's it Miss Catalina all done. That's a better attitude young lady, remembering to say please and thank you, sir. So what do you say now? Where are your manners?" He teased.

He rolled her off his knees onto the carpet at his feet. She struggled on to hands and knees shaking her head. Needing to clear the fuzziness her thoughts had been reduced to. He demanded attention and it was imperative to attend him if she were to avoid another crude punishment.

"Thank you, sir." She whispered.

"Not loud enough." He told her.

All those young lads were watching him demean her, reducing her to a nervous wreck. She wanted to shout at him and curse them all. She felt betrayed for they had just stood by watching. At last it was nearly over and she could run to the bathroom and lock herself in.

"Thank you, sir" She said loud enough for them all to hear. The words hurt her more than the spanking. She was a mature woman calling this young lad sir, reduced to grovelling at his feet and thanking him for being punished.

"Thank me for what?" He goaded her.

"Thank you for massaging my bottom with ointment, Sir." She whimpered.

"And what else?" He pushed her with a toe.

She couldn't think straight from this assault on her mind. At last the loathsome words he was demanding came to mind and she capitulated. She would say anything to get away from him and these youths staring at her open mouthed like gawkers at a hanging.

"Thank you for spanking me and rubbing my bottom with ointment, Sir." She snivelled. The words were different this time, more lascivious and pathetic than intended but hopefully more to his liking.

Her ordeal was over now. At last she could escape this horrendous torture that had been such an assault on her senses she was left in a daze. Her only consolation was that Harry had tried to defend her though he was tied up in another room for his efforts.

The others might have helped her if Brian hadn't bullied them, but they didn't, they avidly watched every sordid detail of her punishment. They had watched the abuse of her poor pussy with her own vibrator and the despicable spanking.

At least Harry was spared that for he would have been so terribly hurt. He obviously had a crush on her and it would have been so hard for him. Thinking of him was a way of escaping in her mind from her own torment. She just couldn't think about it or the consequences yet.

On the floor at his feet she whimpered with shame at nearly having an orgasm in front of these adolescents. Surely it couldn't have been that awful Brian, clumsily playing with the vibrator over her pussy that brought her to such a shameful state. She just couldn't figure out what was happening.

"I can't put this dirty thing back in your bag; lick it clean." Brian commanded.

It was yet another degradation heaped upon an already shameful evening leaving her feeling so low she caved in to his demand. They were laughing, watching the pathetic licking and sucking. Brian moved it into her mouth pumping it like a penis until she choked.

"That gives me an idea." He said.

With the leash tight in his hand she had no option but crawl around the room for all the strangers to see those swinging breasts dangling below a luscious body. "Give her a stroke guys." He told his friends with a wicked grin on his face.

"Look at these tits. She looked good in a bikini but I never thought to see them like this." One of them said. He took a handful and bounced them roughly.

"She's such a tease. I remember her at my parent's pool party. To actually see these big tits, they're awesome. I used to toss myself off thinking about them in bed." Another of them said taking hold of a nipple.

"Yea, I know. The bikini showed her ass off but I like her ass better and here it is in the raw." Someone said, while feeling her up.

The ordeal could only be tolerated by switching off her mind to the crude remarks. At parties grown men tried to convince her to go topless in the pool which she could never do. Yet these naughty young thugs could see it all. It was so unfair, so humiliating, she wanted to scream for help.

How could she explain away what was happening if anyone walked in, she would be blamed for sure. They would say she teased them into it.

"Leave her pussy alone, its mine." Brian warned them.

She shuddered at the thought. Surely they were old enough but surely they weren't brave enough for that! They continued to pet and annoy her with their silly remarks. This was more than just a silly prank it had gone way beyond that. She had to put a stop to it. Sara gathered her strength to resist them.

"You're just young thugs! Stop this now. You're behaving like animals; you can't treat me like this I'm a human being with feelings. Stop it now! What would your mothers say if they knew what you were doing? Its shocking behaviour for nice young guys like you so just let me go." She ranted.

She was no longer sure they could be called nice young men but they were at least backing away. It encouraged her to see Brian losing control of them, his authority dented. Determined to free herself of this awful abuse she prepared to turn on Brian.

"That's enough of that! Here Eddie you can have her. You can shut her up." Brian said.

There was no way she was letting another of them drag her through that torment. Her body had been roughly fondled and it was time to put a stop to it. She looked up at Edward opening her mouth to protest.

He held his penis in her face and she baulked. "Leave me alone you brats, you can't do this to me, you'll be in big trouble. Don't put your little penis anywhere near me you little loser. You're not man enough for, HHHMMMPHPHPHPH!"

He shoved it into her mouth effectively shutting her up as he had been told.

Sara screamed ineffectually around his cock 'No! Please no.' She cried inside while trying to back away then attempting to shake free. It was useless for he held onto the leash with a clenched fist. Her movements were only making it worse for her and better for him. The struggling was inadvertently working her head over his stiff member.

The lads looked on unable to believe this beautiful mature woman was sucking their friend's dick. Any reservations and fear of parents melted away with the electric thought of burying their cock in her mouth between those luscious lips.

She felt his body stiffen and knew what was to come, him! He didn't pull back and she had to swallow his sperm. A wave of nausea gripped her stomach and she struggled to keep it down. Her ex-husband had wanted her to suck him, only having the courage to ask after a party when drunk but she always refused. Now this young lad had spurted in her mouth despite an aversion to it and just to add insult to the abuse she was forced to swallow.

One agonising thought dominated her mind. 'This young man is a complete stranger and I've swallowed him.' It would be bad enough with a partner under the covers in the dark after an intoxicating party. Before a room full of young men it was devastating. It was enough to reduce her once more to a compliant pet on a leash unable to muster the courage or strength to resist them.

Seeing how submissive she had become their confidence had risen with their cocks. Her mind was in turmoil unable to accept how easily these young lads had trapped her into this degrading situation. She trembled at being paraded before them naked and so very vulnerable. 'They're just little brats! How can they do this to me?' She cried silently.

Brain led her from one to another of his friends.

One of them gripped her hair bashing his balls against her chin then lost his grip to cum in slimy strings over her face. Another spurted into her mouth as soon as his young cock entered. Feeling his sperm running down her throat left her feeling cruelly used. The more dreadful the act the more she retreated inside her mind as the only means of escape. In a daze she crawled over the floor between them; the room was silent as they waited their turn.

With a jerk of the leash she stopped crawling on hands and knees. Brian was lying on his back leering into her face. A couple of shuffles forward to escape the horrid expression didn't help. Her breasts brushed over his face rubbing both sensitive engorged nipples sending messages of pleasure that she didn't want to receive.

Someone grabbed her hips to move her back and forth rubbing them across his face. She closed her eyes unable to tolerate the smug look of satisfaction. She felt him suck on a nipple pulling it down with his teeth.

'The little shit! How dare he do this to me?' The agonising thought crept through her numbed mind. She gritted her teeth to the little game of pleasure and pain he played with her breasts. "Stop it. No! No more please!" She whispered.

Edward lifted her head and she whimpered. "Not again. Please!" His cock nudged her mouth and she opened it ready for the inevitable. 'They're just using my mouth like some horrible plastic sex object. I can't take any more of this abuse.'

Brian elbowed himself into position and she felt his cock push at her labia. She shrieked in fear but the sound was muffled by Edward's cock in her mouth.

The lad holding her hips leant forward and nudged her ass. It was still slick from the ointment rubbed in by Brian. Sara screamed again but little was heard from around the penis in her mouth. She squeezed tight her little brown hole and clenched both cheeks together in fear.

'Who the hell is it trying to bugger me? I can't let some unknown adolescent do that dreadful thing to me!' She screamed inwardly.

She felt Brian nudging her lips and became aware of how ready she was. 'Oh! No! My pussy is so open and wet he'll surely know it. What will he think? What will he say about me then? How could I get so wet from the terrible things they are doing to me?'

Unable to break away from the three of them she froze on feeling Brian's hard cock thrust into her. She felt so ashamed at being ready and so ineffectively resisting him. It's so large inside it was stretching the walls of her vagina. There was no escaping the feel of every movement which left her breathing heavily.

Whoever it was holding her hips managed to press home with the head of his cock. He entered her tight little asshole. She yelled a muffled moan and bucked forward away from it only to impale her body onto Brian's cock. When the head of his penis hit the neck of her womb she bucked backward in surprise pushing onto the cock in her ass. With this encouragement he began to push forward gradually filling her aching rear with his rock hard cock.

"Hell! Shit! No! Please no. Please stop!" Sara muttered continuously around the penis filling her mouth.

The three young men became so enraged by her lovely body they began to pound it with their young cocks. In utter disgrace she felt herself becoming excited. 'I can't believe it. I'm so turned on by this dreadful abuse I'm going to cum. Not with these heartless strangers, please, no!'

They join in a steady rhythm rocking her between them, her breasts swinging under her while Brian heaved upward with his hips.

Edward griped her collar sliding his cock deeper down her throat. Now so used to having a cock in her mouth she managed at every opportunity to suck a lung full of air between the thrusts.

The pain in her arse travelled deeper as the stranger took her tight sweet ass. Her asshole was so tight it was difficult to take but on feeling his balls hit her bottom she knew he had buried his young cock all the way, right up inside. He moved more quickly catching his friend's rhythm.

Brian pounded away at her pussy, deep inside filling her up with his big cock.

Sara felt the walls of her vagina pressed tight between the two cocks, feeling every movement of them both as they seemed to be sawing her in half. The sensation was new and astounding and shocking.

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Harry could hear something but was unable to fathom what was going on. It had gone quiet. The lads were no longer jeering his sweet babysitter and he was worried they might be hurting her. The crush he had on her was so strong he needed desperately to save her from those bad lads and urgently pulled at the rope around his wrists.

Since Sara had visited his parents Harry had fantasised over her but of course she hadn't even noticed him. During a party or when she used the Jacuzzi he would spy on her and later play with himself fantasising that he might see her naked.

He would imagine saving her from drowning in the pool -- kissing those luscious lips with is hands over her big tits. His favourite fantasy was rescuing her in the mall from a gang of thieves. She would be so grateful he could kiss her and maybe let him touch her breasts.

His friends weren't bank robbers or a rough gang in a mall but it was a once in a life time opportunity to rescue her. If only he could get free.

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Again Sara cried out in desperation only now it is for an orgasm. If her mind had been clear she might be thankful not to be understood as the cock down her throat drowned the words. It would be so bad to let them know she craved an orgasm.

Sara cried from pain and lust and the agony of humiliation - she is going to cum. The three of them have a rhythm going so she is swayed between the three of them back and forth with her breasts swaying under her.

She can't believe this degrading act is happening to her and that she is about to orgasm; it is too dreadful to believe but it can't be held back.

The others are watching - they are telling the three they want their turn next but she hears none of this being lost in a deeply needed climax.

Edward held his cock steady in her mouth tensing his muscles and she was painfully aware he is about to cum. He pumps his sperm in salty strings into her mouth but she can't spit it out as his cock fills it.

Sara felt the one behind her shove harder and she was painfully aware of nothing but the appalling sensation of hot sperm shooting up her ass. It feels as though it is entering the core of her being straight into her belly.

Brian thrusts up and holds her completely off the floor with his youthful strength; his virile juices erupt into her. "No!" She cried out. "No! Don't cum in me, please don't do that." The fear of becoming pregnant overwhelmed the earlier excitement replacing it with a dire dread.

Sweating and trembling in the grip of an orgasm her thoughts are washed away. Eventual the orgasm loosens its hold for her thoughts to tumble about like clothes in a drier. All that cum inside her with the sweaty bodies of the three young lads collapsing upon her is threatening to swamp her mind.

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"We'll take a break and let her recover. We'll get something to eat and drink then try her out again." Brian told his friends. They wanted her again now but he was confirming his ownership of her by delaying their satisfaction.

Sara couldn't think straight but was grateful to escape these animals lining up to take her. With the leash they tied her back to the wall lamp so she had to stand there naked awaiting their return. She closed her eyes trying to recover thoughts into some coherent order.

A hand on her shoulder startled her.

"Please don't hurt me." She whimpered.

"It's OK. It's me, Harry." He said. She didn't seem to recognise him or know where she was.

"Oh! Harry! You mustn't see me like this." Sara tried to cover her naked body but the leash had been twisted around her hands catching them behind her back.

She couldn't take another of them especially her friend's son. "What do you want? Please leave me alone." She said. Her voice sounded flat matching her self esteem.

"I won't hurt you I'm here to save you, Sara." He said.

It was so demeaning to be seen by this nice young man who seemed to be so eager to help. Her face was red from the shame of letting him see her like this; spanked, stripped bare, sexually used and crushed by those young thugs. Sara felt the heat of embarrassment spread over her breasts until her whole body was aflame with discomfort from his stare.

"You can't save me Harry you're too young they will hurt you." She whispered. She couldn't save herself with both hands tied behind her back and she could hear Brian in the kitchen boasting to his friends. He would return soon and catch them and she didn't want Harry to be hurt, after all she was supposed to be looking after him. The thought of receiving a spanking again before all those young thugs was so very demoralizing.

She felt so helpless. She was supposed to be the house-sitter not the one being punished for disobedience. "Please don't look at me like that." She cried. The look of eagerness in his eyes was too much. She just couldn't summon the strength to fight anymore for they had reduced her to a quivering wreck.

"It's best if I just wait for them, I expect the worst is over. If they get angry they will hurt you and rape me again." She bit off the gush of words too late. His face was a mixture of anger and pity.

"How could they do that to you?" He went to comfort her but she shrank away pressing herself against the wall. He stood before her with fists tightened, flexing them, wanting to strike out. "They won't hurt you again. I'll be your hero Sara. I'll save you."

She needed a strong hero not this youth. The fantasy she had dreamed in the bath earlier came to mind and she chocked back a laugh at the quirk of fate. She had fantasised over being rescued from pirates by a strong handsome man who she gave herself to as a reward. Here was this young lad playing at rescuing her. Not from a wild bunch of pirates but from his eighteen year old friends.

He unhooked the leash and she collapsed into his arms. He untied her wrists and stood back to admire her. It was dreadful to see his fantasy woman so cowed but couldn't take his eyes from her wonderful naked body.

He had fantasised over this bikini clad shape but until now she had been aloof and treated him with disdain. He couldn't believe he was seeing her naked. He watched her shrug both arms into the torn gown and wrap it around her naked body.

He helped her pull on the black panties and she felt dreadful at being yet again so intimately dressed by such a young man.

She hugged her body tight but made no move to escape still unsure if she dare try to run away. Sara felt so ashamed at being afraid and having this young lad help her. She was so much older yet utterly reliant upon him. Could he really save her from those ruffians?

"Come with me I'll get you out of here." Harry told her. He took a hold of an elbow pulling her through the door. She obviously didn't want to go anywhere near the kitchen where they heard the sound of young men laughing and bragging and she began to protest. He squeezed her arm and put a finger to his lips warning her not to make a sound.

With every step he hoped no one would appear from the kitchen. He could hear them arguing and guessed it wouldn't take long before someone went looking for her. They silently slipped along the hallway toward the back door. Harry just hoped it wasn't secured as the key always grated loudly in the lock.

Luckily they had neglected to lock it behind them. Outside Harry felt safer in the darkness and guided his babysitter across the grass to the pool. Padding quietly on bare feet around it to the pool-house they managed to open the door without a sound.

He led her to the far corner where they settled behind the pipe-work and pulled some cardboard boxes behind them. Sara had been so quiet up till then he thought she must be in shock. He didn't know what to do. He wrapped both arms around her trying to be some comfort.

"Help me Harry please don't let them do those nasty things to me again. No! I can't phone the police. My father will find out as he's a state judge. The newspapers will dig out the story because of his position and I'll become a laughing-stock. It might even be worse than that. The parents might make the police charge me." The words tumble from her lips unbidden.

They waited listening to them searching for her like an innocent game of hide and seek only more lethal for the two of them. Harry couldn't help becoming excited. He had both arms wrapped around his babysitter feeling the warmth of her body through the thin gown. He could wait forever like this.

A thin waist accentuated her breasts and every time she moved they brushed his hands. She didn't seem to notice but he was more afraid of her discovering the hardness growing in his jeans. It was pressed against her bottom growing more potent. Every time they heard a noise she pressed back into the corner pushing against his hard cock.

Harry couldn't bear the thought she would discover his erection and be repelled by him. He wanted to save her from those animals not be thought of as one of them. He was afraid he might cum in his pants but couldn't let go of his babysitters' wonderful warm body.

It was like a dream come true, though he knew the afternoon had been a nightmare for her and didn't want to make it worse. He wanted to save her from them, to become her hero.

They heard a key grating in the lock. Had they found the right key? The door swung open and Sara trembled in his arms.

Two of them walked in and soon found them cowering in the corner. "We've found them!" They shouted as though it were just a game. Brian came running in followed by the others. There was just enough room amongst the fitness equipment and Jacuzzi for the four of them.

She was torn away from Harry's arms and he cried out. "Leave her alone!"

Brian sneered at him. "You're still soft on you're babysitter then?"

Harry was embarrassed. Too young to admit such thoughts to his peers the pitiless words shut him up.

"Here take a good look at your teasing babysitter. She likes to show her body off so you better have a look while you can." He gripped the gown in a fist at its collar behind her neck.

"No!" Sara shouted. "Don't let him see me naked. You're being cruel. You're a bully. Stop it. His parents will be home soon. I'm supposed to protect him from the likes of you." She kicked out at the two them holding her.

Brian pulled the torn the gown off down her back exposing her breasts. They held her arms back as though she were thrusting her breasts out at Harry in a taunting show. She hated Brian all the more on seeing the hurt look on Harry's face.

Harry looked up at her from the floor and seeing her breasts from that angle was so enticing he couldn't look away. He didn't want to see her like this, helpless between two of Brian's thugs, but just couldn't turn his head away.

She struggled between the two trying to get free. Her breasts bounced and wriggled as though alive, mesmerising Harry looking up at them in awe. "Let me go you animals. You'll be punished for this. It's wrong and so very bad." She shouted.

Brian slapped her and she stopped struggling. Lowering her head in shame, trying to hide her face in her long hair, a dry sob shook her shoulders.

"Lock him in." Brian ordered while the other two dragged her away.

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Sara stood naked in the centre of the room surrounded by them. They looked up at her from the sofa and easy chairs admiring her beautiful body. Only a couple of hours ago they looked up to her not at her like some sex object. She hung her head in shame determined to resist them.

She couldn't escape without clothes and knew they wouldn't let her wander around without an escort again. The last thing she wanted was for neighbours to find her like this so it was up to her to find a way out.

Glancing up at the clock she calculated how long it was till his parents arrived home. An hour till the end of the show then another half hour drive and this would all be over. If they found her tied naked it certainly would all be over. Her reputation would be ruined giving her father all the excuse he needed to take control of her life.

She dare not let that happen either. Sara decided to co-operate with them to avoid being tied up and then maybe she would stand a chance of limiting their actions. The worst of it was surely over.

"We need drinks after all that excitement. Go and get some babysitter. Eddie, you make sure she doesn't try anything." Brian said.

With Edward watching her every move she poured fresh orange and decided to win some favour by bringing in the pie she had sliced earlier.

"She makes a nice maid. Eh guys?" Brian asked, with a broad grin thrown to his friends.

Sara was agonizingly aware of her naked breasts as she bent to one of them, offering him a drink and slice of pie. He sat on an easy chair staring up at them sparing her nothing with a look of unconcealed desire on his face. The thought of the view the others were having while bent over was appalling.

It didn't take long for them to adjust to this new position. "This is so cool, Brian. Her lips are showing between her thighs. What a maid! Everyone should have a naked maid to serve them." One of them said. The remark started them all talking at once. They discussed her body as she walked amongst them, bending over to serve the drinks. They laughed at her and each others crude comments.

'I'm supposed to be the one in charge here not bending to their whims.' She fumed in silent anguish. At least they were distracted from taking her and it wouldn't be long before his parents arrived home. If only she could amuse them for long enough she would be able to run to the room to get some clothes before they entered the house.

The thought of amusing these hideous young men by parading around naked was mortifying. She was straining to retain some composure, her nerves strained taught with fear and anger. These little bastards had her where they wanted her or rather it was just that bully Brian.

Leaning forward with the tray Brian looked up at her. "If you spill it I'll have to punish you and you know what that means." He threatened.

Sara quivered in fear. No way did she want him to put her over his knee for another thrashing in front of them. It had reduced her to a quivering wreck last time and what happened afterwards was abominable.

He didn't reach for the drink leaving her bent over before his friends. "I'm sure her pussy is growing. It's pouting at me between her thighs Brian. What a view!" Edward told his friend.

She watched the tray shake almost spilling the last drink. He reached forward and took a hold of her breasts to pinch both nipples. With all her will she summoned enough self control not to spill the juice. Blocking out the raucous comments and the pain, she concentrated on the tray gripping it tight with both hands.

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Leaning over the kitchen table gripping it tight with both hands she took a deep breath, readying her self to once more endure the walk of shame. She couldn't help thinking that all her friend's husbands would love to see her naked like this. Having her pander to their whims would be a dream come true for them. It seemed so wrong that these young inexperienced adolescents had managed to reduce her to this abject state.

It was so degrading to be serving them like some humble maid. Somehow they had her in a helpless state submissively playing their dreadful game and she longed for her friend to arrive enabling her to escape them.

In the lounge she held her head high looking at them with disdain. The strength of will didn't last long. They took their queue from Brian stroking her bottom and petting her body intimately. They fondled her at every opportunity.

They were preparing her and at the same time psyching themselves up to take her. She felt a finger pressing between her lips and shuddered. Again she paused to wonder at how wet she had become from their tormenting hands. Sara shook her head free of the thought unable to cope with such a dark revelation.

"Here give me that drink." One demanded. The finger was still teasing her as she bent forward as commanded. She felt it slide in until the palm of his hand cupped her lips. The humiliation of being fingered by a young stranger was damning. She felt so dreadful from being so wet and not attempting to resist them she wanted to cry out in anguish.

She had to grit her teeth to avoid making a sound knowing it would be a groan of passion not of protest. The tormentor before her took the drink and tray passing it to a friend sitting on the couch beside him. He took a hold of her breasts to pull her head forward into his lap.

His cock was upright and smacked into her face. Without thinking she opened her mouth sucking it in. 'What am I doing?' She cried inwardly. The idea that these crude youths had brought her to such a depraved state, to willingly suck a cock without protest, had to be put on hold.

The tyrant fingering her replaced it with his cock and was forcing her head into the other lads lap. With each thrust of his hips she was rocked against the cock in her mouth plunging it down her throat. Concentrating on breathing she simply gave in letting it all happen. Both were thrusting at her with the one behind pounding at her pussy with eager enthusiasm.

Her legs gave way and they held her between them. Sara had succumbed to them and her own body, giving in completely. From around the cock in her mouth she hummed a mantra. "Pound me harder you bastard. I need to cum, fuck me harder!" The muffled words were fortunately not heard by them or the audience of nasty young men.

In dismay she heard the words ringing round her head thankful they couldn't hear the muffled sounds. Her luscious lips were penetrated deep until his cock touched the back of her mouth. From a hard thrust behind she lost her balance and plunged forward into his lap. His cock went down her throat with his balls thumping her chin.

A small part of her mind marvelled at not choking and miserably recognising they had taught her to give head only too well. How many men would have given all they had to have this beautiful woman deep throat them. It was only this evening she had been trained by a bunch of wayward youths to accomplish this feat under protest and necessity. Otherwise she would have choked for they gave her no choice, merely taking advantage without regard for her.

Her orgasm was slight but some small relief from the tormenting urges her body had been driven too. In a stupor she let them guide her head into the second strangers lap sitting on the sofa. As her head dropped into his lap another replacement nudged her behind. It was deplorable not knowing who was fucking her.

Sara had fantasised being gang raped by pirates never ever expecting or wanting it to really happen. This was monstrous, despicable, to be treated so badly. "No!" She cried out in a muffled yell. The cock behind her was pushing at her anus, the second time this evening, the second time in all her life to be buggered.

The little cock was worming its way up her tight ass hole as she protested and wiggled her bottom. It was no good trying to escape as he lent on her holding her hips with his weight forcing her forward onto the cock down her throat.

They pounded their cocks into her body crudely abusing it with every stroke. She felt her body giving in to the inevitable. The synchronised desperate thrusts then a sudden halt of movement meant only one thing. The juddering of their legs brought a spasm to both dicks with a spurt of their male fluid filling her up. They came with juddering short strokes then a plunge deep into her body from both directions pinning her between them like a captured bug on display.

Sara fell to the floor to curl up into a ball hugging her self tight. She dare not touch her most sensitive places not wanting to acknowledge their leaking fluid with a touch of her fingers.

Somewhere a bell was ringing as though it were tolling the start of another round in the fight. She didn't think she could take another round of abuse and surely they weren't ready so quickly.

"She's in the, err, little girls room. He's in the Jacuzzi Mrs. Turner. Yes, I'll tell them. OK. No problem." Brian said. He put the phone down and smiled at his friends. "That was the parents. They won't be home until late. Let's phone Pete and Mickey and the others, get them round to join in the fun." Brian said.

Sara groaned and nearly passed out. In her mind she could see all those little cocks pounding at her pussy and ass, having to lick and suck them clean afterwards. She imagined a circular line of them ready to take over from the ones pounding her body while others were recovering, intent on rejoining the line. The nightmare would never end.

**Babysitting Trouble Ch. 03**

Brian took Sara over to the wall and fastened her wrists then wrapped the rope around a wall lamp holding both arms above her head. Sara closed her eyes in shame at her nakedness before the boys standing examining her. "Please Brian cover me up its so bad letting them see me like this. You've had your fun now please let me go." She demanded.

Brian slapped her face. "Shut up slut. Just keep quiet and stand there like the good little slutty tease you are. You're no longer the one in charge, I am. The rest of the guys will be around soon to keep that pretty mouth of yours busy." He said. Brian had a look of satisfaction on his face from showing his friends he had the arrogant babysitter exactly where he wanted her.

Sara didn't know if she felt more shame from being naked or from having this little boy slap her around. She pressed her legs together in an attempt to hide her bare pussy from their curious looks. It felt terrible to be examined so closely by these brats just out of high school.

She couldn't argue with him about being a slut for she felt exactly that after what they had made her do to them. They had forced her but she hadn't fought back, she had given in to them too easily. Brian had overheard her talking about a fantasy to Harry and now he seemed to be using that knowledge to manipulate her.

She could see the boys before her were ready for more with their young cocks bulging in their pants. She closed her eyes on them trying to block out the thought of even more of them arriving to abuse her poor naked body.

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Harry managed to untie his hands from the sloppy job his so called friends had done. Shaking them to get the circulation back he rattled the door knowing it was locked. He was desperate to get out of the pool-house to again save his fantasy woman. She wasn't so much his mother's friend or house-sitting as he fantasised about her as his babysitter and she was out there being tormented by those thugs.

He looked through the keyhole and was encouraged to see it there. He looked at the bottom of the door then across to where Sara and he had hidden. A cardboard box would do but he needed a piece of thin metal or wire. In a moment of inspiration he opened a cupboard and pulled a wire coat hanger from the rail.

Tearing a flap off the cardboard box he slipped it under the door. He straightened out the wire hanger then poked it through the keyhole. It was frustratingly close but wouldn't turn enough to be pushed out. In desperation he shoved at the damn thing and lost his balance falling back onto the floor.

He could see through the keyhole. The key was gone! With a trembling hand he pulled the cardboard slowly back under the door and there was the key. Now it was time to become the hero and save his wonderful Sara. Only this time he would need a better plan.

Harry walked into the lounge behind them and gasped on seeing his lovely babysitter standing naked against the wall. Her face was red from being slapped and cum was leaking from her pussy. She looked ill-used with her long silken auburn hair dishevelled and makeup smeared across her face. She had been crying and looked exhausted.

"What have you done to her you bastards?" Harry moaned.

Sara looked up on hearing his voice. Her cheeks turned a bright red in embarrassment; the flush flowed down her neck over her breasts, even her tummy was tinged pink. It had been bad enough but this innocent young youth, with a crush on her, seeing her like this was just so mortifying. She wanted to run and hide away.

"There's plenty for you too Harry, if your man enough." Brian said, cruelly taunting him.

"Let her go right now." Harry demanded.

"Well if you don't want to play then back you go. Lock him in better this time Eddie."

"It's you lot who better go, I've phoned the police."

"Yeah right, sure you have."

On queue a siren sounded with flashing blue lights shining through the curtains lighting up the ceiling. As one they tumbled out of the room bumping into teach other in their hurry to escape.

"Oh Harry what have you done! I can't let anyone know what has happened." Sara wailed. She was stricken with fear at the idea of facing the police and everyone in the neighbourhood finding out what had happened.

"It's OK! I sent them to another house in the street. I told them a drugs party is going on there. There usually is so it's OK." He told her trying to reassure her.

"Oh Harry, I'm sorry you have to see me like this. Please get me loose and cover me up. It's so awful being like this in front of you. I feel dirty and used." She said.

He untied the ropes and she fell into his arms. "I really am your hero now, Sara. I didn't save you from pirates but they were rough enough to be like them." He whispered in her ear.

"Yes Harry." She sighed. "Brian phoned and more of them are on the way. You're too young to fight them and Brian might come back with them once they see the police aren't coming here."

"I'll lockup and get you something to wear. You had better take a shower." He said.

While he dashed around the house she made her weary way upstairs to the bathroom. With the same towel that had been ripped off her body earlier she dried herself. This is how it all started she thought. Harry walked in and she snatched it up in front of her naked body.

"No Harry. You can't see me naked. You're too young to see a grown woman like this. I know you have already and you did save me from more abuse but it has all got to stop right now." She warned him.

He ignored the weak pleas and took hold of her to help her dress. The memory of Brian dressing her flashed though her mind but this was different. Harry was caring and protective wanting to help her.

He guided her down stairs to the lounge. She shuddered and cringed at the memory of what had happened with those vile callous youths. "We had better clear up in here before your parents arrive."

Again Harry dashed around the house not wanting to be away from her yet wanting to please her with his efforts. If his mother could see him now she wouldn't believe the display of enthusiasm for cleaning the house. It was just as well for Sara was too affected by memories to help much.

It seemed that in every part of the room she had been sexually assaulted by those sadistic kids. "Let's go out to the Jacuzzi, I'll feel safer out there." She said. They wandered out hand in hand. Harry smiled with satisfaction that he was so close to his lovely babysitter easily pushing aside all that had happened to her. She too wanted to forget but it would be a long time before she could force the memories aside.

"Yes that would be nice." She said. Somewhat recovered she let him cuddle her. After all that she had been through it was nice to have the comfort of a pair of arms around her. "Thanks Harry. Thank you for saving me from those boys that were coming round. You saved me from them like my fantasy hero."

"It was so wrong for me as your babysitter to show off my body like that but I had no choice." She said in a voice barely audible. He let her talk sensing she needed to.

"So if I'm your hero does that mean I get a reward?" He asked.

"Yes my hero you should get a reward I suppose." Sara said. She remembered their sharing of fantasies earlier knowing it shouldn't have happened but the words couldn't be taken back. "You can kiss me if you like."

He slipped his hand into her robe and felt her flinch. "Did I hurt you?" He asked.

"No. That was nice and gentle but I can't let you do that. I'm an adult, a grown woman and you're just too young, it's wrong. Sorry!" She said, not wanting to hurt him or destroy the young youthful crush he had over her. His touch was nice and innocent and so different to those beasts earlier. She didn't realise his attention was turning her on.

"I want to see your gorgeous body Sara." He said nervously.

"You've seen it before Harry." She sighed.

"Not like this, just for me, without those brutes ripping your robe off." He said.

"You saw everything when the two of you ripped my towel off." She began but he interrupted her.

"You said I deserved a reward. Remember we shared a fantasy and now I'm that hero." He said more confidently. "I dreamed of seeing you naked and wondered what it would be like, to see you like that." He stated with a wistful sigh.

'He wants to see my breasts but how can I do that willingly.' She thought. 'I better stop this before I become carried away with another fantasy that goes wrong.' She stood up and when he did too they were very close. He kissed her neck and nibbled her ears. He held her face in both hands kissing her luscious red lips, sucked her top lip then slipped his tongue into her mouth.

Sara was breathing heavily under this assault upon her senses. So gentle and attentive were his touches she couldn't push him away even though her conscience yelled at her to. In utter anguish she pushed at his shoulders to take a deep breath.

"I mustn't tease you Harry. This is wrong and must stop." She whispered not wanting to believe her own words.

"Let me see you once more. Just for me, for my eyes only!" He said excitedly.

"OK! My hero, then rip my dress off." She said wishing she had the strength to just walk away.

Harry grabbed the light dress by its hem and dragged it from her body in one swift movement. She clamped her hands over her breasts feeling shy and small. She had let him do this, not been forced to comply as before.

"Oh! You are so wonderful I never thought I would see you like this. Here, at home your wonderful tits are bare, all mine. Everyone thinks you are such a tease and so very sexy too but here you are, just for me. You're the sexiest woman in the neighbourhood and I have you all to myself."

"I really do want to take you; I want to do all those things they did to you. I was in such agony hearing them teasing you but now your here with me."

"Harry, yes, yes. You must strip me naked and do it to me. Rip my panties off!"

Harry was shocked for a moment but lowered his head to her breasts and kissed them in turn.

"Bite them Harry. I've been a naughty babysitter teasing you and must be punished." She looked down at him sucking on a nipple feeling it grow under the bites and pinches and rubbing and squeezing.

With his cock rearing in his jeans no more encouragement was needed. He sank to his knees licking her body as he went. He pulled her down onto the warm tiles and ripped the sensible white panties down to her ankles, struggled, then flicked them across the room.

"I want you Sara; I want to do it to you." He said in desperation.

He pulled at his belt and jeans kicking them off where they slithered across the floor in a tangled heap.

"It was so bad Harry, they fucked me in my ass and pussy and mouth at the same time. Those young lads, all of them got to fuck my pussy. I'm your babysitter yet they stripped me naked and gang raped my little pussy. Did I tease you guys too much Harry?"

Harry only half heard her words while he kissed her soft tanned thighs still not daring to get too close to his babysitters' naughty secret place. He had dreamed of having her close but never dared to imagine actually having her pussy.

"Do you want to know what your babysitter's pussy feels like? You do don't you. Well now you get to do the real thing. Play out your fantasy Harry. Stick your penis right up my pussy, hard and fast."

"Yes! I want to feel my cock in you." He cried out.

"Push me down Harry and fuck my pussy in any way you want to. When you dreamed of fucking me what did you do to me?" She moaned, while squirming on the hard tiles. Her words were turning them both on to become one organism enraged with passion.

Harry pushed her legs apart and positioning himself, unsure if he dare go so far.

"Do you want me from behind, how do you want me? You rescued me so you get my pussy all for yourself now. They ripped my little dress off of me. They ripped my panties from my shaved little cunt so it was on display for your friends, Harry. All of them wanted a chance to rape my pussy and they pounded me so hard it felt like a punishment for being such a tease."

Sara felt his rock hard cock nudge her lips and she pleaded with him. "No, Harry, we can't do this, its wrong." The moment passed and she opened her legs wide, ready for him. Harry was determined to show her he could do it.

"Can you believe they gang raped me Harry? Did I deserve it? They took your babysitters teasing little ass too."

Harry turned her over onto her tummy and again positioned himself with a straining cock, his balls swollen and tight. Sara felt his cock not knowing if he was going to take her tight little ass or pussy.

"Harry, no please no, oh yes. No, you're too young to be doing this to me. Please stop."

"You tease every one with your sexy seductive body." He reached round her naked body with both hands to her breasts grabbing them roughly. "These lovely tits are mine; they are so firm and big. You have big tits Sara." He said with glee at having said such naughty words to an adult and his mother's friend too. "Your ass is so lovely and round and inviting."

"Rape me in any hole you want, I've teased you for too long. Take me Harry. You saved me to fuck me yourself." She shouted.

"I'm going to punish you hard for all those you have teased, those luscious lips that tight little ass, your bald pussy. It's all mine now." He croaked, with a throat tight with emotion.

"I thought you were just a little twerp; I flaunted my body in front of you, showing you what you couldn't have, now rape my cunt for treating you that way! Show your babysitter she shouldn't tease you Harry. Oh! Please."

"RAPE MY PUSSY YOU LITTLE TWERP, SHOW ME I WAS WRONG TO TEASE YOU!" Sara shouted.

"Please. Take me hard, fill your babysitter up, humiliate me, and make me your slut."

Harry pushed at her cunt and finding it so wet it slid in all the way to his balls. Astonished he stopped, just holding it there, shocked at what he was doing. This was his babysitter, the woman he had dreamed of and had his dick deep inside her. His weight held her down and she can't move so she was at his mercy.

"Fuck me Harry! Fuck your teasing babysitter, punish my pussy." She cried out.

He raised himself up pulling his cock through her vagina while she gripped it tight. All the way until she thought it was to be lost to her.

"This is it babysitter I'm in charge now, I'm going to fuck you hard. You really do want me Sara. You're so wet and open and easy you really are my slut!" He cried out in pure pleasure. He slowly probed her pussy pushing in all the way.

"Harder you little shit, slap my ass like a whore." She demanded.

Thrusting in he managed to stop to slap her ass. Again and again he thrust in, faster and faster pounding at her pussy. Again he stopped almost lifting out of her pussy to slap her ass. "Your not in charge now babysitter, you're my whore slut." He groaned.

Sara moaned out loud feeling humiliated at the way she was giving in to this wicked private fantasy with such a young lad. She was a thirty-two year old mature woman and he was only eighteen and so innocent. The language was so vile yet she couldn't hold it back. In shame she thought. 'I need this young boy to rape my pussy, to treat me roughly, to fulfil my fantasies. I need him to use me for his dirty little fantasies. To use me like he's always wanted to.'

"You were excited to know I was naked and being raped in the other room, you wanted to join in didn't you!" She exclaimed.

"Yes I wanted to play with myself but I was tied up. I couldn't do anything but I can now and you will have to beg me Sara." He said while holding back. The head of his cock bulged just inside her and with a sense of power and satisfaction he felt her squirming.

Sara jerked her hips up at his cock but couldn't get enough of what she wanted. "You wished you were able to see me getting gang raped by all your friends, didn't you! You just saved me so you can make me take your cock."

"Yes I wanted to watch and I wanted to join them fucking you but I'm in charge now you teasing slut. Beg me babysitter, I know you want it. I'm ready to pound your pussy so beg me for it." He said through gritted teeth.

"FUCK MY ASS, Harry. You've spied on me in my little bikini, I know you've watched my tight ass sashay around the pool and wish you could have it. Now you can, shove your cock in my ass Harry!" She begged.

"Yes! It's my turn. I'll do it because you let them." He said between deep breaths. He pulled out and pushed at her tight ass hole. "I'll humiliate you for all those times you teased me." He moaned.

'This young boy is about to fuck my ass! Just a couple of hours ago I was in charge and those little shits could only dream of what I might look like naked, now here I am about to take young Harry up my tight little ass.' Agonised thoughts streamed through her mind adding to the impassioned arousal.

"I watched you around the pool and thought about what it would be like but never guessed I would get to see you like this, begging me to take you. I never imagined humiliating you to turn you on."

Sara felt his cock enter and is ashamed at begging for it and wanting it too. "Yes, pound my ass, you've spied... uh... uh... on me, out by... Ohhh! Uh, uh, the pool, haven't you?"

He pushed his cock inside her filling the tight hole until he felt his balls hit her pussy. "What does it feel like babysitter to be buggered? To have my hard cock in such a private place, such a humbling place? I watched your sexy heart shaped bottom wiggle by the pool and wondered, I even masturbated at the thought of seeing it."

"Oh Harry, it's so humiliating, but I need it. I can't believe I'm letting you fuck me like a slut, you're so young, but I need it. I know you boys had those thoughts. I know you all wanted to see my naked body, but I was too old, too high society for you little twerps. Ah, yes... Harder, fuck your babysitter's tight ass you little shit."

His youthful vigour carried him on speeding up the long powerful strokes. It seemed to be an age of pain and humiliation. The fantasy words dried up as they succumbed to the moment of passion. In one last movement he buried himself deep into her ass shuddering to a halt and spurted his load into her bottom.

He shouted out loud. "You slut, you bitch, take my cock right up your ass, you deserve to be punished, I'm cumin. Oh Yes! I'm cumin up my babysitters' ass!" He gasped.

Sara felt his cum deep up her ass. Ashamed to be a party to her own humiliation she moaned and sobbed all at once not wanting to but unable to hold back. Her orgasm rippled through an already abused body. The tiles were warm under her naked body yet she shivered uncontrollably in fear of what she had done to both of them.

He rolled off her to lie beside her prostrate form. "We all talked about you, how we would like to fuck you, to play with your tits. I wanted to kiss you at first but the fantasies grew." Harry whispered, while stroking her hair.

"You like my breasts? Did you ever peak on me in the shower? What would you think of when you jerked off to me, were you raping me? Teaching me a lesson?"

"I masturbated to the image of you, imagining you naked and grateful for a rescue from the pool. Just now I wanted to teach you not to flirt and tease everyone. I wanted to punish you for teasing me and my friends round by our pool." He told her.

"You dreamed of having me at your mercy. I had that fantasy too, being humiliated and naked, pirates or some powerful men taking me. I dreamed of a nice man saving me."

"Just now I wanted to take you whether you wanted me or not. Sorry." He said, looking sad at the thought of such bad behaviour.

"It's all right, really. You love when I come over to babysit; you get to see my sexy body beneath some teasing clothing. I'm sorry Harry, it's my entire fault." She said taking is hand in hers.

"I can't believe I did that to you and you wanted me so much." He said. He slipped into the Jacuzzi and splashed around in an exuberant mood then returned to her side.

He sat next to her examining the luscious naked body, the skin so perfect and smooth. "Don't cover yourself." He pulled her arms away from her breasts, pulled her legs apart wanting to see everything. Her pussy was shaved so smooth it looked delicious. He had never seen a woman so close before and marvelled at the folds of her pussy.

"No please, don't look at me like that, its wrong, your so young you shouldn't be doing this. I was so carried away I couldn't help it. Please stop." She beseeched him. She looked at him knowing it wasn't finished yet.

"Now suck me clean Sara, I want your mouth too. You said I could do all the things they did to you so now I want to make you all mine." He told her.

"You can't expect me to do that. I can't let you, your just a young man, you can't do this to me, I feel so humiliated already. Have some mercy for me, please!" She pleaded, while he continued to insist.

"You must finish what you started Sara." He demanded.

"I feel so naked in front of your young eyes, please let me cover up, you shouldn't see me like this. I'm a responsible adult and I'm supposed to be in charge, setting an example, not giving in to you. I'm supposed to be looking after the house not pandering to your whims. You should be holding a young woman your own age not an old woman like me. I can't let you see me like this."

"You're so young to have done those things. You've already had my pussy and ass so just let me put on some clothes, please Harry. No we can't. Okay. Okay, I did say those bad things but I wasn't myself. I got carried away in the heat of the moment. After what happened this evening I'm all mixed up; can't think straight. Yes, you did rescue me from your friends and those others that Brian called, but it's wrong. I gave you your reward for rescuing me; I can't take you in my mouth as well."

She looked at his earnest young face and lost the will to resist. Unsure if it was the abuse of earlier, her fantasy world, or the need to keep him quiet she eventually relented. "Yes, I'll suck my hero's cock." She said resignedly.

With tears in her eyes she acknowledged to herself the truth. 'I know I've brought this on myself acting like such a slut with this young man. His parents trusted me to housesit and here I am doing as he tells me, no longer in charge, lost in lust. I've lost all my own respect and his too.'

"He pushed a soft cock in her face. "You're my babysitter so should guide me. You should be the one in charge so take charge of my cock. I want to fuck your face like those others did!" He said with a gruff voice thick with passion.

She opened a pair of full lips to kiss the head of his cock. She felt so humiliated knowing how wrong it was. She took the shaft in a trembling hand and licked up and down its length then sucked it in.

He watched in awe as his cock was gradually sucked into her mouth past those luscious full lips. "I'll let you help me with my homework after this." He laughed nervously.

Sara was devastated at being reminded how young he was.

"Start me up again slut, you deserve to be punished some more." He croaked from a dry mouth.

It was terrible to be lying between his legs doing this. She needed to get some control back for her own sanity. 'This is ridiculous. I'm a mature woman how can I let such a young man dictate to me like this. I'm thirty-two years old sucking a young man's cock. How in hell did this happen to me.'

She dismissed the anguish and self pity with a practical thought. His parents would be home soon. She would have to get him off quickly before they arrived.

Sara heard the car pull up in the drive and knew there were just moments before being discovered. "We must stop this! Your parents are home. Shit! If I'm caught everyone in the neighbourhood will know. I'll be a laughing stock to all the gossips in the area.

"No! Make me cum, finish it! I don't care if they find us; you're the one who should worry." Harry reminded her.

In desperation she grabbed his ass and pulled his cock deep in her mouth, messaging his balls. 'No, please. They can't find me naked with their son.' She thought. "Please cum." She said then sucked it in, swallowing it all, while looking up at him pleading with her eyes. "Look at your lovely babysitter's mouth full of your big cock." She said, again sucking it down her throat.

Sara was ashamed to the core of her being at having to plead with this young boy to cum in her mouth. 'Damn! I need him to cum in my mouth and quickly. It's bad enough doing it but I have to work hard at it with enthusiasm. Shit! This young nerd is going to fill my mouth with his sperm.'

Harry jerked his penis forward not hearing her shout from around his cock. She tried to back away but he held onto her hair fixing her onto the end of his dick.

Sara pulled away desperate to spit it out, to rid herself of this terrible episode.

"No! Don't spit it out. Don't swallow either, not until I tell you to. Hold it in your mouth or I will tell on you." He said fiercely.

Sara was going to ignore this arrogant little shit then changed her mind. He looked serious and she became afraid that he might carry out the threat and tell his parents. After all what did he have to fear for she knew who they would believe, their precious son.

Sara raced around pulling her panties and a robe on urging him to get dressed without speaking.

"Show me my sperm in your mouth babysitter." He demanded. He watched her hesitantly open her mouth.

She felt so small at being degraded yet again but at least it would all be over soon with his parents approaching the house.

"When I say the word swallow you can, but not until then, do you understand?" He asked.

She nodded with tears forming at the corners of her eyes knowing he intended to keep her under his power right up till the last moment. She could hardly breathe with the taste and smell of his seed in her nostrils.

'How long will this damned torment last?' she wondered.

His parents walked in and she desperately wanted to swallow but a look from him and she dare not.

"It was great. At long last I've experienced Phantom of the Opera and managed to drag him along." Martha enthused while pointing at her husband. He looked at the pair of them with a long face and shrugged his shoulders.

Sara smiled weakly nodding, unable to speak, grateful her friend was in too a buoyant mood to need a response. His father gave her one of those looks, attempting to look through the thin robe wondering what she had on underneath. He probably thought she was wearing a swimsuit, and to think he would be grateful for a look seemed ironic. If only he knew!

Sara was in agony knowing if his mother stopped talking about the damn opera she would ask how the day went looking after her son. She looked at Harry pleading for relief.

She stood there with their son's cum in her mouth almost naked under the robe unable to think what to do. In horror she realised it was turning her on. She could feel her nipples growing and it wasn't cold in there. Very soon his father would notice her nipples poking at the thin material and realise she was almost naked.

"I hope you didn't give Sara a hard time. Did you keep out of her way or did you pester her for food? I hope you two had some of that pie, Sara needs filling up. Sara looks as though she should be stuffing that pretty mouth of hers more often, don't you think honey? " Martha asked to her husband who was staring at Sara.

'It's Ok Martha I had my mouth stuffed full of cock while you were gone.' Sara groaned inwardly not daring to speak.

"We were out here watching the birds flying back to their nests at dusk." Harry interrupted. "Lara was just telling me about this bird that is so interesting. It's called a swallow." He said, looking at Sara with a big smile upon his face.

With great relief she swallowed his cum and cleared her throat hoping they didn't asked questions only the nerdy boy could answer. 'Well that should make Martha happy. I've swallowed so much cum my stomach feels full.'

"We had a nice time. I spent most of the day in the pool and Jacuzzi so they weren't much trouble." She lied with a smile.

"So how about helping me with my homework as promised?" Harry asked.

Sara saw plainly he wanted to get her into his bedroom and just knew this was not the end of the ordeal.

"Well you two seem to be getting along so well. You run along and I'll make some drinks and bring them up in a moment." Martha said.

Sara plodded wearily behind him up the stairs and stopped outside his room. "This has got to stop, your too young for all this. I'm an adult and can't let you do this. I'm sorry I let you do those dreadful things but I was just carried away with it all." She said. She looked downcast with the thought that it had been her fault and had been turned on from being so embarrassed before his parents.

"You mean you enjoyed those things my friends did to you?" Harry asked, his face creased in wonder trying to work out what she meant.

"No, no, no it's not like that! You're too young to understand. I'll go to the guest room and get changed into my clothes."

He pulled her into his room and she suppressed a yelp not daring to have them hear or start to ask too many questions.

Before she could remonstrate with him he pulled off the robe leaving her standing in her panties. She quickly moved to the wall furthest from the door covering her breasts with both arms wrapped tight round her body.

"Harry, give me back that robe, please. I can't be found in your room by your parents. Quickly, close the door I can hear you father coming up the stairs." Sara pleaded with a touch of anger. She stood there very still listening to every footstep sounding louder and closer.

The tension was dire and thrilling waiting for his father to casually walk in, to find her half naked in his son's bedroom.

"I'm glad to see you not leaving your homework to the last minute for once." His father chided him.

Sara cringed in the corner only just grateful he hadn't walked in. Her mouth was too dry to speak. She looked around the room not seeing anything to cover her body with. The wardrobe was closed and she would have to walk across in front of the open door.

Hearing the man walk to his own bedroom Sara tried again to reason with him. "Please Harry this has gone far enough. What if they see me like this?"

Martha was shouting up the stairs. "Oh! No." Sara groaned. "Yes he was well behaved today, his friends were OK." She shouted to Martha.

"What do you want to drink? Want some pie?" Martha shouted.

"I'm OK!" She said, shaking her head at how wrong it all was. If one of them walked in now the game was up and her reputation would be a big zero all over town.

"I'll pull the door to if you sit on my lap." Harry suggested with a mischievous look on his face.

The danger and humiliation had worked upon her yet again leaving her vulnerable to her own bodily needs.

Sara boldly walked to him meaning to sit on his lap but he manoeuvred her round to face him. She had to sit on his lap astride his legs with her own legs wide open. She felt his hard cock nudging her through the thin panties. He was ready for her and her body was more than ready, but she hadn't lost all control.

"No we can't the door is open! Please, no!"

He manoeuvred his cock into the crotch of her panties and she gasped. The daring and audacity was so hot it began to push her over the edge to lose all sense of reason. He leaned forward, with both hands holding her bottom so she wouldn't fall, and sucked a nipple into his mouth.

Heaving is hips upward he pierced her swollen labia with all his strength pushing her up until his cock was deep inside. She felt him filling her little pussy with his dick and almost gasped but bit her lip stopping the fervent yell.

There was no chance now of getting away for she couldn't reach the floor to push herself off his lap now he had speared her body so deeply. It would have taken more willpower than she had to escape his cock any way.

It was too late now there was no escaping the inevitable. Her body had taken over clearing her mind of moral doubts. She bounced up and down as he pounded her pussy. Her tits were rubbing his face as they leaped and swayed with every fierce movement. He kissed them and licked them as they swung past his mouth.

He bit on a nipple holding it for a moment and it felt as though it might be ripped off but she dare not yell out loud. She was desperate not to scream out. If they walked in now they would see her naked body riding their son's cock, ready and desperate to take his sperm.

"Are you two OK in there? Do you need anything?" Martha said as she walked past to the bathroom.

Sara stammered. "Y. Y. Yes, we're fine." She said then whispered. "I'm just getting your son to feed me his virile thick creamy sperm." She panted in time with his thrusts.

She leant back with tits pushed out bouncing in rhythm with his thrusts, desperately pushing at his cock, wanting to have it all deep inside. She bit her lip not daring to scream. She was so humiliated hearing her friend nearby while in such a position yet so hot she was desperate to cum.

She began grinding upon his cock harder and harder. She whispered. "Pull my tits, grab them roughly, please Harry, I'm almost there." Her body was sweating revealing how hot she was inside and out. "This is so erotic I know your father would kill to see me like this." She whimpered.

She let out a muffled yelp with an orgasm and thrust down hard on his cock. Her orgasm was lasting forever. She sagged with her head over his shoulder feeling his cock shuddering and spurting into her filling her up with so much youthful cum.

"Oh! Harry yes!" She said loud enough to be heard outside the room. "You got the answer right, yes oh yes, good, good job, oh uh, you're so good at math." She said with a great outrush of air from deep in her lungs.

"You OK in there? You sure you don't want some pie?" Martha asked.

"I'm on a protein diet; I only consume lovely creamy sperm." She replied with a sigh.

Sara attempted to speak but faltered then eventually responded weakly. "We're fine I just dropped something." Her voice sounded almost calm yet she was still in the throws of an orgasm that seemed to end then rippled on through her body yet again. She couldn't stop shaking with her legs in spasm. Eventually a deep peaceful calm swept over her.

**Babysitting Trouble Ch. 04**

Sara awoke from a night sleep disturbed by dreams of pirates; being captured and relentlessly raped by them, one after another, then rescued. She shook off the dreamy state for dark memories of yesterday to replace the fantasy.

'Surely yesterday couldn't have been real.' She thought, needing it to be just another dream. Opening her eyes she wondered where she was for a moment then realised it was her friends' guest bedroom. Martha had arrived home late from the theatre and asked Sara to stay the night so as to make an early start on a visit to her sister.

Sara hated the idea of staying another day in that house after what happened. She hadn't a ready excuse to hand and it would be an opportunity to spend the day sweet talking Martha's son into keeping their dire secret so she relented. It would be devastating if it got out she had played around with those boys even though she had been forced by Brian.

Who would believe those innocent middle class youths had trapped her into such depraved acts. They would say she had teased them on purpose and of course in retrospect she had. It had been after they had annoyed her with their obvious ogling of her bikini clad body. How could she have anticipated such a horrendous outcome?

There was no sign of her clothes then she remembered Martha had put them in the wash last night so she had something to wear. Martha the pie making, home making mom she had let down so badly. In the wardrobe there was a robe on the floor where it had been hurriedly thrown yesterday while clearing up before Martha arrived. It was torn and useless, a dark reminder of what had happened.

That brute of a boy had ripped it off leaving her naked before his nervously giggling friends. At least Martha's son, Harry, had a crush on her which she would use to keep him quiet about that naughty episode they shared.

She reached for another robe to see it was much thinner and shorter, but the cotton was soft and comfortable. It would do to go downstairs to get her clothes out of the dryer. She rummaged around and found a pair of red satin panties and sniffed them tentatively to make sure they were clean. They were a snug fit; obviously not a pair of her friend's big comfortable knickers.

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"Harry. I didn't think you would be up for awhile. How do you open this thing?" Sara asked, fuming at the dryer in frustration. She straightened up quickly, feeling she had revealed a glimpse of red panties, not wanting to start something all over again. This was going to have to be a new start and wanted to put her foot down straight away.

"I have no idea mom always takes care of it. She complains about it to dad but won't buy a new one. Says it's a good old fashioned machine and they don't make them like that anymore." He mimicked.

"I was up early this morning and wrote down some things I want you to do." Harry said.

"What do you mean? Like breakfast? Come on lets eat before anything else." She said trying to sound cheery. They walked into the kitchen and he sat down just waiting to be served.

"I'm a house-sitter Harry not a maid." She sighed.

Like a flash of lightening a memory from yesterday hit her. She was in the lounge serving those young brats drinks and snacks. It was humiliating being coerced into being a maid to a bunch of raucous youths just out of high school but on top of that she had been naked. If that wasn't bad enough they had started to touch her, intimately.

Now there was time to think it was a wonder how excited the whole nasty episode made her. Was it the touching or the humiliation that brought on such a pitch of readiness? There was no denying how wet she had been for that boy had slipped his penis in so easily. She had become so hot all resistance had been lost to the vulgar things they demanded.

"Sara? You OK? Sara?" Harry asked.

"Oh! Yea, here take this juice while I fix some toast." She said, trying to recover some balance.

With some cranberry juice she sat opposite him at the table studying the laminate pattern while fiddling with a coaster. "So what are we going to do today, something interesting? Let's see this list of yours." She said with a forced smile.

She glanced at the list and grimaced after only reading the first line. "Please don't tell me you let anyone see this Harry." Sara gasped. He shook his head. "No, Harry. We can't do anything like that again. It would be wrong because you're too young for me and I would be in trouble if anyone found out." She said, letting him know by the tone of voice this inappropriate intimacy had to stop.

"No, I haven't told anyone yet. Mom and dad went early, that's what woke me up. I might tell them when they get home though." He said, keenly watching for a reaction.

"No! Please Harry you can't do that, no one must know!" She pleaded.

She glanced at the disgusting list again and was shocked. "This is terrible! You can't expect me to let you do these things." The look on his face revealed she had told him too much. He had suspected it was a desperate secret, so now he knew for certain and would use it against her. She decided a better ploy was to be firm without antagonising him.

"You did bad things with Brian and his gang so why not me?" He began.

"That was different. I didn't have a choice they had me tied up."

He interrupted telling her. "You were excited by it and enjoyed it, but you won't do it with me." He said petulantly.

"No Harry. It was awful what those boys did to me. You wouldn't want to hurt your lovely babysitter would you?" Trying to win his favour she was prepared to place herself in the role of babysitter but that was a mistake.

"When we were together in the pool-house you said I should do lots of naughty things to you - 'you can do anything you want to me', you said." The tone of voice accused her of betrayal.

"I was carried away with the excitement of it all." Sara stopped talking too late. From the look on his face she was condemned with those words. "Sometimes you just do things and say things without thinking of the consequences. I'm here to make sure you don't do anything wrong not help you make a mistake. As an adult I'm responsible for you and must tell you what to do. I should look after you and guide you." She said, feeling guilty.

"Like a teacher? Well you can teach me something. I want to see you do this." He said pointing to the first item on the nasty list.

It was something Sara couldn't bring herself to do in front of a long time partner let alone this young man, it would be totally wrong. The internet had certainly given him some awful ideas. She felt embarrassed just reading it. He was treating her like a high school project, a pet project.

"I'm not some pet you can manipulate like this, it's very naughty. It's worse than that it's gross, Harry." Her protest seemed less than convincing. "Your treating me like some pet you've brought home expecting it to perform tricks. I'm a grown woman and your mom's friend and you must treat me with respect." She protested. "I just can't do this. Please Harry lets start again by behaving properly."

"I saved you from those boys and you promised me!" He said. "You don't want me to tell on you, yet you would tell my parents if I misbehaved. You crawled around on the floor like a pet for them, why not me? You can be my pet now; you must do what I say." He said petulantly.

'How the hell am I going to get out of this?' She thought.

"Let's play some games instead, something proper." She said, hoping to win him round.

"Like pirates?" He said, with a mischievous grin on his face.

With a deep sigh she wondered what the hell had come over her to reveal this wicked little secret. Yesterday she had revealed a sexual fantasy of being captured by pirates, more or less like her dream last night, only she had just hinted at the sexual side of it. She was going to pay dearly for the indiscretion that was certain.

"I could chase you round the house. I have a pirates outfit and sword in my room from when I was a kid." He said.

'This might work if I can get him to play a game rather than play with me.' She thought, with a shiver.

Harry chased her from the kitchen through the dining room into the lounge. He cornered her on the sofa and tickled her until she surrendered. The robe had twisted around, almost off, but she managed to save her breasts, just. Out of breath they panted and laughed together.

"Ok! You're captured now. I should have a sword though. Let's go to my room and get one. I've got more toys up there in the back of the wardrobe I haven't played with for years. I've got something for you too!" He said with enthusiasm.

Wanting to keep him distracted she went along with the game in a head over heels dash upstairs, hoping it would remain a harmless game. She recovered her breath while he rummaged around in the wardrobe.

She looked around the bedroom, at the posters of cartoon hero's blue tacked on the walls and felt her age. She had been an only child and had never seen a young mans' bedroom before. There were models of planes hanging from the ceiling and a telescope pointing out the window and the kid clutter she might have expected. He maybe eighteen but the past was still there.

He turned around with a toy sword and pointed it at her. She surrendered with both hands in the air in mock surprise. "I yield captain, I'm your captive." She laughed.

Sara thought he was reaching for a pirate costume he had mentioned but instead pulled a cord around her wrists. Before she could react he tied her wrists above her head to a hook on the door. 'Oh! No! Not again.' She thought.

"No Harry let me go."

"You let Brian tie you up so now it's my turn." He told her.

He giggled playfully then reached out to the robe with a free hand. She was so startled there was no time to even turn away. The robe was so loose after their chase and play fight it easily unwrapped from around her body. In dismay she felt it slip from her shoulders completely open in front.

For a moment she stood there in a daze then clamped her thighs together. 'Not again!' She thought in alarm. He wouldn't have the audacity for such a mischievous act if it hadn't been for her appalling behaviour yesterday and so blamed her self.

"I said no Harry and I meant it. You can't see me naked I'm a grown woman. You're eighteen and I'm thirty-two doesn't that mean anything to you? It's wrong and you must stop right now. I'm your babysitter and will remain in charge and you will do as I say. Now untie me." She said crossly.

'At least this one isn't ripped. I'll have to dump the torn one before Martha finds it.' She thought.

"You have to do as I say or pay the consequences. Which is it to be?" He said holding up the horrid list waiving it like a flag in her face. He slapped her bare ass with the side of the sword and she jumped with a yelp.

"Stop it that stings." She complained. 'How on earth did I get into this? I'm a grown woman having my panty clad ass slapped by a friend's young son.' She wondered. 'If it hadn't been for what happened yesterday the little brat wouldn't have dared treat me like this. He hardly had the guts to look me in the eye.'

The determination in his eyes told her he meant to get his own way. Sara decided to go along with what he wanted, in part, for surely she could fake it without him knowing. "OK! I give in. Just this one thing and you tell no one!" She growled. "Promise me!"

More embarrassed than she had ever been Sara slipped fingers into the waist of the little red panties not daring to say a word. It was unpleasant the way he watched her pull them down her legs. Such an ordinary everyday act made nasty. Throughout the ordeal of stripping she carefully hid everything between her legs from him with deliberate movements.

Sitting on the floor she wrapped an arm around her knees and discreetly reached between her legs with a free hand. She could do this without him seeing too much and he was too inexperienced to know if she cheated.

"No. Do it as it's written down here." He told her.

"You can't see my pussy Harry it's too shameful. You can see my breasts, you like that don't you?" She tried to dissuade him hoping he wouldn't abuse the power he had over her too much as though this weren't already way off the scale.

His look told her she wasn't going to get away with much. Sliding her legs down flat on the floor she opened them a little feeling so very terrible. It wasn't enough to placate him as he ordered her to spread them out wide displaying everything.

With a hand covering her crotch she rubbed it back and forth trying not to reveal or touch anything sensitive. It was so very humiliating to be in this position she wanted to end it quickly. She would have to fake it. Something marriage had taught her on many occasions.

"Let me see what you're doing, you're covering it all up." He complained.

She heard the gruffness in his voice and knew he was excited. She looked up to see his eyes focused intently upon her crotch. She glanced at his cock appalled that he was masturbating with her.

Sara was startled to feel a finger, her own, dig between a swollen pair of lips with another teasing her hardened nub. It was as though her hand had taken over uncontrollably, determined to do it to her. Sara felt the wetness of her pussy and the hotness of her body and gave in letting her fingers take over. 'No!' She thought. 'I mustn't do this.' It was no good he had pushed her to the edge and she was helplessly falling.

She couldn't take her eyes off that young cock, so hard in his hand, moving toward her, pointing it at her naked body. He was going to cum over her! The shame of letting him do this was unbearable yet she couldn't move, couldn't stop playing with her pussy. She was masturbating in front of this young man and the humiliation was driving her to a climax.

"Open your mouth." He said, in a strained voice.

She wanted to tell him off, to tell him not to be so distasteful. 'Oh! Hell, no! I should be telling him what to do not submitting to this young inexperienced man.' She squealed inwardly. She opened her mouth to yell at him or obey, not knowing which. All thought was a blur in her mind for she was so close to an orgasm.

She looked up to see his balls tighten and jerk, his young virile penis spasm. He stood over her like a Titan triumphant over a vanquished slave. She was being overwhelmed by his supremacy.

She watched in dismay as strings of his cum spurt from his penis as though in slow motion. It dealt a consummate blow to her self worth. He had reduced her to a sex object to abuse as he saw fit.

It splashed into her open mouth, in her hair and across her breasts. A spasm of greedy hunger raised her hips from the floor helping to thrust two fingers deep into her ravenous vagina. She jerked her hips up wanting more than the fingers, needing something bigger more potent, yet it was enough for nothing would stop the all-consuming passion overtaking her mind and body.

Her limbs writhed as though in pain, her feet walking with heels scrapping at the carpet. She shook her head from side to side as though denying it. Eventually the fiery quaking began to subside. Her eyes rolled open unseeing, still focused on the ardent passionate journey not wanting to return to reality.

Harry lay beside her seemingly amused at the display. She couldn't speak simply laying back on the carpet in sweaty exhaustion. He hadn't even touched her and she had such a powerful orgasm it had knocked her into another dimension.

He slid hot fingers over her breasts. Every touch to those sensitive orbs sent slivers of fire along her spine. He offered his fingers to her lips and she sucked. He continued until the breasts were dry of his sperm then started picking strings of his cum from her hair.

She wanted to stop this demeaning game but couldn't summon the strength to speak let alone resist. He continued feeding her his white sperm until he had wiped every drop from her body. His touch between her legs made her gasp, the first sound from her throat, not in protest but in appreciation. So sensitive in a post orgasmic state his touch nearly set her off again.

Now she tasted her own juices on his fingers but still the will to refuse was beyond her. How could this young man reduce her to such a state of submission? She had never before tasted her own cum or performed so coarsely. She didn't want to think it had been the humiliation that had set her off so dismissed the idea.

She wondered if after this it would ever be possible to refuse him anything he wanted. She needed to escape for now there were even more dreadful acts to be blackmail with. If he ever told his parents she would simply die of shame. She hoped he was unaware through lack of experience how much power he had over her.

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"You can get dressed now. Put this on first though." He told her.

"Where in hell did you get that?" Sara asked.

"On the internet, I used mom's credit card." He said.

"It's not exactly a mother's day gift. Why on earth did you buy such a thing?"

"I was doing a school project on medieval Europe and wanted to see what one was like. I chucked it into back of the wardrobe, it's useless, and nothing like the ones they had back then." He grinned wickedly.

Sara was bemused that he wanted her to wear a chastity belt. This was unexpected, but at least it meant she wasn't going to be assaulted by him again while wearing it. She didn't think it possible to survive another orgasm like that. It was too good and that made it so bad; to be doing it with a young man at her age was so wrong and it was her friend's son too.

Without looking at it too closely she quickly pulled the flap between her legs and fastened it to the belt. It was embarrassing the way his eyes seemed to be devouring her pussy so it was some comfort to be covering it up even though it was with such a bizarre piece of clothing.

The awful thing was stainless steel with padding but not too uncomfortable. When clipped it into place it made an ominous click sound. She pulled at it confirming the worst, it was locked in place. A glance at him said all she needed to know. She was locked in and wouldn't be able to get it off without a key.

"I've got the key hidden, you'll never find it." He said with a devilish grin.

She took a step toward him and was startled to feel something rub against her clit. "What have you done to me Harry? Damn! You can't lock it away it's my pussy not yours. You don't own it."

Taking another step toward him, intending to shake some sense into the young brat, brought her to an abrupt halt. She felt something enter her. "OH! Damn! What's happening now?" She complained with her face screwed up in anguish.

"It has a built in vibrator and I have the remote control!" He laughed.

'Damn! I've been so stupid. Why did I let this twerp trap me like this? Shit! I'll really have to be nice to him or he won't unlock it. What if he sends me home in it?' She wondered. 'I'll be trapped in it until he sees fit to release me. I offered him my body yesterday but this is ridiculous.'

"Please Harry take it off." She intended to kneel on the floor to look up through long eyelashes at him to gain his sympathy. "OH!" She yelped.

Every time she moved a rubber finger massaged her clit sending a wave of sensations through her body. The vibrator seemed to slide a long way in adding to the torment. She backed away but with every step it sensitised her pussy. She watched him press a button on what looked like a TV remote and shivered in distress.

"It's now on setting two." He told her. Satisfied with its effect he pressed another button and it began to wriggle, then he pressed three. All the time he watched her squirming as though in pain but it was far from that. Already wet, her pussy was oozing now.

"Oh! Stop it, Harry please!" She said, not daring to move. Squirming around on the vibrator moved the rubber thing over her clit so she dare not move. To relieve the pressure between her legs she parted both feet and thighs.

"You had better get a gown on as the Pizza guy will be here soon. I shouldn't go to the door like that showing off your lovely tits as he has a bit of a reputation."

"I can't Harry. I can't move." She said.

"It's up to you. This thing has ten settings and you're only on three. Go show him your breasts or put the gown on." It was an agony of pleasure taking a few steps and the thought of walking down stairs to open the door was so very daunting.

She was being stimulated with no hope of an orgasm. It was nice but she would soon need to cum or this pleasure would be a curse. This young inexperienced man had her where he wanted and it was so humiliating to have her body in his power.

Sara scrabbled at the lock but it was useless. She couldn't even reach her own pussy to finish the job. It would be at least half an hour before the guy arrived with the pizza so what state would she be in then? She was all ready to cum but couldn't. Soon she would be begging Harry to make her cum.

How could he humiliate her like this?

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The time passed agonisingly slowly. Sara was breathing heavily and desperate for an orgasm. It didn't matter who or how many or how they did it to her she needed a cock inside now! She was so desperate she was forced to humiliate herself by begging Harry. "Please Harry just fuck me, please! I need a cock in me now!"

"You need 'A' cock, any cock?" He asked with a self satisfied smile on his face.

"Yes! No! I don't know what I mean, I can't think straight. Please let me cum. Please don't make me answer the door like this. You've done enough to me already."

"You know what will happen if you don't do as I say, the level goes up." He teased with a finger poised over the control.

"Please! I've already let you come on my tits and in my hair. I even licked cum off your fingers." She wailed.

The doorbell rang and she jumped. 'Thank god! I can grab the pizza and this terrible game will be at an end.' She thought.

She threw open the door and snatched the pizza from the startled young man. Harry was standing behind the door and shut it quickly while holding on to the hem of the robe trapping it in the door.

"Oh! No!" Sara said, with heartfelt anguish. Being so close to an orgasm was making every movement a momentous stimulation, everything a drama. Sara tried pulling but it wouldn't give. The delivery man just gawped at her open mouthed.

"Here let me help." He said.

She didn't want this young cheap hood helping and getting close to her. "No, it's OK! I got it." She said, still struggling. At last giving up she told him. "Please get it out, but be careful. I. I'm, n-not wearing anything underneath." She stammered.

"I can see that!" He leered, looking up into her face.

She placed her hands over her breasts realising out here the material was too thin, too revealing in the bright sunshine. Her nipples were bursting through the robe swollen from the relentless stimulation, obviously not from the cold as it was a hot day.

The boy crouched close trying to pull the gown out of the door only managing to lift it higher around her thighs. She knew he was trying to look up the robe while doing it but needed him to get her free. She could smell the bad odour of pizza's on him. His whole demeanour was that of a failure and a dropout.

"Please don't look, just get it out." She said.

Feeling a hard tug she heard it rip. The gown seemed to be shredded to strands of cotton still caught in the door with a piece blowing across the yard. She stood there naked before him except for the embarrassing contraption gripping her crotch and waist. Her stomach dropped, her face turned an unhealthy red, and she nearly fainted. Her breasts heaved showing off the engorged nipples swollen huge from the unwanted stimulation.

'Shit! I'm outside naked.' She keened. "Please get me out of sight. There's a school bus coming, I can't be seen naked by all those high school kids." She imagined them staring at her and hollering obscene remarks.

"Help me please!" She said breathlessly.

"What is that thing?" He asked.

"Just look away, don't look at my naked body!" She panted. Unable to move she would have to stand there naked until Harry saved her. Anyone walking past could see and the high school bus was due to pass any moment.

"Just get me round the back, I can hardly walk, you will have to help me." She whispered desperately.

The boy put his arms around her nudging a breast with his hand. When she stumbled he grabbed a firmer hold squeezing her breasts. When she sighed rather than protested he became bolder holding her by both breasts as they walk around the back of the house.

'Oh my god, I'm naked in front of this creep and his smelly hands are all over me.'

"No! Please don't do that it's naughty!" She protested but he wasn't listening. If she hadn't been wearing the damned chastity belt she could have run away back inside away from this creep.

'How much more humiliating can this day get.' She wondered.

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In the kitchen she leant against a chair breathing heavily from escaping the outside world and the damned unrelenting stimulation of the belt. "Thank you for helping me back inside. I'm so embarrassed. Please don't look at me like that." She said.

He was leering at her bare ass and had already held her breasts in his hands. At least her pussy was protected from him, though the dam belt was still stimulating her to distraction.

"So how about a tip lady?" he asked.

"I've no money it was in the pocket of the gown."

"So a favour deserves a favour then." He said.

"What? What the hell do you want?" She breathed out heavily. "You can't have a reward while I'm wearing this thing." She said and regretted the rude remark immediately. His eyes lit up at the idea she had suggested the offer of her pussy.

"There are other ways." He said looking at her gorgeous pouting lips.

'No! I can't do that with a stranger, I'm no slut.' She thought but couldn't speak. "Are you thinking of my mouth you nasty boy." She breathed heavily.

He took a hold of her breasts and lowered her to the floor on her knees.

"What are you doing?" She protested in a breathy whisper.

"You are such a tease, what do you expect? I don't see you running away. You obviously want it; you're hotter than any housewife I've seen around here. These gorgeous breasts are delicious." He said holding on to them in a firm grip.

He pinched one then the other forcing a moan from her pursed lips.

"No please you can't. Not that!" She said.

"I know what you lonely housewives want."

She couldn't move away or even struggle without pushing at the vibrator worming away at her body. 'He's so young yet so strong.' She thought. "What are you doing? Stop it right now."

"You protest but you look ready for it to me." He laughed.

"No! You can't make me do this. I'll report you to your boss." She protested. Up close she watched a dirty hand unzip his jeans. The hand delved in and pulled out a hard blue veined cock. It bulged large in her face and bounced against her nose. He slapped it against her cheek, already crimson with embarrassment.

Sara was wet and her hips started to gyrate, her pussy desperately needing extra stimulation to complete what had been building for an age of torment. He pulled her by the breasts, guiding her body to his cock, sliding it between her breasts. She watched it ride between them and sighed in an agony of despair at this forced wantonness. If he came now he would spurt all over them and in her face.

As she tried to protest his cock nudged her lips.

"No! Please leave; you've already seen me naked, isn't that enough? I'm a woman not some cheap slut. No please you can't do this to me. I don't even know your name. You're an evil young man stop it right now."

"Your lips are so luscious, just made for sucking cock."

"Don't be so rude you bastard, you're being naughty." She said. 'I can't believe I just said that. How stupid! I'm on my knees with this young lad's cock in my face telling him he's being naughty. He's going to rape my mouth and I can't stop him.' She silently shouted in anger.

"Damn you. Don't you dare touch me with that!" She protested as his cock was shoved roughly into her mouth.

How could she let a complete stranger do this to her? 'Stop it! No! You can't do this to me I'm a grown woman with a good reputation. You're just a young high school dropout you can't do this to me.' Her words went unheard as his cock slid deeper into her mouth, over her tongue, muffling the protests.

Sara saw in the window a reflection of Harry spying on her. The humiliation of being made to suck this young stranger's cock was bad enough but Harry was watching it all. Perhaps it wasn't her fault after all as Harry had set her up. How could she resist with that damn thing between her legs teasing her!

'I can't believe this is happening to me. I'm being raped in the mouth by some creep while another one watches my humiliation.'

With sad determination to get it over with she worked on him with lips and tongue. All those young men fucking her mouth yesterday had made her an expert. Besides, her body craved the feel of a cock inside and this spurred her on.

'Harry planned this to humiliate me, damn him!' She at last had to admit the humiliation was turning her on. Any moment he would spurt his cum into her mouth and even the thought of such a despicable humiliation was leaving her feeling so hot.

The pizza guy watched her squirm in the chastity belt as she pumped her head back and forth over his engorged cock. "I think I should have a tip for helping you and as you're enjoying it so much, another for letting you suck on my cock." He said.

She wanted to stop and yell at him for being so cruel but the state she was in clouded her mind with the simple thought to cum. There was no choice but suck him down her throat. His hands gripped her hair working her head like some cheap plastic doll bought in a sex shop.

It was so degrading to be used like this no longer thought of as a person just a way of flogging his cock to cum, a mere thing on the end of his cock. She reached for his balls to massage them while the other scrabbled at her locked up pussy.

"You're enjoying this lady -- you're really an awesome slut."

'My sexy mouth is being used by this creep to bring him off and it's making me so wet.' She inwardly cried in anguish. She shook her head in mute protest, trying to deny the truth. 'I'm not a slut I was set up and am being taken advantage of.' She told herself.

He knew nothing of what had happened to bring her to this pitiful state. He just saw a sexy housewife on her knees expertly playing with his balls and sucking for dear life on his cock.

'It's so unfair to be treated like this and to be thought of like this. I'm not a slut. Please don't call me that - I was such a desirable decent woman until that despicable Brian and his gang raped me!' She mumbled as though chewing on his cock. A thought crossed her mind. 'If I'm not a slut then why am I so turned on by this disgusting treatment?'

'I've been reduced to this by Brian and his friends. I can't even resist this dirty uncouth young shit. I'm on my knees with some nerd delivery lad's cock down my throat. They've turned me into a fucking suck toy.'

The thought nagged at her growing in volume. 'I'm just a man's fuck toy to be used on the end of a cock - how could I have let them make me so low?'

"You're such an expert at this lady I think you must do this for everyone who delivers. Well I'm going to deliver any moment now." He taunted her.

His words made her flinch with humiliation and lust. Inwardly she moaned. 'I'm just a cock sucking slut to this failure of a dropout.' She shook her head trying to deny that she sucked off strangers like this all the time.

She knew the moment was close, he was about to deliver his hot cum down her throat and she cringed in shame.

"I'll let the other guys know how good you are so any time they come by with a pizza you can fuck them."

She tried to shake her head but his cock was too far own her throat. A tear formed and dribbled down her face. 'He's going to tell people what went on here?'

She felt his balls tighten; his cock grew with a final spasm. 'I can't let him cum in my mouth, a complete stranger! I don't even know his name!' She inwardly cried.

'This little shit is going to cum in my mouth. No! This can't happen.' In the corner of her eye she could see Harry enjoying the show.

The little shit exploded in her mouth. She swallowed it all down, feeling so degraded she wanted to curl up in a ball and cry. 'What would daddy think if he knew I had just given in to some crude delivery man? What would daddy think if he saw his angel sucking off some creepy stranger?'

'What would my friends think if they saw me on my knees sucking off this creep and playing with my tits?' Shameful thoughts whirled through her mind.

She felt him cum and cringed at the feel and taste of a strangers' sperm in her mouth. She was ashamed to feel at last an orgasm approaching. A small tingling inside lasted moments then passed. At least it had been some small consolation.

He opened her mouth to look if his sperm was still there. She wanted to spit it out at him but he clamped her jaw in a calloused hand.

"I swallowed it you little shit, now please leave me alone." She spat words at him instead.

"So you swallowed my load you dirty bitch. You're such a tease, going to the door like that, showing off your big hard nipples. I know what you lonely house sluts want. You need to be dominated."

'I can't tell him my friend's son made me do it, what can I say?'

"Perhaps I should teach you not to behave like a teasing slut." He said.

"I didn't mean to tease you, I'm sorry." She spoke with regret from guilt. "There's no need, you just did, no more lessons, please." She murmured.

"That's better, more polite."

It seemed wrong being on her knees before this creep telling him she was sorry when he was the one who abused her poor mouth. She couldn't tell him someone blackmailed her into this mess.

"You can do better than that lady. Thank me for my sperm." He demanded.

"Please, I teased you, I know that was wrong. You've had your revenge on me, I swallowed your cum for god's sake so just leave." She growled.

He grabbed her hair and slapped her face. "I gave you what you wanted so now you're chucking me out? Not before you thank me for it properly."

She quickly changed her attitude and sobbed. "Thank you for teaching me a lesson for teasing you. Thank you for treating me like a slut and letting me swallow your cum."

"Please don't say anything about this to your buddies. Let's keep this between us." She looked up at him through her long eyelashes imploring him to show mercy. "I sucked your cock like a good girl, now please don't say anything. Please."

"Well maybe. It might be fun to drop round just to keep you happy, what do you say?"

Sara remembered this was her friend's house and he didn't know where she lived. "Maybe, I'm, I, I can maybe see you again, but I need you to keep this quiet."

"Well OK! You can be my exclusive little cock slut. Let me see, yeah you can call me sir, show me respect, slut. Do you agree?"

"Yes sir. I'll be your little cock slut. Anything you want as long as you keep this a secret."

"I'll keep quiet slut. I like the idea of having a mature so-called upright woman grovelling on her knees before me begging for it. So long as you suck me off good I'll keep quiet. Let me hear you say it again so I know you're my special little obedient cock sucker."

'How could I agree to such a disgusting demand let alone say it out loud. I was a respectable woman well thought of in the community yesterday morning, now this. To get him to keep silent I'll have to pay the demon his price.' Sara reasoned.

"Sir, I'm your little obedient cock sucking slut. My mouth is yours to use, sir." Sara whimpered.

"Very good, just what I like to hear. You're one desperate hot housewife. You must be a slut if your husband has to lock you up like that. Don't worry, I'll call round and deliver your pizza with extra topping! I've got to go now so you can play with yourself tonight thinking about me." He gave her a dirty leer and swaggered off satisfied with himself for having taken and humiliated the rich bitch.

She watched him leave still on her knees wondering how much more humiliating the day could get. She had let that bastard fuck her face and he thought she was a desperate housewife, desperate for just anyone's cock.

The vibration in her pussy continued and on trying to rise felt her nub being stimulated yet again. She was so sensitive it was true; she wanted just any cock and would do anything to feel it deep and fill her pussy with cum.

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She covered her breasts with both arms and stalked off to find Harry.

"How dare he do this to me? Where the hell are you, I'll, I'll." The anger welled up to such a pitch she couldn't get the words out.

Harry was so ashamed, and a little frightened, he ran back to his room with all thoughts of his list wiped away.

"Harry, how could you leave me out there naked like that?" The words flew from her mouth with such ferocity he reeled back from her.

"I'm sorry Sara I didn't plan on his coming in like that I just wanted to tease you like you teased me! I opened the door but you were gone. You have to stay until my parents get home - what could I tell them if you're not here. I wouldn't want to tell them what happened."

"That disgusting creep raped me Harry. I had to suck his cock and swallow his cum. I'll stay, just find me some clothes."

He scampered back hoping to calm her down. "Here's something of my cousins from when she stayed a few weeks ago. Will this do?"

"I guess its better then nothing." She said, at last calming down. "You pushed me outside leaving me naked in front of that creep and the rest of the neighbourhood. That was terribly wrong. What if he had kidnapped me and I was gang raped by his delivery friends?"

Sara pulled on the tiny one piece dress over her head. It was a snug fit, too small for her large breasts so they bulged into a deep cleavage and in consequence pulled the hem up short.

The chastity belt was still throbbing away but the anger had pushed its naughty effect on hold. Only now did she start to feel its effects. Its relentless teasing coupled with the thought of being kidnapped and gang raped by the rough pizza lad's was taking its toll on her self control.

"I can't wear this it's too thin look how it's stretched around my breasts. You can see the outline of my breasts." Looking in the mirror she saw her swollen nipples pushing out at the thin material.

Harry didn't need telling he was growing hard just looking at her perfect body. The dress hugged a slim waist emphasising luscious curves.

"What if they kidnapped me Harry? What if I was taken by a gang? What if he took me to his friends and they all took turns raping me? You're lovely babysitter could have been subjected to all kinds of perversions with those awful louts. How could you have saved me from those big rough lads?"

Harry looked worried. "He might come back with them. He didn't look the type to keep an agreement."

Sara ignored him becoming engrossed in a fantasy fuelled by the belt and what had just happened. "Did you watch him fuck my mouth Harry?"

"I did. I heard him too. He thinks you're a lonely horny house wife. I'm sorry I just watched Sara. I played with myself too, I couldn't help it." Harry said, while unlocking the belt. His fingers shook and the nervousness made his hands sweaty.

It was difficult but he managed to pull the chastity belt away from her crotch. Pulling the vibrator from her soaking wet pussy was fascinating. He knelt before her his eyes in line with glistening lips, so very swollen with passion.

"Did you want to stick your dick into me like that creep?"

"I did, I wanted to join him and remove the belt and replace it with my dick."

"Oh Harry, I was so scared. Please. I need. I'm a woman and need." Sara faltered.

'I can't believe what I'm going to say. It's wrong!'

"I wanted to so badly it hurt so much my balls would burst if I didn't play with myself. You know your body is so sexy I couldn't help it.

"I want you to rip this dress off and fuck me roughly like a slut. Like Brian fucked me, like that stranger did."

Harry didn't need to be told twice he reached up and ripped the dress away.

In shame Sara tried to cover her naked body. She didn't want this but was fighting the needs of her body and knew it was going to win.

"Oh Harry this is so wrong. You want to shove yourself into your babysitter's hot pussy, don't you?"

Harry grabbed hold of her long hair and pulled her down to the floor next to him. "Yes Sara. I want more than just your mouth; you teased me round the pool wearing that bikini and in front of that pizza delivery boy just now. I want to ride you Sara. Tell me you want it too"

'I'm naked and horny but I can't do this. It's so shameful to beg this little geek to fuck me. I desperately need it but it's his entire fault, he tricked me into this state. That damn belt, that pizza delivery guy; he set me up.

"I want to pound your pussy. I want to feel my cock enter you your wet lips, feel them gripping my cock. Tell me Sara, tell me what you want."

He was teasing her with strokes, pinches and little slaps to her body. Each time she moved her hands to defend herself a darting hand pinched her or stroked her or slapped her bare flesh.

"Treat me like a slut Harry. Shove your hard cock in my little pussy. Pound me roughly. I promised you, my pussy is yours. Do what ever you like with me; I'm your slut now."

"Lie back on the floor and show me you're cunt you slut." Harry said, in a gruff voice.

"Don't play around just fuck my pussy now Harry, my body is yours." "Yes, yes okay, what ever you say." She cried out and spread her thighs offering what had so recently been a cherished possession.

She inserted two fingers into a sopping pussy showing him everything. Do you like it Harry? You like seeing an older woman show you her pussy? Give me your cock Harry, humiliate me, make me cum, please!"

"You really are a slut to be so bad Sara." He kneeled between her legs and buried his face in her pussy. He came up for air. "I like you're pussy Sara. I want it. Tell me you want my cock."

She moaned and bucked her hips wanting more, desperately needing more.

He slid up her sweating body biting her belly and breasts. "I love your tits Sara they are so big and delicious."

She felt the hard cock nudge her wet lips and cried out. "That's it Harry, put it in. Fill your slut up with hard cock."

He rubbed his cock over her lips so teasingly close to where she needed it. "You're so open you slut, so ready for it. You really are my slut babysitter now. You're my teasing babysitter, so horny, so wonderful."

"Yes Harry, I'm your babysitter. I was in control, now you are. You own my pussy, you own my tits, my mouth, my ass, it's all yours. They're yours, Harry, fuck me in all my holes, they're all yours." She whimpered between moans.

"Please Harry. Please do it. FUCK YOUR SLUT NOW!" She cried out.

His cock slid across her clit then crashed deep into her pussy. Without thought to her pleasure he used her roughly. Deeper and deeper it plunged. Rock hard and fast it pushed at the walls of her vagina filling her up. So deep it hit the entrance to her cervix but all she felt was the satisfaction of being taken.

In a steady rhythm he pounded at her body while she thrust her hips up at him to absorb all he had. "I'm taking you slut. You're my slut now. Those boys that raped you don't have you now, I do." He gasped. "Feel my cock in you, feel my cock pound into you."

"I'm yours, you own me. Please keep pounding me Harry. I'm going to cum all over your cock. Please fuck me harder. Pound your young cock into your babysitter's slutty pussy." She panted.

At last she had a fulfilling orgasm. Her pussy gripped his cock and she wrapped her legs around his waist holding on tight as he bucked his hips. No wonderful sumptuous sensations it was like a punch to her belly, gripping muscles in a powerful contraction. Before it let her go his thrusting pelvis led her on to another.

"I'm going to cum Sara. I'm gong to fill you up with my cream. Feel it spurt into you." He cried out in passion. With the virility of youth he bucked at her in rapid spasms pushing with sturdy legs as though needing to split her in two. "My balls are filled to bursting for you Sara."

"Give your babysitter you're cum Harry. Cum deep inside of me, fill me up."

"I can't believe I'm doing this to my babysitter!" He exclaimed. "But I am, I am. I've cum in her cunt. If anyone knew they would be shocked."

A slower more radiant glowing orgasm crept upon her, more complete and meaningful. "No you shouldn't be doing this to your babysitter, fucking her dripping wet pussy." She sighed.

'What would my daddy and his powerful friends think? If they knew his hot thirty-two year old daughter is being thoroughly fucked by a nerdy eighteen year old what would they say?' She didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

'It's so damnable allowing this eighteen year old threaten me like this, yet I'm so completely in his power I've lost all control. How could I say those things to him?'

"I've cum Sara! You can lick me clean now. I want you to start me up again. Be my cum slut Sara. If you don't ill tell my friends and they will tell their mothers and the whole neighbourhood will know what we did. You fathers' an important judge and if the papers find out it'll be in the news his daughter has been having sex with a young man almost half her age."

She reluctantly licked his cock tasting both their juices tolerating the degradation. Feeling him recover she became only too aware of her own desire returning. She moaned around his cock that now filled her mouth. Not in pleasure but in agony of the knowledge she was about to lose control again.

Sara looked up from his cock with a look of despair upon her face. "Please humiliate me. Turn me over and fuck my ass, please?" Her voice was reduced to a pathetic mewling sound. "I'll do what you say, anything you want, just do it to me." She begged.

At first he was shocked but recovered quickly with his cock taking over the thinking for him. "Turn over then. Spread your ass cheeks for me to see that little hole."

"What ever you say sir, is this OK?"

"It looks so little and tight can I really poke that hole?" He asked in wonder.

"Yes, my ass is all yours Harry. Your friends all raped my ass now I want you to fuck it hard." She whimpered pathetically. She knelt on the floor readying her body for him. Not so much eager but driven on by the need for humiliation.

She tried to blank out the dark thoughts of how submissive she had become to this young man, how dependent she was on him. She was a mature woman, wealthy and attractive, where as now she was cowed into a lowly tramp debasing her self with this young man.

"I have some grease to make it easier. I never thought I would be using it like this. You're such a slut, you really will do anything I want." He mused.

His hand slathered thick grease over her bottom and between her legs. A finger entered her asshole pushing grease up inside. She snivelled with snot and hot tears. It was so humiliating to have this young man finger her hole, for not even her ex-husband had done this degrading thing to her.

She tried to relax, to just let it happen. A tear formed in her eye then dropped to the floor between her clenched fists. It was terrible knowing how low she had sunk.

She felt his hard cock nudge at the little brown hole and a cold shiver ran down her back. She wanted to tell him, 'No! It's appalling; you can't do this to me. It's so wrong!' The words didn't make it out of her mind. She raised her head, arching her back knowing she was about to become his three hole slut.

It penetrated and she whimpered quietly. In her mind she adjusted her self-worth. 'I'm just a fuck slut to a eighteen year old now. I'm so degraded but I want my ass roughly fucked so I don't care.'

His cock burrowed deep into her ass so there was no going back. 'Damn! What have I got myself into? This nerdy youth is in my ass and I wanted him there. This is so bad.'

He gave a hard push and she felt his balls hit her clit. 'Oh! Hell! The most humiliating thing a woman can do and I'm letting him bugger me.'

Sara was on her way to another orgasm and pushed back onto him. 'No! I can't help him do this nasty thing to me.' She felt so disgraced, so hot, so turned on, she moved her hips back and forth in rhythm with his thrusts. She felt it was a torture, a punishment, yet fulfilling a deep dark need.

Her breasts swung back and forth and bounced to his youthful thrusts. Her whole body moved to his deep penetration of her ass. Her mind gave way to him as she became for that moment a mere extension of his penis. Nothing more than a fuck toy. She believed with all her being, wanting to be his sex object, to give and receive nothing but sexual gratification.

"You're my fuck-hole slut Sara. Oh boy, I'm fucking my babysitter in the arse! Your ass feels so good and tight." He blew exhausted words at her. "I wish I could tell everyone you let me do this to you. I have you as my very own cock hole, my plastic fuck doll. I can do anything with you now." He said with a triumphant holler.

Sara felt his hot cum shoot deep inside her ass and lifted her head to croak a yell through dry lips. The orgasm was electric sending thrilling shock waves along her spine directly into her pleasure zones irradiating her whole body.

**Babysitting Trouble Ch. 05**

Sara kept out of the way by tidying up while trying hard not to think about what had happened yesterday and that morning. At least Harry seemed sated from all the passionate sex they had indulged in as he too kept out of the way in his room.

She was sure he would keep their secret from his parents so all she needed to do was talk to Brian. He had so much influence over his friends she was sure he could bully them into not blabbing.

The kitchen was sparkling. She knew friends would take out their frustration on cleaning the house but it had never inspired her before and besides she was far from frustrated, at least not sexually. She had never had so many orgasms in her life.

This was one of the things that worried her. It was disturbing having had them with those young men though her thoughts were dominated by the need of preventing the sordid truth leaking out. Her whole life would be ruined if word got around the neighbourhood that she teased and had sex with them. Probably worse than that, she might be ostracised from the community.

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"Hi Martha, you're back early. How was your trip?" Sara asked.

"Don't ask. He's been complaining the whole morning. When we got there my sister had perked up and he sat around with a look on his face. I couldn't stand it any longer so we upped and left." Martha complained.

"By the way how do you open the washing machine? I found these things in the guest bedroom hope you don't mind me borrowing them." Sara asked.

She felt embarrassed in the little black dress Harry had found for her. How could she tell Martha her son had dressed her like this for the thrill of it. Let alone that he had blackmailed her into playing around as his sex pet.

"Sorry, should have warned you. It's a bit tricky, you make the coffee and I'll sort it out."

Sara handed her a cup of coffee when she came back into the kitchen.

"I had to re-set the machine to start from the beginning. It'll take awhile but you'll have some super clean clothes." She sighed. Before Martha could even sip the coffee the phone rang. Reaching out to the wall phone Martha listened with the occasional murmur in reply. Obviously one of the constant talkers they both knew.

"I'm sure she will. I'm home early so she can spare a half hour." She watched her friend nod carelessly and returned to the caller. "No problem." Martha dropped the phone on its hook with a deep sigh. "Glad to get off the phone with her. Thanks for helping out you got me out of a jam."

"That's OK. Glad to help a friend." Sara lied, while thinking of all that had happened over the last couple of days.

"I'll give you a lift."

Sara was about to ask about her clothes then thought better of it. The sooner home the better. They turned the corner in the wrong direction for home and Sara was about to ask where they were going when her friend interrupted.

"She's a nice enough woman. The couple are real church goers, one of these tough sects that believe in old fashioned family values. You shouldn't have much trouble there as the father keeps them all in check. It's just to fill in for half an hour till the aunt arrives." Martha explained.

Sara groaned silently. Martha hadn't explained anything at all about the phone call. Sara thought she was thanking her for house-sitting not accepting another damn babysitting task.

'Well I can stand another half hour. It will be easy after all I've been through.' She mused. "You owe me for this Martha. One of your mixed fruit pies covered in cream will do it." Sara smiled. The tension seemed to be lifting the further away from Martha's house they drove.

Martha watched her friend walk up the drive. "Shit!" She was about to call through the window but the door was opening and she didn't want to get into another long conversation with that woman. She should have warned Sara about the dress. The husband was a church elder in one of the more extreme sects and wouldn't be happy at all.

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A nice pleasant woman invited her in and chatted amicably though Sara understood what her friend meant. The woman was running off about nothing in particular not giving Sara a chance to ask any details about what was required or when the aunt would show up.

The house was minimalist, not with modern furniture rather it was old fashioned without the slightest comfort. In contrast with Martha's place it was cold and uninviting. Following the woman into the lounge she noticed the absence of a television. An interior decorator into the sixties look would just love the decor.

Before she could sit down the mother nodded to someone who entered the room behind her. Sara turned to see the child she was to babysit. She put a hand to her mouth stifling a screech of astonishment. Brian was boldly standing there leering at her. This was no child it was the eighteen year old bully that tormented her yesterday.

"This is the woman I was telling you about mother." He said.

Sara looked at the mother with anguish plainly writ large over her face. The dreadful secret was out to this compulsive town gossip; of all people why did it have to be her. Sara stared at the woman in trepidation waiting for an unpleasant scene.

"She is a lewd flirt and a tease mother. She paraded around in a bikini showing off her near naked body to us all at Harry's house. I can't tell you the dirty things she said and blasphemy too." He told his mother, pointing at her with an accusing finger.

Sara couldn't think what to say she was so afraid. This was exactly what had needed to be avoided. 'No! Please don't tell her any more.' Sara thought, quaking with fear wondering what he would say next.

"Dear me! I can't let you house-sit with our son. We need someone to look after our home after hearing what happened the other night. The police raided a house just round the corner. What shall we do? My husband will be angry if we are late for the church meeting. I should warn other mothers about her too." The mother flustered and spluttered.

Sara jumped as though slapped. The idea of this woman spreading such dreadful gossip around was horrendous. "Please don't tell anyone. You go with your husband. I will behave properly, just don't tell anyone. Please." Sara begged.

"She should be punished for what she did." Brian told his mother.

"Do you think she will learn the error of her ways Brian?" His mother asked of him.

"Yes I will learn to behave. I promise not to behave improperly in your home. It was all a silly mistake. I'm sorry, really I am. Please punish me and don't tell anyone about what happened." Sara poured out her heart in earnest regret.

Brian was staring at her with a look of glee in his eyes. Remembering the spanking he gave her yesterday she looked away from him in embarrassment. Sara looked at the mother willing her to change her mind about telling anyone. She wondered what the woman had in mind as way of punishment but couldn't think quickly enough to find the right words in this unusual situation.

"If you agree and you think it best Brian then a punishment might suffice. I'm sure your father would punish her for such sinful behaviour." The mother said.

"Get down on your knees!" Brian told her with a far stronger edge to his voice than before.

The whole gruesome episode of that dreadful evening flooded her mind bringing with it a state of panic and confusion. As though she were again being tormented by those callous youths her mind became swamped with fear and she dropped to her knees.

For a moment she became a pathetic schoolgirl being bullied by an older student. This time it wasn't her pig tails that were going to be pulled, there was more to lose than a little dignity. On her knees before the two of them she felt so small and pathetic and hoped for some Christian charity.

"No please. Help me. He's just an adolescent you can't let him punish a mature woman. He's your son don't let him punish me!" Sara pleaded.

"He's a male my dear. I can't overrule a male in this house. Men rule here you see. It's our custom and a strict rule." His mother said.

"Lean over the arm of that sofa." Brian ordered firmly.

The thought of this woman revealing her lewd secret to everyone in the neighbourhood drained all resistance. Her body collapsed over the sofa as though receiving a punch to knock the stuffing out of her. 'How can his mother let him do this to me?' She cried silently in anguish.

"Pull down your panties." Brian said, the triumph in his voice sounding clear.

She couldn't move. In such a short dress the little pair of red satin panties were obviously on show which was so very embarrassing; she just couldn't pull them down to bare her cheeks. 'This is so wrong. How can I let this young man do this to me? Why isn't his mother stopping him?'

"It's best you do as he says dear otherwise it will go harder on you. If my husband hears you've been a bad woman before his son he will certainly throw you out of the house. Now, do as you're told and no one need hear of your misbehaviour." She said.

"How can you let him do this to me? You wouldn't submit to this demeaning punishment!" She blurted out.

"If any man in this house thought I should be chastised then I would have to submit, dear. It's the rule of the house and what we believe is right."

Without hope of help from his mother Sara slipped her panties down revealing a cute arse, clenched tight in fear. 'Oh shit! No! Not this. It's disgraceful.' She thought. To be thrashed by this callous youth was bad enough but with his mother watching it was horrendous.

She heard the sound of a belt being slipped from a pair of jeans and gulped.

She heard and felt the thwack as it struck her bottom across both cheeks. It stung and she stifled a yelp. Each strike reddened her cheeks to match the embarrassment on her blushing face. She counted six strikes from his belt and was relieved it was over, only now she would have to stand and face them.

She wondered how quickly she could run from this horror house, but first she would have to convince his mother the punishment was enough and not to tell anyone.

"What do you say babysitter?" Brian asked with a sarcastic tone to his voice.

She remembered last night's performance and cringed. So this is where he had learnt such terrible behaviour; obviously from his father. "Thank you for punishing me, sir." She said with a sob.

She stood up with the panties slung around her ankles feeling so humbled she was prepared to flee not caring if the mother blabbed or not. She stood there a moment trying to regaining some composure when his father walked in.

He looked at the panties matching her red face. Her face was spattered with tears but there was no sympathy in the look he gave her.

"What is this all about? What are you up to Brian? Explain your self young man!" He asked, with a mean tone to his voice.

'At last!' She thought, someone man enough to stand up to this bully. She heard Brian repeat the tale he gave to his mother yet again leaving out his nasty part in the damning story. At least he hadn't told them everything.

"I don't want a teasing slut in my home, get her out of here." He growled.

'Thank god for that! All I want is to escape this vile house.' She thought.

"She is supposed to be here tonight while we go to church, Sir. It seems she has been a naughty girl but knows how to take a punishment well and has learnt her lesson. It might be good for her to be taught how to behave correctly. You could leave her in Brian's care, he could teach her to behave properly, Sir." The mother said.

Sara looked at her in dismay. The look the woman gave her left no doubt, do as I say or your damning secret will be revealed to all who care to listen. Who could refuse such meaty gossip? Her name would be dragged through the mud and her father would find out sooner or later.

"What do you have to say for yourself jezebel?" The big man said, looming over her with such great authority she shrank back from him.

Taking a cue from his mother she demurely looked down at the floor through her long auburn hair. "I'm sorry sir. It was my fault. I teased them in a bikini and misbehaved. I won't do it again, honest! Brian has punished me enough. Thank you, Brian. I promise to behave myself in future, sir." She said, hoping this was enough to placate him. She didn't like the look of the brute; a larger, stronger version of Brian.

"I don't want some common harlot around the house causing trouble and disruption." He growled.

The mother chirped up. "It would be a pity to lose this opportunity to correct one who has fallen from grace. It might be good practice for Brian to take care of someone, Sir. It will be quit a challenge for him. I'm sure all she needs is some attention and proper training. Besides we cannot leave him in the house alone with so many dreadful people around, Sir." The wife said demurely.

"Well wife, what you say is true. Maybe she can stay if she promises to behave herself." He intoned as though from a pulpit.

'No!' She thought. That isn't what she wanted at all. She wanted to escape this mad house. 'Even just half an hour house-sitting Brian will be hell.' For a moment she wondered if this might be an opportunity to keep him from telling all. What if she threatened to tell his parents what really happened? She could blackmail him in turn.

"You will have to look after her properly Brian. Teach her the rules of this house and teach her to obey and behave herself." He pointed at Sara. "You will do as you're told and no trouble or you will feel a real strap across your nether regions. Then you will know you've been punished. Just ask the wife if you doubt me."

"Oh! Yes sir. I will behave myself, honest, sir." Sara sputtered, not wanting to cross this fierce man. 'Damn!' She thought. 'Did I just agree to let Brian be in charge of me?' Sara felt so vulnerable standing before this man in the little black dress with her panties around her ankles. It was too easy to just give in.

The big man wagged a finger at her. "So you blasphemed and walked around in a bikini teasing the young men while house-sitting." The father stated with such a stern expression she could only nod. A look from Brian was all it needed to know he would reveal more if she didn't admit to something.

"Speak up woman." He told her.

"I did sir. Sorry sir." She said with a tremble to her voice. She felt so stupid standing there like a naughty school girl caught out after a silly prank. The sooner this was over and they left the sooner she could escape, so going along with it seemed the easy option.

"Brian you were right to chastise her. Young women today are out of control, no restraint, no morals. You need to learn some discipline. In this house the women know their place and do as they are told. Isn't that right wife?" He said.

"Yes Sir." She said simply; not willing to chatter aimlessly before her husband.

"Perhaps it would do Brian good to have some responsibility. Brian you must ensure she doesn't misbehave in my house. You know the rules so chastise her firmly if she transgresses."

He looked at Sara and said. "It will do you good to learn respect for men folk and gain some discipline in your life. Do you agree to my terms?" He asked.

There was no way she was going to spend an evening with Brian and as far as being disciplined, as they called it, they were crazy if they thought she would stand for that. She was leaving this mad house as soon as possible. When she opened her mouth to refuse the mother spoke up.

"I won't have to tell anyone about your sordid behaviour if you agree, dear." She said quietly.

Sara heard the threat in her voice and wondered what was going on. Was she being helpful in trying to point her in the right direction or was there some other motive? She opened her mouth again, more hesitantly this time.

"She was very bad at Harry's house father but I'm sure all she needs is careful watching and for me to point out the error of her ways, Sir." Brian said. The look he gave her was enough to make her shiver. He was telling her to agree or he would tell his parents a lot more.

Caught between the three of them she felt the little confidence left melting to nothing. "Yes sir." She said in what sounded even to her own ears a pathetic little voice.

"I don't want her corrupting you Brian with her evil ways. You must be sure to chastise her if she misbehaves." The father said gravely.

'No! I'm a grown woman you can't let this little shit do that to me!' Sara gasped inwardly. The look he gave was enough to keep her quiet. 'Why don't I just walk out of here?' She wondered; in any case she planned to do just that as soon as they left.

"That dress is not suitable at all. It's far too flimsy a garment to be wearing. Fetch her something suitable, wife." He said.

Sara at last agreed with something he had to say. Wearing something more suitable would be useful to walk home in.

"I shall want a full report when I get home. We must leave wife, we must not be late." He intoned grimly.

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Sara could hardly contain herself from anger and humiliation but knew better than to complain. Brian and his mother trouped out of the lounge with her. Sara felt as though she were a prisoner being escorted to the scaffold. Coming to terms with the idea of being found out she hardly heard his mother's warning.

"Brian needs a distraction, something to keep him busy and out of my way. It will do him good to have someone to take care of. Remember Brian what your father said, she needs to learn to obey and be properly deferential to men. She needs to learn that men are her superior and to do as she is told."

Sara bulked at the very thought of such a ridiculous idea. A superior man was an alien a concept as flapping her arms to fly.

"Sara you will do as you are told or I shall be forced to warn all the mothers in the area about you. Do I make myself clear?" She asked.

She spoke so calmly Sara missed the threat for a moment. The spider's web had tightened around her so completely she lost the will to struggle. Unable snatch a breath to answer she nodded her head.

"Make her into a proper subservient woman as your father instructed you. If in doubt what to do think of her as a pet that needs to be house trained." She said to Brian and hurried off to join her husband.

Sara became frightened at the way his mother spoke as though she were putting ideas into Brian's head. She wasn't trying to help at all. Sara thought about Brian and his father and wondered if this poor woman needed help. Was she using Sara to keep the men occupied just to get some rest from their tyrannical attitude?

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Brian led her up stairs to his bedroom while she was still in a state of confusion. "So babysitter, I'm in charge now! You have to do exactly as I say or you get this." He shoved a leather dog leash in her face.

She shivered as though a splash of cold water had run down her spine. She still wore the little black dress as the promised clothing had been forgotten. Hearing the front door close heavily she took a deep breath. This was the time to start laying down her rules. She was about to try some blackmail of her own and there was plenty she could tell his parents about his disgusting behaviour even if it left her looking pathetic.

He looped a cord around her wrists and lifted her arms up to hook them above her head. He clipped a collar around her neck leaving the leash to fall between the mounds of her breasts.

"Brian please, no, you can't do this to me. You're nearly half my age doesn't that mean anything to you. You should show your elders respect. You can't go around tying people up. No Brian! There's no need for this. Come on let me go. Let's sit down and talk things through." Sara thought of stronger words to shout at him but kept her head and pleaded for sympathy instead.

With both wrists tied above her head she had no option but stand before him in the little dress hiked up around her thighs. It wouldn't have been quite so bad if she were wearing panties.

"Respect for you? You're just a slut, a common whore, a cock sucking whore and you know it, so don't open your mouth again." He warned her.

She watched him pick up the phone, licking his lips as though she were some delicious delight. If yesterday was anything to go by she was in dire trouble.

"Hi, Aunty Jean, no everything is alright. There's no need to come over, mom has arranged for a house sitter. OK. I'll say hello to everyone. Bye." He rested the phone on the hook and hit her with a devilish grin.

"Hi! Andy. Yea, listen. Come over and see what I've got. A new pet! I'm going to teach it some tricks and you can help. Come over as soon as you can. My parents have gone to one of their meetings."

He called another friend with the same bragging tone and yet another. She counted six of them all the while dreading what was to come with every call.

"We have some time to get the rules straight. There is just one really. You do as I tell you or you get a flogging." He leered at her.

"Please Brian. I'm an older woman and you're just a young man you've just got to let me go. You can't tie me up in your room like a pet. You don't." She began. He slapped her face leaving it bright red and her mouth flapping uselessly with the shock of it.

"Don't talk unless I tell you to. If you have something to say it can be done on your knees." He unhooked her arms and she sank to her knees before him.

"Please sir, can I speak?" She asked. Her thoughts were in a whirl. How did she get into this mess? This eighteen year old lad had her at his mercy. He could tell his parents so much more and there was already the threat from his mother hanging over her. If he gave a bad report to his father the father would give her a thrashing.

Already frightened of disobeying him she wondered what would happen when his friends arrived. It didn't bear thinking about.

"The only time I want to see your mouth open is when it's wrapped around my dick. What do you say to that slut?"

Sara blinked back tears. How could his mother be so cruel to set her up for this contemptible arrangement? She was going to be used as a distraction to make his mothers life easier. His father was so upright with high sounding morals yet here was his son abusing her. 'Damn them all!' She cried inwardly.

Sniffling in misery she brought herself together enough to answer him before he decided to slap her again. There seemed little chance of getting out of this so what could she do but capitulate. "Yes Sir." She answered lamely.

The two simple words rang out of tune in her mind. She was a thirty-two year old woman grovelling at the feet of this young bully just out of high school. It just wasn't right.

"Not good enough slut." Brian told her fiercely.

She reeled from an unexpected slap across the face. It seemed he was determined to grind her into submission before his friends arrived.

"I'll do anything you like just don't hurt me." She said demurely. Her mouth worked but no words came until he raised a hand again. "I'm ready for your cock, Sir." She snivelled, wiping snot from her nose with the back of a hand.

She dropped her head in shame knowing it was true. Her body was responding to the degrading torment he was putting her through. If she hadn't already guessed, this humiliating treatment confirmed a dark secret she had never dared face.

She scrabbled for words to appease him. She took a deep breath as though holding back what she really wanted to say. "I'm ready to be your cock slut. I'll suck your cock and do it as best I can." She managed to blurt out. The abuse left her both ashamed and turned on at the same time, sapping all her will to resist.

Just saying the words shook her confidence. This whole situation was wrong and was rapidly getting worse. Should she get up and storm out leaving a whirlwind of abuse behind her, and damn the consequences? Brian and his mother were sure to spread rumours about her if she left. Instead she decided to grit her teeth and suffer an evening of penitence for the dreadful behaviour of yesterday.

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One after another his friends arrived. They stood open mouthed staring at the woman standing against a wall with arms pulled tight above her head. She stood there mute, with tear stains down her cheeks, head bowed in shame.

"What are you going to do with her Brian?" Andy asked.

"I can do anything I like she's my pet to play with. I'm going to teach her tricks, though she already knows some really good ones." He laughed.

"What about you're father?" Andy asked his voice full of awe at the audacity of Brian's statement.

"Mom will cover for me. You know what she is like. Anything for an easy life and that's hard to get in this house." He said, full of confidence.

"So you've got her until they get back tomorrow. What then?" One of the others asked. He wasn't as convinced as Andy and the scepticism showed.

Sara picked up on the word tomorrow and cringed inwardly not daring to move or draw Brian's attention. She thought he would just show her off to his friends then let her go when his parents returned this evening. She could stand that, just. Spending the night here, with that monster, wasn't something she wanted to contemplate.

"I told you. I get to keep her as my pet. I've got to train her to obey me and that might take some time. You want to help or not?" Brian stood up challenging the lad. He was new to Brian's little gang and wasn't so ready to back down.

"You can't keep a full grown woman in you're room. She's an adult. Besides what are you really going to do with her?" Peter goaded Brian.

"I told you I can keep her here as long as I like and I can do anything I like with her, she's my pet." Brian asserted.

It was so outrageous being discussed like some object; Sara had to block out the presence of these dreadful young men. When she heard he planned to keep her, that she wasn't to be free later she nearly fainted. Surely he was just bragging. Thinking over what his mother said she half believed him.

"So what are you going to do then?" Peter asked.

"I'll get the words, 'This slut belongs to Brian', tattooed across her ass. Get her nipples pierced too." He bragged. "She has really great tits."

She was about to rebel at this indignity, to at last sound off at him even if he was just bragging. When she looked up he was raising his hand to her. She flinched but he wasn't about to strike her. "No!" She mumbled on realising what he was about to do. "Please, Brian, Sir." She implored.

He pulled at the neckline of the dress and her breasts spilled out. A look of startled dismay crossed her face seeing them appraise her body. How could he show off her breasts to these young men? He seemed to think they belonged to him and she realised that perhaps this evening they did.

Inside she begged him to cover her up, to keep her breasts just for him, but dare not protest before his friends otherwise he might punish her. In a small way she had begun to think of herself as his pet.

"What do you think guys? They're lovely tits."

Andy spoke while the others stared in amazement. "Nice pair of tits your pet has Brian. You are so lucky. I'd love to feel them, can I?"

"Sure. At least you know I'm saying how it is, no lies, so help yourself." He said, looking meaningfully at Peter.

Sara watched Andy licking his lips as he lifted her breasts in both hands juggling them up and down. Her face was a picture of anguish. He leaned forward and sucked a nipple into his mouth. He bit upon it then the other.

She couldn't help moaning a little quiet sigh. Those awful words, the lads watching intently every movement of her breasts, it was all so demeaning. So much more humiliating was the knowledge of how hot she was becoming.

"I might get her lips pierced too." Brian said. "Here leave them alone you'll eat them off her." He pulled Andy away and grabbed a hold of the dress that had slipped to her waist.

"Thank you Brian, cover up my breasts and keep them just for you." She murmured hoping his friends didn't hear.

"Did you hear that guys. She wants me to keep these gorgeous tits to myself. Do you believe me now that she's my pet to play with? Now you have your voice back tell them what you are." He said.

It was too disgraceful to repeat what he wanted before these lads. She needed a prompt and he poked her in the stomach with a hard finger. "I'm you're cock slut, Sir." She said trying to keep a level voice not wanting to reveal how hot and flustered she was.

The guys made a noise of astonishment, some breathing in sharply, some giggling. They had never expected to hear an adult talk like that and to say such a lewd thing before them was outrageous! They were beside themselves with youthful excitement. Brian's self esteem rose to meet their new found admiration.

Sara groaned knowing she was digging herself in the mire ever deeper.

"I told you I can do anything I like with her. You heard her admit it. She's my cock slut." He crowed to his little gang.

He smirked at her and she realised he wasn't about to cover her up after all. "I'm not wearing panties." She reminded him, with a pleading look meant to dissuade him. "You don't want your friends to see my bare pussy do you?" She mumbled quietly. She knew it was no good but had to try.

He gave her a stern look holding her chin in his hand.

"I mean you're pussy, Sir. It's your pussy, Sir." She said not wanting another slap. The words he had forced from her were painfully insulting but were turning her on too.

"Did you hear that guys? She admits it's my pussy. Now do you believe me? I told you not to speak unless given permission." He told her gruffly, showing off to his friends.

She knew it was a mistake but couldn't help it. He needed to show off his power over her to this little gang, like his father with their mother. Now he would make her suffer. It was useless to appeal to him. He was a crass and uncaring youth. Kids were often rough with their toys and that was all she was to him.

He ripped the dress from her naked body. She felt it slither down her legs to pool around her feet like a dark liquid. She clamped her thighs together harder than ever.

"See. She shaves her cunt." He said. "Open your legs and show them you're cunt, slut."

She wanted to be defiant but she was trapped in the web of deceit that she helped weave. In a kind of madness she spread her legs opening her thighs as though daring them to look. A cruel logic swept over her. If she behaved as though he owned her then maybe he would save her for himself.

Brian unhooked her arms from the wall bracket. He lowered her to the floor where she knelt before them all. Her numb arms flopped uselessly to the side after having them tied up for too long.

"Crawl over here and show us that luscious cock-hole, slut." Brian told her.

She dare not speak but vented her feelings in thought. 'Isn't this bad enough crawling around the floor naked before your friends? Please don't make me suck your cock. Not in front of these gawky young men.'

"You know what to do, slut. Get on with it or you get a spanking." He ordered.

Sara crawled over to Andy who looked down at her with a big grin spread over his face. She caught sight of the others crowding in shuffling their feet nervously not knowing whether to stare or look away.

Andy didn't care he just wanted this woman to suck him off. She reached up and undid his pants fumbling with the zip. Reaching in it was difficult to avoid his hard on as it sprang out hitting her in the face. One of the guys nerve broke and he laughed as a release of tension.

Wanting to get it over with, or was it from being so hot, she lifted her mouth over his cock and swallowed it whole. At least she could hide her face from the avid audience in her long auburn hair.

He soon spurted his cum down her throat forcing her to swallow or choke. At least the dreadful ordeal was over yet it left her even hotter. She knew her face was bright red and the flush was spreading over her neck and breasts. She couldn't lift her head to face them but Brian was ever more demanding.

"Lift you're head and open your mouth, slut. Not good enough, did I tell you to swallow?" He asked.

"I'm sorry, sir." She whimpered, guessing what was to come next.

"Oh! Please, I'm sorry it won't happen again, honest, Sir." She pleaded.

He pulled her over his lap where she dangled limp and supine knowing they could all see her bare ass and everything between her thighs. She hardly felt the slap of his hand over her bare bottom for it was nothing compared to the humiliation she felt. This young man was smacking her, a mature woman, before his friends; how could it be more disgraceful.

"So what are you and what must you do?" He asked.

"I'm your babysitter cock slut, Sir. I must show you the, the, the, cum in my mouth when I suck cock. I p, p, promise to obey, Sir." She whimpered.

"I might let you worship and suck my cock if you're good enough." He laughed.

"I'll do a good job I promise just don't hurt me, please, Sir." She gabbled incoherently through sobs. The promise was partly fired by a need for a cock inside her, but not like this, not with these heartless youths.

His hand was soothing the sting in her cheeks as he rubbed ointment into her bottom and between her legs. It wasn't meant to sooth though, it was grease, and a finger slipped into her asshole preparing her.

"You can blow me now but don't make me cum I want you're ass too." He said.

Sara slid off his lap and kneeled before him as though worshiping an idle. She cringed on hearing him say he wanted to fuck her ass in front of his friends. This despicable eighteen year old youth had greased her ass in preparation of using it; she felt so vile she simply gave in to him.

This time she licked the head and slid a tongue down its length making a meal of it hoping to make him cum to save her poor bottom. She looked up at him through long eyelashes making a perfect O of her moist lips before sucking it into her mouth. Determined to give him a good blow job she worked hard on him.

Her head bobbed in his lap faster and faster gripping his cock with a hand and her lips, at the same time reaching under him to fondle his sack. She felt it tighten, ready to blow its load into her mouth. She didn't care this time for she wanted it all to spill out leaving nothing for her tight little bottom.

In time she remembered not to swallow so withdrew his cock from her throat feeling its head spurt over her tongue. Those young lads had taught her well last night when they raped her mouth one after another. She was no longer afraid of sucking a cock and had begun to take a perverse pride in this new found expertise.

A storm of doubt struck her mind at the thought of being pleased to have sucked his cock so well. This was wrong, so very wrong. She should be mortified not proud at having made him cum in her mouth. 'What the hell is happening to me?' She wondered in alarm.

Brian brought his breathing under control and looked down at her. She knelt at his feet with mouth held open displaying his load upon her tongue as ordered. He thought she looked pleased with herself and wondered why a woman should look that way after being cruelly used.

He remembered telling her not to make him have an orgasm. "So you think you have won do you? I told you not to make me cum. You'll take a punishment for disobedience, something to fit the crime." He smiled a cold smile at her.

She shuddered as though the heat had been sucked right out of her. Still unable to speak she sat there with his cum on her tongue waiting upon him like a true cum slut. It dawned on her then. This abuse and humiliation was working with her body to flood her mind with one thought, one necessity, a need for cock.

She was so quickly falling into being his cock slut it frightened her. She wanted to spit his cum in his face. To tell him he was just a nasty little shit but the fear of being punished again kept her still.

"Show everyone. That's it, good little slut. Behold, my little babysitter cock slut complete with cum in her mouth. You can all see now I meant she will do anything I want. You can swallow now, slut. Now for your punishment, although you might like it as you're such a damned whore." He said.

"Crawl over to each in turn and make a good job of it." He commanded.

"Please Sir, may I speak?" She quavered. She had to try and persuade him not to give her to these young men. How could he order her to suck their penises?

"Please don't let them have me, Sir. Keep me for yourself. I'll suck your cock into life again so you can have my ass. Please fuck my tight little ass, Sir. You're in charge of me, so you can do anything you like with me so fuck me like a slut. You can rape my tight little asshole, Sir, please." The words poured from her lips without thought.

"It's nice to hear you beg me to fuck your ass but the punishment stands. Get over there and suck cock you whore." He ordered.

Sara recoiled at the sound of her own words. How low had she sunk to grovel and beg this young tyrant to fuck her ass? With a heavy heart she shuffled on hands and knees toward the first of them with a body that felt so weary it was hard work making progress across the hardwood floor.

One or two of them looked frightened, probably never having a sexual experience with anything more than their own hand. To have a woman crawl naked across the floor toward them was a dream come true but to have her reach for their cock was beyond belief.

With soft open lips and a tear in her eye she was ready to engulf another penis only he came over her face before she had a chance to touch it. She instead sucked what was left from his balls using his dick as a straw.

Another pushed her back to spurt his load over her breasts. Each time she had to squat before them with mouth open displaying the white pearls of young sperm on her tongue. They would tell her to swallow, with a smirk or in awe of the beautiful woman, but they witnessed her degradation anyway then dismissed her. She then crawled in shame to the next youth.

She was a complete mess inside and out. Sperm was drying in her hair and over her body as well as caking her mouth with its acrid taste. Every time she sniffed strings of sperm slid down her throat. Inside her head the thought repeated over and over. 'I'm just a cock slut, a sperm whore, so what did it matter what they do to me.'

"Thanks for your help guys. I'm to train her into submissive obedience for mom and me. I get to play with her in the evenings and mom can use her as a skivvy round the house during the day." Brian said.

His friends weren't listening but Sara caught those damning words full in the face. So that was their malevolent plan. That was what his mother was getting from this terrifying ordeal. She was to be bludgeoned into becoming some sort of household slave, a servile wench and the father was unwittingly adding his authority to it. Brian may look like his father but the cruel streak was all from the mother.

She had given in to him so much in just one evening how subservient would she become over a week of such abuse? Sara shuddered at the thought of living a life of submissive obedience, unable to resist this young man his every whim. Given time she was certain to cave in to this abusive training to become a complete slave to his cock.

It dawned on her that her father wouldn't be expecting a phone call. She had phoned telling him she wasn't returning to the family home after all. She had lied telling him she intended travelling to recover from the divorce. There was no one else close enough to bother if she disappeared.

In this neighbourhood the few acquaintances she made could be fobbed off by his mother. The parents could just tell anyone who asked she had joined their crazy sect. This view of her life ahead looked grim; a life of drudgery by day and sex object by night. She felt so stupid having trapped herself in this appalling situation!

The only hope was if Harry missed her and managed to find where she was. Would he be able to find the courage to face Brian and his gang to save her? It was just so humiliating to be dependent on that young man's crush on her. A rush of ice cold fear worked its way up her spine to freeze her thoughts.

"You're a mess. You need cleaning up. He took a hold of the leash and with difficulty she made it to the bottom of the stairs with a cavalcade of admirers following. She bulked, stopping short at the back door with Brian pulling at the leash.

"No, not out there, someone will see me. We'll get in trouble. Come on, please, take me inside and I'll let you fuck me anywhere you like, whatever you like, I promise. Would you like that? Want me tied up in doggie style? Anything you want just don't take me outside, people can't see me naked out there." She pleaded.

Brian listened to her pleading and begging with a look of amusement lighting his face. The door was open and the guys behind her laughed as they man handled her out into the back yard. For them the tension had been broken after she had sucked them all off and they were ready to treat her like the whore she had become.

The back yard was as cold and barren as the house. On hands and knees it was difficult to see much but there were none of the usual family things lying around. No sign of a pool or family play things. Brian grabbed the leash so she had to stand and wrapped it around her wrists to fix them to a post. He moved behind her but she didn't want to be fucked outside where a neighbour could see. She dare not yell, so quietly pleaded with him.

"If you need to pee then this is your chance. If you pee on the floor inside you will be punished." He told her flatly.

In front of them she let go feeling it splash her legs adding to the smell of their sperm coating her degraded dirty body. She closed her eyes tight in shame. She couldn't bring herself to complain or utter a word of grievance at this added insult to her dignity.

A stream of cold water stung her belly and she yelped a pathetic little squeak like the pet she had become. Andy hosed her down washing the filth from her body. She half stood, half hung from the post mortified at how squalid she had become.

Her perfect body glistened wet in the moonlight. Her long legs were no longer even attempting to hide her sex merely trying to support her weight. Her perfect shaped breasts heaved as she gasped fresh air into her lungs.

She sensed someone behind her and felt a touch. "Please Sir, I beg you to untie me. You can tie me up inside and fuck me all night long, just not out here. If someone sees me I'll die of shame. I'll let you do whatever you want to my body inside the house." She said trying to sound sincere.

"Hey that's rich. So now the stuck up bitch is begging me to fuck her. Say it again. I like this teasing high and mighty babysitter talking dirty. You think you're so untouchable, the one in charge of us and now you're reduced to pleading with me to fuck you. Say it again! I know with your college education you can do better."

"I'm sorry I teased you. I thought I was better than you, a little high school brat. You taught me a lesson and I've learnt my place. You're the one in command now; I'm just your obedient slut. So please, take me back in side, Sir." She said, with a voice gradually changing to defiance.

Sara couldn't believe the words spilling from her mouth. The anger at letting them bring her so low was rising inside and she suddenly stopped the disgusting grovelling. They had made her pee outside and hosed her down like a dirty animal. As she was about to rebel and tell him he was a little shit a noise was heard from the next garden.

A light came on spilling across the fence. Laughing voices sounded loud in this now silent back yard. The family next door were starting a barbeque and Sara heard them discussing how many of the neighbours were due at the party.

A light of panic and desperation shone in her eyes startling her like a frightened rabbit. "Take me inside and I promise to be your little pet. I'll obey you and you can train me to be a submissive fuck slut. Take me back inside and fuck my pussy, pound me in the ass, make me pay for being a stuck up bitch. Come on, Brian. Put your high society woman in her place. Shove your cock in me, wherever you like, and I promise to fuck you so well you'll love it." She whispered.

Brian ignored her whispered pleas and instead silently manoeuvred behind her.

She struggled but the leather leash was too strong. Unintentionally she ended up waggling her lovely heart shaped bottom at him feeling his erection bouncing across her cheeks. Andy moved before her and she felt his hard cock pushing against her belly then slide downward to find her pussy.

Both tormentors thrust in together. She felt their cocks plunge into her body, in her cunt and up her ass. She dare not yell out. Not knowing if she would have had screamed from pleasure or pain she bit her tongue. All night she had been teased, surrounded by cock and now she had them inside she was ready for an orgasm.

In the next garden a family were preparing a nice evenings get together while she writhed silently between two cocks raping her body. In the shadows the five remaining guys were watching with avid attention as she took them both. The three of them jerked around in stark black and white as thought it were some bizarre silent movie.

Andy was pushing and pulling with a steady pace in her pussy whereas Brian held his cock still, all the way up inside. "Does this remind you of when we all had you? Remember we fucked you in a three-way? Three cocks invading that lovely precious body." Brian whispered in her ear.

Sara gasped out load. 'These bonds are too strong I can't get away. It's so degrading, this young eighteen-year-old ass raping me outside for anyone to see. I'm so completely exposed. All the men in this neighbourhood would love to see me tied and raped, yet these young lads get to see it all and have it all.'

"Uh, uh, uh, yes!" She gasped. "You taught me a good lesson that day Brian. You all fucked me in every hole. I'll never yell at you again." Sara breathed out the words in gasps.

"You won't yell at me again because you're my fuck slut! I'll train you to be an obedient pet so whenever I want you, you'll come running to me, to worship my cock and crave to be fucked."

Sara's eyes were open but not seeing until a movement caught her attention. At first she thought the neighbours had heard something and were about to peer over the fence to see this dreadful humiliation. This beautiful woman tied naked to a pole in the yard being raped but it wasn't as she feared, it was Harry!

"Yes, I'm yours, just yours; don't let your friends have me. I'm your fuck slut Brian so keep me as your own." Sara watched Harry peering at her through the hedge but couldn't stop telling Brian whatever he wanted to hear.

"Tell me again what I can do to you slutty babysitter." He panted.

Sara wondered. 'Is he here to rescue me? I can't believe I'm naked and tied in front of him with these two young men fucking me. I feel devastated that I need a nerdy eighteen year old just out of high school to be my knight in shining armour.'

"You can fuck my holes, Brian. Fuck my tight pussy whenever you like. Did you ever think your little pet's ass was this tight?" She mewed in shame unable to stop the disgusting words spilling from her mouth. She was convinced now that if she didn't escape soon he would turn her into his personal sex slave. The very thought of it was a torture which was turning her on and helping him succeed.

"Tell me everything, how hard you came when we all had you yesterday. Hell! You're ass is so tight I can't cum." He taunted her.

"Oh Yes! All those cocks in me, I was so degraded, you reduced me to your little plaything, my holes existing just for your pleasure. It made me cum when all my holes were filled by you and your friends." She gushed as though talking about a favourite food. 'This is so bad but I can't stop, someone please help me or I'll be lost to him.' She screamed silently.

Sara squinted into the dark and noticed Harry seemed to be playing with himself. 'How can Harry do that when he can see me being raped? Hell no! Maybe he can hear me telling Brian those disgusting things. Perhaps he just can't resist seeing me naked and being fucked. I hope he rescues me even though it will be so undignified to be rescued by a young nerdy lad.'

She felt Andy push up with a final thrust piercing her with all his strength, penetrating as deeply as he could and holding it there. His sperm seemed to gush like a fountain and she imagined hearing it like a torrent hitting the neck of her womb. 'If this young lad makes me pregnant I'll have no where to go but stay here with this damn mad family.' She cried.

Brian began pounding at her ass lifting her cheeks, thrusting in with all the vigour of a young man. She felt him reach a climax and his sperm felt hot as it spurted deep inside her ass with him pushing hard wanting to reach deep into her body. She whispered to him. "No! I wanted your sperm in my cunt."

Their sperm was dripping from her ass and cunt and Harry could see it glinting in the moonlight, spotlighting her gorgeous body. She hung there like a wet rag unable to stand almost passing out.

"I'm going inside to wash up now, don't go away!" Brian laughed to his friends.

The sounds of people enjoying the party next door seemed to drift away and the thoughts of being discovered receded with it. All that was left was the humiliation and Brian's cruel voice in her ear.

"I'll bring you back some presents, a banana and some vegetables to loosen up that tight ass of yours." Brian taunted her. "I'm going to look for a brush to stick up your ass like a tail for my pet." He sneered.

Sara sobbed silently not daring to attract attention. He was so cruel he might even carry out the disgusting threat. She hung her head in resignation at becoming this cruel youth's compliant pet. She didn't see his nasty friends trot in after Brian eager to please in the hope of taking their turn with her.

She raised her head ready to wail in anguish at Brian's return only to focus her eyes and find it was Harry. "Oh, Harry, thank god you're here, Brian has such disgusting plans for me."

"What happened, why did you let him do such a bad thing to you, all those things you said?" He asked while untying the leash.

"I had to sound convincing or I would be in so much trouble. He blackmailed me. He said if I didn't do as he said he would tell everyone what happened yesterday. It was so terrible, he let his friend's gang rape my mouth. I didn't think he would do anything so bad, I thought he was going to show off his power over me. Please, stop staring at my tits Harry."

"I can't help it they look so luscious. Are you sure you want me to rescue you, I heard you, you told him you wanted to be his slut, and worse."

"You want to be my hero? Well I'm a damsel in distress if there ever was one, so please untie me and rescue me. I had to say those nasty things Harry, please rescue me."

He was about to pull the leash away from the post when they were interrupted. "Hey! Is anyone there?" A shout from over the fence made Harry drop to the ground and Sara froze.

"There's someone over there, I think. Go fetch a light it might be someone trying to break in." The stranger shouted over his shoulder then returned to peer into the darkened backyard.

Sara dare not move yet any moment the nice family from next door would see her standing naked in Brian's backyard. She thought she recognised the voice. What if it was someone who recognised her and the whole crowd stood there staring wondering why she was tied up naked in the back yard.

There was some confusion over there and they heard the same voice in the dark. "For Pete's sake it's in the shed, top shelf. Don't bother I'll get it my self." The voice tailed off in the distance, lost amongst the laughing crowd.

Harry tugged at the leash and it unravelled. "Brian isn't a boy scout then." Harry whispered.

He steered his beautiful damsel in distress toward the hedge half carrying her. "I know a way out where no one will see you." He stopped a moment and took a hold of her arms. "You had better be my slut and not his, do you promise?"

"Harry I'm completely naked, don't let anyone see me, its bad enough you're seeing me like this. There's a party going on over there and they could find me any minute, please, lets go." She said urgently needing to escape.

"Just promise." He told her.

"I can't your only eighteen and I'm thirty-two, it would be wrong. I love that you're rescuing me, you're my hero, but you're just a young man."

"Then I'll leave you here, you can try to escape without me."

"OK, OK, Harry, I'll let you do what you want with me, just save me from Brian and his horrible friends."

"OK, this way. I know a way back to your house where I'll have you to myself. Just say what you said to Brian and promise."

"I promise Harry, if you get me out of here safe, I'll let you shove your cock in any hole you want." She said, while thinking. 'Damn this nerdy youth. Why can't some older handsome man rescue me, why does it have to be this eighteen year old little creep who has a crush on me?'

Harry took a hold of the leash and guided her through the hedge, across silent darkened back yards. 'I can't believe I have this attractive woman on a leash, naked, roaming around the neighbourhood.' He thought, with a light heart no longer afraid of Brian and his gang.

He looked back at her swinging breasts as they padded across a neighbours lawn. He watched her cover them but was unable to see the expression of embarrassment in the moonlight. Harry knew who was away and who retired early so they got back to her house without being seen.

Home at last Sara slammed the door behind her. She sighed, a long frightful noise. 'Gang raped by eighteen year olds, rescued by another kid just out of high school, this is so bad, so humiliating.' She thought, while standing with her back to the door as though shunning the outside world.

The thought of what might have happened if Harry hadn't rescued her was too horrific to contemplate. Sara had felt the abuse working on her spirit wearing her down. She had been ready to capitulate to Brian and become his pathetic little sex pet. She opened her eyes at last feeling safe though a price would have to be paid.

"You can let go of the leash now." She said.

"You promised Sara." Harry looked at her daring her to back down from the promise. He too had something over her and could ruin her reputation. She would have to tread carefully if she were to end this day of torment.

Holding onto the leash, as a token of his power over her, Harry led his babysitter upstairs.

"I feel so dirty I need a shower." She whispered.

He looked her up and down and simply nodded. Her thighs were encrusted with cum where it had seeped from both holes then caked with dirt during the frantic escape. It was degrading to be seen like that and she really did need to clean herself up but it also gave her some time to be alone.

The refreshing hot water brought back some of the usual strength yet she was still vulnerable from Brian's onslaught of her sensibility. He had severely dented her self worth. Drying her body was an effort every movement a tiresome chore. Pulling on a warm robe from the cupboard she prepared herself to defy Harry and ease him out of the house.

He was waiting for her in the bedroom, casually sprawled across the bed. "You had better wait down stairs while I change. No Harry! Not now I need some peace and quiet. Nothing doing little man!" She said with a sigh rather than a shout.

If she raised her voice the anger would spill out unfairly against him and what then? Would he storm off and reveal all those naughty vile secrets to his parents.

Toning her voice down, she told him. "Harry, thank you for coming to my rescue, you were very brave rescuing me from that gang. But, I'm a mature woman and you're just a young man starting out in life. I'm supposed to be with men my own age and you're supposed to be with girls your age. It isn't right, we can't do these things."

"I saw you out there with Brian, what you did. You had his cum running down your legs. If I told anyone you would be in trouble." He handed her his phone. "Here, look at this! Listen to what you said."

"Oh my god! How could you have recorded that?" She cringed, seeming to deflate with an outward sigh of breath. She pulled the gown tight around her as though it might protect the naked woman on the small screen. The voice was tiny but clear with all the unpleasant things she had said while building toward an orgasm.

"I sent it to my computer while you were showering." He said, in case she might try to smash the phone.

She certainly felt like throwing it to the floor and grinding it under her heel.

"Take off that gown I want to see your tits." He said gently with boyish fascination.

"Oh. No Harry. This is so wrong. Please let me alone. I can't let you see me naked, you saw enough this morning. For pity's sake you fucked me this morning and the other day. That has to be enough. Not many youths your age get to do that with a woman like me."

"You said you would be Brian's slut and worse, and you promised me." He glared at her. He whipped the gown off her shoulders and while she struggled he watched her breasts spill out. They bounced around enticingly. Still gripping the collar of the gown he pulled it down until she gave up the struggle to wrap both arms around her naked torso.

She sank to her knees trying to hide from him, to protect what used to be a very private place. Harry pushed her forward. She braced herself on all fours with her long hair hanging down hiding her face.

"I rescued you babysitter like in your fantasy, the one you told me about the other day. It wasn't pirates though it was Brian and his gang. Tell me what they did to you." He demanded.

"He ripped my dress off Harry. They made me crawl around the floor touching me, humiliating me, and then I had to suck them off one after another. They tied me up and fucked me in both my pussy and my ass, at the same time." Sara sobbed with anger as well as self pity.

"Tell me what you told Brian, how you wanted to be fucked." He demanded.

"No! I didn't want them to do those nasty things. All right, I said I wanted him to fuck my ass but I had to say those vile things." She whimpered

"You are such a tease and such a slut you can't be a babysitter, you can't be the one responsible anymore. I'm the one who rescued you and I'm in command of you now." Harry said. He was stretched over her back talking straight into her ear, reaching deep into her mind.

Her thoughts shifted from that nightmare scene in the backyard to focus on how she felt. "Why am I so hot? The memory of being rescued from that tyrant, those neighbours about to peer over the fence, it was bringing the feelings of humiliation back. So damn horny, so sexed up, I'm a hot damsel with my hero like the fantasy I get off to. I can't fight it, I want to be fucked.'

"You liked seeing me naked and tied, didn't you! You enjoyed rescuing me did it make you feel big and strong? Well you have your little damsel safely to yourself now. What are you going to do with her? Are you going to make her reward you?" She said in a great rush of words.

She felt his fingers squeezing her nipples and it drove her on. "Are you going to give your damsel your cock Harry?" Sara was breathing heavily past the point of no return. "Fuck me, make me yours my hero. Let me ride your cock."

"I'm going to fuck you slut, hard and fast." He said.

She felt his cock sliding between the cheeks of her ass, poking at her lips, then nudging between them. "Take me my hero, make me yours. Fill me up with your big cock. Make me your grateful little wench." She cared little for decency as an all consuming need took over.

He held the head of his cock between her swollen lips teasing her. "I'm going to pound your pussy and teach you not to tease and crawl round like a whore. It's just me now. I'm your hero and want my reward."

"Take your reward my hero, fuck me. Uh! Yes. Yes."

"You yearn for your babysitter's tight pussy don't you? You want to be my hero Harry; you loved rescuing my naked body from those bad men. Make me all yours then. My holes are all yours Harry, just promise to protect me from Brian and his bastard friends. Protect my little pussy and you can fuck it anytime you like my hero." She gasped out words with every thrust.

She pushed back upon his hardness taking it all in wanting it all, needing it. She felt it piston like, fast and furious, not deeply but magnificently, wonderfully just there. Sliding over her clit it hit the spot as though determined to make her scream. With great vigour he pounded into her spurred on by a need to empty his balls into her cunt, not caring about anything but an orgasm, nothing more existed but his cock shafting his babysitter.

"I'm going to cum." They intoned through gritted teeth, both of them at once. She felt him splash and his cock jerked deeper and his thighs squashed the cheeks of her arse. He had reached his nirvana and she joined him. She collapsed flat upon the floor with his weight holding her there.

She pulled his hands around her body wanting comfort so both hands held her breasts in a tight grip. He nuzzled her ear and almost fell asleep. "I want more." He laughed a gentle young chortle.

He sat on the floor and lifted her head into his lap. She could smell the maleness still fresh upon his penis with his balls almost touching her chin. She lay prostrate before his cock, yet another demonstration of her submission only this time it was playful rather than demanding.

"Take my cock in your mouth like you did for Brian's friends." He said with a touch of envy darkening his young face.

Still under the influence of a deep climax she performed for her hero meaning to comfort him rather than revive him. His penis swelled in her mouth filling it but with so much experience she didn't gag but swallowed it. In a steady rhythm she bobbed her head in his lap gasping air then diving upon it.

"You really are a slut. You're my slut now, my little babysitter." He crooned.

She looked up at him through long eyelashes pleased with the look of innocent pleasure upon his face at last enjoying the sensation of a cock sliding down her throat. It was some time before he was ready and she had settled into a mechanical routine becoming nothing more than an extension of his manhood. In surprise she awakened from a dream like state when he pushed her off the end of his cock.

She opened her mouth in an automated response to show him her tongue then clamped her mouth shut as though deciding not to speak. It was disturbing knowing the reaction was just as Brian had taught her. How deep in her mind had this despicable influence penetrated?

Harry reached to her breasts and kneaded them in both hands watching the dark shadow of unpleasant thoughts lift from her face. He kept a hold of them while crawling around her. He pushed her legs apart spreading them wide.

'This is just so wrong letting this young man use my body.' She thought. He lifted her off the floor so she was on all fours once more. 'I did this to myself. I sucked him into existence. Why couldn't I just say no? Why don't I now? I'm behaving like a bitch on heat.'

So intent on taking her he said nothing.

She felt his penis pushing at her ass hole and looked round at him with a terrible look of shame. She was right she was just a bitch on heat. Was this all she had ever been or had she been driven into this state over the past days of constant abuse?

His cock penetrated her sore bottom. Sara gasped, partly from pain but in surprise at how easily her little puckered-hole had given in to him. Those damnable youths had stretched her asshole, trained her to give deep throat and made her into a cum-slut. What they had done to her mind she dare not contemplate.

"Take your bitch, punish my ass-hole. Make me cum." She whimpered.

"It's so tight it's gripping me, so hard to reach in." He gasped. Pushing hard he buried his cock deep up her ass and began the outward journey. Increasing the pace he began to pound her asshole.

"Pound your babysitter's ass, make me cry out, make me cum." She shouted. She felt his cock filling her up as it swelled on each stroke deeper in on every pounding movement.

"Beg me to let you cum you whore." He said.

"Please make me cum. I need to cum now. Fuck my ass you little bastard! Punish my asshole with your big dick. Give it to me, all your cum, spurt it deep into my ass." She screamed. Her breasts hung below her swaying body bouncing between each wild thrust and pull of his cock.

It felt like gallons of sperm were creaming her insides. Again she joined him in a tremendous orgasm neither of them aware, each lost in a world of gratification. Nothing existed for long moments but the pleasure their bodies and minds were slated with.

Sara felt his cock receding, oozing from her bottom. She shut her legs, clamped her cheeks together trapping his foreskin there for a moment then lost it altogether.

This young virile man had shot his sperm up her backside and she didn't want to let his cock go. She felt so ashamed yet satisfied at the same time. The contrary feelings didn't seem strange at all for she had become used to them.

She lay with his head upon her breasts listening to his breathing slowing until she was sure he had fallen asleep. She gently turned his lips to a nipple and felt it sucked into his mouth. In his sleep he suckled upon her and she too fell asleep with a smile upon her face.

**Babysitting Trouble Ch. 06**

Sara was getting a drink from the fridge when the phone rang. "Hi Martha how's things. Yea he's here." She handed Harry the phone quickly not wanting to speak to her friend after having just had a naughty sex session with her son.

"I asked Sara if I could stay and work late on the college project is that OK." He said.

Sara shook her head it wasn't alright with her at all. Hearing him talk about a school project left her feeling terrible from being reminded how young he was. She took the phone to make some excuse why he couldn't stay.

"Hi Sara, that's great, Pete and I can have some quality time together, if you know what I mean. I'll get out the outfit he likes." Martha went quiet realising she had said too much.

Sensing her friend's embarrassment Sara capitulated and told her. "That's great you go ahead and enjoy the evening. I'll drive him home tomorrow."

"Give me plenty of warning when you do!" Martha giggled.

'So other people have a kinky love life too. She wouldn't be laughing if she knew I was letting her son fuck my brains out.' Sara thought, and shivered at how true it was. She was losing her mind from all this ill treatment and sex on demand. How else could she explain committing such depraved acts with this young man?

The look of devilment on his face meant he was there to stay the night and she was in trouble. "We can't do that again Harry it was wrong." She said. The words seemed too familiar. She had told him 'no' before but here she was again feeling guilty, after Harry took her to such a high plateau of lust. She gave in so completely and too readily.

She was caught between Brian's torture and Harry's rescue leaving her feeling so very vulnerable. She not only owed Harry for the rescue from Brian but he had so much to hold over her he thought he owned her. The problem was she was beginning to think it too. If he told anyone what had happened between them she would lose her reputation and self-respect.

He pulled a piece of paper from his jeans and she groaned. "Not that Harry, please." It was the list of naughty things he wanted her to do. She felt so embarrassed from already performing some of those lewd acts with him she couldn't stand the thought of one more performance.

He moved in close and tickled her into a fit of laughter. Sara escaped from him and ran from the kitchen with both of them giggling. He chased her up the stairs to the bedroom where it was too late to lock the door; he pushed past and grabbed a hold of her slim waist. They fell in a heap upon the bed where he tickled her to helplessness.

"Let's just play a game, no not that sort of game. Be good, hey, put it back it's mine." She complained when he delved into the gown to grab a breast. She struggled but with his weight on top it was difficult.

He found a scarf tied to the bed rail and wrapped it around her wrists and slid to her side. "Why is that there Sara?" He asked with curiosity.

"If you must know I tie my hand up when I'm playing with myself, pretending to be taken by pirates." She said. The embarrassment showed with her face turning pink the colour spreading over her neck down to her breasts. She had revealed this naughty secret some days ago and regretted it ever since.

"That's one of the things on my list."

"What is?"

"Tying you up and playing with you." He laughed.

"Just untie me and we can play something more suitable between us." She complained. "What about your project?" She said, and winced at reminding herself how young he was.

"This is more fun! Besides you my pet project, remember." He answered while stroking a nipple. "It's amazing how hard and big your nipples grow when you're excited. It is mine by the way. You told me your body is all mine to do what ever I want."

Sara looked at him intently playing with her breast and wished she hadn't become so carried away to have said such bad things. He was too inexperienced to understand a woman says things she doesn't mean while in the throws of passion.

"So what do you intend doing to me now you have me at your mercy?" She teased. He wasn't experienced enough to work her up into such a passionate state as before, not without the rescue from Brian's humiliating torture. With a bit of luck he would become bored and they could go downstairs to watch television or at least do something more suited to his age.

She felt his hand stroking her thigh barely touching the skin causing goose-bumps to rise down one leg. She was an experienced woman so would be able to stand it or so she hoped. He slid off the bed and she breathed a sigh of relief. She closed her eyes with a simile of victory. It had worked before. A man becomes bored when she refused to respond knowing he wasn't going to get what he wanted.

"Oh!" She felt his fingers tickling her feet and laughed. This wouldn't work either, she would just relax and when she started snoring he would soon give up. He tried the other foot but this time she was ready and didn't react.

His fingers gently slid up her leg to her thigh this time inside the gown to her black lace panties. She pulled her legs together sharply with a laugh that was suddenly cut off. "Hey what have you done?" It was obvious for she couldn't pull her feet from where he had tied them to the corners of the bed.

Sara was tied, spread out helpless on the bed with this young man who knew her weakness only too well. "Stop it Harry I'm not playing this naughty game tonight. You're too young. I'm a respectable mature woman and responsible for you while in my house so do as I say and let me go, this has gone far enough!"

"You're on the deck of a pirate ship spread out ready for them to rape you." He grinned.

'Damn why did I tell him about that fantasy, I must have been mad.' She thought. The feeling of embarrassment was difficult to shake off. The more she thought about it the more it gnawed at her. It all started when they ripped that towel from her naked body. It had been embarrassing but when they played with her throwing the towel around watching her dance to their tune it had become humiliating.

Had she become turned on by it? Was that why she had shared the pirate fantasy with Harry? At the time she had thought to gain his confidence, to become pals so he wouldn't talk about that silly incident. Now though he had such lewd stories to tell she was completely at his mercy.

She was even becoming used to this young man playing naughty games with her and that was dangerous, it would have to stop. She dare not think about what had happened over the past few days or she would certainly break down. All those cocks, all those orgasms! What the hell was happening, were they turning her into some sort of orgasmic nymphomaniac? She determined not to give in this evening to prove something to herself.

He moved close and kissed her ears and her neck, face and eye lids. Well that was nice she could lay there all evening receiving such nice attention. He licked her lips then sucked the top one into his mouth a nibbled.

'Damn that was nice.' She thought. It had been a long time since receiving such intimate attention. She had been a trophy wife, neglected, and before that had little experience. The last few days were more like torture but a lesson too. She had never had so much raw sex in her life. She was supposed to be a mature experienced woman yet these young inexperienced men had taught her so much.

Friends had joked about oral sex but she could never bring herself to do it then these young hoodlums had gang raped her mouth until she became an expert at it. She'd had to learn quickly or choke. She remembered it was the threat of another humiliating thrashing from that barbaric Brian that made her submit to such a dreadful act. Sara closed her eyes in shame knowing her belly was still full of their young sperm from earlier on that evening.

Anal sex was something she thought was disgusting yet those young lads had repeatedly taken her poor virgin ass until they had stretched it. They could enter her with their young cocks with just a nudge at her asshole. Knowing anyone could so easily rape her ass was so appalling it left her feeling small and insignificant. It had been that dreadful act that pushed her into thinking of herself as a set of holes to be fucked.

Brian was right she was a slut. She hadn't been before they started doing all those filthy things to her. She had often teased men thinking they deserved it for ogling her body but had never thought this would happen. Surely she didn't deserve such depraved punishment just for a little teasing.

"Hey! What now?" She struggled but it was no use he had a blindfold over her eyes before she could shake it off. She felt his breath at her ear tantalising an already sensitive skin, all the more so now she couldn't see.

"The pirates are drawing straws to see who is going to be first." He teased.

Sara had underestimated him. 'I should have paid more attention to that damn list. He told me he had some ideas from the internet so what kind of disgusting site was it?' She thought. She was beginning to doubt if it was possible to withstand such an onslaught of sensations.

Not seeing where he was going to caress her body next it was difficult to prepare. A squeeze of the exposed breast, a stroke of a thigh, a kiss on the lips, a pinch of a nipple, a lick on her ear, each pounce struck without warning. A caress, a kiss, a pinch, a scratch, a rub, every touch different but all designed to stimulate. She didn't know where he would strike next.

A finger nail grazed the crotch of the panties scratching an itch that had been growing in urgency. Becoming aware of the wetness between her legs didn't help the struggle to resist. "No Harry, stop it please." She felt him rip away the gown to reveal her near naked body knowing he was staring at it.

"You have such long legs Miss Catalina and they go right up to here." He said, touching her right where he shouldn't.

Automatically she uselessly tried to pull both legs together for it was embarrassing to reveal the wet crotch of her panties. She knew it was pointless but couldn't stop pulling at the bonds holding her near naked body spread over the bed.

"Damn! Don't do that they're expensive." She yelped. Even her voice revealed she was hot. She could smell her juices when he flung the panties, cut from her body, over her face. She was being humiliated with each deep breath from the odour of those wet panties. It was another sign of how low she had fallen. She just couldn't resist stimulation of any kind for she had become a slut constantly ready for sex.

"I'm just a weak damn bitch on heat." She murmured.

Straining to hear a clue over the sound of her beating heart she prepared for the next onslaught upon a so sensitive flesh. Was it real or had she imagined it. A light breath played over smoothly shaved lips. A tongue plunged into her vagina explored and quickly withdrew sucking her lips with it. It felt as though she were being turned inside out as he sucked everything into his mouth and bit on her labia.

His fingers grabbed both nipples twisting them. She released meaningless sounds, whimpering then groaning changing pitch to each different touch. She gave up wriggling and struggling to lie there supine unable to cope with the intimate onslaught of sensual stimulation.

It seemed at first a respite having a constant smoothing massage over her body where he kneaded oil into a receptive skin. This too took on a form of intense wonderful stimulation. Both hands firmly cupped her sex and cheeks pressing oil into her holes. Over her breasts his hands gently glided then pinched both nipples.

Sara hardly noticed him lift her hips to place a pillow there for her body had risen up in need of its own accord. She felt his cock slide over her smooth oil slicked lips and cried out. "Do it, just do it for pity sake, do me NOW!"

Harry looked down at his babysitter with a beaming smile upon his face. Maybe she wasn't his babysitter but he liked the idea. He was so pleased with himself at having this beautiful naked woman at his mercy. She was an older experienced woman, a respectable adult, yet he had her so worked up she was pleading with him for satisfaction.

A few days ago she was in charge looking after the house while his parents were away but no longer. He was in charge of her in her own home determining when she would cum and how. He was in charge of her body and would decide where she would take his cock whether in her mouth her pussy or even up that lovely heart shaped bottom.

He couldn't resist teasing her. He rubbed his cock over the soaking wet clit and nearly lost it in that gaping pussy when she reared up at him in a desperate shove of her hips. "What do you want me to do?" He asked innocently.

"Fuck me!" She gasped. "Do me now you little shit! Fuck me you bastard." She cried out in anguish.

"That's so rude, ask me nicely Miss Catalina." He teased, while rubbing her lips with his cock.

"Please, give me your dick. Please fill me up. You know what to do, just do IT! Right now, you little bastard!" She spat every word with heavy breaths.

He watched her breasts jiggling as her body juddered under him. "You know what to say. What did you say to Brian when he took your ass? Are you my slut now?"

"Yes, yes sir. I'm your little slut so punish me for being so rude to you. I've been so naughty you must punish me by fucking your little slut. Go ON, please sir, please fuck your teasing bitch. Teach me not to talk to you like that. You bastard... Sorry, sorry sir, I just want you to fuck me now!"

"Fuck me, Harry, fuck my tight pussy, you like fucking your naked babysitter don't you! You like rescuing me and getting to pound my pussy. I'm all yours now so use me Harry, please fuck me! What ever you want I'll do, just fuck me, please."

She felt his penis slide smoothly into her and stop deeply embedded in her vagina. "You're my master now no one else, not Brian, do it, pound my pussy. Punish your bitch. I'm just a bitch on heat and need you to fuck me bad. What do you want me to say master? Yes, you're the master now, your in charge. Do what you want with your pathetic little whore." She sobbed.

He slapped her ass and with every swipe moved his cock inside her tight little pussy. "I'm punishing you for teasing me with your magnificent body, those big tits, and your bald pussy." He croaked.

"Yes Harry that's it pound my pussy. Use my body it's all yours. Yes master, punish my ass and pound my cunt into submission." She cried out.

He could resist no longer and pulled back only to thrust into her again and again.

An orgasm came rushing at her churning her stomach. A spasm wrenched her belly releasing its energy to surge out through her body. Each limb in turn tightened and relaxed flexing in rhythm with the waves of passion filling a sex drenched body and mind.

She needed to wrap her body around him but couldn't move instead she gripped his cock with inner muscles feeling empty as it shrivelled from her sex.

"Oh! Harry. Thank you for that wonderful orgasm." She moaned, still in a senseless state. Coming too with a dry mouth and aching limbs she wanted to reach out to him.

He sensed the movement and nestled his mouth against a breast and sucked gently. He untied her and they fell asleep with him suckling her breast, her arms tightly wrapping him

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Next morning she tried to put her foot down to regain some decorum to their relationship. She knew all that happened was wrong and needed to regain control of her life but he was enthusiastic to continue, of course. He reminded her of the video from his phone now safely on his PC at home and all the other bad things she had done, bringing her to heel.

Relentlessly he played with her all day chasing her and catching her and teasing her. It was fun and sometimes she felt innocent again like young lovers learning about life. It ended up inevitably with a delicious orgasm. All her inhibitions would be torn away and she experience an incredible deep satisfaction.

She could take no more and he too at last seemed to be flagging despite such youthful vigour. "It's about time I took you home. Your mother will be wondering where you are. No way! I'm not going out in my underwear." She laughed. "Please sir, may I get dressed now?" She laughed at the little joke.

The absurdity of asking this young man for permission to get dressed, even in jest, left her feeling uneasy. A frown creased lines across her forehead on wondering how close she was to believing she needed his permission to do anything with her body. This whole affair was getting out of hand.

"Ok I give in." She said with a sigh. More and more she was giving in to him but this would be the last. She had promised to visit his college when he presented a project. In return he would behave himself and return that awful video.

She gave a shudder at the thought of what was on it. With his phone he had captured her being raped by Brian and his little friends in the backyard. Once it was destroyed it would be one less thing he had over her. At least Brian and his awful family hadn't squealed and Harry was surely sated now. It looked as though this mid-summer madness was nearly over.

She watched him turn and wave then disappear into the house. "Shit! I forgot to warn Martha." She exclaimed then laughed. "Bloody hell!" 'She needn't worry; their son is a man of the world now. I doubt they're still at it though, Pete wouldn't have the stamina of his son.' She mused on driving away.

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"Excuse me." Sara was lost but spotted a student in the corridor. The school looked so different since she was there, predictably smaller, but other things too. Of course she hadn't noticed the paintwork and smells and things an adult would.

"Oh! Its you!" Sara's mood changed from pleasant nostalgia to anger in an instant on seeing that young bastard. Brian looked around checking if the coast was clear looking furtive. She had caught him off guard in a place he least expected to meet her.

"I want a word with you young man." She was determined to put him in his place and this might be the only opportunity. She restrained her anger which was in danger of spilling over into an angry outburst.

"Somewhere private, as I'm sure you don't want anyone to hear what I have to say to you." She played the adult card to the full with a tone of voice meant to sound like a teacher ready to discipline an errant student.

"I guess no one will be in the locker room till later." He said. He looked down at the floor not daring to meet her eyes. She followed him silently padding along in open toed sandals trying to get straight what to say taking no notice where he led her.

She marched into a locker room with the overpowering smell of chlorine wafting from the showers over-laid by the smell of men; smelly socks being the predominant smell. Being in this place years ago would have earned a demerit at least so if it wasn't for the urgency of business she would have been amused.

"You are little shit Brian and your mother needs help. What you did to me the other night was disgusting and as far as those ridiculous plans are concerned you need help too." She took a breath trying to control the mounting anger. She couldn't say out loud what he had planned for her as it still left a feeling of dread.

He abused her roughly until she had withdrawn into a submissive state and intended to keep her vulnerable to training or even brainwashing. He had the audacity to think he could train and keep a mature woman as his personal sex pet. It was terrible to think this young man had nearly succeeded in keeping her as his plaything to share with friends. It might have been just a show to impress them but the fearful thing was it might have worked if Harry hadn't rescued her.

While she hesitated reliving that dreadful nightmare the change in Brian's attitude was missed. It was a fateful mistake taking her eye off him as he was too dangerous a character not to watch carefully.

He stepped forward grabbing her wrist and with another step was behind her twisting an arm up her back. "Nicely done, Andy." He said to his partner in crime.

They had her arms pinned between them and she could feel a strip of material being wound around her wrists. They were hauled up to be secured above her head before she could utter a sound of protest.

"You will be in trouble for this Brian." She spluttered. "This is your college you can't get away with anything here, you'll be expelled. I'll scream the place down you little twerp." She began ranting in fear.

He slapped her face bringing a halt to the building hysteria. "Keep quiet bitch. You are the one who needs help not me or my mother. She didn't know what I was going to do with you or what I did, so don't go shouting your mouth off. This is a college and I'm going to teach you a lesson Miss high and mighty. You were a popular girl at college with the in-crowd; a cheerleader weren't you, well now you can entertain me with that sexy body. "

"No Brian not here. Let me go this is the wrong place. You can't, someone will discover you and you'll be in trouble, I promise to meet you somewhere else." She lied.

"You think I'm stupid." He said. He placed his hands on her breasts and produced that leer she dreaded. He watched her squirm, her face colouring crimson with embarrassment.

"Stop it Brian." She whispered as though to a fellow conspirator, looking over his shoulder trying to distract him. He slapped her face to emphasis a statement.

"You will do as I say or all those bad secrets will spread all over town. Do you understand?"

"Don't hurt me Brian, let me go, please." She whined.

"Do you understand?" He said, raising a hand to her.

"Yes Brian, I understand just don't hurt me." She whined, feeling the whole sorry state of submission from that dreadful evening in his back yard threatening to swamp her mind yet again. It had all happened too quickly to work out a defence.

"What do you say slut? You know what to say don't you." He leered.

"Yes sir. Thank you, sir."

"What are you, tell me, quickly or I'll punish you." He demanded.

She couldn't remember the exact words he had demanded that night but didn't think it mattered. "I'm you're little slut, sir." She whimpered. This young man was so forceful, like his father, and having her arms trapped like this what could she do but play along. He was going to punish her for escaping but it couldn't be too bad here in college, could it?

She heard the clump of boots closing in along the corridor and at last realised he had led her here like a lamb to the slaughter. This was a locker room and changing room for the football team and she listened with horror the doors swing open and the crash of helmets and the young voices cursing a lost game.

"Please Brian let me go, don't do this to me." She gasped. "I'll do anything you want just get me out of here."

Memories of high school and the football team, each of them vying for attention came back in an instant. She was the favourite cheerleader who teased them all mercilessly with a figure they yearned for just one glimpse. They could look and hope but that was all for a word from her and devoted fans would teach them a lesson. She teased many a poor adolescent getting him to admit he fantasised over her when masturbating. It looked as though all these years later she was about to be taught a humiliating lesson.

"I'll be what you wanted Brian. I'll stay at your house and do it, I promise." She whispered.

"Do what Miss Catalina?" He teased with that awful sneer.

"I, I will be you're little slut Brian." He just stood there waiting for more. She took a deep breath and tried in desperation to say those appalling things. "You can keep me as your sex pet and train me to do all the naughty things you like, just get me out of here, then you can make me into your sex slave, I'll devote myself to your cock. I'll crawl around as your faithful pet with a tail up my arse just for you."

Sara couldn't believe the disgusting things she was telling him. The desperation in her voice grew knowing the whole team was in a foul mood from losing the game and were stripping off their uniforms ready to hit the showers. Any moment they would find her helpless and so very vulnerable.

"I'm a mature attractive woman desired by men yet you will get to fuck me anytime you like. You can punish me for escaping and turn me into your slutty little whore. Think about it Brian. You can fuck all my holes however you like whenever you like. Please Brian take me home and fuck me. I want to feel your big cock inside me fucking me senseless."

Sara trailed off on seeing a movement out of the corner of her eye. They were there watching, listening. 'Oh! Shit! How much of that grovelling ranting did they hear?' It was the most degrading moment of her life and recently there had been many humiliations to choose from.

"That's an offer you don't get everyday, sounds good to me Brian." Charles, the football captain, said. The large framed guy walked over placing himself between them. "I know you shit face. Let her go." He snarled at Brian.

"She's your consolation prize. I was in her class at Fairbanks High. She is a right slut, you can have her." Brian lied.

At the mention of that school a chorus of raised voices rattled the locker room. Fairbanks had cheated, as far as they were concerned and someone needed to pay. Charles looked at her with disdain for she had been begging the little shit face to fuck her. She stared at the cold floor tiles wishing it would all just go away, that someone would save her from this, yet fearing Brian would have his way.

Brian watched the guy's face examining her body. He gripped the collar and ripped the dress from her breasts.

"No Brian, they're yours don't let these men see them." She hadn't meant to say it like that but fear fuelled the misjudgement. It was appalling for these strangers, just young men, ogling her breasts. There would be no mercy or protection from Brian. She should have appealed to this big guy before her.

The audible sigh from the team crowding in behind their captain was thick with desire. "Please cover me up these guys mustn't see my breasts, I'm a woman." Emotion choked off the words. She said the wrong thing. She was implying she was a woman of experience and telling them they were just incapable lads, turning it into a challenge.

They were used to a challenge and used to winning.

Brian lifted the back of the dress and slapped her ass. "Tell them what you are." He demanded.

"I'm a slut." She said, not wanting to say it but was beginning to believe it.

She could smell their youthful muskiness the odour closing in smothering her senses. She knew what Brian was going to do next and pleaded. "Please no, don't undress me, I'm a respectable woman, you can't."

Brian could see they were hooked on the show and ripped the dress off her body leaving her squirming seductively in just a pair of white panties.

"No!" She cried out but dare not speak in case she betrayed herself in the confusion that had overtaken her mind. Sara was breathing hard, her naked breasts rising and falling with each deep breath. Struggling from side to side, trying to pull at her bonds, her tits swung mesmerising them like a snake charmer.

Their eyes swung with them not wanting to miss a moment.

"Please guys don't look at me; I'm a woman not a toy, you mustn't look."

They had marched in angry, shouting in frustration, yet now the quiet expectancy was more intimidating. A silence filled the room with Sara's gasping breaths the only sound.

It could go either way but the score was settled when someone exclaimed. "Wow! Look at those wonderful tits guys she is well stacked."

Charles took hold of her breasts. A sigh of wistful longing went round the team.

"No don't listen to him, please leave them alone. I'm a teacher you will be in big trouble doing this. You will be kicked off the football team, expelled from school." She said trying to regain some sort of authority by pretending to be a teacher and scare them into leaving.

"No one will know, you'll keep quiet or I'll tell about us in class." Brian lied. The team weren't listening in any case for their eyes were on the captain massaging a pair of big tits.

"Please stop, don't touch me." She said, the colour of her face deepening and spreading to her breasts. She looked down watching him fondle them, rubbing her nipples.

"Look at this Joe. These nipples are growing so large and hard. Such lovely firm tits they feel so good." Charles said. "She's getting excited, look."

Sara was so embarrassed, tied in a locker room full of teens with her breasts being groped. Was there nobody to save her, no way out of this dreadful place? 'He's right I'm getting hot. I can't help it I'm getting wet from the humiliation. Shit! I must be a disgusting slut to let these guys make me wet."

"Brian, please don't strip my panties off. I'll be good just. . ." It was no good pleading with him. She felt this hand on the waist band then the tug and they fell around her feet. Her last defence had been ripped from her.

These little brats were staring between her legs with fascination. It was probably the first time they had seen one but why did it have to be hers. She clamped her thighs together nearly fainting from humiliation with her bare pussy was on display for all to see.

They watched him kneed her breasts as though making bread rolls with her white soft mounds. It was so humiliating she wanted to scream but dare not attract a larger audience to this despicable downfall.

Charles couldn't take his eyes off those wonderful tits in his hands when he said. "You maybe an older woman but you're a real turn on, you shouldn't go around teasing us like this teacher or it could get out of hand - you being such a sexy woman."

"Please, I'm sorry you lost the game, but you can't strip me because of that, you're just youths."

"OK. So we're young but you're a naked woman and a big tease so what's next?" One of them said.

"It's not right for you to see my breasts. It's wrong so please cover me up."

"It's too late now it's all ripped up and it was just an accident wasn't it guys?" They all nod and murmur not wanting to take their eyes off those luscious tits.

"Brian is one of us and you're a teacher, one of the enemies teachers at that. We'll make you our trophy bitch. They walked off with the metal but we have the flesh." Charles said.

"You had your fun; you've seen my naked tits so let me go, let me cover up." She said trying to be defiant.

"I heard what you said to Brian, you wanted cock. No, don't deny it, you want cock."

The team chorused the words, "Yes! The slut wants cock." Like a football cheer the words rattled around the lockers.

Sara was scared before but now she was terrified. There's no stopping this group of young men, they heard her talking filth to Brian and were watching her breasts being mauled. She clenched her thighs together tighter. 'There's nothing stopping them from seeing my pussy if they want. What can I do? How far will this go?' She shivered in fear.

Her eyes swivelled round the close packed bunch of guys seeing their youthful cocks stretching the jock straps they had stripped down to. She felt their eyes all over her body. 'My naked tits are on show and only my clenched thighs spare my pussy from them. These guys can't see my shaved pussy, they're too young.'

Her hips were moving back and forth as she ground her thighs together. 'Oh! No! My pussy is so wet from the humiliation. There are so many of them all staring at my gorgeous body.'

Brian spoke up. "Look at that Charles, she's hot for you. I told you she's a slut."

Charles let go of her breasts standing back to just stare at the beautiful figure. They all took in the slim waist supporting a large pair of breasts, hips swaying seductively as though asking to be held tight while being fucked.

"She sounded like it now she's proved it, she's a right slut."

"Charles you seem like a nice guy, don't listen to him, this is rape you'll get in big trouble if you touch me down there. I'm thirty-two years old, too old for you."

Charles put his hand between her legs feeling how hot and wet her pussy was.

"Get away from me you bastard, you little brat, stop it."

Her body shuddered, lacking self control she gyrated her hips a little as though she were turning her self on his fingers.

Charles pushed his whole hand against her perhaps the first time he had got this close to pussy.

"I'm eighteen and quarter so having a teacher to learn from sounds right to me."

Sara tried not to gasp from the touch. "An eighteen year old shouldn't see a woman my age naked. It's wrong. Please don't listen to Brian, help me." She said trying to focus her strength, to bring what was left of her dignity to her voice.

Sara was so scared knowing there was little she could do to stop him. Once he gained the courage to take her what would his team do?

He pressed his fingers between her lips and with dismay at her own body betraying her felt how wet she was.

"No no, ahhhhh, please you're too young for this. Ohhhh!"

"NO! Please."

"Can you see how wet she is guys? She really is a great consolation prize."

"No I'm not your prize you can't do this to me! Brian please, don't let them rape me." She pleaded. 'Oh! Shit! Oh! Shit! I think they will, I think they'll gang rape me, the entire team, a locker room full of young guys and I want it.'

Brian knelt to one side signalling to Andy for them to grab an ankle each. They pulled her legs apart like a wish bone. "Make a wish Charles. It looks as though it will come true."

The team cheered at the sight of her shaved open pussy.

Silently Sara wished. 'Please somebody rescue me. Oh my god, they're going to pound my little pussy all of them. This can't be happening, it must be a nightmare.'

Charles had free reign over her pussy and pushed a finger into her. "That was easy! She is so hot and open ready for it. All of you take a good look at the slut."

Sara was devastated at how easy he slid a finger in and how wet it was. Her hips started to gyrate on his finger but she couldn't stop it. A soft moan escaped her lips even though she pleaded for him not to touch her.

He was standing close, his breathe heavy in her face. "No! You can't put a finger in me, no, please it's wrong. Please don't finger my pussy Charles, please; you shouldn't be touching my pussy like that." This guy was a stranger and his face was inches from hers as he touched her most private place.

"Yea you're right. You're used to more than that, so your request is granted. More than a finger but you'll have to wait I'm enjoying this. "Look guys, look how she likes my finger fucking her, she's really getting off on my fingers."

Sara hadn't realised her hips were working away at his fingers and stopped the lewd display on hearing him bragging. She looked down to see him fumbling for his cock. "No no, don't fuck my pussy, keep your little dicks away from me you brats."

"You're not in a position to shout at us teacher, you should ask nice."

She knew it was useless but would try anything. 'I can't believe it I have to suffer the indignity of asking these guys not to fuck me.'

"Please don't fuck me guys, I'm sorry you lost the game. It wasn't my fault. Please don't put your dicks in my pussy."

That's better, you have at least learnt to say please, well I might not do it to you, on the other hand these guys want it and I won't be last." He laughed.

His cock slapped her belly and she moaned at the disgrace of it. 'I know I can't stop them from raping me. What can I do?'

Charles angled his cock toward her slit. He rubbed it against her thigh trying to find the right angle then bent his knees reaching up with his cock to slide it across those wet lips open as though gasping for it.

"Please, not down there, not my pussy. Let me suck you off, I can give you a good blow job." She pleaded.

'Why am I so wet? It's too easy for this stranger to take me. Where's Harry, he's saved me before, maybe he will again.'

His cock nudged her pussy lips and she groaned.

Charles mistook her groan of dismay for pleasure. "She really is a ready and willing slut guys."

"Uhhh," Her whole body shuddered as he penetrated her.

This young guy was teasing her from his inexperience trying to enter her. In a final effort he lifted her off the floor with his youthful strength and lowered her onto his rigid cock.

Her hips thrust forward. She was so humiliated giving in to him but knew there was no way out. Her body wanted that cock in her pussy and she gave in.

His hands held her ass lifting her and dropping her for his cock to thump into her vagina. She bleated 'no' over and over yet every one could see she wasn't fighting it.

'I'm nearly twice his age yet he lifts me as if I'm a doll, lifts me to better fuck his doll, driving it into me.'

Her ass banged against the wall as he pounded at her pussy. She felt all eyes on her, enthralled by the performance, her naked tits swinging to their captain's rhythm.

All the time she moaned 'no', tears dribbled from her eyes. 'This young guy's cock is pounding my tight pussy so hard. Uh, uh, uh, ohhh." She couldn't even say 'no' anymore just a meaningless sound escaped her lips with every hard thrust.

Her breasts banged against his chest as his cock thrust into her with athletic strength without grace or finesse just banging away at her. He was banging her against the wall like a rough whore being fucked in an alleyway.

She felt him stiff legs stretching and knew he was about to cum. She cried out in desperation. "No! Don't cum in my pussy you little shit." She felt his cum spurting up inside and it set her off. Forgetting about the others her mind focused on this penis filling her up. It was just him taking her, raping her, humiliating her.

Her body gave a spasm feeling the strangers cum deep inside. She was a grown woman feeling this young virile man take her and for that special moment she belonged to him. He had fucked her bound naked body and she responded, leaving her so ashamed and hot.

"I'm next Charlie."

"Hey get in line guys, Brian found her so he can be next." Charles told them.

Brian butted in. "I have an idea, take a hold of the rope and lower her to the floor."

Her breasts hung down but her head was lower in shame knowing her pussy was about to be filled again. 'I know what they want, what Brian is up to. They want access to my body, more holes to fill with their cocks. I can't just give in to them.' She whimpered silently.

"No." She said lamely. "No more, please, you raped me, you got back at me for the lost game, no more."

On the floor on all fours she trembled from fear and the small shameful orgasm. She felt every touch to her breasts and ass as the team slapped and fondled her body.

She silently watched someone slide under her as though he were tackling her. Another grabbed her hair. Brian had orchestrated this vile act before and she cringed knowing what was next.

She didn't fight it she just opened her mouth and accepted a cock into her mouth. The guy under her positioned himself and his cock slid into her well used wet hole. Her ass was shaking the only free movement left to her. The one behind clasped her hips tight and pushed at her asshole.

It was so shameful knowing her asshole had been stretched so it no longer pained to have a cock slide up her ass.

"Oh yes! Harder." She moaned with the words slipped from her mouth without thought. Thankfully the damning words were muffled by the strangers cock filling it.

"She's really a nasty whore. I told you guys, just fuck her and she will take it all." Brian told the others waiting their turn.

It sounded as though she was cursing them but the muffled words were very different. "Punish me you little shit. Rape my holes, you deserved to lose the game because you suck. Not as good as me though I suck cock real good because they taught me so well with all those little creeps' dicks deep in my throat." She ranted.

The guy behind pushed hard, his cock burrowing deeper until she felt his balls hit her ass.

"The damn slut sucks like a Hoover damn she'll suck it right off!"

"Rape me, punish me guys. I wanted you to lose that game. Make me pay by raping all my holes like a whore." She ranted.

His cock went deeper and slid down her throat but she managed to take a breath before being choked. She had become a professional cock sucker from taking on so many in the last few days. Each time it retracted she took a deep breath and spilled words at them.

"All of you feel what a teacher's pussy is like, humiliate me. Pound me with your eighteen year old cocks."

He looked down at her hardly needing to move as she fucked her own mouth on his cock. He grinned and shouted to his friends. "I can't believe I have a teacher's face wrapped around my cock. This is awesome! My cocks right down her throat!"

Back up for air she told them. "I deserve to be gang raped by your team. You like how my mouth feels? Wait till you fuck my tight pussy. My ass is so ready; try it, all of you. Take it all, fuck the tramp." She whimpered. "My school's young men would love to fuck my pussy like you are doing, they dream of seeing my naked tits." Every word breathed out on coming up for air, nothing understood by anyone not even her.

The one under her spurt his cream in her pussy pushing her up against the cock in her ass. She felt two of them straining at her holes rubbing the walls of her vagina from both sides filling her up, so full, so ready, so hard, she was ready to burst.

Charles watched the action with Brian. "We're lucky to have such a slut, what a consolation prize. I think we should keep her as our fuck mascot. Just thinking of fucking her every day when ever we like makes me hard again." He said.

The cock in her mouth was still there ready to drown her in sperm. "They'd hate it that their rivals got to fuck me, sticking you're little cocks into their teachers slutty pussy." Sara moaned.

This time Charles heard every word. "It's not a pussy slut it's a cunt so tell me where you want their white mess teacher." He laughed.

The cock in her mouth jerked, his legs almost giving way but she held onto it sucking every drop. She could feel the sperm in her ass where a stranger had gushed deep into her. Her pussy was awash with two guys loads.

"Rape me, teach me a lesson, gang fuck all my holes guys. I've been so bad, you guys suck at football. Cum in me, cum on my tits cum anywhere you want. I'm your consolation prize, you captured me, now use me." She said, through trembling lips.

"What do you call your pussy now cum bucket? Is it a cunt or what, tell me teacher." Someone said.

"It's a cunt, it's your cunt. You own it. I'm your cunt. Please rape it more, degrade me." She moaned.

The next three youths crowded around her positioning themselves, unsure if they wanted to enter that messy pussy.

"Please fuck my face, I've been so bad, I deserve to be raped in all my holes by you guys, go ahead and fuck me." She grimaced at them. "Pound my tight hole you little shit. I deserve it. Rape me hard, make me regret ever being a part of that other school."

One of the youths took her mouth while another roughly entered her stretched asshole. The third didn't like the idea of lying under her in his team mate's wet patch even for a chance to rape a teacher's cunt. He pulled his cock out and flogged it over her naked body.

"Yes, yes harder, please, fuck me harder." She moaned. "I'm such a slut teacher, rape my holes, pound them. My holes are yours, all yours to abuse and ruin."

The others watching their friend flogging over her couldn't wait so joined in. Eight of them crowded in masturbating over her with vigour.

The two pounded away fucking her hard while the others were ready to cascade their young sperm over her. Charles and Brian watched her tits gyrate in a crazy pattern set up by the cocks roughly shoving at her body. Their cocks should be in their trousers but they were in her or poised to cum over her.

They were punishing her, thumping her ass as she demanded, in her mouth ready to pour his cum down her throat to fill her belly with thick white sperm.

Her body dripped with sweat leaving it glistening as she's pounded by two of them intent on their own pleasure oblivious to her little world of torment and pleasure.

She heard them telling each other to do it, and felt the two inside ready and the others were going to cum, all at once, all over her.

"Do it guys, all of you cum, in inside me too." She purred like a cat in want of milk.

It was a surprise when it hit her naked body. A footballer spurted up her poor stretched bottom while the other filled her mouth. She was ready for that but not the others who sprayed her body with strings of white sticky fluid. The gobs of sperm hit her bare body, her tits, her back and hair.

A small part of her brain still functioning was humiliated that these mere youths were rejecting her pussy. The rest of her, the fired up sex machine, revelled in being covered in young sperm.

'I'm drenched in their cum. Feel so degraded, I'm going to faint.' She thought. She shook her head to clear it like a wet dog only the sperm stuck in strings though her hair and over her face.

"You want to cum on teacher's tits guys." She said, without a smile.

There was so much cum running from her holes they decide she's such a dirty slut bitch it's not worth fucking her holes. The rest of them crowded round to flog themselves over her prone body. Lying flat on her back they can see her holes and tits. Some aim for her face while others between her legs or breasts.

A competition to see who comes first, or the most or more accurately ensues; their taunting words awful to hear.

Brian laughed telling Charles. "Look at all that cum dripping from her, even her nose; the disgusting whore must be full!"

They tell her to open her mouth aiming for it, and she can't refuse. Lying there looking up at all those cocks aimed at her poor vulnerable body was devastating, yet thrilling. At last she fell from the grip of the orgasm. As though she had hit the floor she was jolted into awareness of where she was and the disgusting sight she must be.

It was disgraceful to have walked in as beautiful desirable woman only to be reduced to a cum bucket filled with sperm, where even her pussy had been rejected as being too messy.

The nasty things she said, the rows of young cocks ready to orgasm hit her hard. The humiliation was devastating. To have said those bad things, to have been driven to such depravity by such insignificant young men, how could she live with her self esteem shredded to pieces?

One of them spurted strings of cum into her mouth and earned a cheer as one by one they dribbled or splashed white ribbons over her body. Over her tits, between her legs, on her belly it rained thickly covering her from head to toe.

She had become their little pathetic cum bucket to spurt into or over, however they wanted. Brian told Charles. "She is such a whore she does this all the time. She is just a dirty cum box constantly ready for it. You just need to pull at her breasts and touch her pussy to make her hot and ready for anything. It doesn't matter who as long as she gets a cock."

Sara heard every word with her senses becoming alive to every sound, every touch of sperm upon her body. She was covered in it, her eyes stuck closed with so much coating her face.

"I'm keeping it as my pet whore so let me know when you want it and I'll bring the whore over to fuck when ever you like. The whole football team could have her after a match." He boasted. At last he had graduated from being called 'Shit Face' to Brian the whore master.

"I must admit Brian I'm impressed with your whore. It's such a filthy slutty woman and a teacher too. It's just awesome!" Charles replied. "Let's go over to the club house and meet the rest of the guys. They will be so mad to have missed this I want to see their faces."

"You go ahead. I'll clean it up and maybe we can bring them back for another session. These guys will be ready for seconds then." Brian laughed.

Sara curled into a ball trampled into accepting she had graduated from being the popular cheerleader to just existing as 'it', the thing to be fucked and abused.

Brian's voice echoed around the empty locker room. "Let's get it cleaned up and ready. You can watch her when I go over to the club house." He told Andy.

Brian dragged her over the tiles in to a shower cubicle rinsing the filth off with cold water, spreading her legs for the jet to splash the no longer private place. They felt as though her lips had melted under the heat of friction from too many cocks. The cold water did nothing to revive her as she felt so numb inside and out.

"I'm not staying here Brian, not with her like that." Andy complained.

Brian looked at him with disdain but understood. He made the lad help him string her up where she hung limp hardly able to stand.

"What have you done Brian?" A shouted voice exploded around the room.

Sara looked up then closed her eyes in shame on seeing Harry. She was strung up naked with cum seeping from her pussy and ass. He was the last person in the world she wanted to see while like this. She wanted to yell at him to run from this monster, that he was too fragile to save her.

At the same time she needed someone to save her before the whole football team returned to use her. Her dependence on this little nerdy youth was humiliating.

"You can't have any Harry it belongs to me. Get lost. Comeback when you have some muscle you little nerdy creep." Brian sneered at him. He flashed a look at Andy, nodding at Harry.

Andy didn't move. He was still shaken from what his friend had done and Harry looked so mad, for once he resisted Brian's demand.

"You get out of here and leave her with me." He strode across the wet tiles not seeing anything but a red haze around Brian. Brian took a half step back retreating from the snarling bared teeth of the wolf child.

Harry hit him with all his might happening to hit the solar plexus. Harry wasn't used to fighting and quickly lost the fury driving him on seeing Brian crumple to the ground. Brian was used to directing others to do his dirty work so he too was unused to fighting and unprepared to receive such a fierce blow.

He shook his head, gripped his stomach and threw up.

"You leave her alone or I'll tell your father all about your nasty games. Sara won't be mentioned so I'll make some things up too. Are you listening to me?" Harry said, shoving at the pathetic bully with a shoe. "I'll put things on the internet you can't disprove. The teachers only need an excuse to expel you, so what will your father say about that?" He raged at the crumpled heap at his feet very aware of what he was saying.

Still fuming he snapped at Andy to help cut Sara down. Andy scurried off helping the bemused bully away still clutching his stomach, sick running down his shirt.

Sara said nothing while Harry pulled what remained of her dress over her body. It wouldn't stand close examination but would do in the dark of the car park. With an aching body she drove home not seeing anything but the road ahead.

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Sara leaned upon Harry as they shuffled into the house and upstairs to the bathroom. He ran a hot bath while she squatted on the floor. He checked its temperature with an elbow as he had seen his mom do then lowered her into the bath. "I'll get you a robe to wear." He told her with a gentle whisper.

"No! Don't leave me. You're my hero Harry." Her eyes wide, her face a mask, her voice trembling. He sprinkled smelly things into the bath not knowing what they were but she didn't object. She sat there with a distant look upon her face.

When she didn't move to wash he lathered his hands then her body. She needed attention everywhere but already knew her body intimately so without a fuss smoothed the soap over her compliant body. His hands were a comforting contrast to those hungry footballers touch.

He tucked her into bed and sat by her until she fell asleep. Eyes twitched and limbs moved in spasms. He wondered at the nightmares she endured unsure if he should waken her. She had revealed a fantasy, being raped by pirates, but the reality might have been too much for her.

He phoned his parents telling mom she was ill and was asleep, 'yes' it was alright he could stay.

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Sara jumped up out of bed before she had quite woken and stood there startled. She didn't remember the nightmare but a worse memory slapped her face, the events of yesterday seeped into her brain bringing with it an urgent alertness. She stood there naked when Harry walked in. "What are you doing here?" She exclaimed, and then remembered him bathing and caring for her.

Crouching with arms wrapped around her body covering its nakedness she suddenly felt so very weary.

"Coffee? I made it how you like it." He said. Ignoring her state of undress he placed it on a bedside cabinet then straightened the bed clothes.

"I'm sorry Harry."

"What for?"

"Everything, just everything." She sighed deeply as though about to deflate. Instead she straightened up with her hands to her sides. "You're my hero, Harry. You'll protect me won't you?" She asked.

"Yes! He. It's all sorted Sara my wonderful damsel. You are safe now." He said with a soft smile upon his lips though his face revealed the concern he felt.

"You saved me Harry, so I'm all yours now, all this is yours." She said with a sweep over her naked body with both hands. A tear slipped from one eye down her cheek. "I don't suppose you want it now."

He took her in his arms and held her firmly. "You are strong Sara. A beautiful, wonderful desirable woman and I want you." He whispered in her ear.

"Then I am all yours. My mind and body are yours. Everything Harry all yours to do with, what ever you want. I need your protection."

He heard her say this before but realised she meant it this time. He led her to the bed and laid her down tucking the sheets around her while she sipped the hot coffee. Despite the caffeine she soon fell into a deep sleep not moving, a gentle relaxed face looking at peace.

He sat on the edge of the bed making sure there was a breath between those gorgeous pouting lips.

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It was end of term so no college but it was still a wonder his parents hadn't disturbed their peace. No one had come calling not even a salesman disturbed the quiet. The third morning arrived and with some relief Harry noticed she was more her old self. The vitality beamed from her eyes and her lips were pursed in that natural seductive way he adored.

Holding the cup of coffee ready for the first sip she recited what she had each morning. "How is my hero this morning? Good. Thank you for looking after me. I am your damsel my hero and now belong to you since you saved me." She said quietly.

Looking down at the bed cover she cleared her throat to add something new to the little speech. He waited patiently with a smile upon his face.

"I am ready to give you your reward. I have kept my hero waiting too long. I'm sorry." She faltered but continued. "My body, my mind, my very soul is yours to do with as you wish my hero." She smiled a little self conscious grin.

"Anything?" He asked.

After a slight hesitation she agreed. "Then get out of bed, take a shower and cook breakfast. I'm tired of my cooking." He told her.

"Me too!" She giggled impishly. Sara looked down into the coffee mug and changed her tone of voice though there was still the echo of daring there. "I'm sorry sir. Do you want to punish me for being so rude, master?" She almost laughed but kept it back.

He slapped her ass through the thin sheet and told her sternly. "Later, wench. Hurry up and get into the kitchen where you belong!"

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They ate a hearty breakfast all the time teasing each other. She pretended to be his serving girl and him her master. She bent over sure to show off a deep cleavage in the little cotton gown.

Sara pranced around attempting to undo the damage of his keeping house while she was in bed though he distracted her at every opportunity.

"I'm ready for my punishment master." She announced. Looking demurely down at her bare feet she stood waiting for him to start the promised game. Nothing had been said but they had enjoyed playing hero and damsel. After his dramatic rescue she felt the role with a pounding heart to be so true.

In the lounge he sat before her keeping her waiting. This young man was her hero and she depended on him to keep her secrets and more than that, to keep Brian away from her. He deserved his reward and she meant to give it to him.

"You have been disrespectful to your master so over my knee you naughty girl for your punishment." He said.

It felt ridiculous to be put over this young mans knee yet a thrill of illicit pleasure surged through her body. He pulled the gown from around her pert bottom and all the times it had recently been bared to gross young men flashed through her mind. She was a naughty little girl and deserved a spanking from her master.

It didn't matter that the slaps were gentle for the shame of being spanked by a young man worked upon her as had the build up to this moment. She slipped from his knee to the floor feeling justifiably punished but not fully cleansed of her sins.

She dare not look up at him not wanting to break the spell that gripped them both.

"Crawl over here. Kneel right there between my legs." He demanded.

"If that's how you want me my hero then I shall obey. I am yours to command, my body at your disposal, sir." She no longer said it with a smile rather an intensity of feeling gripped her.

"Open your gown." He said.

She pulled open the top of her gown as he ordered. She couldn't keep quiet she just had to push the game along needing something, unsure as to what. "Do you like my breasts, my hero?" She asked with a courtly demeanour.

"Your breasts are wonderful, magnificent, firm and so kissable." He smiled with a catch in his voice as though chewing on a hard nipple. "Stand up my little damsel. I want to see you in all your glory. That dishevelled red hair shining around your beautiful face like a glow of fire sparked from the twinkle in your eyes."

Her eyes did twinkle from excitement. All day she had avoided thinking about what happened a few days ago by playing a naughty little game with this young man. Now she was delightfully immersed in the unwrapping of herself as a present to her hero.

She shed the gown feeling it slither down sensitive flesh. Standing there with head lowered in deference to a hero she awaited his approval. Unable to see his expression she had to ask. "Do you like my little pussy kind sir?" She whispered huskily trying to be modest only the word was lascivious and wanton yet it felt right.

"I want your lithe body Sara." He said, hardly able to speak.

"Sara's tight little hole is all yours sir. Please fill my pussy. Give it to me, I'm so wet for my hero, I'm so hot for you Harry, I need your cock in my pussy. I need to feel it filling me to be complete. Make me happy, please." She said, while still looking down through long hair at her feet squirming in the carpet.

"Just give me your cock Harry; wherever you want it for my body is yours." She moaned.

She crawled on hands and knees to him looking up into his face with an earnest plea. No sign of shame was there just a look of lust. "Please fuck my wet cunt. You're little slave, Sara, wants it in her pussy."

"I might take your ass Sara." He said.

"I hope you do. My ass is so tight it needs your big cock in it. My hero can fuck any hole he likes. You know what a little slut I am so fuck my ass deep, cum inside of my ass, cum inside your little slut Sara. Wash me in cum Harry, cum all over my tits." She said with her voice rising in urgency.

"You've seen my naked tits, imagine your pure white cum all over them. You own my pussy, fill it with you're seed. Make me scream from your punishing pounding. Please, oh please, pretty please Harry, pound your pathetic slut. I'm such a teasing slut I need you to punish me in all my tight holes." She wailed.

He pushed her onto all fours and mounted her. There was no need to be gentle she was a bitch on heat and sucked it into her soaking wet cunt pulling with strong inner muscles absorbing it into her body.

"Oh! Yeeaasssss! Pound my cunt. Rid my body and mind of those little bastards. Those nasty bastards fucked your lovely Sara, Harry. They didn't make me theirs only you can do that. My hero saved me and I give my body to him. You Harry! You won this pussy Harry, make it yours. Make me yours my hero."

"Fuck your Sara's pussy pound it as punishment for all those disgusting things I said to them." She sobbed. The words poured from her open gasping mouth sometimes unintelligible always desperate. "Fill all my holes, wash me clean with your wonderful cleansing sperm my hero. I'm yours to pound into submission with your powerful cock." She meant every word but he heard little of it knowing instinctively what she needed.

"Cum Harry, shoot it right up inside me, I want my hero's hot cum, I need it all."

The words turned to a wail sounding like pain but plainly pure pleasure. She turned to him and crawled to his cock. Licking the seed from its tip then sucking it from his balls through his cock no longer hard but still firm. She worked his balls with a hand wanting it all, needing to prove she was his and no one else, for she had to be his, not Brian's or his bad friends.

So ardent was her sucking and licking her hero arose again. He guided her with little effort back onto all fours like the bitch she was and entered her body. She whimpered under him almost hysterical with lust.

He thrust his cock into her asshole and pushed hard up her ass. "My holes are all yours. Fuck my ass! Fuck it hard. My teasing wiggling ass is yours, pound it Harry. With all your strength punish it stretch it, break it in with your powerful cock. Make it yours my hero." She whimpered.

It took a long time but he fulfilled her need. She felt it all, every drop, oozing up her backside a place she had only recently learnt to offer up as a sex hole. She no longer thought it terrible that it had taken a rape by young men to initiate her into this sordid act. She simply wanted to please her hero.

Her third orgasm had been as strong as the first. "You are my hero and have made me yours Harry. I belong to you now." She sobbed.

"Do you mean it this time?"

"Yes my hero my body is your reward for saving me. I promise to be a good little slut and do as I'm told. I promise to do anything you want even things on the list, just anything."

"Will you be my pet like you promised to Brian?" He asked.

"Yes, I'll wear a leash and sit up and beg to prove it my hero." She gushed, and did just that. He patted her head and told her to fetch a drink, laughing at her antics.

They played together for the rest of the week in a state of bliss untroubled by the outside world. Harry worked through the list of obscene games for his pet to play which she dutiful complied with. Each of the games was a torment of humiliation yet lustfully pleasurable for her hero made her orgasm again and again.

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When her father summoned she realised his birthday had been forgotten and rushed out to buy a present.

She arrived at the party on time knowing he expected her early but she didn't want to listen to a lecture about moving back home. He thought she was a failure at giving up on a marriage that had gone wrong from the start. What was worse he was trying to set her up with someone.

He presented her to an eligible bachelor. It was embarrassing but she got through chatting amiably with the handsome man. He was around her age, slightly older she guessed but lacked something. He was attentive but that threw her off even more. He asked her out on a date but she politely skirted round it.

An awful thought struck her and her face began to blush. She couldn't concentrate on what he was saying. "It's the shellfish I'm allergic, I must have swallowed something." She lied, explaining away the reaction.

The thought of swallowing her hero's sperm almost made her choke. She looked around the room at all the men in their dinner jackets looking so pompous and dull, full of their own importance. Her father had invited his cronies as usual. As usual they had flirted with her and knew they were at this moment eyeing her body lustfully after a few drinks.

She struck a devastating figure in the little black Chanel dress. Her pert breasts, long legs and tight little arse hugged by the thin silk. It wasn't just her imagination they desired the beautiful young woman.

Her heart raced to think she had to refuse a date with this handsome rich man because a little twerp owned her like a favourite toy. It was humiliating to have been reduced to his sex toy and knew that was a part of her weakness. The humiliation was turning to lust. The cherry red spread down over her breasts as she flushed hot.

Looking around the room she almost gasped knowing the facade of being untouchable, out of reach, was crumbling. She was lusting after cock, any cock, and any of these men could take her. The desirable unattainable siren was a slut and she imagined they could see the transformation.

"I had better go and take some medication." She sighed, a mournful sound full of lust.

"I'll come with you help you get it." He said.

She thought he said. 'I'll cum with you, help you get it.' She thought he meant, 'get you some cock'. She almost whimpered, 'yes, give me cock'. But murmured something innocuous and scampered away.

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Sara didn't remember the drive home or the scramble through a purse for a key, only the door opening to be once more rescued by her hero. She cried from a release of fear when he pulled her into the house. Afraid she would lose control, afraid her hero might not be there. Feeling safe in his arms she told him she was his and meant every word.

They had one more week together before his parents arrived back home and he would have to leave. She determined to make the most of it and please him for the pure pleasure of submitting to her hero. It would be for her gratification too.

She hitched up the expensive little dress and knelt before him to declare her position. "Your slut Sara has returned, I couldn't bear to be away from my wonderful hero any longer." She said, looking up at him with a bright smile upon her face.

"Shall we play a game from your list?" She asked, with a gleam in her eye. Knowing it would be humiliating and exciting she became hot and full of lust eager to submit to her young master knowing it would lead to such a deep orgasm she would become lost in ecstasy.