# Cheerleader's Torment

Chapter One

Kate was very happy to have made the cheerleading squad. Mostly it was for her mother, who had also been a cheerleader, and had really had her mind set on Kate being one as well. It was, she had told Kate, a tremendous affirmation of her social standing, and meant that she had been accepted at her new school.

Kate herself wasn’t so sure of all of that, but her mother didn’t mind. She told Kate that she’d understand later. In fact Kate had secretly almost hoped not to make it. She thought of dancing in front of a crowd like that made her nervous.

Kate’s family was new to the east coast, having just moved from a small town in Idaho where Kate had grown up. Her parents were both from Philadelphia and had moved to Idaho when she was a baby. Her mother had hated Idaho, and was thrilled to get out. It was far too rural and boring, and she considered herself a city person. Soon after arriving, her mother’s naturally light brown hair had become blonde. She liked the way it matched her blue eyes and fair skin. Her body was lean and athletic, and she liked to dress much younger than she was, and she carried it off.

Idaho had suited Kate’s father however, and it took a promotion to get him to leave. Though they’d known it was going to happen sometime, he was none too eager. He had grown up in the rat race and had liked the peace.

He was in many ways the opposite of his aggressive and often boisterous wife. His Mediterranean heritage provided him with dark eyes, thick dark hair and an olive complexion, though unlike the stereotype, he was not hot tempered. He was a very easy going person, and was loathe to fight with his wife, preferring to let her have her way most of the time.

Kate took after him much more than she did her mother. She too had thick dark hair and a tanned complexion. She also had her father’s big soft brown eyes and long black lashes.

She had been a plain looking girl growing up, and had never received much attention from boys. They always went after the more flashy types, but this suited her just fine. Animals were her real love, and she hoped to one day become a veterinarian. She much preferred to spend time with animals than with the kids she knew, and having no brothers and sisters, she had grown a rather shy solitary child. Her mother had always worried about this. She had always encouraged her to get out and try out for school plays or sports or anything to get an active social life. Kate, however, had never been interested. She had a few friends, but just wasn’t a social type of person. She was also very shy, and had never really dated. She knew one day she’d meet Mr. Right, and she was in no hurry.

Kate thought about Idaho as she packed a bag. She had been invited on a camping trip with the other girls on the squad. It was a sort of get acquainted trip. They also mentioned some kind of test that Kate would have to perform, though they didn’t make much of it. It was just something they all had had to do they said, an initiation of sorts.

Her mother had said that it was perfectly normal, and that she’d had to do the same thing. She’d laughed to herself when Kate mentioned it, seemingly remembering wild times. It made Kate uncomfortable.

The most important thing, Kate’s mother had told her, was to be a good sport. If you didn’t go along, you got dropped from the “A” crowd, and once dropped there was no getting back.

Caroline, who was the leader of the girls had told her to bring lots of jeans, T-shirts, and warm things just in case. She also told Kate to bring along the swim suit which she had helped Kate pick out.

It was very skimpy, and Kate had been embarrassed when Caroline had pulled it off of the rack. It was a black two piece with bottoms that cut high up around the rear, which in Kate’s case would leave her full, round cheeks hardly covered

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Until a few years ago, Kate had been what they call “skinny.” Though her frame was not inordinately frail, she had just always been a thin girl. In her early teens, however, she had blossomed substantially, growing not only flaring hips and a lush bottom, but very large breasts as well. They had started to call her “Wonder Woman,” back at school in Idaho, much to her embarressment. Not only did her breast grow very big and round, but they stood out from her chest, and looked even bigger on her slim frame. Though they seemed to be the envy of many women, they made her feel cheap, and the effect they had upon men of all ages made her extremely uncomfortable. They often just stared openly. Even at her young age she was already considering reduction surgery. Both her parents and doctor had advised her to wait a few years.

Though there was nothing “bimbo-ish” about Kate, she was not comfortable with her new found attention. Her luscious thick, long dark hair and dark eyes gave her a more sophisticated look and she had really grown quite beautiful. With her slightly almond shaped eyes, high cheekbones, and full sensuous mouth, was often even compared to Sophia Loren. She, however, wanted to be taken seriously.

It was the top of the bikini, therefore, that was the real problem. It was skimpy too, basically just a string that went horizontally around the lower half of her chest with two strips about three inches wide that rose vertically from it up across her nipples. Ample amount of Kate breasts would bulge out of either side of both of the straps going up over them, and this bothered Kate even more than the bottoms.

Though Kate had initially balked at the bikini, she relented when Caroline insisted that she bring it- as well as a figure hugging black dress with spaghetti thin shoulder straps that Caroline lent her-“just in case” she decided later that she wanted something more sexy. Kate had not wanted to argue, and though she was quite sure that she would never wear anything like that, she agreed to bring them all along. She also made quite sure to bring a pair of cut-offs and T-shirt and sports bra in case they did go swimming.

This was Kate’s first trip without any real adults, the first time she had been away with friends without any supervision. Of course her parents did not know the whole story. They thought that five girls were going to stay at the cabin Deirdre’s parents owned up in Maine, a place that they had inherited but rarely used more then one weekend a month.

As the time approached Kate became increasingly nervous, hoping that the other girls didn’t forget her and thinking about the test Caroline had mentioned to her. The cheerleading squad was a special group, Caroline had said, and all of them had had to pass the test. If Kate wanted to be part of the group she would have to pass it as well. She hoped that they wouldn’t tie her to tree all night or anything like that. She decided that she could do anything the others did and besides she’d been tested by Caroline before. During her tryout, she had made Kate put her knickers on outside of her jeans and walk over to watch football practice for awhile, then to McDonald’s for a snack. It was embarrassing but worth it because in the end everyone thought she was a good sport.

The actual tryout had been worse. Having to memorize dance steps and perform them in front of a group of people sitting on a panel was worse than a whole crowd. She remembered the way that Mr. Hurley had looked at her, and it made her shudder. He owned some kind of big business and was a benefactor for the school, so he along with some others were involved in some decisions and were at the panel. He’d stared at her long legs and then watched her breasts move as she went through her routine. She’d almost wanted to leave, but had promised her mother.

She jumped when she heard the blast of a car horn and rushed out to the street pulling the backpack she had borrowed from her brother behind her. The other girls were in the car with Caroline, who jumped out and opened the truck for Kate’s bag.

“Got everything?” she asked. Kate knew what she meant.

“Yes,” she’d replied.

Caroline made her open her bag and show her that she had the

dress, the bikini, and her new cheerleading outfit. She even insisted that Kate go back inside and get her make-up, such as it was, mascara and an eyebrow pencil. It was okay, Caroline had said. She had plenty of make-up, and she’d put a lot of stuff into a case and would put it in Kate’s bag. She also grabbed Kate’s big white fluffy towel and bathrobe as well.

The other girls were all very nice, and as they set off, they chatted away. Dierdre even joked about how the star quarterback had noticed Kate, and had begun asking about her. They had all laughed because he was sort of Caroline’s guy, and they teased her about Kate as competition. Kate assured them that she had no interest in football players.

Caroline drove to the Howard Johnson’s where she pulled into the parking lot. She drove around, obviously looking for someone and then pulled up behind another car and gave him a blast with the horn.

A guy got out, and Kate recognized a guy named Mike. Mike worked with the school supplying computers or something. Kate didn’t really know him. He was older, late twenties, but she’d seen him around. She’s heard that he had a lot of access to all kinds of computer stuff, games, hardware, etc, and so a lot of people vied for his attention. There were others in his car as well, but Kate couldn’t see who they were.

He walked up to the car and said hello to everyone. All of the girls seemed to know him well. He looked at Kate and smiled. He introduced himself and put his hand in the car towards her to shake. She took it and said hello. They made small talk for a minute, and then he went back to his car and they all started off.

They headed for the highway and 93 North. It only took an hour to clear Massachusetts and enter New Hampshire, the time passed quickly as the girls told her about the lake, the caribou they had seen, the privacy, and the beer Mike was going to get. They explained to her that this weekend she was a guest, but if she passed the test and became part of the group she would have to chip in for the beer and food like the others. Kate told the m that only seemed fair and she would never complain about chipping in, hoping that they would tell her more about the test....but nobody mentioned it again. In no time they crossed the Maine border and continued on the long ride to Baxter State Park. About an hour into Maine Mike stopped at a roadside McDonald’s, they went through the drive-thru line to save time as everyone wanted to get there as soon as possible. The only delay was when Caroline ran up to Mikes window while they were in line, checking directions Kate thought.

Shortly after they left McDonald’s dusk started to settle in, Kate watched the sun drop behind the mountains in the West and began to notice how much more isolated it was up here. The towns grew further and further apart and the traffic on the road became lighter and lighter. As they passed through one small town, Mike pulled them into a motel parking lot, and they decided to stop here for the night.

As the guys got out of the car, Kate realized that she only really knew one of them, and he gave her the creeps. His name was Jack, and she had him in one of her classes. He was overweight and pimply, and was one of those guys who stared.

Mike and Caroline each got a room, and the girls and guys all piled in accordingly laying sleeping bags on the floor. Kate tried to find out more about the test, but none of the girls would say much.

The next morning they set off again, but after about twenty minutes Kate noticed that Mike’s right hand blinker was on. She hoped nothing was wrong with his car, as they were over halfway there according to Caroline. She sat up and peered ahead trying to determine why he was pulling over into the rest area. Caroline pulled in behind Mike as he jumped from his car. They all trotted to the men’s room.

The five girls climbed out of the car to stretch their legs. None of them had to go, and soon the guys were back out.

“Okay, let’s load up.” Caroline nodded and started back to the drivers door. She turned to Kate and casually said, “Kate, you ride with the boys for the rest of the way.”

Surprised. Kate stopped in her tracks, looked about nervously. She was about to ask why when Caroline came around and pulled her to one side.

“Its time for you to begin the test now Kate,” Caroline said suddenly seriously. “From here on out, you have to do exactly as you’re told.”

Kate looked into the older girl’s eyes for a sign of what this might mean, what she might have to do, but couldn’t find one.

“What will I have to do?” Kate asked, feeling a rush of adrenaline in her stomach.

“Nothing that we ALL haven’t had to do.” Caroline replied. “It’s not so bad.” She looked Kate in the eye.

Kate looked over to the car where the guys were standing waiting, and started to feel a little scared. How bad could it be? Caroline noticed her apprehension.

“If you don’t want to go,” Caroline continued curtly, “let us know now and we’ll drop you in Bangor and put you on a bus.”

Her head spinning Kate thought for a second and realized that if she went back there would be all kinds of questions from her parents that she didn’t want to answer. Plus she knew that going home now, would be end of her hanging around with these kids, her friends, and besides they had all passed, they were just trying to scare her.

She turned to Caroline and said “What would make you think that I would even consider going back.”

“Good girl. We’ll see you at the campsite.”

Caroline opened the trunk and pulled out Kate’s bag and walked it

over to Mike, who took it and put it in the truck of his car. Caroline winked at her as she walked back to the other girls.

Kate walked around the passenger side and climbed in the door that a guy she vaguely knew as Tom was holding open for her. As if she wasn’t nervous enough, the smile on his face made her feel even worse. Sliding towards the middle, she saw the creepy Jack Wilcox. . She also noticed another guy from school whose name she didn’t know in the front seat. She avoided any contact with Jack who was sitting just behind drivers seat and she made her body even smaller when Tom climbed in next to her.

“OK everybody we’re ready to go” said Mike as he closed the door.

He turned the key and started the car. Kate listened to the idle.

Mike turned to the back seat

“Kate before we go....please take of your shoes.”

“What?” she replied, not sure she’d heard right.

“Kate, until you pass the test, you don’t get to ask questions.

Your shoes, or, the bus!”

Kate felt her face flush with embarrassment, and started to look around at the other guys before realizing that that only made it worse. She slowly leaned forward and began to untie her left sneaker.

“No,” Mike stopped her. “Put your foot up on the edge of the seat.”

Kate was momentarily stunned. She pulled her foot up on the edge of the seat. She looked up and noticed that she had the rapt attention of all four guys. It really gave her the creeps.

“Gently loosen the knot.”

Slowly, she undid her shoe and then eased it off of her foot.

Mike held out his hand for it. She started to feel a bit dizzy as she undid the other shoe.

“Socks too, Kate”

Kate hesitated and then stripped off her right sock, then her left, and passed them to Mike. She instinctively stuck her feet under the seat in front of her. Four sets of eyes stared at her, and then broke into nervous smiles.

“OK. Everyone. We’re off.”

Embarrassed, but relieved Kate leaned back in the seat. Not wanting to have even the most incidental contact with the boys sitting on either side of her, she did everything she could to make herself smaller. As Mike pulled back on the highway and headed North, she hunched her shoulders forward to make her breasts look as small as possible.

The boys continued to talk about the trip, the need to get firewood as soon as they got there, the beer, how much the beer cost, and most importantly would they have enough. They never acknowledged her again. It was as if she didn’t even exist. She leaned back and closed her eyes trying to make the trip go faster.

It was strange she thought, if anyone of these kids stopped by her house when she was barefoot it wouldn’t have bothered her a bit. So why was she so embarrassed about Mike taking her shoes? Perhaps it was because that they took them? That she had no choice! That had to be it.

She nestled into the seat and tried to doze off, while at the same time not moving any nearer to the boys.

At first she thought that it was nerves, but quickly realized that she had to go to the bathroom. How was she going to handle this? Would they just ignore her and let her go in her pants? No. Mike would never let someone do that in his nice car. She would just hold on. They would have to go again as well and she could tough it out.

Sure enough, not long afterwards, Tom leaned forward and said, “Mike, how about a piss stop?”

“OK. It’s all that coffee. I’m due myself.”

Putting on his blinker Mike waited until the directional on Caroline’s car came on as well then he pulled over to the side of the road. This wasn’t a rest area. It was the middle of the forest. As Kate wrestled with how she should handle this the boys jumped out and barely walked a few feet and started to piss. Looking over her shoulder she saw Caroline and the other girls heading for the woods.

She climbed out of the car as the boys were finishing and had their backs to her. She opened the front door and reached for her sneakers when she heard Mike shout “What are you doing?”

“Getting my sneakers”

“No sneakers. You didn’t ask for them, so you’ll have to do without.” He looked at his watch. “You’ve got thirty seconds.”

“I can’t go in thirty seconds”

“Maybe you could have if you went in the front of the car with us “ he said smiling.

Not even considering the alternative Kate headed for the woods. Carefully watching where she put her feet she picked her way through the bushes until she had some privacy.

Quickly pulling down her jeans and knickers she relieved herself. Jumping when she realized that she couldn’t keep her balance and her feet dry at the same time. Finished she realized that she had nothing to wipe herself with and closing her eyes grabbed a fistful of leaves ....and prayed it wasn’t poison ivy. Quickly and carefully she pulled her clothing back on and worked her way back to the car.

When she came out of the woods Mike was waiting there staring at his watch. “Five minutes, Kate. That’s not good enough.

She looked around and suddenly noticed that Caroline’s car was gone. She looked aga, who had a smug smile. She looked at the other guys. They suddenly all seemed very nervous and were looking at the ground.

“They’ve already gone ahead,” said Mike. “They know where to meet us.”

For the first time, Kate began to feel really scared. Now she was alone with four guys.

“We’ll deal with your lateness later,” he said. “Let’s get going.”

As she approached the car door, Tom again held it open for her. Again he smiled at her in a way the made her tingle with apprehension as she slid into the seat.

Again Mike started the car, and again he waited a moment. Suddenly, Kate began to fear he was going to ask for another piece of her clothing. Instead, he motioned to the guy in the front seat.

“Where’s the thing from the motel?” he asked. The guy in the front seat opened the glove compartment and handed something to Mike, who turned around in his seat to face her. “Put this on,” he said, handing her something. Kate looked down to see one of those big blindfolds that people who sleep during the day use in hotels. She just stared at it. For a moment, there was no sound except the idle of the car.

Cheerleader’s Torment

Chapter Two

Kate realized that she could not look into the faces of the guys. She bit her lower lip, closed her eyes, and trying as hard as possible to keep her shoulders hunched and her elbows and arms in tight around her body, she slowly leaned forward, allowing her long dark hair to fall over her chest and slid the blindfold over the top of her head. She moved it into place.

There was a thick moment of silence.

She suddenly flinched as she felt another hand help adjust it.

She started to reach up to pull it away, but caught herself.

“Relax, Kate,” she heard Mike say, “just relax.”

The tension in the car was suddenly tormenting. She heard

rustling in the front seat, like a backpack being opened.

She swallowed hard, and closed her eyes tightly behind the blindfold. She felt a hand gently pull her hair hanging in front of her back over and behind her shoulders exposing her chest area. She resisted the urge to grab it.

She felt as though the guys were all staring at her large breasts, and it made the full twin mounds feel even bigger than they already were, like they were sticking out all the way into the front seat. She wrapped her arms around them. This was her worst nightmare, and she actually began to contemplate leaving and going home.

She heard someone clear their throat.

“Now remember,” Mike said, “you have to follow instructions. And you’re not going to have to do anything all of the others haven’t done.”

Silence. Not a sound save the idling of the car.

“Understand, Kate?”

God, could she go through with this? She remembered her mother.

Slowly, she nodded her head. He was right, they’d all done it.

She had to go through with it.

“Okay, first you need to relax” Mike continued.

She nodded gently. She heard more movement.

“Now, put your hands, with the palms down onto the seat on either side of you.”

Slowly she unfolded her arms and laid her hands on the seat.

“Put the palms down against the seat.”

She bit her lip again, and turned her hands over, flat against the seat.

“Now, very slowly, Kate,” Mike continued, “take a nice deep breath. That will help you relax.”

GOD.

Slowly she began to breath in.

“No a DEEP breath, Kate, come on now...all the way...sit up straight...fill your lungs.”

She could feel her face grow hot as her chest expanded, forcing her breasts to stand straight out. She prayed no one would touch her.

“Now hold it for a second”

She sat still. The sound of the idling car was interrupted by a gasp from one of the guys.

“That’s right, Kate...now slowly let it out”

She did, fighting the reflex to cross her arms in front of her.

“That’s good. Now again.”

Again, she filled her lungs, making her boobs stick out.

“Now hold it.”

She turned her head to one side, trying to lessen the embarrassment.

“Okay. Now let it out.”

She did.

“Feel better, Kate?” Mike asked.

She nodded gently. She took a normal breath.

She waited to feel the car start moving.

It didn’t.

“Before we get moving,” Mike said, “I want to ask you a question.”

Oh, God. She thought.

“And you HAVE to tell the truth, always.”

She nodded again

“Tell us, Kate,” he said. “are you wearing a bra?”

She felt like she had been jabbed. She could suddenly hear her heart pounding in her chest. She could feel her breath get tight.

“Kate?”

She struggled to answer.

“I asked, Are you wearing a bra?”

“Ahh...yeah..” She whispered.

Of course she was wearing a bra. Even under her T-shirt, they

could all see that.

“Good,” Mike said. “Bras are nice.”

He paused.

“Is it a nice one?”

Her throat became so tight she could barely breath.

She couldn’t respond.

“What color is it?”

“W..wwhite.” she finally said.

“White? Mmmmmm” he paused.

“Is a lacy one?”

She was unable to say a word. This was agony.

“Describe it for us, Kate.”

“W..w...what?”

“Describe your bra to us.”

She tried to catch her breath. She suddenly remembered the three ther guys, and especially Jack who’d been staring at her all semester.

“Its..its...white...” she said finally.

“Is it lacy?”

“Ah...No...well...not really...”

“Not really? What do you mean? You mean part of it is?”

Kate tried to swallow. She had never been so embarrassed in all her life. Sitting in the back of the car, she felt as though she was under a spotlight..

“Y...y...yes...part of it,.” she finally said. “Around the top..”

“The top of the cups?”

“Y..yeah.”

“I see.”

They all listened to the car idle, and Kate prayed the car would

start moving.

“And what about the knickers?”

“Wha...”

“The knickers. You ARE wearing knickers...”

“Yes.”

“Do they match the bra? Are they a set?”

“S...s..sort of...”

She was dying.

“Sort of?”

“Well...They...they’re white too...”

“I see. That’s nice.”

A pause.

“Well, I guess we’d better get going,” Mike said finally.

A wave of relief swept over Kate. She took a deep breath.

“We’re going to leave the blindfold on for the journey, Okay,

Kate? It part of the tradition.”

She nodded. Anything to get moving.

Bur the car didn’t move. Again, she heard some rustling in the front seat.

“You know, before we go,” Mike said suddenly, sounding only inches from her.

“I guess we really ought to just check to make sure your telling us the truth.” Kate’s heart sank. She instinctively drew her arms around herself.

“Relax, Kate,” Mike said.”It’s nothing major. You won’t even have to take anything off.”

She couldn’t relax. She could feel her face burning under the blindfold.

She could here the breathing of everyone in the car.

“Now, tell you what,” he continued, “just reach up and undo the top of your jeans.”

This was a nightmare. Her hands felt glued to the seat.

“Come on, Kate.”

Slowly, she moved her hands along her thighs reached up to the button of her jeans. Her fingers felt dead. She sucked in her breath and worked her thumbs underneath the waistline. She rotated the metal button through the slot in the material.

“Good,” Mike said.

“Now pull down the zipper”

Kate took another deep breath and lifting her bottom off of the seat, worked the zipper down. The jeans opened in a V pattern, exposing the top of her knickers.

Kate could hear the others nervously adjusting their seats.

“Now, just pull the top of your knickers up a bit so we can all see them.”

She grasped the material in the front and pulled it up, pulling it taught in her crotch.

“Can everyone see?” Mike asked.

There was a general affirmative grunting, and their proximity started to make her feel sick.

“That’s great,” said Mike, suddenly sounding like he was right in front of her.

She released the material, and, lifting her bottom from the seat, started to work the zipper back up.

“Ah, just leave them that way.” Mike instructed. “It’ll be more comfortable.”

She slowly lowered herself back down into the seat. She relaxed her hands, laying them over the exposed area. She pushed her bottom as far back into the seat as possible, and sat with her shoulders slumped forward.

They all knew what was coming next.

“Now, show us your bra, Kate.”

She became dizzy. so lightheaded that she almost fainted.

The tension had built up to the point of exploding the glass from the car windows.

“P...pl...please. I’m not lying.”

“It’s all part of the test.”

Suddenly, she began to cry. It surprised her as much as everyone else. The tears just burst out, and she hung her head down. Her beautiful thick dark hair fell back forward over her chest. She started to reach toward her eyes.

“DON’T touch the blindfold,” instructed Mike.

She stopped at his sudden sharpness. She let her hands slowly drift back to the top of her jeans, laying them flat over her exposed knickers. The tears built up behind the large blindfold and then leaked out from the side s, running down the far side of her cheeks. They let her cry quietly for a moment.

“Now, come on Kate, its not so bad,” said Mike. “Showing us your bra is no worse than being on the beach.”

She didn’t respond. After a moment she stopped crying. She sniffled and brought her right index finger up to her delicate nose and gently rubbed underneath.

“We’re going to run out of gas here,” said Mike, again sounding so close, but in a different spot, more to her right.

Suddenly she heard him turn off the engine.

There was silence.

She realized that he was serious.

She heard him reach over and put the radio on, and the sounds of some Seventies station filled the car.

“All you have to do is just show us the material, just so we know you were telling the truth, that’s all.”

Slowly Kate’s hands drifted up from her covering the exposed area of her knickers to the bottom of her T-shirt. She ran her thumbs against the material.

“Atta girl,” Mike said, though this time he suddenly sounded much further away.

Slowly, she raised the material up over the top of her jeans, exposing her creamy skin. She pulled it up beyond her navel.

“Now come on and sit up straight,”

“Hold on,” Mike said, She stopped.

“Pull your hair back behind you. We need to be able to see.”

Kate fought back tears.. She reached up and with the back of her hand, pulled her hair back off of her chest, pushing it back over her shoulders. She tried to sit up straight.

“Okay, much better.” She took a breath and grasped the front of her T-shirt again. She pulled it up just to the bottom of the bra.

Slowly she pulled it up to expose the bottom half of each full bra-cup. Her hands made two tight fists which met in the middle of the top of her breasts, squeezing them together like balloons, forcing them both to stick out rudely. She held the position. They could easily see the material.

“Come on, Kate. We’ve got to see about the lacy top part as well.”

Choking back a new sob of humiliation at being forced to display herself like this, she pulled her T-shirt up farther, exposing the creamy skin of her cleavage.

“Higher, all the way up.”

She could suddenly hear rasping breathing and the car’s other

occupants shifting in their seats. She pulled the shirt all the way up so that it was bunched up beneath her chin. Fully realizing the obscene display she was making, she turned her head to one side in shame. She let out another sob.

“Well that does have some nice lace work on it,” Mike remarked. His voice sounded odd, like it was partially obstructed. “Can you guys all see that?”

There were some grunts. “See, its not so bad. What’s all the crying about?” asked Mike.

With one swift move, Kate pulled the T-shirt back down. There was a moment of silence. “You know what,” he continued, “I think that since you are so uncomfortable, what we need to do is get you used to being more casual.”

“P..p..please,” she said, frozen in position. Her hands gripped the bottom of the T-shirt, making the knuckles go white.

“Why don’t we take the T-shirt off all together...”

“NOOOOO...”

“...and have you ride for a while in your bra, just to kinda get you used to it?”

She could hear snickering from the other guys.

“No..PLEASE...I don’t need...

“Yes, I think it’s a good idea. It’ll help loosen you up.”

“NO, my God, what about...what about the other cars...”

“See, there you go. People wear much less than that big thing on the beach.” Kate really started to panic now. But how would she get home from here? Where was the nearest phone? You never know who might be on the road. As if reading her mind, Mike said, “It’s all part of the test, Kate. You have to do as your told...”

He paused for a moment. “... or we can let you out here, but your T-shirt is coming up here in the front with your shoes and socks either way.”

She realized she had no choice. He sounded so serious, and she knew that alone, in just her bra and jeans with no shoes, she’d be in big trouble.

“It’s up to you Kate.”

“Pl.....” she started but cut it off. She realized it would do no good. “What’s it going to be?” “I...I...don’t have any choice, do I...” “Oh, I don’t know,” said Mike. “Standing out there is just your bra I don’t think it would take you long to get a ride...”

Laughter filled the car. Kate just sat clutching the bottom of her shirt—her shirt that was about to come off.

“Okay, now we don’t want to mess up the blindfold here, so here’s what we’ll do. Now Kate, you have to show us that your going to do what your told here- that’s the test.”

She made no sound. “So in order to keep everything together, Kate, first you pull your arms out of the sleeves.”

She still didn’t move until she realized he meant now.

“Come on...” Slowly she obeyed reaching up with each hand and pulling her

elbows and then her arms through the sleeves and back underneath the.

She crossed her arms across her chest beneath the shirt.

“Now Kate, put your hands back on the seat on either side of you like you had them before, palms down.”

She straightened out her arms, and her hands appeared from underneath the material. She did as she was told and jammed her thumbs underneath her thighs.

“Okay,” Mike continued, “now lean forward, Kate, and you two guys pull her shirt up to her shoulders and carefully lift it over her head-BE CAREFUL with the blindfold....that’s part of the test?”

Instantly, Kate felt two hands on either side of her start lifting her shirt up, exposing her to all of their eyes. They stretched the neck hole out and lifted it over her head, pulling her hair out along with it.

Instinctively, her arms came up, and she immediately crossed her arms across her full breasts.

“Now, Kate,” said Mike. She could her a smile. “You weren’t supposed to move your hands...”

A sob escaped her lips. She held herself tight. “Maybe,” said Mike forcefully, “maybe we make you ride the rest of the way NAKED.” “NOOOOO..” her head d. She listened for the sound of the ignition. “Just before we head out, Kate, lets try to relax with some more deep breathing” GOD, would it never end. “Ah...Sit up straight now...shoulders back” he said. His voice sounded odd, preoccupied.

“That’s great. Really fill those lungs.” Her face burned as she felt her bra rise and tighten.

“Great. Okay.”

She heard rustling as everyone got settled for the ride.

Finally the ignition, and the car pulled out onto the highway.

Cheerleader’s Torment

Chapter Three

As the car moved along the highway, thoughts swirled around in Kate’s head. She wondered how bad this test could get. How far she could go? Had Caroline and the others done this? The more she thought about it, the more sh e thought they had. These tests were always embarrassing. Sitting in front a bunch of guys in just a bra probably wouldn’t bother the other girls so much. But then the other girls didn’t have breasts like Kate. They didn’ t go through life having their chest stared at, and having guys make rude comments.

Far from feeling more comfortable, as time passed, it became worse. Behind the blindfold she had this horrible image of all four guys just staring at her, staring at her breasts, the whole way.

An hour or so went by, and again the guys talked amongst themselves. When ever it got quiet, Kate got nervous.

“Whoa,” said Mike suddenly. “There’s a gas station. We better get some gas.”

Oh, God, thought Kate. That meant being in a public place. In just her bra.

“Can I please put my shirt back on?” she asked hopefully.

“Naw,” said Mike, “it will help loosen you up.”

She felt the car slow down and pull in over the curb.

It stopped.

“Ken,” Mike said to the guy in the front seat , the one she didn’t know. “Fill ‘er up will ya?”

She heard Mike’s door open, and then Ken’s on the passenger side.

Kate could hear people around her, and for the first time, even though it had gotten wet and soggy from her tears, she was glad to be blindfolded. She would have died if she had been able to see people looking at her.

She heard the sound of the nozzle going into the gas tank.

Suddenly, she jumped as someone knocked on the window to her left. She heard Jack roll it down, and as he did, the noise of the outside filled the car. She stiffened. She could hear people talking in hushed voices.

They were looking at her, talking about her, she just knew it.

She pushed her bottom back into the seat and hunched forward.

She felt sick.

Finally, she heard Mike and Ken get back in the car, and start it up. She gave silent thanks as she felt the car move again. They pulled back out into the road.

For a moment, no one said a word.

“Well, Kate,” said Mike finally. His voice was now on the passenger side. Ken, she realized must be driving.

“You were quite a hit at the ol’ gas station.” He chuckled.

A couple of the other guys chuckled as well.

“Now,” he continued, “we’ve been kinda easy on you, cause your kinda shy. But one of the things about the test is that sometimes the girl has to make little sacrifices for the good of the group.”

She felt her heart pound.

“Make a right up here,” Mike told Ken.”There, there on the left...there they are... pull in here.”

She felt the car pull in and slowly come to a stop. Her body stiffened.

“Now.” Ken continued, “here’s the deal, no big thing.”

She heard things being moved around again.

“Now these couple of guy, they’re some kind of traveling sales guys, saw you in the car, and were mighty taken with you.”

“Please...” was all she could say.

“Don’t get freaked out,” he continued, “we’re not selling you into white slavery...”

The guys all laughed.

“They’re real nice guys.”

More giggling.

“They even offered us fifty bucks towards our camping trip.”

It went quiet..

“Isn’t that nice of them, Kate?”

She didn’t respond.

“I said, Isn’t that nice of them?”

Slowly, she nodded her head.

“I can’t hear you Kate.”

“Y..yes.”

“Yes it sure is. Now, its only fair that we do something nice for them as well, don’t you agree?”

“W..what do you mean...”

More giggling.

“Well, these nice guys, would really like to watch you take your bra off.”

“NOOOO...Oh my God.....” She crossed her arms over her body.

Laughter filled the car.

“LISTEN KATE,” said Mike sternly. “Its no big thing, and EVERYONE’S done it.”

“No...you don’t understand...I COULDN’T...”

“Look, you can keep your pants on, even button ‘em up.”]

“NOOO...please...”

He paused.

“You keep the blindfold on, so they won’t even know who you are.

We’ve pulled into a very secluded little parking lot here. All you have to do is just go over there behind that building, away from prying eyes, well most of ‘em anyway, and take your bra off, let ‘em have a look, and off we go.”

The car filled with nervous tension.

“Please don’t make me do this...”

“You HAVE to do it.”

He paused.

“Come on.”

“Please...”

“OR,” said Mike, “if it would be easier, I can get Jack and Tom to take it off for you.”

“NOOOO...”

“Either way, its up to you.”

She couldn’t move. She started to cry again.

“Come on,” Mike said, opening the car door.

She heard all of the doors open, and Mike came around to the door on her right hand side.”

“Now zip up your pants”

Resigned, she lifted her bottom off of the seat, re-zipped her pants and re-did the button.

“Here, give me your hand.”

“Please...not this...”

“Come ON!”

He reached in and grabbed her hand. The contact made her jump, but she allowed herself to be slowly pulled across the seat.

“Here,” said Mike, pulling her legs out from the car and setting her bare feet on the concrete, “I’ll make this easy, just hold my arm.”

As she stepped out the car, and stood up, suddenly a loud whistle rang out. It was followed by another, and the someone yelled, “YYYYEEEEOOWWW...”

Her knees buckled, and she felt Mike lurch- and just as suddenly the noise stopped. It was quiet.

Mike walked her across the lot. Her legs were so wobbly that she had to hold on to his arm to make it.

“How about here, against this wall?” she heard Mike ask, but she wasn’t sure to who.

She couldn’t hear any response.

She felt him put his hands on her shoulders. He backed her up until her back was against a wall.

“Now, you just do exactly as I tell you, and everything is going to be fine, understand.”

“Please...DON’T do this...”

“Stop it Kate. It’s not so bad. EVERYTHING I say, and it will be over in a minute. Understand?”

He paused.

“Now don’t embarrass me by making a big scene. I’d hate to have to let these guys take your bra off for you...”

Her head fell forward.

She was totally defeated.

“O...Okay,” she whispered.

“Good. Now it will be over in no time.”

He released her, and she could hear him walk away. She pulled her arms up to cover herself.

“Hey Ken,” Mike said, “put a tape on will ya’.”

With the back of her hand, Kate brushed a few tears away. She heard music fill the air, and wondered if the volume would call attention to them. It drowned out the distant sound of traffic. At least, she wasn’t standing where cars could see her as they went by. She tried to imagine where she was and who was watching.

“Now just relax a minute, Kate.”

She could hear people moving around.

“You guys ready?”

She didn’t hear any response.

“Okay, Kate,” she heard Mike say, suddenly to her left. Her blindfolded face moved in his direction.

“Now put your hands flat against the wall.”

She could barely move.

“Come on Kate...”

Slowly she released her grip of her upper body and moved her hands away from her breasts. She turned them over and spread her fingers out against the rough surface of the wall. She turned her head to one side in shame.

“Now let’s take a couple of deep breaths to relax you.”

She breathed in through her tight throat.

“All the way, Kate.”

She filled her lungs making her chest stick out.

“Good,” said Mike, now on the other side of her. “Do it a couple of times to get relaxed.”

She could hear him walking around her as she took deep breaths. He was inspecting her like a piece of meat. Finally, he walked right up to her. She shuddered. She felt so vulnerable in this position.

“You know, Kate,” he said, “it’s just not fair that these nice gentlemen can’t see your lovely face.

“NOOO, please, leave it on...”

He was standing right in front of her.

“These guys are all from Iowa or somewhere, we’ll never see them again.”

He paused a moment.

“So, here’s what I’m gonna do. I’m gonna take off the blindfold,

but you HAVE to keep you eyes closed, do you understand?”

“Please, can’t we just..”

“No, we can’t,” he said. “Now here’s the deal. You CANNOT open your eyes, do you understand? And if you DO...”

He paused.

“...if you do, then as punishment, you are going to have to take your jeans down, and your knickers and take a spanking on your bare bottom, right here over the hood of my car.”

She gasped. She was too stunned to say anything. She would rather be shot standing here against this wall.

“And I really mean it, Kate. Right here in front of our two friends from Ohio.”

Things had gotten so far out of control that it had become like some horrible dream.

“I..I.. won’t look” was all she could say.

“No I bet you won’t.” He laughed.

“Okay, now he I go. Close your eyes...”

She bit down on her lower lip and clinched her eyes shut. As he lifted the blindfold from her face, she felt cool air rush in. Her face was still wet from crying.

Mike carefully lifted the elastic strap off over her head. Very gently, he rearranged her hair, pulling it backward so that it fell back behind her.

“We don’t want to cheat our new friends,” he said. She heard him step back.

“Now remember, Kate...”

She leaned against the wall for support. She was NOT going to give them any reason to think she’d opened her eyes.

She heard him walk away again.

“Now, we want you to pose for us a little bit, Kate,” said Mike.

“I...I...Can’t...”

“Sure you can. Lean forward and put your hands on your thighs just above your knees.

She leaned forward.

“Keep your knees together.”

She did, and realized the effect this pose had. Her two straightened arms crushed her big breasts together between them, making the mounds bulge obscenely over the tops of her bra-cups..

“That’s nice, Kate. See, its not so hard.”

It was. She was so humiliated.

“Come on, give us a nice smile.”

A smile? How could she. She tried.

“A REAL smile Kate, don’t make me come over there and tickle you.”

She forced her best smile.

“There, that’s nice.

She could hear people moving around her, and was almost tempted to open her eyes. She didn’t, of course.

“Okay, now stand up nice and straight.”

She did.

“Clasp your hands together behind your neck.”

This was so horrible. Did he have to shame her like this?

Displaying herself like this in a parking lot in front of strangers she couldn’t even see. Her head spun.

Suddenly, they were interrupted by the sound of skateboards against the pavement. She somehow managed to keep her eyes closed, but quickly wrapped her arms around herself.

“WHOAAA, dude...” a young male voice.

Kids, at least two.

The skateboards suddenly stopped. She turned around and faced the wall.

“Go on, take a hike” she heard Mike say.

“Go on get out of here...”

She heard some movement, but didn’t hear the skateboards rolling away.

“Okay, it was just a couple of kids,” he said.” They’re gone now.”

She didn’t believe him. The thought of what was happening was horrific enough without the added shame of having a couple of mall rat type kids watch her shame as well. She didn’t move.

“Come on Kate, we don’t have all day here.”

“Make them go...” she said.

“I SAID they were gone, Kate.” She could hear a smile in his voice, like he was holding back a laugh..

“You can always LOOK if you want to, but you know what will happen...”

She didn’t move.

“Let’s GO Kate, or I’ll send Ken to find them and bring them back.”

She clinched her eyes shut and slowly turned around.

“Atta girl.”

She just knew they were still there, standing watching her.

“Now let’s go back to where we were before we were so RUDELY interrupted.”

She heard snickering.

Yes, she KNEW they were still there- watching. Watching her standing in just her bra being forced into obscene poses.

“Now stand up straight and clasp your hands behind your neck.”

She listened to the music and tried to lose herself in it. Slowly, she raised her arms up, feeling her bra lift with her body. She brought her hands behind her neck and laced the fingers together.

“Great, great. Now pull your elbows back”

Slowly, she did. It made her bra pull so taught that it became like a second skin. Her breasts rose up on her chest and stuck out. She heard someone suck in their breath. She tried not to think about it.

“Give us a smile, Kate, come on...”

She tried again, and remembering his threat about the tickling, tried hard.

“Great, now turn a little to your left.”

She started to turn...

“In fact keep that beautiful smile, and keep those elbows pulled back nice and tight, and slowly turn right the way around for us, all the way around..”

She felt like meat on a hook. Trying to hold the smile and trying to keep from crying, she slowly turned herself around in a circle, giving the audience a lusty view of her outstretched body from all angles.

“Great,” said Mike as she turned around to face them again.

“Okay, now let your arms down again.”

She released her hands from behind her neck and lowered them,

resisting the temptation to cover herself as they went down.

“Now,” Mike continued, “reach up and ease the straps down off of your shoulders.”

“Please...” she said. She just couldn’t say anything else. She choked back a sob.

“Come on, Kate.”

Slowly, with her eyes closed, she reached up and felt her way along. She slid the tips of her fingers underneath the white shoulder strap on her left shoulder.

“That’s right..”

She lifted it away from her skin, and pulled it up over her shoulder.

“All the way down, Kate.”

She pulled it down until it just hung loose against her arm, peeling back the top inch of so of her bra-cup..

“Now the other one.”

Slowly, she did the same on the other side, leaving both straps dangling.

The effect was breathtaking. With her long dark hair pulled behind her, her long beautiful neck was open going right down her slim shoulders. Now all of the creamy tanned skin, from her shoulders, across her chest was ex posed. Her big breasts just sat in the cups of her bra like scoops of ice cream, and the top half of the luscious mounds, though still in the bra, lay open to the gaze of the audience.

“Okay, now go back to the first pose, with your hands on your knees.”

She leaned forward and did as she was told. Skill keeping her eyes shut, she could just imagine the sight.

“Pull your arms in nice and tight.”

As she leaned forward, she felt the shoulder straps fall farther down,

down to her forearms. The tops of the bra-cups fell back slightly as well. The effect, as she pulled her arms together was like squashing two balloon s. The bra barely contained her.

“Come on, now, another big smile, Kate...”

God, WHY did he HAVE to keep tormenting her. Didn’t he realize how horrible this was? She forced another smile.

“Great,” Mike said. “Now pucker up like Marilyn Monroe, give a big kiss .”

She formed her mouth into a big “O” like a kiss.

“MMMMMMMmmmmmm-Wah” Mike imitated the sound of a big kiss.

“Now stand up nice and straight again.”

She did.

“Reach your hands up as high as you can.”

This, all of a sudden, was just too much. She just burst out into tears and put her hands up to cover her face, inadvertently mashing her breasts together as she did so. She squatted down on her haunches and started to s ob.

“Awe, come on, Kate,” said Mike. He walked up to her and squatted down in front of her.

“Why you makin’ such a big deal about this? None of the other girls...”

“You don’t UNDERSTAND,” she said through her sobs. “You don’t understand how TERRIBLE this is for me...”

“Well we’re almost done,” he replied. He reached out and stroked her hair.

“Please hasn’t his been ENOUGH?”

“LOOK, GODDAMN IT,” he said suddenly. “You either pull yourself together here, or I have half a mind to find a skateboard park and make you strip NAKED in front of a bunch of snot-nosed twerps.”

Kate was stunned. She stopped crying instantly, maybe due to shock.

“Now Caroline had to do this in a bar, a bar full of men. Your getting off easy.”

Oh God, no wonder she never said anything about the test. How could she...

“Now STAND UP and let’s finish what we promised, here.”

Kate, careful to keep her eyes shut, took a deep breath. She felt Mike take her hands and pull her back up. As soon as he let go she lifted her bra-cups back up and her hands went right back across her chest.

“Okay?”

He would probably do it.

“O...okay...”

She heard him walk back to wherever he was standing before.

As she stood there, she fought the temptation to open her eyes.

She wondered who was watching her. It was better then in a BAR, though.

“Okay, now turn your back to us.”

She turned herself around, suddenly feeling that her bottom was much too big.

“Pull your hair out of the way- pull it in front of you.”

She reached back with her left hand and ran her fingers underneath through her hair, pulling it forward so that it hung down in front of her, exposing her entire back..

“...and reach back and undo your bra.”

She took a deep breath, and slowly she reached behind her and grasped the two ends of the back strap where the clasps were, and pulled both sides of her bra towards each other to release the tension.

She freed the four small eyelets.

She had to do it a couple of times before they all came free.

Slowly she pulled the two sides apart. She reached around with her left arm and held the bra to her in the front. The two brastraps dangled uselessly.

This revealed a beautiful, slim and unblemished back. It was an exquisite shape, long perfect symmetry, and just a slight hint of ribs showing. From her shoulders, the lines narrowed gradually until you came to her waist , where they flared out again before disappearing into the tops of her jeans. From this angle, one would never imagine the enormous breasts hiding on the other side.

“Look back at us over your shoulder.”

She turned her head back, and, unknowingly, with her eyes closed, portrayed a sensuousness she certainly did not feel “Okay, Kate, now turn around and face us.”

Slowly she turned around clutching the material to her breast.

She could hear footsteps.

“Wait a sec..” it was Mike.

He moved around behind her and gently pulled her hair back away from her front so that it all hung down behind her again.

“Now turn a little sideways and lean your face up into the sun.”

Clutching the material, she did what he asked, assuming several poses, unaware of how sensuous they looked.

“Okay, now the moment of truth.”

She felt tears coming

“Turn and face us.”

She rotated slightly, clutching the material. The way she held it pushed her breasts up.

“Okay, Kate. Now slowly pull it down.”

A big tear rolled down her cheek.

She slowly lowered her bra.

Inch by inch, more creamy tan skin came into view.

“That’s right, all the way off...”

She stopped just as the areolas were coming into view. She let out a little sob.

“Come on Kate.”

Slowly the material came down.

First the tops, and then the actual protruding nipples themselves came into view. They stuck out, aroused by the shame. She let out another little sob.

“Just drop it Kate.”

Slowly, she released the grip her fingers had on the material and let the bra drop to the ground. She instantly crossed her arms over herself.

“Nah, Ah Ahhh...” said Mike.

“Put your arms down at your sides.”

She couldn’t believe it. Here she was being forced to bear her breasts for strangers she could not even see. Resigned, she let her arms drop and hang limply at her sides. No one present had ever seen a sight like this in their lives. It was like something out of a magazine or a film. Usually boobs the size of Kate’s hung down once released from their support. Kate’s did not. They glorious ly stood out on their own, almost perfectly round, protruding ever so slightly towards the nipples.

Her areolas were large, but not too. They were darker than her skin, and as a result of her heightenedp. Please, please, let this end, she asked silently.

“Lean forward and grab your knees again.”

For the third time, she struck the pose, only this time her breasts were bare.

“Big smile, Kate...”

She forced another one.

“Now, lets go back to the hands behind the neck.”

She tried to just drift off into the music as she reached up behind her head and put her hands behind her neck. She could feel the air and the lusty gaze of the men on her huge, nude tits as they rose up with her arms.

“Big smile, Kate.”

She forced another smile.

“Now, turn around again, all the way. Give us the full view.”

She slowly rotated her body around, giving her unseen audience a spectacular visual tour of her perfect body. She came around full circle, still with her hands clasped behind her.

“Great, just great...now don’t move...”

She could hear footsteps coming toward her. She turned her face and buried it into the upper part of her raised right arm, trying to hide.

“See,” said Mike softly, “that wasn’t so bad.”

She started to release her hands.

“Wait,” he said. “One last thing.”

She could feel him staring down at her breasts.

“Put your hands back.”

She did.

“That’s great. Now pull your elbows back again.”

She stretched them out again.

“Now since you’ve been such a pain about this..”

Her breathing sped up, causing her chest to move up and down.

“Well, these guys, well, they’re wondering about...well... about whether your tits are real...”

“Oh, GOD, oh god, no.....”

“Well since it took you so long here, well it seems only fair that we let ‘em see for themselves.”

“Please...I did what you said...”

Standing there, with her hands behind her neck and her elbows pulled back, with her big breasts sticking out, nude, like guns on a battleship was more shame than she could have imagined in her worst nightmare.

And now she had to let someone touch her.

Cheerleader’s Torment

Chapter Four

“NOOOO, PLEASE....” cried Kate.

It took all of her self control to hold the degrading position she was in- standing in nothing but her jeans in a parking lot she couldn’t even see, holding her hands behind her neck with her elbows pulled wide apart. H er huge breasts sat there, sticking out rudely, on offer like cantaloupes at the supermarket. Now Mike told her that, keeping her eyes closed, she had to endure some stranger touching them. She felt adrenaline pump into her stomach.

“Just a little feel.” he said. “Now, I’ll be standing here the whole time. And remember, you can’t move a muscle.”

“Oh, please...” she sobbed.

“Now if you do,” Mike continued, “if you move- no matter what happens- it’ll be the same as if we caught you looking, you remember...”

“Oh God...”

“That’s right, jeans and knickers down for a spanking.”

Kate’s head swirled, and she felt as though she might throw up.

She heard footsteps.

“Hi there.” It was a man’s voice.

Again, she fought the urge to panic.

“Come, on Kate,” said Mike. “Say hello.”

Did he HAVE to torment her like this?

“H..hi...” She clinched her eyes shut.

Kate stood rooted to the spot.

“Now, what will happen if you move?” asked Mike.

She could feel men standing around her. She could hear their breathing.

“Come on Kate, what will happen?”

She clinched her eyes shut.

“A sssaa...ss...sspanking...”

“That’s right, a spanking. And where will you get it?”

“Oh my God, please...please don’t do this...”

“Come on Kate,” Mike continued, “where will you get it...”

“On..on..mmy...bottom....”

“That’s right. And what kind of shape will your bottom be in?”

“Bbb...bare...”

“God,” said a man’s voice. He sounded much older. “That sure sounds good to me.” He coughed.

“Come on, sweetie, open your eyes...” said another.

“Now,” continued Mike, “just to serve as a little reminder, Kate, while keeping your arms in place, turn yourself around so that we can get a good look at your bottom.” It was not enough to be standing here with her breasts sticking out like this. She swallowed hard and decided not to argue. The stakes were just too high. Slowly she turned herself around so that her back

was facing them.

“Wow, that sure is a nice ass.” It was another man’s voice.

“Yeah,” laughed the first man. “It reminds me of a horse I once saw...”

They all laughed.

“Kinda hard to tell in those jeans though...”

Kate heart started pumping wildly.

“Now, now,” said Mike. “We did promise her that if she doesn’t move unless we say so that she can keep her jeans on.”

“Awwww,” someone said.

“But,” Mike continued, “she could bend over for us a bit to show us the nice shape...couldn’t you Kate.”

She couldn’t respond.

“Sure you could.” Mike said. “Now keep your arms in position, and

just bend over at the waist...”

Another sob escaped her full lips.

“KATE!”

She did it. She bent at the hips, with her elbows sticking out horizontally like the wings of a bird. Her big nude tits hung straight down unencumbered. They wobbled slightly.

“Bend one knee, and keep the other leg straight.”

She did.

“Great...now bend over a little farther...”

She bent over even further.

“That’s right,” said Mike. “Really stick it out there.”

Tears started to trail down her nose and fall to the pavement in

little splatters. She could hear them walking around her.

She heard someone come around to her left and squat down. She could hear breathing inches away. She heard him get down on the ground to look up at her. She bit her lip and clenched her eyes shut, as she imaging the sight her big hanging breasts were making for him.

“You sure have great tits..” the man said.

“Yeah.” another man, suddenly on the other side.

She tried not to think about them. She heard the music and tried to tune in.

“Say, ‘thank you,’ Kate” said Mike suddenly.

“Please...”

“Come on, Kate.”

“Th...th...thank you.”

They all chuckled.

“Well, you’re welcome, Doll.”

“Okay,” said Mike. “Let’s get you back into position. Turn around and stand up again, but keep your arms where they are. Once again she turned around and repositioned herself in the obscene pose, hands behind neck, shoulders pulled back, breasts thrust forward.

“Fred, you EVER seen tits that nice?”

“No sireee.”

“Are these things real, sweetheart?”

“Y...yes.” She knew she better answer.

“I don’t see no scars, Bob.”

“Sometimes they’re underneath.”

“Yeah, let’s see.”

Though she had braced herself, the touch was like an electric shock, and she flinched.

“Sorry...” she said quickly, hoping it wouldn’t count.

There was chuckling, but no one said anything. She felt a hand lifting her left breast, weighing it like a piece of fruit. Her face flushed.

“Gawd, they’re heavy,” said Bob.

“Let’s see,” said Fred.

She felt another hand lift her right breast.

“Your right, Bob,” he replied. “Have you ever weighed these beauties, Doll?”

“N...no.”

Both hands pushed her boobs up, mashing them into her chest. The force made her have to take a step back.

“Nope, no scars under here.”

She stood there as both men squeezed the breasts she was so tantalizingly offering.

“You know the best way to tell,” said Bob, releasing the left one.

“What’s that?” asked Fred, doing likewise.

She heard Bob walk around behind her.

“Oh...” she said as she felt the front of Bob’s body come into contact with her. She could feel his big belly and then his erection against her back. She could feel his hot breath. It stank of stale cigarettes.

“You hold ‘em together like this,” he said reached around from behind. Each hand grabbed a breast. “And see if they feel the same.” He squeezed them, molding them in his hands. She could hear his breathing get raspy as he just played with them for a few moments.

“Then you gotta check the nipples.” He released her breasts, letting them fall back into place. Then he began to pinch her nipples, tugging on them. Slowly, they became erect.

“They sure look real.” offered Fred.

Bob went back to playing with them for a moment before releasing them.

“Here, your turn.”

Holding her position, she heard Fred move to the same spot. As heleaned into her, she felt his erection as well. He did the same thing.

He too smelled like cigarettes. It was foul. She wanted to be sick. After a few moments of mauling, he too released her. She heard him walk back around. Though her arms were really starting to ache, she held her position. No one said anything. She could hear heavy breathing over hear the music. They let her stand for a moment. She wanted to die of shame.

No one said a word. She just listened to them walk around her.

“Well, little Kate,” she heard Mike say. He was right behind her,

though she couldn’t feel him against her like the others.

She waited, waited for him to say or do something.

Then it happened. She felt his hands reach around her body and go to the top of her jeans. She lost control- her hands frantically leapt down and grabbed his, pushing them away.

She heard cheering.

“Awe, Kate...” he said. “that was just a test...”

seven or ten, all different shapes and sizes standing in a semi-circle around her. The sight before her made her scream. She fell to the pavement in a heap. Laughter and applause rang out. But that wasn’t the worst.

A couple of them had cameras. She realized that men had been taking pictures of her the whole time.

When she finally looked up again, she saw that both Ken and Jack had VIDEO CAMERAS. She pulled her arms tightly around her and covered her face with her hands. The humiliation was almost unbearable. She spread her fingers apart and looked out. They were in a small parking lot that looked like it was situated behind the building it served, which itself fronted the road. It looked as though it could hold around twenty cars. On the other side of the lot, facing h er was some kind of warehouse.

Beside’s Mike’s, there were four other cars parked.

Then another sight suddenly caught her eye, and she froze.

There, grinning at her, were four young kids with skateboards in their hands. They had watched the whole thing.

Kate covered her face with her hands, her arms covering her breasts. She looked as though she were clutching a pair of pillows in front of her body. “You BASTARD,” she suddenly screamed at Mike.

Mike squatted down next to her. Suddenly, he grabbed a handful of her hair and jerked her head upright so that he was facing him. The move shocked her. She clinched her hands into little fists underneath her chin

“Don’t you EVER call me a name like that AGAIN.” he said.

The look in his eye suddenly scared her. She went silent.

Mike turned to the assembled audience, and told them to give him a minute. They backed off, most going to.”

“Well, we’re going to spend some time together- me, you, and the boys.”

He looked her in the eye to make sure she was getting it.

“That’s what the test is all about.”

She just stared in disbelief.

“Now we can all have a nice, easy time together if you do like your told.”

“You BAS-“ she stopped herself.

“That’s right. You’re learning.”

“Wh..what do you want?” she asked.

“Well,” he replied, “we’re gonna want a lot of stuff, and its not all going to be easy for you...”

“You..you can’t make me...”

“Well, its up to you to decide. You can either come along with us and do what we tell you to do, or we can put you on the bus home. It’s up to you.”

He suddenly smiled.

“BUT, we’ve got a lot of great pictures of you showing off your tits...”

“OH, my GOD...”

“...and some nice ones of you sticking out your ass.”

He let her cry for a moment. He looked back over his shoulder and smiled and nodded to the men. He turned back towards the weeping girl.

“Now, listen real carefully,” he said, “as I was saying, from here on out, I am going to make sure the rest of this weekend doesn’t get TOO out of hand.”

She looked up at him. Her eyes were red and wet.

“Wh..what do you mean?”

“I mean that things COULD get out of hand,” he replied. He smiled down at her.

“You don’t think each of those guys would LOVE to have his evil way with you?”

“OH, GOD, OH, GOD, NOOOOO, PLEASE....” She became panicked

“But, I’m not going to let that happened. That IS,” he said, “as long as you do as I say, and I mean EXACTLY as I say.”

Tears of helplessness welled up again.

“OR...” he took her delicate chin in his hand.

“Or thi that I have to control.”

A hand shot up to cover her mouth. He could see the fear in her eyes.

“But, as I said,” he continued, “I will keep things cool if you promise to be obedient, no matter WHAT I ask of you.”

“Oh, God, I couldn’t, I just couldn’t.”

“Mmmmm...let’s see...imagine one day every computer in school starts up with a nice picture of you sticking your tits in some old guy’s face?”

She just closed her eyes, forcing tears to roll down either side of her face.

She was totally defeated.

“Now,” Mike continued, “we’ve got pictures of Caroline and all of the others as well, and we don’t go handing them around. It’s just between us. It’s just this test weekend.”

She opened her eyes and looked up at him.

“Now, I mean it,” he said. “Do what I tell you and all this stuff will be kept under my lock and key.”

She shuddered. The thought of pictures of her being passed around school made her sick. She was trapped. She had no choice.

“Okay?”

“O...okay....” she whispered.

“Okay,” he said. “Now I promise to keep up my end. Do you promise too?

“Y..yes....” she heard herself say.

“Good,” he said.

He stroked her hair, and ran the back of his hand down the side of her lovely face. Her eyes pulled shut.

“Well we got our first little test right here, don’t we?”

“OH...oh...NOOOO,” she said, her eyes widening with realization. She had forgotten.

“That’s right,” he said. “Now, here’s the deal,” he continued, “if you don’t cause a scene- any MORE of one I mean- and follow my direction...”

“OH, you COULDN’T, my God, PLEASE don’t ask me...”

She looked beyond him and saw that none of the men had moved.

They were all clearly waiting.

“As I was saying, if you do as I say...”

He grabbed her by the chin again and looked straight into her eyes.

“If you do as I tell you, it will only be me who spanks you.”

“Oh..my.....” she started to feel faint.

He shook her chin to bring her around.

“This is going to be a good first obedience test for you, I can tell.”

“Please...please...don’t...”

“If you DON’T do it as I tell you...

She looked up at him in horror.

“Then it won’t just be me who spanks you. It will be our friends from Ohio too...”

She clenched her eyes shut at the thought.

“...and I’ll even have to let the skateboards have a turn.”

“Oh, God, oh no...okay...”

“Do we have a deal.”

“Y...yes...DON”T let them...”

“I won’t.”

She grabbed his arm.

“And NO PICTURES.”

He looked down at her.

“I’m sorry. Pictures are all part of the deal.”

“Oh, no..PLEASE no pictures....” her hands covered her face.

“Hey we already got enough to put out a special Kate magazine, A hand went to her face in sheer disbelief.

“Besides, it’s only a couple of pictures of your butt, no big deal.” She took a deep breath and tried to control herself.

“But don’t worry. None of these guys will ever develop them, their all from small towns. They just like to take ‘em.”

“COME ONNNNN” a voice from the crowd. “We aint got all day here...”

Mike turned and looked back at them.

“Their getting agitated, Kate,” he said turning back to face her.

“The longer we wait, the harder its going to be for me to keep ‘em away from a turn.”

She just sat there crying.

Mike stood up, and reached down and took her hands away from her face. She resisted, but he pulled her upright. As soon as he let go, she crossed her arms in front of her.

“Now you remember,” he said as he put his arm around her and began walking her to where the car was parked. “You just do as I say, and we’ll all get out of here in one piece.”

She was scared.

She was petrified.

While most of the cars were parked normally, Mikes had pulled in longways and sat over several spaces. The passenger side faced them.

She tried not to look as Mike walked her towards the front of the car. He stopped just as they got to the front wheel and gently turned her around so that her bottom made contact with the fender. He stepped back. Once again she was facing her audience.

“Okay, Kate,” Mike began. “Let’s take the hands down and put them on the edge of the fender.

She couldn’t look up. Slowly she lowered her arms, and immediately as her breasts bobbing into view she heard the clicking of cameras.

“Come on, look up.”

She did, and saw what seemed like a mass of faces and cameras.

She noticed Jack and Ken both pointing video cameras at her.

Ken let the guys get their shots and instructed his two videographers to walk around and get different angles.

“Okay, Kate. Now undo your jeans.”

She whimpered, and had to blink away the tears as she looked down. For the second time today, her wooden fingers popped the button free.

“Great, now pull down the zipper...”

It slid down smoothly, again exposing a white triangle of the top of her knickers.

She tried to pretend it was a dream.

“Okay, now scoot them down a bit.”

It was all just a bad dream. Slowly, she grabbed the material at the hips. She started to pull it down.

She stopped after a couple of inches and grabbed the top of her knickers with her delicate right hand to keep them from going as well. She used her left hand to work them down, and got them beyond the knickers to the tops of her thighs.

“A little bit farther, Kate, about halfway down your thighs.”

She had to fidget to do it, making her breasts wobble appealingly.

From her narrowest point, at about her naval, the lines began to flare out moving down her hips, and made a lovely contrast to her concave stomach. She was delightfully curvy.

The material of her knickers looked effervescent in the bright sunlight, they seemed to glow. All along the top couple of inches there as a delicate lace pattern, which smoothed out into solid material below. The ball of her mons was clearly visible.

“Okay, now turn around.”

He arms came up across her chest. She slowly tried to turn around without causing her jeans to go down any further.

She leaned the front of her thighs against the fenders.

Though her waist was quite narrow, and her back and arms thin and delicate, her hips flared out into a surprisingly full, round bottom. The cheeks were clearly defined and stood out. They looked full, firm and solid. The line between them was visible through her knickers.

“Oh my God, what an ass,” she heard a male voice say.

“NOOO Shit,” said another.

She tried not to listen.

“Okay, Kate, now lean forward on the hood.”

She couldn’t believe this was happening.

Still clutching her breasts, she leaned forward, then put her hand down onto the hood. She lay her body down on the metal leaning her weight on her forearms underneath her. She was glad it wasn’t too hot. She could smell the dust and dirt on the metal.

“You know,” she heard Mike say. “Katie’s knickers are going to come down now, and...well...I’m just wondering is this is not going to be too intense for these young guys.”

“NOOO Way man,” called out an urgent young voice.

“Come ON, Dude, it’s TOTALLY cool,” said another.

“I don’t know...”

“Sure, let ‘em watch,” said a man.

“Yeah, hell they’re old enough,” said another.

“Yeah,” chimed in still another, “and they’ll never get a chance to see anything this nice again.”

Laughter.

“Well.......Okay,” said Mike.

Humiliated, Kate, still lying on her forearms, buried her face in her hands.

She just cried.

“Kate,” it was Mike’s voice, only now he had come around to the other side of the car and was in front of her rather than behind.

She lifted her face up out of the cradle of her hands and looked at him. She saw his standing there with Jack, who had the video camera in his hand. Mike got down on a knee so that his face was level with hers. Jack did likewise. “Now, Kate,” said Mike, “it’s real important that you keep your head up now.”

She saw Jack smile at her as she realized why. He was going to shoot her face as she got her spanking.

“Now,” continued Mike before she could say anything. “Pull your arms out and put them behind your back.”

She looked pleadingly at him.

“Come on, come on..”

She leaned her body to one side and then the other and pulled her arms out from underneath her. Her big breasts squashed against the hood of the car. She crossed her arms over the small of her back. Jack pointed the camera at her.

“As they say,” said Mike, “Keep your chin up.”

He chuckled, and got up.

She stared at the lens for a moment, mesmerized.

She heard Mike open the truck of the car and fish around. Then she felt the car move as he slammed it shut. He walked around Jack and stopped in front of her, just to her right.

“Look up at me, Kate,” he said.

She lifted her eyes and saw that he too now had a video camera.

She looked for a moment and then shut her eyes.

She could hear him slowly walking to her right, shooting video down the length of her body.

“Okay, Kate,” she heard him say, now finally back around behind her.

“Now let’s ease those pretty knickers down.”

She choked on a sob. Her body felt tingles of shame.

She thought about what he’d said again, abound slowly started to pull down.

The top of the cleft between her cheeks came into view. Because of the firmness of her bottom, it was shaped like a “Y.” The material slowly came down, exposing the moons of her luscious ass.Like her breasts, the skin was slightly lighter in color, though there were now discernable tan lines. She stopped just at the very top of her thighs. Someone let out a whistle, and there was laughter- not because it

was funny, but to release the tension. She choked back a sob. She was lying on a car with her bottom bare.

“Hey, Kid,” Mike said, “do you know how to work a video camera?”

“Yeah SURE.” he said enthusiastically.

“Okay, you take over here.”

Kate just lie there with her eyes closed in horror. She tried not to think about Jack and the video camera just a couple feet away.

She felt Mike lean against the car. He back was to her, and he faced the audience. “Now put your arms back across your back,” he said over his shoulder. She pulled them back up and crossed them across her back. “Don’t move ‘em, or I may have to tie ‘em.”

She lay perfectly still.

“Now, we need to adjust these...”

She flinched at his touch, but didn’t move.

He reached over to both sides and took her knickers in his fingers.

He eased them down further, down to the middle of her thighs.

“WHAT A FUCKING ASS,” a male voice shouted.

“I’m going to have to jack off right here,” said another.

There was laughter.

She felt Mike’s hand on her right cheek.

He just rubbed it, like he was shining an apple. His fingers played with the resilient flesh.

He moved to the other cheek and did the same .

“Relax,” he said.

She realized her bottom was clenched.

He gave a light slap.

“RELAX.”

She did.

SLAP. SLAP. SLAP. SLAP. SLAP, he continued, spanking her all around her bottom and the tops of her thighs.

Kate just cried openly at the pain. Tears streamed down her face.

Again he began to rub her cheeks, rubbing away some of the horrible stinging.

SLAP. SLAP. SLAP. SLAP. SLAP, again, he continued, spanking her defenseless. naked bottom.

When he finally stopped, her bottom was on fire. It felt like it was glowing.

He rubbed it for a while, and then he pulled her knickers back up.

“Okay,” he said finally, “you can pull your jeans up and get in the car.”

There was a loud round of applause.

Quickly, and despite the pain, she pushed her self up off of the hood of the car and reached down and pulled her jeans up. She did up the button and then came around to the back passenger side door and opened it. She quickly slid in along the seat, wincing from the pain. She pulled herself into a tight ball. She watched as the guys stood chatting, and noticed money changing hands. She wanted to be sick.

Mike opened the driver’s side door and leaned in.

“That was great, Kate.,” he said with a smile.

“How...how...could you?” she asked.

“AWW, it’s no big thing,” he said, “a little butt warming.”

She just glared at him.

“Here,” he said tossing her T-shirt to her. “You can put this back on.” She grabbed it and quickly pulled it on over her head. She felt relief at being covered again. Mike walked back to the group. Every once in a while they would all look back at her, and her stomach ed for life,” said Jack laughing. They all laughed.

Except Kate.

They all turned to face her.

She shuddered.

“Okay, now,” said Mike, “are we all clear on the ground rules for our weekend together, Kate?”

She was totally humiliated. She knew she had no choice other than to listen to Mike.

“Y..yes.”

“Good,” he said.

“Now, let’s be sure. Let’s be sure that you’re going to be nice and cooperative.”

She closed her eyes. She felt her bottom burning against the seat.

“Now lift up that T-shirt and show us your pretty titties.”

Slowly she grasped the bottom of her shirt and lifted it up, up over her lean stomach until her big nude tits sprang into view.

“Higher, all the way up.”

She pulled it all the way up to her shoulders leaving the beautiful mounds totally exposed.

“Stick ‘em out.”

She pushed her chest forward.

“Great. Now wobble ‘em around a little bit.”

“Wh..what?”

“Come on, wiggle your shoulders back and forth and make ‘em dance a little.”

She started to sway her shoulders, making her huge jutting breasts jiggle tantalizingly.

They all watched the obscene show.

“Okay, Ken,” said Mike. “Start ‘er up. I’ll tell you where we’re going next.”

Cheerleader’s Torment

Chapter Five

They let Kate pull her T-shirt back down for the ride, but made her put the soggy blindfold back on. She had never before been out without a bra on, and she felt cheap. She could feel her big breasts jiggling under her T-shirt. That it was a white one made it even worse, as she could just imagine how clear her nipples must show through.

Mike still had her bra draped over his shoulder and that made her feel even worse, like it was a saddle, like she was property. She’d thought he might give it back to her after making her do that rude display, making he r jiggle her breasts for them, but he hadn’t. He just told her she could pull her shirt down.

Her bottom stung from the spanking, but it wasn’t too bad. It was just hot.

Even though it was Mike who was making her do all of these horrible things, she realized that she was actually more frightened of the other three guys, especially Jack and Ken. Ken hardly said a word. He just stared at h er with those dark eyes, making her flesh crawl. He even looked to her like the kind of guy who used drugs. They both really gave her the willies.

She didn’t know how she could possibly face them again in school after being so humiliated. Her face flushed at the thought. After having to bare her breasts, and even being forced to pull down her pants and her knickers for a spanking.

She realized that the best way out of this was just to do as Mike said and pray for it to be over. The thought of those pictures going around school was unthinkable. What would her parents say? Even worse, what would her father say?

As they drove along, the guys again talked amongst themselves, though every once in a while, one of them would bring up the scene in the parking lot, and she would be reminded all over again. Her bottom, and her face, would burn.

“Anyone getting hungry?” asked Mike.

“Yeah, I wouldn’t mind a burger,” said Jack.

The other two guys agreed.

“Say Ken, pull into that Happy Diner” said Mike.

She felt the car slow down and pull in. It came to a stop.

“Okay, Kate off with the blindfold.”

She pulled it off and blinked a few times to get adjusted to the light. She saw that they were in the parking lot of a typical looking American greasy spoon diner.

“Say, Kate,” said Mike, “since you didn’t like traveling in your bra, I think you brought a swimsuit, didn’t you?”

Oh God. She realized what swimsuit it was.

“Y..yeah,” she said reluctantly.

“It’s such a nice day out, why don’t we have you change into that?”

She didn’t respond.

“Lets go,” said Mike.

They all climbed out of the car, and Mike pulled Kate around to the rear. He opened the trunk and pulled out her bag. She watched him as he went through it, finding one then the other piece of the suit.

He whistled when he saw it.

“Whew, that’s a nice one, Kate.”

She blushed bright red.

“It’s not really mine...”

Mike smiled at her. He reached over and held the top up over her chest where it would fit when on.

“Well, it’ll look just great on.” He smiled at her. She looked away from him.

He looked at her face, and then went back to the bag. He pulled out the little make-up bag that Caroline had left.

“We need to spruce you up a little bit.”

He pulled the trunk shut and walked her into the restaurant.

The Happy Diner looked like a converted truck stop. There were two rows of booths to the right and a long counter to the left. It was pretty slow. There were a few trucker type guys sitting at the counter and a family in one of the booths. The men went quiet when they saw Kate, and their eyes followed her across the room. She wondered if they could see her nipples through the T-shirt.

Mike lead them to the rear of the diner, and they all piled into the booth at the back.

Kate was not very hungry, and every time she made eye contact with one of the guys he would smile at her, making her feel sick. She stared at the formica tabletop.

Mike ordered cheeseburgers and milkshakes for everyone.

“Well,” Mike said after the waitress had taken their orders.”Let’s see what we can do to spruce Kate up.” He slid out and stood up. Still holding her suit and the bag, he offered Kate his free hand.

She took it and slid out.

A couple of the men at the counter watched the two of them as they got out together.

The two of them went down a short hallway, and when they got to the restrooms, Mike walked up to the door that said “Men’s.” Someone had taken a blue magic marker and drawn an erect penis on the “man” symbol on the door.

Mike looked at it and smiled.

“Think this guy has seen you?”

Kate looked at the floor.

Mike opened the door and looked inside.

“Before you go change, let’s get you looking good,” he smiled. He motioned to Kate to go inside- into the Men’s room.

She stopped and stared through the open doorway.

“Please...don’t make me go in there...” she said.

“Come on Kate, don’t make a scene, or I guarentee it’s gonna get real crowded.”

She realized he was right, and reluctantly walked in.

To the right along the wall was a counter with two sinks in it with a long mirror mounted above it. To the immediate left there were four unrinals. At the back were two stalls with the doors taken off. The pungent smell of disinfectant assaulted her nose.

Mike lead her towards the corner where the counter with the sinks met the far wall. He stationed her in front of the mirror and opened up the little bag. She looked at herself in the mirror and saw that her eyes were red and puffy. She could clearly see the outlines of her nipples through the T-shirt. The sight of herself made her almost start crying.

Mike walked into one of the stalls and ran some toilet paper off of the roll. He pulled it into two wads and ran one under the cold tap.

“Come here,” he said.

She turned to face him.

“Close your eyes.”

She did.

He gently pressed the cold wad of tissue over her eyes.

She gasped a little as the coldness of it.

Her full lips parted slightly.

She felt suddenly uncomfortable with his nearness She felt aware of her breasts covered by just the thin T-shirt. She wondered if he was staring at them.

At any minute someone could come walking in.

She tried not to think about it.

Mike dabbed both of her eyes, and then just held the cold wad of tissue in place for a few seconds over each eye. He then wiped away the moisture with the dry half.

She felt his hand move her chin.

“Now, keep your eyes closed,” he said.

She heard him fumble around in the make-up bag.

He pulled out a liquid eyeliner.

“Now keep still,” he said.

He pointed the tip of the brush into the corner of her left eye and painted a thin dark line across the edge of her upper eyelid, just along the line of the lashes. He then did the same for the other eye.

He waited a moment, letting it dry.

“Here, put some of this on,” he said, handing her a lipstick.

She took it and noticed it was one of Carolines. It was a deep yet bright red.

She was stunned at the effect the eyeliner had. It made her look even more like an Italian movie star- or more like a Playboy model.

Quickly, nervous that someone would come in, she rolled out the stick and began to put on the lipstick on her full lips, struggling to do it as unsuggestively as possible.

“Great,” said Mike, staring at the result. Her full sensuous mouth seemed even bigger bright red.

He took the lipstick

“Here’s the finishing touch,” he said and handed her the mascara.

“Look,” he said, “it’s the waterproof kind, just like the eyeliner.”

She almost stopped to ask him why. Why he was being so cruel to her. She’d never done anything to him.

She decided against it. She wanted to get out of the stinking Men’s room.

She took a deep breath and applied the mascara.

“Now turn around, let’s see.”

Anxious to get out, she did.

Behind Mike, she could see the urinals against the wall, reminding her where she was. She wanted to run. She stood there holding her hands together in front of her chest.

Mike held up her little bikini. The straps dangled down.

“Why don’t you change into this?”

Relieved to finally be getting out, she walked towards him and began to reach for it. He pulled it away as she got close.

“Why don’t you change right here.”

Her heart sank.

She felt her resolve weakening.

“Pl...please let me out of here...”

“I’ll tell you what,” said Mike, “for now, we’ll just put on the top.”

“Pleeeeeease....what if someone comes in?”

“Come on, Kate, or our food’s gonna get cold.”

“Please....”

“Now you give me the T-shirt,” Mike continued, ignoring her plea, “and I’ll give you the bikini top.”

She realized there was no way out.

Her eyes nervously looked to the door.

“The sooner you change...”

She looked at him again.

He smiled at her.

“Come on.”

She reached down and gripped the bottom of the T-shirt, and slowly pulled it up, up over her trim stomach.

Her big nude tits popped free. They rose up on her chest as she pulled the shirt over her head.

She pulled it off and held it in front of her with one hand, and held out the other.

“Toss it over,” said Mike.

She stood for a moment, and then lobbed the shirt to Mike. She crossed her arm over her chest.

Just then, the door suddenly opened, and in walked one of the truckers. He was in his fifties, and had a large pot belly that stretched the buttons on the lower part of the front of his dirty shirt.

“Whoaa, wad we have here....” he said, surprised.

Kate leaned back against the wall, covering herself as best she could. Ample amounts of breast bulged through her slender arms.

“Kate here wanted to change,” Mike told him casually, “but we couldn’t seem to get into the Ladies room.”

The trucker stood mesmerized by the sight in front of him. He took a deep drag from the cigarette hanging from his mouth.

His eyes squinted slightly. Kate felt her blood race.

“I hope you don’t mind,” said Mike with a smile.

“Hell, Nooooooo, son.” he replied. He looked back at Kate cowering in the corner. “Your damn lucky.” He smiled, showing several gaps in his teeth. “And I guess, so am I.” He laughed. They both laughed and just stared at her like they were waiting for something to happen.

“Please...please can I have the top...” asked Kate, trying to sound calm. Mike didn’t move.

Neither did the man.

“Boy,” said the trucker, “she sure looks stacked.”

Mike looked at him and nodded.

“She is.,” he replied.

They both looked at her again.

“Show our friend how stacked you are Kate,” said Mike finally.

“Please....” she felt panicky.

“Kate,” continued Mike, “what happens when you don’t follow instructions?”

She didn’t respond.

“What happened earlier today when you didn’t follow instructions?”

She couldn’t speak. She realized what he wanted her to say- to say in front of this gross man. He wanted her to admit that she’d been spanked, spanked like a child.

“Kate? What happeded?”

She stood there, mortified.

“A...a...ssspanking...” she finally uttered, almost choking on the word.

“That’s right,” Mike said. “Now do you want another one, right here?”

“NOOOOOOOO...please...”

“I didn’t think so.”

The trucker figured that some game was going on here, but wasn’t exactly sure what to do.

He just stared.

Kate began to panic.

“Now show our friend here how stacked you are.” Her eyes darted back and forth. She was trapped, and she knew it. Slowly, her hands began to drop, and her ample breasts came into view.

“JEEEEESUS...” exclaimed the trucker.

She had to bit her lip to keep from pulling her arms back up.

“Step forward, Kate,” said Mike.

She took a step away from the wall.

“Now put your arms behind your back.”

She looked worriedly at Mike, and then at the trucker. Slowly her arms moved around her back, to the back of her jeans. Her wrists crossed over each other above the back belt loop. She felt horribly vulnerable, the whole front of her body exposed.

“Now, jump up and down for us,” said Mike.

Oh God.

How could he ask such a terrible thing.

“Please don’t ask me...”

“Come on,” Mike clapped his hands together.

Kate made a little jump, making her breasts bounce.

“Come ON,” Mike clapped his hands together again.

She started to make little jumps.

“Higher!”

She began to jump up and down, making her huge nude tits bounce and flop around, up and down.

Mike walked up closer and watched.

The trucker did likewise and soon looked on the verge of passing out. He reached down and rearranged the crotch of his trousers to accomodate his raging hard-on.

“Nice, aren’t they?” said Mike.

The trucker could not speak. He just stood rooted to the spot.

His face was bright

“Okay, you can stop,” said Mike finally.

She put her hands up to her face, covering her breasts with her arms. She fought back the urge to cry. She had never been so humiliated in her life. She had never even imagined such humiliation was possible. Mike handed her the little bikini top.

“Here put this on,” he said.

Quickly, she turned her back on them and began to put the bikini top on.

She tied the back, and began to reach around the back of her neck.

“Here, let me help you,” said Mike.

He reached for her shoulders and turned her so that once again she faced herself in the mirror, with him standing behind her. He gripped the two strings attached to the narrow strips that went over her nipples and fasten ed behind her neck.

He began to pull them taught, so that they fit snuggly over her breasts. He pulled tighter, causing her boobs to bulge out below and at either side of each side of the top. It made it look several sizes too small. it looked obscene.

“There we go,” he said.

She couldn’t look.

“Now, let’s go have lunch,” he said.

He took her hand, and led her out.

The trucker went into one of the stalls.

Cheerleader’s Torment

Chapter Six

Kate felt as if everyone in the entire diner stopped and stared the moment she walked out. It was like time suspended. The five or six men seated that the counter literally stopped and stared. Their jaws stopped chewing.

She could just imagine what they were thinking.

She could feel the tightness of her top, pulling around her neck, mashing her boobs. She’d seen it in the mirror. It made her breasts look big and fat, bulging out of all sides. It was gross.

This coupled with her bright red mouth, made her look like cheap. She stared at the floor as Mike led her by the hand back to the table. He motioned her inside, and she silently slid in down the bench seat.

“Wow, what a difference,” said Jack.

She stared at the burger sitting in front of her.

She could feel the eyes on her bulging breasts. She struggled not to cover them with her hands.

Why was this happening to her?

“Come on, eat up, Kate,” said Mike.

“I..I’m not very hungry,” she replied.

She looked at Ken and Jack. They were busy eating, chewing, like animals. But they still just stared at her as though it were her that they were eating. She quickly looked back down.

“You have to eat your burger, Kate,” said Mike. He smiled, “or you will have to be punished.” She heard the guys giggling.

Kate suddenly felt the tears well up, and she began to cry. This was the most horrible situation she could imagine. Here she was, sitting in a crappy roadside diner practically naked, her breasts almost totally visible t o anyone who wanted to look. She was on display, like an animal in the zoo. A sob escaped her brightly painted mouth as she remembered having to jump up and down in front of that disgusting man in the Men’s room. She was so degraded.

“Knock it off, Kate,” said Mike, obviously growing weary of her tears. He handed her a napkin, “or I’ll give you something to cry about.”

And being treated like a five-year old made it even worse.

She stopped crying and dabbed at her eyes with the napkin.

“Sure is a good thing we got waterproof make-up.”

The guys laughed.

She looked down at the burger and picked it up.

She started eating.

“Atta girl,” said Mike.

Their waitress came back to the table. She looked at Kate with thinly veiled disgust.

“You sure you’re warm enough there Miss?” she asked sarcastically.

“She’s just fine, thank you.” said Mike.

“Well, will there be anything else?” she asked. “I’m off now.”

“Some more ice water, please.” asked Mike.

“Sure thing,” she said.

She returned back with a pitcher and started filling up the glasses.

“Can you just leave it?” asked Mike.

“Sure,” she replied.

“You can pay Auggie,” she said, realizing they weren’t in a rush to settle the bill.

“Sure thing,” said Mike.

The disgruntled waitress sauntered off, clearly not happy. She pulled a coat from the coat rack near the door and left.

After a few minutes, Kate saw the trucker walk past their table and go back to his seat at the counter. She could feel him stare. She thought about what he’d seen. She felt sick again. She noticed him lean over and start talking to the other men. One by one, she could see out of the corner of her eye, the men take turns looking over at her. She tried to concentrate on her food.

The guys at her table went on talking again, and she hardly heard a word they said. She just tried to eat.

After a moment, she saw the trucker from the Men’s room get up and approach them. Her stomach tightened.

“Say,” he said to Mike. He motioned back to the other men at the counter.

“I wuz just telling the guys about, about...and...well,, they don’t believe me.”

Mike looked up at him impassively, drawing on the straw in the milkshake. He turned and looked at Kate.

Kate could feel the butterflies in her stomach.

“Well,” Mike replied, smiling back at him. “I wouldn’t believe you either.”

They all laughed.

The trucker smiled back, showing his rotten teeth.

“I tell you what,” he continued, “Bernice and the family that was

here hit the road, and it just us friends. Now my buddies here’ve each got fifteen bucks for a look like I got.”

Mike looked at him for a moment, and then turned to look at Kate.

She felt the adrenalin.

They were talking about HER! Mike and this man were talking about her like she wasn’t even there.

“That’s almost a hundred bucks towards our trip,” said Mike. She didn’t respond.

“Please...don’t...” she finally whispered. She stared at the table top. She couldn’t look up.

“You wouldn’t mind helping for the good of our trip would you Kate?” Mike asked.

“Please...No....”

There was a moment of silence.

They all looked at her. She felt as if the world was swirling around her. She stared at the table top.

“Kate here is kinda shy,” said Mike, “but I know she wouldn’t want to disappoint us.” He looked over at her.

She didn’t move.

“ I think,” he continued, “that what she means here is that she would rather have ME pull her titties out.”

The guys all laughed.

“NOOOOO...that’s, not...” her words were drowned out.

The trucker motioned to his friends, who quickly gathered around the booth. They moved faster than if someone had dropped a grenade.

“Jim,” the trucker said to one of them, “go and get Auggie, will ya’.”

“Oh, my God...” Kate looked at Mike, her eyes welling up with tears. “Please, no...” It was all she could say.

“We gotta help you with this shyness,” he replied with a smile.

“It’s no big thing.”

Kate could hardly breathe she was suddenly so nervous. The men were all gross, all looked like slobs to her. They stared at her, almost literally drooling. The only thing she noticed about one of them was a huge Adam’s a pple that stuck out from his neck. Hair grew around it, like he’s given up trying to shave around it.

They were all so gross.

The one called Jim came back, followed by a huge, fat, greasy looking man in his late fifties. He had on a filthy T-shirt with a “V” neck that showed wads of back and grey hair on his chest. He had an even dirtier apron wrapped around his girth. He took one look at Kate and licked his lips.

“Jez a minute,” he said, quickly moving down the length of the counter, like he had a winning lottery ticket, “lemme lock the front door.”

Mike got out from the booth.

“Step back guys,” he said, waving his hands, “let’s give her some room.”

Tom, Jack and Ken all slid out of the booth and with the men formed a loose semi-circle.

Mike reached his hand out for Kate.

She sat there, visibly paralyzed.

“Auggie,” said Mike to the greasy cook as he approached them, “do you have a plastic spatchula?”

“Uh, yeah...” the owner replied, perplexed.

“Would you mind getting it for me?” asked Mike. He turned to face Kate sitting in the booth. “You see sometimes Kate here needs a little discipline...”

“HHOOOOOOOOOO,” a chorus of the guys. Auggie hurriedly ran back to the kitchen.

Kate looked up suddenly as though she’d been slapped. Oh, please, not again, she thought. She began to feel lightheaded.

Mile reached his hand out to her again.

She didn’t have to hear it twice.

She reached out for his hand. He pulled her out of the booth. As she stood up, Kate looked even more statuesque, and her big, jutting breasts appeared to be straining even harder against the bikini top. There was a murmur of appreciation.

Standing up made her even dizzier. Auggie returned with a blue plastic spatula. There were two rows of large holes cut into the flat blade part. The front edge and one of the sides was blackened and warped from usee took it and set it down. He sat himself up on the edge of the table they’d been sitting at, facing the counter, and the men. He reached out and took Kate’s arm and pulled her to him. He turned her around so that her back was in front of him, and so that she too was facing the guys with her bottom pressed against the edge of the table between his legs. His thighs straddled her hips.

Mike reached behind him and took the ketchup bottle from the table, and reached around the front of her body. He placed the bottom of it against the front of her jeans. It stuck out like an erect penis.

“WHOOOOOAAAAA” cried out several of the men. They laughed.

“Now, here Kate,” said Mike, “I want you to hold this here, just

like this with your left hand.”

Kate looked down at the rude image. She couldn’t look up, she couldn’t face the men she could feel staring at her. The front door was locked, and she really was trapped. Once again, she thought that the best way out of t his was to do what Mike said.

Slowly, she wrapped her left hand around the bottom of the bottle.

“And with THIS hand,” said Mike. He guided her right hand around the top of the bottle and forced it to close around the top just under the cap. He began stroking her hand up and down its length.

She tried to pull her hand away, but Mike held it tight, keeping the motion going.

“YEAAAAH” cried the men. They made whooping sounds.

“Now you’ve got to keep this going, nice and steady,” he told the humiliated girl, “no matter what happens...or there’ll be punishment.”

She felt Mike’s thighs pull tight on her hips, making her feel even more trapped. This was so degrading, even worse than being in the Men’s room. She looked down at the ketchup bottle sticking os breath on her chest.

“Keep it going nice and steady,” he said.

She closed her eyes and tried to concentrate on the motion, tried to block out everything else.

She felt Mike’s hands on her shoulders. They slowly slid down her upper arms. He gently began rubbing them up and down, getting into the same rhythm. He worked them up and down.

His hands slid farther down and went to her elbows, and he began pushing them in, pushing her breasts together. They began to bulge out in the middle of her chest.

She heard the men make cat-calls.

She struggled to keep her rhythm going on the ketchup bottle as Mike manipulated her arms back and forth like an accordion. Squeezing her breasts together.

“Awe, come on,” said one male voice, “let’s see those FUCKING

TITS.”

She shuttered.

“Keep it going nice and steady now,” he said, as he relaxed her arms.

She felt his hands go back to her shoulders. They rested there for a moment.

Slowly, his fingers began moving down the line of the straps that ran over her shoulders. She felt them trace over each shoulder and slowly begin following the straps down across her chest. The fingertips began moving their way under the material as they went down.

Her breathing became tight and fast. She felt a tingle go down her spine as his fingers moved farther down the straps over her breasts, slightly pulling away the top. Her hand worked the ketchup bottle, back and forth.

“Come OOOOOOON” A man’s voice.

Kate kept her eyes shut. She couldn’t bear to look.

She felt his fingers continue to move against her skin She felt the material being lifted up, slowly, away from her

breasts towards either side.

She waited for the feel of his entire hand “Now pull your shoulders back,” Mike said in her ear. She bit down on her lower lip.

She took a deep breath, and did as he said, making her boobs rise up.

She tried to keep concentrating on the rhythm, working her right hand up and down the ketchup bottle.

“AAAAWWWWW MAAAAN.”

She could feel the men staring lustily, waiting for her breasts to be bared. This was too horrible to believe.

She flinched.

She suddenly felt Mike’s tongue lightly touch the right side of her neck. A tingling spread across her body. The point of his tongue moved up her neck towards her ear. It was dizzying.

Then with one sudden tug, the bikini top was pulled to either side, and Kate’s big breasts sprang out.

WHHHOOOOOOAAA!!! The men all cheered.

She let out a whimper of shame.

“OH, my GOD, look at those TITS.”

“FUUUUUUCK.”

She tried to ignore the crude comments.

She felt Mike’s hands move underneath her bared breasts. He cupped them in his hands and lifted them up, bunching them up on her chest. She kept her eyes shut and concentrated on the ketchup bottle, keeping the stroking motion. Mike began to knead the big mounds.

“AW, CHRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISSSTT”

Whoops of delight came the men.

“I’d sure LOVE to run my prick between THOSE fucking melons,” said one of them.

Kate almost choked. The thought of her breasts being used in such a disgusting and unnatural way by one of these greasy horrible men made her want to be sick. She began to feel panicky. What if Mike let him?

Mike began to run his fingers in a circular motion. He started to caress her nipples, tugging them outward.

“Let’s get this things to stand out,” he said. The tingling feeling coming from nipples mixed with the fear and humiliation to create a swirl of emotion in Kate. She felt waves of dizziness. He rolled the big nipples in his fingers.

“Come on, Kate,” he said, “let’s make ‘em hard.”

“Let me LICK ‘EM” offered one of the men.

Kate shuddered. She felt Mike’s hands pull away.

“Come on, make them stick out,” he commanded.

She became a mass of confusion and fear and shame, and tried to keep her mind on the ketchup bottle.

The sudden splash of cold water made her cry out. Her mouth and eyes popped open at the shock, and she dropped the bottle to the floor. Mike had taken one of the glasses of ice water from the table behind him and poured it down her front.

“AWWWWWWW” came a loud groan from the guys. She instantly reached up to cover herself.

Now that her eyes were open again, she suddenly noticed that Jack had climbed up onto the counter to get a better view, and had the small palm-sized video camera in his hand. He’d caught the whole horrible episode.

She cried out in shame.

A wild cheer went up and the men saw that she had seen Jack.

“Hey, I want a copy of that tape,” said one of the men.

“Fuckin’ A-Yeah” the others agreed.

She let out a moan of despair, and her hands came up and covered her face. She began to cry into her hands.

“Oh God, PLEASE...please stop...”

“Hey, she dropped the bottle.” said a male voice.

“DIIIIISapline” said another.

Mike pulled her hands back down, once again exposing her dripping breasts to the lusty eyes of the assembled group. They were covered in delicate goose bumps.

“We want see,” he said, “shoulders back, now.”

Beads of cold water continued to drip down her chest, and down the creamy light brown skin of her magnificent breasts. The cold water had indeed made the nipples tight and hard. Mike reached up and took hold of her shoulders and pulled them back, forcing her tits to stick out. She fought back the urge to raise her arms back up. Tears dripped down her face.

“Kate,” said Mike, “you just have not followed instructions here.”

She suddenly realized what that meant.

Another spanking.

Here. In this greasy diner.

In front of these horrible men.

“NOOOOOOO,” She tried to squirm loose, but Mike held her tight.

He gave her whole body a shake.

She stopped struggling.

“Now,” he said directly into her ear, just above a whisper, “you’ve got two choices.” He pulled her tight.

The men all watched Mike talk to her.

“Once again, you can either do as I tell you,” he told her, “or we’re gonna have the whole gang in on it...”

“No, please...please don’t....don’t DO THIS...” she tried to turn around to face him.

He held her fast, and continued talking so that only she could hear.

“And if the whole gang gets in on taking your pants down, and holding you down, well, then things are going to get outta hand here...”

“Oh, GOD...No...”

She was terrified, suddenly more scared than she had ever dreamed possible. The thought of these greasy, horrible men holding her down and...

“What’s it gonna be?”

She was speechless. Stricken with fear.

“What’s it gonna be, Kate?”

“God, please DON’T...please don’t let them...”

“Kate, you are just going to have to learn to follow instructions, or this is going to be a very difficult weekend for you.”

She was numb.

“I think I’m going to have to teach you a little lesson here.”

Tears welled up in her beautiful big brown eyes.

“Now, remember,” he said, “the minute you don’t do exactly, and I mean EXACTLY as I tell you, then I’m going to let the guys here take over.”

He pushed her forward and scooted off the table.

She found herself standing just a few feet away from the leering men, with her breasts sticking rudely from her top, and realized how much safer she had just felt a moment ago. She stared at the floor.

“You sure got nice tits honey,” said one of them.

Mike moved to the next booth and pushed away the silverware and napkins. He picked up the spatula.

“WHOAAAA” a chorus from the men, who scrambled to get new vantage points. Three of them sat on the stools on the counter facing the table.

“You guys,” he pointed to Ken and Tom, “come slid in here.” He motioned each one to one of the bench seats facing each other across the table.

“Okay, Kate, over here.”

Slowly, with her big breasts hanging lewdly from her mauled bikini-top, she walked on shaky legs to the edge of the table.

There was nothing she could do.

Nothing except what Mike said.

“Now turn around.”

She slowly turned around so that her back was to the men. Her long dark hair hung down near the line the strap of her top made around her back. The men all gazed at the smd breasts were Tom and Ken sitting on either side at the other end of the Formica covered tabletop. Tom smiled at her.

“I can’t wait to see that ass,” said Auggie behind her.

“You can have her ass,” said another, “I want feel my dick between those big tits.”

The men had gone a bit quiet while Mike had been talking to her, waiting to see what was going to happen. Now they spoke up again.

Kate tried to blot out the rude comments, and closed her eyes again.

She just wanted this nightmare to be over.

“Okay, Kate,” said Mike, “take your pants down.”

She took a deep breath.

Once again, she reached up. Her numb fingers worked the metal button through the hole in her jeans.

She grasped the zipper and slowly lowered it down.

From behind, the men could see the waist of her jeans go slack.

“YEAAAAAAH.”

She worked her thumbs into the top of the jeans and carefully started to lower them. She pulled the material away from her hips, careful not to catch her knickers as well. She slowly pulled them down.

“WHEEEEEEEW!!!”

Slowly her white knickers were exposed.

Then, inch by inch, her scrumptious round ass came into the men’s view.

She lowered her jeans over the ripe cheeks to the tops of her thighs, presenting a stunning firm, round bottom covered by white knickers, which were bunched up between her cheeks.

“HUH, HUH, HUH,” the men chanted.

She waited her next instruction.

“A little lower,” said Mike.

She moved them down a couple of inches, past the widest part of her hips.

“Lower,”

Another few inches.

“Take a couple of steps back, toward us,” Mike commanded.

Slowly she moved away from the table.

She waited.

“Take them off.”

She was startled.

That would leave her almost totally naked.

She couldn’t argue.

“Lean forward, Kate, and push them all the way down your legs

without bending your knees.”

She began to do as he said and lower the jeans down her tapering brown thighs, bending at the waist. The motion rounded her ass, making it stick out in front of the men.

“OH, YEEEEEEEEEEEEESSSS!” she heard.

“Stick it OUT,”

Her breasts hung pendulously as she bent over.

Auggie leaned forward in his seat towards her bottom, staring at it. It took all of his self control not to reach out and grab it.

She pushed the jeans all the way down her long slim legs.

“Okay,” said Mike, “now step out of them without standing back up.”

She lifted one leg at a time, jiggling her breasts and spreading her bottom cheeks in her knickers, and managed to pull both of her bare feet free.

“Stand back up.”

She raised herself back upright.

Mike walked up, and stood on her left side.

He looked down at her for a moment, standing there in just her knickers and mauled bikini top.

“Go back to the table.”

She took the couple of steps necessary to reach the edge of the table. The front of her thighs leaned against the edge. She looked at Ken and Tom sitting in front of her and noticed they were both staring at the front of her knickers.

She was totally helpless. There was nothing she could do.

She stood with her long legs bare all the way up from her delicate ankles, up to her bottom shaped like an upside-down heart.

“Now,” said Mike’s voice behind her, “reach back behind you and grab your knickers.”

Her hands reached around and grasped the top of the material, just above each bottom cheek.

“Now pull them up.”

She began to pull the material upwards, arching her back and slowly exposing her cheeks as the material reluctantly pulled away. The faint imprint of where the knickers had been was visible, an indentation in the smooth s kin.

“Higher.”

She pulled the material taught, pulling much of it into the crack.

“HUH, HUH, HUH...”

“Now lean forward.”

Slowly she leaned her upper body forward, leaning on the table edge with the front of her thighs. Once again her breasts hung freely from the bikini top. Out of the corner of her eye she could see Ken staring at them.

“Keep your legs straight and lean all the way over.”

The height of the table was such that in order to make contactwith it, her shoulders had to be lower than her hips, making her ass the highest point on her body. She pulled her ankles and knees tightly together and bent forward, making her knickers ride up even higher. Her full ass cheeks rounded in front of the appreciative eyes.

“Now,” said Mike from behind her, “give your hands to Ken and Tom.”

She became frightened again. She looked up at them fearfully. Tom smiled again. Ken didn’t. He just stared silently. She let go of her knickers which snapped back down, though most of them remained wedged in her bottom.

She slowly reached her hands out in front to her.

The contact with the guys made her shudder. Their hands felt clammy.

“Okay,” said Mike, “pull her as far forward as you can without pulling her off her feet.”

They each grabbed her around one of her wrists with both hands and pulled her forward. As they straightened her arms out, her breasts mashed against the table top.

With her arms being held down, she felt so vulnerable.

She could feel her bottom sticking up in the air.

Mike picked up the spatula and whipped it through the air.

“WHOOOOOAAAA” a cheer went up from the men.

He walked up to Kate’s waiting ass. He gripped her knickers in the middle just above her bottom and pulled up on them, once again forcing the material into the crease between her cheeks.

“YEEEAHHH.”

He laid the spatula against her right cheek and pressed it against her skin. Small bulges appeared in the holes cut in the plastic. He lifted it away and inspected the imprint.

Mike got down on one knee, with his face just inches from her left cheek.

He just looked for a moment.

“Come ONNNNN,” said Auggie, “let’s see that ASS!”

Mike didn’t respond. Instead he took the corner of the spatula and touched Kate’s leg with it, just behind her left knee. The knee flinched forward. He slowly traced a line up the back of her thigh, rising up himself as he did. Then he moved it into the line between her legs, a line she was tightly holding together. Kate squinted her eyes shut at she felt the utensil on her skin.

The teasing gave her a tingling feeling. She tried to brace herself.

Mike reached out and grasped the top of her knickers.

He slowly pulled them down over her ripe ass.

Kate let out a moan of shame.

Now her bottom was totally exposed.

He pulled them down to the top of her thighs, exposing both luscious cheeks and the dark line that ran between them that turned into a gentle “Y” at the top.

Mike grabbed her right cheek in his hand.

He squeezed it, causing her flesh the bulge between his fingers.

“Lemme’ see her ASSHOLE,” said Auggie suddenly Both Tom and Ken felt her try to pull her arms free. They held them fast as she squirmed on the table top. The men watched her ass wiggle around.

“SPLAT,” Mike brought the spatula down.

“SPLAT,” instantly again on the other side.

“AHHHHHH” Kate cried out in pain. The burning was much worse than before. She burst into fresh tears.

Ken and Tom held her hands tightly.

The watched her lovely face as the tears rolled down.

Her bottom was suddenly much redder than it had been.

Mike reached down and rubbed both cheeks.

She held her knees tightly together.

“SPLAT,” a little lower this time.

“SPLAT,” on the other side.

“AHHHHHHHH,” she cried out again.

Mike rubbed her bottom with his hands again.

Auggie and the other men stared.

Kate sobbed.

Her bottom was on fire.

Mike continued to rub the red cheeks.

“Now, Kate,” he said, “I want you to stay perfectly still.”

She gave no reaction.

“Ready, Auggie?” asked Mike.

The greasy restauranteur’s face was bright pink.

Mike slipped his fingers into the crack of Kate’s bottom and pulled her asscheeks apart, giving the men a clear view of her anus.

She cried out in shame and humiliation.

How could anyone be so disgusting? She asked herself over and over. How could anyone even think of such a depraved thing.

Her bottom buzzed with warm pain.

Mike released her asscheeks and stepped back. The four red marks were clearly visible. He walked to the table they had all been in and picked up the pitcher of ice water the waitress had left them. Ice was still floating in it.

“Kate here has got a long weekend ahead of her,” he said, “so we better cool things off a bit.”

The men all smiled, seeing what he was going to do.

Mike walked back over to the bent over girl, and stood just over

her red bottom. He pushed his hip against hers and reached around and grabbed her other side, holding her firmly.

He tipped to the pitcher, and a stream of water came down and made contact with Kate’s lower back.

“AAAIIIIIIEEEEEEEEEEEEE,” she cried out in shock. Her body lurched forward onto to the table as both of her feet left to the floor. She pulled against Ken and Tom.

Mike let to the water run down over her reddened bottom. It make tickles down off of to the round cheeks. Streams poured down her legs and ran into her knickers.

Her legs kicked in to the air.

She gasped at to the cold.

He stopped for a moment and rubbed her cheeks.

He pointed to the pitcher into her knickers and poured water onto them. To the cold water spilled out of to the crotch band and ran over down her thighs.

He set to the pitcher down on to the other table and reached down and grabbed them. He pulled her knickers back up, pulled a puddle of cold water into contact with her crotch.

She whimpered as to the cold, wet material made contact with her skin.

Mike waited until she was still again and motioned to Tom and Ken, who let go of to the distraught girl. Mike pulled her to her feet.

Kate stood in total humiliation.

She covered her big breasts with her arms.

Water dripped down her legs from her sopping wet knickers which were pulled tightly back into place.

To the men, who had been almost spellbound, came to life again.

They cheered and gave each other high fives.

Mike handed Kate her jeans.

“Here, you can put these back on.”

She took to the jeans and held them in front of her.

“You can have five minutes in to the Ladies Room.”

Kate quickly moved away from to the men and started towards to the restrooms.

“But leave to the knickers on.”

The men all laughed.

Mike looked at his watch at to the sound of to the Ladies’ Room door closing.

“That was to the Goddamned hottest show I ever saw,” said one of to the men.

“And to the COLDEST,” said another.

They all laughed.

“Yeah,” replied Mike, “I went easy on her this time.”

He smiled at to the men.

“Cause she’s still got a coming up. She has to practice her cheers, cause she is going to be putting on a show tonight that she doesn’t know about.”

“Whooooa,” said one of to the men.

“And tomorrow,” Mike said.

“Tomorrow, we’re taking Kate to to the Mall.”

Cheerleader’s Torment

Chapter Seven

When Kate returned from the Ladies room, the men were all unusually quiet, and that made her nervous. They had all been watching, waiting for her to come out. She had re-adjusted her top and put her jeans back on, but as Mike had said, she’d left her wet knickers on.

Mike and Jack were the only ones standing. Tom and Ken were still sitting in the booth. They rested their elbows on the table she’d had to lay on. The other men were all sitting on the stools mounted in front of the long counter. They were all rotated around facing her. She slowly walked up to the table. She noticed a big plastic container of margarine on the counter.

Mike had her little bag in his hand. He pulled a hairbrush out of it and handed it to her.

“Why don’t you give your hair a brush Kate,” he said.

It seemed an odd request and she looked around cautiously.. She reached out and took the brush.

She began running it through her hair. The men all watched.

She saw Jack, who was holding a wad of cash, walk over hand it over to Mike and then pick up the video camera again. He pointed it at her. Once again she felt the adrenaline. Fear welled up inside her again. She’d though t it was over. Now the sight of the wad of cash really scared her.

“Did you learn a lesson here, Kate?” asked Mike, watching her.

The brush stopped for a second, and then picked up speed again.

Something was going on.

“Y...yes,” she said reluctantly. She tried to brush her hair as unsensuously as possible.

“And what was that?”

She felt choked. She knew what he wanted to hear.

“Ob..obedience.” she finally uttered.

“Obedience. That’s right.”

She finished with her hair. Despite her ordeal, she looked stunning. Her beautiful dark hair picked up a luster from the brushing, and her full lips still showed the red lipstick. The waterproof eye make-up held fast.

She watched Jack with the video camera as he walked around behind Mike.

“Do you think you learned your lesson Kate?” asked Mike. He smiled at her with intolerable smugness.

Kate’s nervousness and frustration showed.

“Y..yes,” she replied.

She noticed one of the men at the counter shift in his seat. He reached down and readjusted his crotch. She looked down at the floor.

It was suddenly so quiet.

“Are you sure?”

“Y...yes,” she repeated. God she wanted out of there.

Mike stepped forward and held his hand out for the hairbrush.

It took a minute to register what he wanted before Kate reached out and handed it to him.

“That’s good,” he said. He smiled at her and held up the brush and looked at it. “Cause I’d hate to have to discipline you again.”

A shiver went down Kate’s spine. The brush would really hurt.

“I’ll bet your bottom is really sore.”

Kate swallowed hard. Her mouth became dry. Mike was toying with her even more cruelly than before.

“Maybe we better look at it?”

She didn’t answer.

“Let’s see,” he said, “show us your lesson. Why don’t you turn around and show us your bottom, Kate.”

Oh God. It was starting again.

“...your bare bottom.”

In her time in the ladies room, she’d almost managed to distance herself from this horrible incident and now it was getting worse. She noticed the hairbrush in Mike’s hand.

Suddenly, they all jumped. The tension was broken by the sound of the front door to the diner being shaken. They all looked around to see that a group of about five people had pulled up and were trying to get in. The peo ple stepped back, looking around for a sign. A man cupped his hands together on the glass to try to see inside.

Kate almost wanted to cry for help. Her heart started to beat, and she could feel a scream welling up. She controlled it. She knew what would happen. Horrible pictures of her being touched by gross old men would go arou nd the school, or worse, the video of her getting a spanking in a public parking lot, or of her with that ketchup bottle. Her parents would find out and she could never explain it. Mike promised not to show them to anybod y, and she’d never heard anything about the other girls, about any videos or pictures, so it seemed that he kept his word on that score. She just had to make it through this nightmare weekend, at least until they got to t he camp. She was sure she’d be safe once she was with the other girls.

Auggie walked up to the door and waved them off, shrugging his shoulders as if to say there was some problem beyond his control. They could hear the disappointed voices fade out as the people went back to their cars.

After a moment, suddenly, all the eyes were once again on Kate.

She knew what had to happen, and she slowly turned around so that her back was facing her audience..

She reached up and unfastened her jeans and slowly pulled them down. This time, without having to be told, she slipped her thumbs into her knickers and pulled them down too. Once again, her beautiful round bottom came int o the view of the men sitting in the diner. Both cheeks were reddened from the spanking.

“Mmmmmmm,” she heard a male voice.

“Go ahead and take ‘em off,” said Mike.

She pushed them down her legs, and kept her knees as close together as possible as she pulled her feet out of each pant leg.

Mike walked around the front of her and took her jeans and knickers from her. She avoided his eyes and stared straight ahead. She felt his eyes roam up and down her body. She resisted the urge to cover her pubic mound wit h her hands when she felt his eyes there. He slowly walked around her.

“Now,” she heard him from behind her again. “Auggie, our host here, has been kind enough to offer to help alleviate the burning on your bottom Kate.”

She heard some giggles.

“Since he doesn’t have any cold cream here, he’s offered to sooth you with margarine.”

More chuckling.

“Come on over here,” said Mike.

She bit her lip and turned around. She saw Mike was standing between the men seated at the counter and his friends at the booth behind him. There was an empty stool waiting ominously between them.

Now wearing nothing except her bikini top, Kate turned around and walked to where Mike was standing. She approached the stool.

“Get yourself up on this stool,” he said, “on your knees.”

She looked at it for a second before moving. She had men on both sides of her and she could feel them leering, staring at her nakedness.

She had a hard time as the top of the stool rotated. She had to hold on to the edge of the counter as she climbed up. She managed to get into place and waited on her knees, with her feet sticking out back behind her, tow ards Ken and Tom.

Her naked ass was elevated and in plain view.

“Now lean forward...put your elbows on the counter,” said Mike.

She bent forward, and rested her forearms on the counter. Her bottom stuck out behind her.

She could hear the men moving around behind her.

She heard the top of a plastic container being opened. She closed her eyes tightly.

Auggie stared at the naked ass in front of him and wondered if he had died and gone to heaven. It was perfectly shaped. The slim thighs met the round out thrust cheeks, which were now bright pink.

He reached his fingers into the plastic tub and scooped out a big wad of margarine. He reached out and wiped it one Kate’s left cheek.

“Now,” said Mike, “no moving, Kate.”

Auggie wiped another wad on her right cheek, and set the container down.

She kept herself from flinching as she felt his hands reach out and slowly began to smear the margarine across her bottom.

Her ass began to shine as Auggie massaged her cheeks. His face became red as he kneaded the globes.

The men all gathered around and watched closely as Auggie worked on her bottom. He began to spread his fingers out with his strokes to pull her bottom cheeks apart with his motion. He began to run his thumbs along the in side of the cleft between her cheeks.

Kate opened her eyes in horror, and was shocked to see Jack and the video camera. He had come around the other side of the counter and was getting shots of her face as Auggie was mauling her ass. She tried to ignore the camera, and what was happening behind her. Jack moved along the counter keeping the camera on Kate’s face the whole time. He came all the way around again and zoomed in on Auggie’s hands.

Suddenly, Auggie couldn’t help himself any longer, and he slowly pushed his forefinger against Kate’s asshole. He pushed the greasy digit in.

“AARRGGG...” Kate let out a gasp, and her bottom cheeks clenched instinctively, but otherwise, she didn’t move. She was too shocked.

“YEAHHHHHH,” a chorus of male voices cheered.

Auggie slowly pulled a heart attack at any moment.

Finally Auggie pulled his finger out of her ass. He stepped back, and with the other men just stared for a moment at the gorgeous sight in front of them. Kate’s full bottom glistened.

“Very good, Kate,” said Mike. “You’re learning.”

He picked up her knickers and jeans and walked over to the sinkbehind the counter. He turned on the water and ran her knickers under it.

“Okay,” he said, “come on down.”

Slowly the humiliated cheerleader lifted herself off of the counter and spun around. She sat on the stool and leaned her head forward, avoiding eye contact. Her luscious dark hair fell about her face. She placed her han ds demurely over her pubic bush.

Mike handed her the sopping wet knickers.

“Go ahead and put these back on,” he said.

Without looking up, she reached up and took the wet underwear. She got down from the stool and stepped into them. She quickly drew them up the length of her legs. Water dripped down her thighs.

“These too,” said Mike, handing her the jeans.

She pulled the jeans on over the wet knickers. She was totally humiliated, and stood with her hair hanging down around her face.

“Well,” said Mike, looking at Auggie. “I’d like to thank you for your hospitality.”

Auggie could hardly speak. He just stared at Kate. He nodded his head.

“You guys can stop by anytime,” said the first man from the bathroom. “And you, honey, you’re welcome ANYTIME.”

The men all laughed.

Kate’s mind was in a whirl as she slid into the backseat of the car. Her sopping wet knickers were dripping under her jeans. Whatever else it did, the ice water had helped the burning of her now twice spanked bottom. It d

idn’t hurt nearly as much as her pride.ng so shameful. She was numb.

Mike and Jack got in the back seat on either side of her. Ken was going to drive again. She stared out the front windshield in front of her, just below where the rearview mirror hung down.

She felt the car start up, and they pulled out of the parking lot.

“I’ll tell you where,” said Mike.

Kate felt the eyes of the three guys who weren’t driving on her.

She tried to concentrate on getting to the campsite and seeing the other girls. This test had been her worst nightmare.

Mike, who was sitting on her right, slipped his left arm around her shoulders. With his free hand he pulled her hair back behind her, exposing the tops of her big breasts.

She could feel the stares.

“Now, Kate,” said Mike, “I have a little confession to make.”

She felt his hand gently stroke her hair. Slowly it began to move down her neck. He began to stroke the skin along her collarbone.

She didn’t move.

“You see,” he continued, “we’re not really going camping.”

“Wha...” she turned her head to face him.

“Well,” he looked her in the eye. “We WILL be taking a hike together.”

She heard the other guys start to snicker.

“AND,” he continued with a sarcastic smile, “you’re going to have a chance to...sort of... get back to nature.”

Laughter.

Tears welled up in Kate’s eyes.

“Please...” she said. Tears started to roll down her cheeks.

“Please, hasn’t this...Oh God...hasn’t this been enough?”

Mike’s hand slid down and covered her left breast. He gently cupped it in his hand.

A sob came out of her mouth. “Oh my God, please...” she repeated.

Mike reached his left hand over around from behind her shoulderpulled back the bikini top from her tched several cars go by without paying any attention to them. She hoped no one would look in.

Mike moved his hands over to her other breast, and pulled it out.

All three guys stared at her nakedness.

Kate began to cry openly.

“You see,” continued Mike. He went to her nipples and started to roll them in his fingertips. Kate’s chest started to heave in nervous response. “The test is for the whole weekend, and each new girl gets to be sort of li ke a personal “playmate” of the members of the committee.”

“Please, please stop...” she cried, “I can’t...I just can’t take this...”

Mike tugged her nipples outward. They became hardened.

“Sure you can,” he continued, staring down at her nipples.

“That’s why we like to take pictures and videos.”

She was so helpless. She just sat there crying with her hands in her lap as he manipulated her breasts, and the others watched.

“You see,” he continued, “aside from computers, video and other multi-media is what I do.”

Kate couldn’t believe her ears.

“Ken,” said Mike to the driver, “head for the Rainbow’s End Motel.”

“Just think,” said Mike, looking back at Kate. “you’re going to get a chance to be a model.”.

Cheerleader’s Torment

Chapter Eight

The reality of the situation set in on Kate as she watched the traffic pass the car window. She was very uncomfortable in the wet knickers and jeans and could see the wet outline through her pants.

Even though Mike had let her pull her top back together, she realized that she was a virtual slave to the four men in the car. It was really just that simple. She’d had to sit there while Mike lifted her breasts out of her top and handled them. He had pictures and videos of her in the most terrible situations imaginable and if they got out around school she would be totally ruined. Worse even was if her father saw them, and how sick he’d be. It would kill him and she’d rather die herself than let that happen. The worst part about it was that Mike knew it too. She could tell that even if he did not know exactly why, he knew she would do whatever he told her.

She wondered what he meant about being a “model.” She had heard that the girls on the cheerleading team did get some modeling jobs. Mostly local stuff, but they were excited about it none-the-less. Kate was certainly not interested all. But she knew that wasn’t what he was talking about.

It didn’t take long to get to the Rainbow’s End Motel. It was a typical looking American 50’s style motel, plain and square. It was beige with brown doors and black railings, and looked as though it hadn’t been painted since it opened. To the sign was missing several lights. They turned into to the parking lot, which was mostly empty, and pulled into a space near to the office.

“Okay,” said Mike, “Kate and I will go in and get to the rooms.”

She was surprised that he wanted her to go into to the office with him, and immediately thought of her wet pants. It would look like she wet them. Mike opened to the door and got out of to the car. He held it open for Kate. Reluctantly, she slid over and stepped out. Once again, she felt embarrassed at to the skimpy bikini top. It looked obscene because she was so big. She felt like a tramp. She looked down at her jeans and saw to the wet outline of her knickers.

Mike smiled at her as he saw it too.

“It’s gonna look like we were too late getting you here,” he laughed.

She blushed bright red.

She followed Mike into to the small, dingy office just off of to the lot. It smelled like stale cigarette smoke and to the walls were turned slightly brown from to the nicotine. An older man standing behind to the desk u nder a big sign that read “Check Out: 11:00” He was tall and gangly, and as they got closer, Kate noticed that though he was balding, he had hair growing out of his nose and ears. She shuttered. He looked up at them dryly, before noticing Kate. His eyes widened as he saw her.

“Can I help ya?” he asked with a leering smile, staring at her bulging breasts.

Mike said yes, and sorted out two rooms. She learned that she would be in his room, while to the other three guys shared. Throughout to the negotiations, to the desk clerk kept stealing glances at Kate’s big boobs. She stood nervously, trying not to fidget.

“Say,” said Mike after they had finished with to the business.

“Are you guys very busy now?”

“Naw,” replied to the clerk, addressing both of them. “It’s kinda slow. Just to the usual few sales guys.”

“Well,” Mike continued, “I’m a photographer, and Kate here is a model. And well I was wondering if we might take a few shots by your pool around back later.”

To the clerk looked at Kate. His face seemed to lift as his eyes went up and down her body for to the thousandth time. He cleared his throat and looked at Mike. “Well, I’m not too sure,” he replied cannily. “Ya know, management and stuff.”

“What ya’ got in mind?” His eyes drifted back over to Kate, causing her to shiver.

“Well,” said Mike, “I’m looking to get some good swimwear shots.”

He turned and looked at Kate.

Suddenly to the door behind to the leering clerk opened and two younger men entered to the office. They were both obviously maintenance workers, gardeners or pool cleaners. They stopped short as they saw Mike and to the clerk staring at Kate. They did likewise.

“This guy here,” to the clerk told his two employees, “is a photographer.” He turned to Kate, “and this here is a model.”

To the two guys looked at her and nodded their agreement

“Isn’t she something?” Mike exclaimed. “Doesn’t she have a great body for swimwear?”

She began to blush as she felt their eyes on her.

To the men just stared for a moment sizing her up.

“Turn around nice and slow for us, Kate,” asked Mike.

She closed her eyes for a second and took a deep breath.

Slowly she began to pivot on her left foot and turn her body around. She stopped when her back was facing them.

“Looks like she had an accident,” to the clerk said.

To the men laughed.

Kate’s breath began to come in short bursts.

To the room went quiet and she waited for Mike to tell her what to do next.

“All to the way around,” he said.

She pivoted back to face them again and stared down at to the floor. She couldn’t look at them.

“You know,” said Mike, turning to to the clerk. “I think I’d also like to get a few shots of her without her top on. Do you think any of your guests would mind.”

To the clerk swallowed with difficulty. His tongue came out and ran across his dry lips. “Well, ahhhh...” he muttered.

Kate’s face flooded with color.

Mike leaned forward confidentially. To the clerk did likewise. He whispered into his ear.

“Yeah, well...” said to the clerk. He looked over to Kate.

“That’ll be okay,” he said. He looked very nervous.

“Great.” said Mike. He picked up to the keys from to the counter.

“Why don’t you wait right here, Kate,” said Mike as he walked

towards to the door, “while we bring in to the stuff.”

She looked at him pleadingly.

He stopped and smiled.

“And you behave yourself.”

Kate watched him walk out of to the office. She stared at to the door, hardly able to turn and face to the three strange men.

To the clerk cleared his throat and to the tension in to the little room became electric. She turned to face him and saw that he was staring at her. To the two other men were as well, though they looked confused. To the clerk clearly looked at though he was trying to think of something to say. Kate’s feet felt rooted to to the spot.

There was no sound except to the little fan spinning above to the desk. To the silence became agonizing.

“So,” said to the nervous clerk finally, “you’re a model, eh?”

Oh God. She had to talk to him”No...well not really,” Kate replied. She realized she had better not contradict what Mike had said.

“I mean, well, I’m only just starting.”

“Oh,” said to the clerk. He looked flustered. His tongue came out and ran across his dry lips. To the two maintenance men looked at him expectantly.

“Well,” he said. He cleared his throat again.

“Well, you should do well...I mean...you...look like a model.”

He looked at to the other guys and then looked back at Kate.

“Don’t you think guys?”

They nodded enthusiastically.

“At least...um....from what we can tell from here.” he said

nervously.

She looked down in misery at her bare feet She realized what Mike had said to him; that she would do what he said. She felt a wave a nausea.

“You gonna do some topless modeling too?” he asked, his voice gaining confidence.

She felt dizzy with anxiety.

“I...I...I don’t know...” she replied, barely above a whisper.

“Well,” said to the clerk, taking hold of to the situation, “Ithink me and to the guys here are pretty good judges.”

“Yeah,” chimed in one of to the men.

“Why don’t you go ahead and pull that top up, and we’ll tell ya what we think.”

“Please,” she said, “someone might come in...”

“Naw, it’s real slow,” said to the clerk.

To the two maintenance men came out from around to the counter to get a better look. They walked up to her, stopping a few feet away.

“Come on, Girlie,” said to the clerk, doing likewise to stand right in front of her. To the three men formed a half circle in front of her. Tension and lust radiated off of them.

Kate closed her eyes and slowly reached up to her bikini top. She gently slipped her fingers underneath to the material covering her breasts.

“That’s right,” said to the clerk. His breath started to wheeze. “Oh my GOD,” said to the other.

“Pull it right up,” said to the clerk, enjoying power over a woman for to the first time.

Kate closed her eyes tightly and pulled to the top up higher, all to the way to her collarbones totally exposing her big nude tits..

Mesmerized, to the clerk reached out and put his hands on them. Kate flinched, but did not move away. Seeing this, he began to mold them in his hands.

Suddenly, to the door swung open. It was Mike.

“Well,” he said, “look at this.”

They all turned to look at him.

“Katie just loves to show her tits off.” He smiled. “I can’t leave her for a second.”

Kate stood aghast. She started to pull her top down over to the hands of to the clerk.

“Wait,” said Mike.

She stopped.

“Pull it back up.”

Slowly she complied.

“You can’t just come in here and flash your tits,” he said.

“Please, I didn’t...”

“You probably got our host here all hot and bothered.” He looked to to the clerk, “is that right?”

To the clerk looked down at her bare tits.

“Yeah,” he said.

“So, Kate,” Mike continued, “ pull his cock out.”

Her eyes widened in horror.

“Wha....”

“You heard me,” he said. “Unzip his fly and pull his cock out.”

To the clerk reached back up and grabbed her tits.

“Please....” she said.

“Do it NOW.”

She was trapped. She had no choice.

Kate reached down and began to fumble with his trousers.

To the clerk started to maul her breasts, and his breath started coming in gasps.

She opened his pants and they slid down his legs, leaving him in his briefs.

She stopped, unsure what to do.

“Pull his shorts down.”

She posed

breasts and let out a groan of pleasure.

“ARRRGGGGHHH,” to the clerk suddenly moaned. After only about ten or fifteen strokes he arched his back. Cum shot out of his prick, hitting Kate on to the stomach, and on her jeans.

Kate was afraid she was going to be sick as she heard to the men cheer. She kept stroking until to the man stepped back.

To the clerk stood as though in a trance. It took him a moment to gather his wits and pull his trousers back up.

Kate stood in revulsion. She resisted to the impulse to wipe to the disgusting spunk off of her, but did not move, waiting for Mike.

“Now,” said Mike, “if you’re done being a slut, put your top back on and let’s check out our room.”

Spent, to the clerk fell into one of to the chairs. He was unable to speak.

Kate pulled her top back down. She looked for something to wipe herself off with but Mike opened to the door to leave. He looked at her and she followed him out to to the parking lot.

The End