**Debbie**

# The Next Door Neighbor

#### A Debbie Story

## by angela101

**Chapter 1**

"Now I'm telling you for the last time." Her mum yelled at her. "Any more trouble and you are out!"

Debbie gave a resigned little sigh and looked up at the ceiling in frustration. "Look mum I'm twenty two years old, not a child anymore."

"Yes and it's about time you started to act like it." She grabbed a bag and thrust it at her daughter. "Now go and do that shopping and be quick about it!"

As Debbie made for the door her mum stopped her. "But Debbie I do mean what I say, I've had enough of you and the trouble you cause. If I hear one more thing then you will have to find somewhere else to live."

"Ok mum I get it, I'll behave." She left the house, pulling the door too behind her. She tugged down the short skirt that she was wearing and pulled her cardigan closer around her.

"Good morning Debbie."

Debbie pulled a little face and then smiled sweetly at the little older man looking over the garden fence. "Good morning Mr. Groves."

"Been fighting with your mum again?" there was a sneer in his voice and a look in his eye that made Debbie nervous.

"Just a little bit Mr. Groves, I'm sure that she'll calm down before I get back." She gave him another little smile and then went on her way.

It took her about an hour to finish the shopping and by the time she got home she was feeling hot and bothered and more than a little bit irritable. She turned the handle on the back door only to find it locked. "Oh mum!"

She searched her pocket for her front door key to find it empty. "Shit!" she muttered savagely. Her mum had obviously had to go out and had locked all the doors.

She placed the shopping bag just inside the porch and sat down on the door step. This was just not her day!

She picked up a stone that was lying on the floor and threw it savagely. The stone flew across the fence and to Debbie's horror there was the sound of glass shattering.

She swallowed nervously and peeped over the fence. Mr. Groves shed window had a massive hole in it and Mr. Groves was standing there furiously.

"God Mr. Groves I'm so sorry." She whispered.

"Where's your mum Debbie. I think I need to talk to her about fixing this."

"Mum's had to go out." She looked at him anxiously. "Please Mr. Groves don't tell my mum, she'll be so angry with me!" she licked her lips nervously. "Maybe I can pay for the damage?"

"Oh? Have you finally got off your lazy backside and got yourself a job then?" he sneered cruelly.

"No." She whimpered. "Maybe I could work it off?"

The fury left him in a heartbeat and he smiled a smile that made Debbie want to throw up.

"Then I guess you had better come over here and we can discuss it." He told her firmly.

She walked slowly around to Mr. Groves back garden and was surprised to find him standing by his shed door. "In here if you please Debbie." He told her coldly.

"Aren't we going into the house?" she asked nervously.

"No, Mrs. Groves is having some work done in the living room so it stinks real bad in there."

She followed him inside his shed and felt the panic overtake her when he closed the door and locked it.

He sat down on a hard uncomfortable looking chair and grinned at her maliciously. "So then what are we going to do about it?"

Debbie swallowed miserably. "I don't know." She whispered.

"You can't afford to pay for the damage." He went on coldly, "and you really, really don't want your mum to find out."

She nodded.

"So then I think that I need to punish you for your thoughtless behaviour."

She looked at him in horror. "What do you mean punish me?"

"Well now." He rubbed the side of his nose thoughtfully. "I think two dozen should do it."

She blinked at him he didn't mean! Couldn't mean!

"So come on then girl!" he roared at her. "Get over here and bend over my lap."

Reality fled out of that broken window and Debbie walked over as if in a trance. She stretched and bent over his bony knees.

Mr. Grove lifted her skirt and pulled down her panties so that her bottom was bare. He stroked her cheeks a couple of time with his dirty sweaty hands and gave an evil little chuckle. Debbie whimpered and then let out a yell as he brought his hand down hard on her bottom.

"Now then Debbie, you need to keep count for me, and don't forget to say thank you for each one."

Slap! "Ouch! one, thank you Mr. Groves!" Debbie sobbed.

"That's a good girl we'll get you trained yet!" he muttered.

Slap! "ooooh! Two, thank you Mr. Groves!"

And so it went on with each slap it hurt Debbie a little bit more and with each slap she felt Mr. Groves get more excited. It was mortifying to Debbie that about half way through she found that her pussy was getting wet.

Slap! "oowww! Twenty four thank you Mr. Groves.

He let her go and she stood up to rub at her flaming bottom a little bit. Then she pulled up her panties and tried to look anywhere but at the erection that was poking through Mr. Groves trousers.

"Now then Debbie," Mr. Groves said firmly. "You've had your punishment and now you need to make amends."

Debbie looked at him blankly. "What do you mean?" she asked fearfully.

"Come over here girl." He took her hand and pulled her over to where he was still sitting. "Now take off that cardigan." Debbie did as she was told without any more thought. "Now unfasten that blouse." She did this to reveal that she wasn't wearing a bra and Mr. Groves let out a shaky sigh. "Pinch your nipples for me and make them hard."

Debbie stroked her breast and gently pinched at the nipples. "No, no, no!" Mr. Groves said impatiently. He reached up and pinched them really hard and Debbie cried out in pain. "Yes that's more like it." He said roughly. "Now Debbie, ask me to suck them better for you."

Debbie let out another little sob. "Please Mr. Groves will you suck my nipples for me make them all nice and better again." She whimpered.

Mr. Groves clamped his mouth around one of her nipples and Debbie felt her cervix contract in response.

He sucked them really hard and Debbie felt the excitement building as her tummy muscles tightened. "Now then Debbie what do you want me to do to your pussy." He asked with another dirty little smile. "And remember to ask nicely, and properly."

"Please Mr. Groves will you stroke my pussy for me, that would feel so nice." She lifted her skirt as she said it and Mr. Groves smirked at the damp patch he could see.

He pulled her panties to one side and started to finger her clitoris. "God Debbie you're so wet!" he exclaimed in mock surprise. "Could it be that you liked getting spanked by me?" he rubbed harder and Debbie winced.

"Yes Mr. Groves. I liked it a lot that you punished me."

He grabbed her pants and viscously pulled them down her legs. Debbie hurriedly stepped out of them so that he wouldn't have to be too rough with her.

"So would you like me to put my fingers inside of you?" he asked her calmly.

"Yes please Mr. Groves will you finger me till I come?"

He gave a viscous little snigger and then pushed one then two of his fingers inside of her. He started to pump them up and down getting faster and harder. "Tell me you like that Debbie tell me not to stop."

"Oh god Mr. Groves that's so good!" she panted. "Please don't stop, do it harder."

"Are you a virgin Debbie?" Mr. Groves suddenly asked her.

Debbie looked at him in surprise. "No Mr. Groves I'm not."

"Excellent!"

Before Debbie knew what was happening Mr. Groves had stood up and forced her over the table next to his chair. He held her down with one hand and forced her legs apart with his foot. She heard him fumbling behind her and then he thrust his hard dick inside of her. He started to pump as fast and as hard as he could. "Do you like it from behind Debbie?" he grunted "does it make you feel like the dirty lazy little tramp that you are?"

His hand came round and he started to stroke her pussy again.

It was all too much for Debbie she gave a little squeal of despair and then felt her orgasm overwhelm her. She had barely finished it when she felt Mr. Groves come deep inside her and he slumped over her back panting heavily.

"Get your clothes back on Debbie and then we can have a nice little chat."

He pulled a second chair over and sat down in the first where he watched her getting dressed her hands shaking so much that she struggled with the buttons on her blouse.

"Sit down Debbie." Mr. Groves got fed up of waiting and grabbed her hand to still her.

Silently Debbie sat down opposite him.

"now then I think that twelve more visits should be enough." He told her thoughtfully.

Debbie looked at him in horror. "You mean that I've got to let you do that to me twelve more times?"

"Oh come on now girl, don't pretend that you didn't enjoy it." Mr. Groves snapped. "Besides you underestimate my imagination." He rubbed his hands together as his thoughts roamed free. "So Debbie what time does your mum go to work tomorrow?" he asked looking at her again.

"Two o'clock." She mumbled.

"Good so you be here for two thirty." He stood up, and she took it to mean that she could leave. As he opened the door to let her out he suddenly stopped her with his hand on her arm. "And Debbie," he said quietly, "don't you dare to be late tomorrow."

"No Mr. Groves." Debbie whispered meekly. She knew that he had her, that as long as that window remained broken he could tell her mum and cause trouble for her. With her head down in defeat Debbie went to sit back on the back door step to wait for her mum to get home.

**Chapter 2**

"Right I'm off now Debs, I'll see you later."

Debbie's mum gave a quick preoccupied smile and left. Debbie looked at the clock feeling sick. Two thirty five, her mum had been running late and now so was she.

She locked the back door and made her way around to Mr. Grove's garden. He was standing by his garden shed and he didn't look happy. The window that she had smashed had still not been repaired so she knew that she was still in his debt.

"Come inside Debbie." He ordered quietly.

Her head down, she went into his shed, and listened whilst he closed and locked the door.

"Would you care to explain to me why you are late?"

"I'm sorry Mr. Groves, but mum was running late and I just couldn't get away."

He held out a piece of chalk to her and indicated a black board in the far corner. "Go and put an x on it." He ordered and as she did this. "Now that's one punishment you owe me that I will collect on when it's convenient to me."

"Yes Mr. Groves." She responded sadly.

"Now Debbie I haven't got a lot of time today so shall we just get straight on with it?"

She eyed him nervously "What did you want me to do?"

"Go and sit on the chair over there." He instructed. "Now open your legs and show me you pussy."

As Debbie complied she realised that Mr. Groves was holding a little camera.

"Oh god no! Please Mr. Groves don't do that!" she pleaded.

"Don't be silly girl." He snapped impatiently. "You won't want to visit me forever and when you leave I'll need something to remember you by."

She hesitated at the thought of being free of him. "And you promise never to show it to anyone else?"

"I promise girl." He nodded his head and held up the camera again. "Now where were we, oh yes."

He paused for a moment to get her in focus. "Now show me your pussy, yes that's it now stroke it for me, yes, yes."

He had her masturbating for a while but finally he felt he'd got enough footage. Keeping the camera on her and fumbling at his belt, "over here Debbie, come and kneel at my feet."

She did as she was told and looked up at him knowing what he was going to say next.

"Now, get it out and suck it." She took his hard dick out of his trousers and put it in her mouth. It tasted disgusting.

"Yes, that's a good girl." He panted as he placed his free hand on the back of her head and started to force her head backwards and forwards.

He was very excited and thankfully she didn't have to work too hard to get him to come.

One more suck and his semen hit the back of her throat and made her gag, she swallowed without even thinking about it and felt the slimy texture as it slid down her throat.

"Yes that's a good girl Debbie." He laughed his dirty laugh. "I can see that you've had some experience with this kind of thing."

She wanted to cry out, "no, never! I would never let anyone treat me like that!" but she'd just let him so how could she ever say that again?

"Now back in the chair Debbie and finger yourself until you come." He ordered her.

With a little sigh Debbie sat back in the chair and spread her legs.

"And don't forget those nice little tits off yours; we wouldn't like them to feel left out."

She was wearing a sweater today and a bra, she pulled them both up and heard his little excited grunt as her boobs came free. She pinched the nipples a few times and made them nice and hard for him, and then she started to finger herself. She was soaking wet and terribly excited by the seediness of it all. Seeing that dirty old man sitting there, and watching her touching herself like this. He still had his camera going and she thought about him watching her late at night. She knew that he would stroke himself as he watched it and she felt a sense of power and control over him.

She thrust her fingers inside herself and started to pump them hard and fast.

"Yes, that's it you little slut. You fuck yourself good and hard." His dirty snide comments were the trigger she needed and she cried out as she came all over her fingers.

"Now Debbie look at my camera." She did as she was told. "Now lick your fingers for me."

Blushing in total humiliation she complied and he gave an evil little chuckle.

"You see Debbie, you might protest that you don't like it, but you always come for me."

"Yes Mr. Groves." Debbie said meekly.

"Now bring your chair over here girl."

Debbie lifted the chair and placed it opposite him, she sat down and look into his eyes.

"Your mum?" he asked thoughtfully. "What shift is your mum on tomorrow?"

"Debbie swallowed nervously. "She's on the eleven to four o'clock shift tomorrow." She whispered fearfully.

Mr. Groves nodded his head. "Yes I thought that she was." He looked at her with another of those leering little smiles of his. "I'll be round at your house for just after eleven." He told her. "Make sure you wear that skirt and top you were wearing yesterday." He ordered.

"Yes Mr. Groves." She whispered wondering what he had planned.

He stood up which was her signal to leave. "And Debbie I might bring some toys with me tomorrow so look forward to some fun."

She left the shed wondering what he would do and was shocked at the excitement she felt deep in her gut. There must be something wrong with her that she liked what was happening to her. She went into her home and to her bedroom and indulged in her other dirty little secret.

Over the road lived a young man who was terribly obese. He rarely left his bed room and spent a lot of his time staring into her window. Debbie knew that he liked to watch her and often she would deliberately leave her curtains open as she undressed. It excited her to feel his eyes burning through the glass and looking at her body. As she took her top off she could see him sitting there.

Suddenly her phone went making her jump.

"Hello." She said breathlessly.

"You know that I can see you." The masculine voice breathed down the phone.

"Who are you? What do you want?" her voice was squeaky and panicky and she thought that she would come right there and then.

"Soon Debbie." The voice whispered. "I'll come and get you soon."

The line went dead and Debbie rushed into the bathroom. She dove under the shower and soaped herself lovingly as she came again and then again.

**Chapter 3**

It wasn't quite five past when Debbie heard the back door open and then close again a moment later. She heard as the door bolt was slid across and swallowed nervously.

"Debbie? Debbie where are you?"

"I'm here Mr. Groves in the front room." She called softly.

A moment later her elderly next door neighbour appeared in the door way. She thought of him as old but he was actually only in his early forties. She thought of him as little but he must have been five foot nine at least. She thought of him as dirty, and he was.

"Good girl." He grinned evilly as he looked at the little skirt and top he'd told her to wear.

"I am trying to be good." She whispered.

"You just seem to have too much trouble with it though don't you?" he chuckled.

He was carrying a small back pack and she eyed it apprehensively.

"You want to know what I've got for you?" he grinned.

Debbie nodded warily but didn't trust herself to speak.

"Upstairs with you then." He ordered firmly. "I've always wanted to take a look around your bed room."

Debbie had left her bedroom curtains closed this morning and now she breathed a little sigh of relief that she had. She certainly didn't want the man over the road to see what would be happening to her over the next few hours.

"Perfect!" he mumbled to himself as he eyed her bed with the rail at the head and foot of it.

"Now then Debbie I want you to lie down on your bed for me, and stretched your arms and legs out so that I can tie them to the posts."

"You want to tie me up?" she gulped fearfully.

"Do we need to put another x on the chalk board?" he raised an eye brow at her warningly.

Another x on the chalk board would mean another punishment for her when he felt like it.

She lay down on the bed and stretched herself out as he'd told her to do.

It only took him a few minutes to bind her hands and feet.

"You're such a pretty little thing Debbie." He muttered as he played with himself.

He stroked up her leg and under her skirt. His fingers poked at her pants and he felt the moisture there.

"Yes I thought so." He muttered.

He reached up and pulled open her blouse and then began to pinch at her nipples, Debbie let out a little cry of pain and he pinched even tighter.

"Quiet!" he snapped, "or I'll have to gag you!"

She didn't like that idea so she clamped her mouth shut and tried not to react when he lowered his head and started to bite lightly on them.

"You like that don't you girl?" he asked her savagely. "Tell me how much you like it."

She knew how much he liked to play this game where he made her his willing accomplice.

"Oooh Mr. Groves do that some more that feels so good." She sighed to him.

He moved his hand down under her skirt again and pushing her panties to one side he began to poke and jab at her. It really hurt but she knew better than to say that. He forced his fingers inside of her and started jerking them in and out as hard as he could.

"Talk to me girl." He panted. "Tell me how you like it."

"That's so good Mr. Groves," she gasped. "Please fuck me good."

He stopped suddenly and looked down at her. "Yes you need to be fucked good don't you." He grinned down at her and then climbed off the bed. "I'll be right back." He whispered.

She could hear him rummaging around in her room but couldn't get her head up enough to see what he was doing.

He came back a moment later muttering to himself. "I'll need to pay a visit to that sex shop I think." He knelt on the bed and showed her what he'd got. "I'm going to fuck you real good,"

She swallowed anxiously as she looked at what he was holding.

It was a smallish roll on deodorant bottle with a large rounded top. He grinned at her as he stoked it up her legs, and then nudging her pants to the side again, he started to rub her clitoris with it. He nudged at her opening and gradually pushed it inside of her.

Debbie had never felt anything like it. She had only ever been fucked by a penis and the solid inflexible thing that was now being pumped up and down inside of her, was exciting her beyond belief. She felt her muscles tighten around it and she cried out her orgasm.

Mr. Groves stood looking down at her his eyes bright with excitement. He didn't bother to remove the item just left it resting inside of her. He climbed onto her so that he was straddling her chest and took out his hard cock.

"Now suck it you dirty little tramp!" he ordered her ruthlessly.

He shoved it in her mouth and started to pump back and forward, Debbie gagged as she felt it hit the back of her throat, the tears streamed down her face as she fought for breath.

Again it didn't take much for him to spew his come into her mouth and again her only choice was to swallow it down.

"That's a good girl," he panted heavily, "yes you're learning to be a good little whore." He wiped a globule of his come off the end of his dick and put it in her mouth. "Suck my fingers clean for me Debbie." He ordered

Mr. Groves looked at her clock and grinned. "Now look at that Debbie, it's only just twelve o'clock we've still got hours to play."

Debbie swallowed but didn't say anything.

"Would you like me to untie you for a bit Debbie?"

"Yes please Mr. Groves, I'll be a good girl and do whatever you tell me to do."

"Well for starters I think we'll leave your new toy right where it is." He reached out to untie her hands and she sat up with a little sigh of relief. She sat rubbing her wrists while Mr. Groves released her ankles.

"Now Debbie stand up and lift you skirt for me."

She did as she was told and Mr. Groves jiggled the little bottle around inside of her for a bit before pulling he knickers into position to keep it in place.

"That's a good girl, now you can go and make us some sandwiches for our lunch."

"What would you like Mr. Groves." She asked politely.

"Oh I don't know, cheese if you've got it I suppose."

She was buttering the bread when he came into the kitchen. "You've fastened your blouse." He snapped, "I didn't tell you that you could do that."

She dropped the knife and turned to him. "I'm sorry Mr. Groves, I never thought." She reached up to hurriedly undo the buttons.

"That's still an x on the chalk board." He lectured.

"But Mr. Groves I'd didn't know." She whined.

"No you took it for granted, and that is one of the bad habits that we need to break for you."

She lowered her head in shame. "Yes Mr. Groves." She whispered.

"Finish the sandwiches Debbie." He told her impatiently.

She made their lunch and sat opposite him at the kitchen table.

She felt terribly self conscious sitting there with her boobs hanging out and the little bottle stuck in her crotch. She nibbled at her sandwiches but struggled to swallow them.

Mr. Groves had finished his and now he moved both of their plates out of the way.

"Come and sit over here Debbie." He ordered as he patted the table in from of him.

She perched on the edge of the table and tried not to react as Mr. Groves started to suckle on her nipples again, he shoved his hand between her legs and started to nudge at the little bottle. Debbie felt her head go back as she felt her body working itself into another orgasm.

His constant sucking and nibbling and nudging was just too much for her and she came again for him.

"Yes you do like it don't you girl." He smirked.

His mobile started to go and he swore savagely.

"Yes dear," he said sweetly as he answered the call. "I'll be right with you darling."

He hung up the phone and frowned at her. "I've got to go." He said abruptly. "What's your mum on tomorrow?"

"She's on the night shift." She told him sadly.

"Leave the back door unlocked and go to bed at ten o'clock." He ordered "wear that little nightie that I see on the washing line sometimes, and no underwear."

"Yes Mr. Groves."

"Debbie?"

She looked at him questioningly.

"Have you ever been fucked up the arse?"

She paled and looked at him with horror. "Oh no Mr. Groves!"

"Hmmm, maybe I'll put that on my 'to do' list." He murmured thoughtfully.

He closed the back door as he went and Debbie rushed over and slammed the bolt across, then she waddled upstairs and lay down on her bed.

Gently she pulled the bottle out of her and sighed in relief as it made a popping slurping kind of noise.

She rubbed her sore pussy trying to sooth it as she thought of the awful things he'd done to her. Her rubbing got faster and her breathing heavier and she moaned as she came again.

Standing up shakily she fastened her blouse and straightened her skirt. She walked over and opened her curtains to the bright sunshine. As she stood looking out her phone began to ring.

"Hello." She said absently.

"I know what you've been doing." The masculine voice whispered down the phone. "Did you like it when he did you on the kitchen table or did you prefer being tied to your bed?"

Debbie almost dropped the phone. "Who is this? What do you want?"

"Soon Debbie." The voices crooned "soon." The line went dead and Debbie let out a little sob.

Her curtains had been closed, how could anyone have seen what had been happening?

**Chapter 4**

Debbie took a shower slipped into the little nightie and then lay down in her bed. She'd not been lying there for very long when she heard the back door being opened and then closed. She heard footsteps on the stairs and the murmur of voices and sat up pulling her sheet up to her chin.

She stared in terror as her door slowly opened and a dark head peeped around.

"God Mr. Groves you frightened me." She felt the rush of relief, which was ironic considering the things she knew he wanted to do to her.

He closed the door and came over to the bed where he switched on the lamp. He perched on the edge of her bed and eyed her seriously.

"Now then Debbie." He said quietly. "I've brought a visitor with me tonight."

Debbie looked at the door in panic and sat up further to protest.

"Calm down Debbie." Mr. Groves snapped. "He's a friend of mine and I owe him a favour."

"What's that got to do with me?" she asked resentfully.

He gave an exasperated little sigh. "If I lend you to him for a little while then I'm clear on the favour."

Debbie frowned and opened her mouth to talk. "And Debbie," Mr. Groves jumped in before she could speak, "this will be one of your sessions done."

He'd told her they'd have twelve sessions together and this would be their third leaving nine to do. "Two sessions." She bargained.

Mr. Groves scowled. "And you'll leave me alone for the rest of the weekend." She finished toughly.

His scowl deepened. "Two sessions." He nodded. "But I get a turn when my friend is done."

Debbie studied him for a moment and then nodded. "All right, but no games, no funny stuff, and most definitely no blow job." She said with distaste.

He sighed again and then nodded. "But I'm not letting you off on Sunday; you can have tomorrow to yourself."

"But mum's having her annual summer party on Sunday." She argued.

Mr. Groves nodded his head again. "Yes I remember, I have plans for that."

"What?" she frowned.

"We'll discuss it later Debbie." He said impatiently. "My friend is waiting."

"All right." she sighed, "What do you want me to do."

He gave a little grin. "Just stay there and be a nice little girl for him."

"I'm 22 years old not a little girl!" she said resentfully.

"You know what I mean Debbie." He patted her cheek and then got up to leave.

Debbie lay waiting, she didn't have too wait long. Her bed room door slowly opened again and as she sat up the man came in. Her first thought was it's the wrong time of year for Santa.

But this man was not jolly. He was big and fat and had the silvery hair and the bushiest beard she'd ever seen, but he had a dignity to him that more reminiscent of a college professor.

He closed the door and came and sat by the side of her bed.

He stroked her hair gently. "My! You're a pretty young thing aren't you?" he whispered.

Debbie looked into his eyes and new exactly what he wanted of her. "Please sir," she whispered timidly, "please don't hurt me."

He smiled gently at her. "Oh my dear I won't hurt you. In fact if you are a good girl and do as I ask you to do, you might enjoy it."

He lifted her arms so that they were over her head and slowly pulled the cover down.

"Oh yes!" He heaved a sigh.

He gently massaged her breast through her nightie, and Debbie gave out a little groan.

"That's a good girl," he whispered as his hand moved down to the hem of her nightie. Ever so slowly he lifted it up gradually revealing her naked body to him. At last he could see all that she was and he gave another shaky little sigh. He ever so gently pinched at her nipples and Debbie arched involuntarily. "Oh sir," she whispered.

"Yes girl, yes that's it." He murmured as his head came down to nuzzle on her. His beard tickled at Debbie in some very strange places and she shuddered.

He lifted his head to look at her and then began to kiss down the length of her. His beard beating a path as he went. He slowly climbed on to her bed so the he was lying over her, his arms taking his weight so that he wouldn't crush her. As he moved down her she was dimly aware of him fumbling around at his belt as he gently parted her legs. He stroked her there for a little while as he rubbed himself. Then suddenly his head was between her legs and Debbie let out a little squeal.

He was licking at her and sucking and even occasionally biting at her. He beard though, he beard was everywhere! Tickling at her groin, and brushing the inside of her thighs scratching and brushing against her.

As he carried this assault out on her he was vigorously rubbing at his hard cock, at last with a mighty groan he pulled tight on his dick and forced his tongue as deep inside her as he could.

Debbie gave another squeal as she felt this slimy wet invasion and then came all over his bushy white beard.

"Sit up little girl." He whispered shakily moments later, "I have something for you."

Debbie sat up and made to lower her nightie.

"No leave it." He ordered her. He held his hand out to her palm up and Debbie looked to see what he was holding.

In the middle of his large palm was a pool of his semen still frothy and probably warm.

"Now then little girl." He whispered softly, "I want you to slowly lick this up for me." She looked at him for a moment and he gave her a gentle little smile. "And take your time dear, there's no rush."

As Debbie cupped his hand in hers and bent to lick the gooey mixture he began to play with her nipples again, pinching and twisting them gently.

By the time she had swallowed up the last of his semen and he stood up to leave her, Debbie was feeling wired for action.

"Good bye little girl." The man said softly from the door.

"Good bye sir." She whispered back.

She heard the murmur of voices and their tread on the stairs, and a few moments later the back door opened and then closed again.

As she heard the stairs creaking she rolled over on to her tummy and waited.

"Debbie," Mr. Groves said softly. "Debbie turn over."

"No!" she mumbled. "I won't."

She felt the air hit her back and legs as he pulled the cover off her.

His hand stroked up the back of her legs and between her thighs, he rubbed at the wetness there for a little while and then she heard him fumbling with his clothes.

He forced her legs apart and knelt between them. "If this is what you want girl then so be it." He muttered as he thrust into her. He pulled at her hips so the she was almost kneeling as he fucked her hard. His hand snaked around and he grabbed at her breast. "Finger yourself Debbie." He panted.

Debbie lowered her hand to her pussy and started to stroke. She stopped suddenly and reached behind to gently grab at his balls. "Do you like that Mr. Groves?" she whispered spitefully. "Shall I do it harder to you?"

"Yes Debbie, that's it, dig your nails in. Ohhh!" he tensed as he came inside of her and squeezed tightly on her boobs.

Debbie collapsed on the bed having not reached a climax of her own.

She rolled over onto her back and looked at the man leaning over her. "Now look what you've done Mr. Groves." She said accusingly. "You've made me all dirty." She lifted her nightie so that he could see his come dribbling from her little pussy. "I think you need to lick it clean for me."

He gave her a dirty little grin as his head slowly lowered and he started to lap at her wet pussy. "Oh yes Mr. Groves, like that." She dug her hands into his hair and bucked her hips spreading her legs wide to give him better access. "Yes!" she groaned, "oh yes like that!"

His tongue went deeper and deeper until suddenly she came again all over his face."

She sat up her legs shaking and her chest heaving, and straightened her nightie.

She brought her knees up and rested her chin on them as she watched Mr. Groves getting dressed. His face still looked slick from where she had come on him.

"About Sunday?" she asked quietly.

He finished dressing and then sat down on the bed. "Wear your skirt and top again." He ordered, "And no underwear."

"But that skirt is very short." She frowned. "I won't dare to bend down."

He grinned at her. "At some point during that party Debbie I'm going to fuck you, and I don't need to be fumbling around with you knickers to do it."

"But everyone will be there!" she gasped. "My mum!" she looked at him in horror. "Your wife will be there! Someone could catch us!"

He leaned forward his eyes bright with excitement. "Yes I know Debbie!" he whispered.

She thought that he was going to kiss her, but suddenly he stood up and wandered over to the door. "Goodnight Debbie." He called softly. "Sleep well and have a good day tomorrow."

She curled up in her bed and tried to drift off to sleep. Suddenly her phone started to ring and she reached out her hand to pick it up.

"Hello" she yawned tiredly.

"I thought that Santa clause only came to good little girls." The voice whispered to her.

Debbie sat up her heart beating in her chest. "Please leave me alone." She pleaded with the telephone.

"But Debbie you know that you love it!" the voice said knowingly. "You need the dirtiness of it all."

"No!" she whimpered knowing it for the truth.

"We'll be together soon Debbie."

The line went dead, and Debbie switched off the phone, and shoved it in a drawer slamming it too. She lay down and let the tears fall on her cheeks. She was nothing more than a slut, she knew it, Mr. Groves knew it and even her telephone knew it!

**Chapter 5**

Debbie had dressed in the little skirt and top as ordered, but her mum frowned at her with disapproval. "Honestly Debs! Haven't you got anything else to wear?"

Debbie shook her head. "Not really mum, besides I like this skirt and top, I think that they look nice."

"But you look a bit," her mum tilted her head as she studied her. "Well a bit trashy if you must know." Her mum finished on a sigh.

Debbie gave a resentful little sniff and stalked out of the kitchen. She went into the back garden to place a stack of plates on the garden table. And then she sat on the wooden bench with a little sigh.

She felt weird not wearing any knickers under her little black skirt, but she had been told to do this and she didn't dare to disobey.

"Good evening Debbie."

Debbie's head came up and she blushed guiltily, "good evening Mrs. Groves, Mr. Groves."

The older lady smiled at her from her chubby face and lifted a chubby arm to wave to her.

Mr. Groves just looked at her knowingly.

"You stay and chat with Debbie dear, while I go and talk with Mrs. Parker."

Debbie heard the older woman with a gulp of fear and a twist in her gut. She watched as the slimy little man came over to her.

"So how are you tonight Debbie?" he asked her with a smirk.

"I'm fine Mr. Groves, how are you?" she asked politely as she wiped a sweaty palm down her skirt.

He leaned forward a little and lowered his voice. "Did you keep you knickers off?"

"Yes Mr. Groves," she mumbled as she looked around. She could hear voices in the house and knew that people were arriving for the party but at this moment they had the garden to themselves.

"Show me you cunt Debbie." He suddenly commanded vulgarly.

Debbie spread her legs and lifted her skirt to give him a quick look and he sniggered.

"Go on then Debbie, stroke it for me."

She gave another quick look around and then proceeded to rub at her pussy for him.

"I want to see you do that as often as possible tonight Debbie, and when I'm ready I'll give you the fuck of your life."

He sniggered again and then turned to walk away. Debbie pulled her skirt back into place with a shaky little sigh.

Mr. Groves passed several people as he went into the house, and before long the garden was a hive of activity.

There were people everywhere, but that didn't seem to deter Mr. Groves. Every so often he would come over to Debbie and shielding her from other people he would say "now Debbie."

Debbie would dutifully put her hand under her skirt and finger her clitoris, and give a pained little gasp as Mr. Groves would suddenly back away leaving her on full display to any one who might be looking.

He timed it to perfection, always seem to know when the attention was elsewhere, no one caught her, but Debbie felt her nerves were in shreds.

At one point Debbie found herself on the far side of the table as she handed plates and things to people. She smile shakily as Mr. Groves came and stood next to her, chatting calmly whilst he loaded a plate with food. Suddenly there was a lull at the table as everyone seemed to have food and they were alone there.

"What a lovely evening this is Debbie." Mr. Groves said cheerfully, he picked up a piece of celery and handed it to her. "Season that for me please." He requested calmly.

Debbie took it from him and with a quick furtive look around she put it under her skirt and rubbed it along her clit.

She handed it back to him and he bit into it. "Very nice Debbie."

As he walked behind her he pinched her bottom, "be ready for me Debbie, it won't be long now."

The party was coming to a head and it would soon be time for the fireworks. Debbie remained firmly behind that table doing her best to be invisible.

"Hurry up everyone it's nearly time." Some one called as everyone made there way to the top of the garden.

Debbie turned to follow but Mr. Groves hand on her arm stopped her. "No Debbie, we stay here." He ordered from the shadows where he was hiding.

"Aren't you coming to watch Debbie?" a young man called with a friendly grin.

Debbie forced a smile. "Not yet Rick, I'll be up in a bit."

"Suit yourself." He shrugged as he left her alone with her pervy next door neighbour.

"Bend forward a little bit for me Debbie and lift up your skirt." He whispered from the shadows.

She did this and gasped as he grabbed her roughly around the waist and pushed his hard cock violently inside of her.

He went at it hell for leather pumping away hard and fast, all the time he rubbed at her clitoris and called her a dirty little tramp and filthy little whore.

As she felt him come inside of her she climaxed herself with a little sob. She slumped forward over the table as he came out of her.

"Go inside Debbie and put some knickers on." He ordered her nastily. "Everyone keeps looking at you and saying what a little slut you look like." She looked at him with something close to hate before fleeing inside and running to her bedroom. She slammed the door too and turned the lock in the door.

She would not return to that party, she fumed silently. She was done with it and this whole god damned neighbourhood!

The house fell silent as everyone left and Debbie heard her mum calling her.

"There you are love." She looked at her daughter questioningly, "what happened to you?"

"I got a bit of a head ache after all those fireworks, so I went to my room for some peace and quiet."

"Oh I'm sorry about that love." Her mum gave her a little hug, something she'd not done for years.

"It was such a good party, and everyone kept saying how pretty you looked and how helpful you were being. I was so proud of you tonight Debs." He mum finished fondly.

"Thanks mum, but I didn't do that much."

"You did enough love." Her mum smiled at her. "Now why don't you go to bed and we can sort this mess out tomorrow."

"Oh are you back on nights then?" Debbie asked her casually.

Her mum pulled a little face. "Yes all week." She sighed in resignation, and then looked at her daughter with a little concern. "You'll be alright on your own won't you Debs?"

Debbie gave a little laugh. "Oh yes I'll be asleep so I'll be fine." She lied.

"Good." He mum gave her a kiss on the cheek and led her up the stairs. With a quiet goodnight they parted on the landing and Debbie went to her bed room.

She sat on the edge of her bed thinking, with her mum on nights she just knew that Mr. Groves would want to take advantage of that. She gave a little sigh and got ready for bed, she was in his debt so there was really nothing she could do about it. He'd said twelve sessions and they had now done five, so that left seven more times where he could indulge himself with her. She could handle that, she thought to herself. After all some of it had been quite exciting. She was getting quite good at playing his game and getting something out of it for herself. She smiled secretively as she climbed into her bed, it had been a long and stressful day and she was shattered, it had also been stimulating and she had learned something about herself.

She curled up in bed with a happy little yawn, people had liked her, they had thought that she was nice and her mum had been proud of her. It had been a good day.

## Chapter 6

Debbie's mum was working the night shift all this week, and as she had known that he would, Mr. Groves paid her a regular nightly visit. She was surprised that he only ever stayed for an hour or so, but she suspected that Mrs. Groves kept him on a short leash.

She would go to her bed at ten o'clock wearing just the little nightie, and he would come into her room. Sometimes he fucked her; sometimes he recorded her while she fucked some household object that he gave to her to use on herself. She found that it was better for her if she did it herself; if he did it then he really hurt her, whereas she could be gentler.

As the week wore on she got the impression that he was waiting for something, biding his time. She could sense a tension and inner excitement, a sense of anticipation.

Sure enough when he came to her on the Thursday night he fucked her hard and fast almost with a sense of getting it done and over with.

"Debbie." He said afterwards.

She looked at him questioningly her anticipation kicking up a notch.

"Can you get away over night tomorrow night? Tell your mum that you're staying with a friend?"

It was her mums last night tonight and she'd told Debbie just that morning that she was going out on a hot date on the Friday night. She nodded her head shakily. "Yes I can do that."

He smiled and his eyes glinted. "Good come over to my house at six thirty."

"Your house?" she asked shocked at the idea.

He smirked. "Mrs. Groves is going away for the weekend Debbie and I want you to come and spend the night tomorrow night."

"But."

"And if you do Debbie, then I'll leave you alone for the rest of the weekend."

"Agreed!"

"Good!" he looked at her, his nostrils flaring and his breathing getting heavier.

"Now then Debbie, lie back for me and show me your pussy." She did as she was told feeling her muscles tightening.

He brushed his fingers across her crotch and gradually pushed them inside her. He grabbed her hand and forced it round his cock.

"Go on girl." He grunted as he pumped his fingers hard inside her. "Pull it, pull it hard. Yes just like that."

He came into her hand and as he tensed his hand pushed hard and deep inside her.

"Oh don't stop." She whispered panting slightly. "Do it hard, yes hard like that."

As he continued to pump her, he took her sperm filled hand and forced her to massage her breast with it. She groaned and tensed clasping at her boobs in a moment of climax. "Oh Mr. Groves!" She sighed.

"Tomorrow Debbie." He whispered. "Don't be late."

He left her alone in her bed as she wondered what he had in store for her.

Her mum was dressed in her glad rags and ready to go out for six o'clock. "Don't forget to lockup when you leave tonight Debbie." She hugged her daughter happily that things finally seemed to be going their way.

"See you tomorrow love."

Alone in the house Debbie pace nervously, Mr. Groves had not told her to wear anything in particular so she guessed that he had it all arranged over at his place. She locked up the house and walked slowly round to his house. She knocked on the door and waited.

He opened the door and gave her a solemn look. "Come inside Debbie."

He led her into the back room where there were some clothes laid out for her.

"Put those on for me Debbie and put your hair up for me."

"But," she frowned at the clothes. "They look like they belong to Mrs. Groves."

"They did Debbie, she put them into a charity bag a few weeks ago but I snuck them out and hid them."

She looked at Mr. Groves. "You want me to be your wife?" she asked in a low voice.

"Yes Debbie." He gasped "nag me like she does and no matter what don't stop."

He left her alone in the room and Debbie, slowly undressed. Her heart thumping heavily in her chest she picked up the huge knickers and pulled them on. They hung on her like an oversized nappy. She pulled on the bra that totally covered her breast and dangled loose at her back. Next was the skirt, it had an elasticated waist but still hung down and heavy on her hips. Last was the top, a blouse of ivory silk that flared out like a tent on her. She sighed in exasperation and tucked the excess folds into the skirt.

She walked through the house calling as she went. "Groves! Groves where are you?"

"Here dear" he called mildly from the front room.

"What are you doing in there?" she cried angrily, "You know we save this room for best."

He sighed and stood up and she followed him into the spotless kitchen. "Look at this mess." She exclaimed. "You didn't mop the floor and that table is filthy."

It seemed to push just the right buttons for him and he rounded on her furiously.

"You wife are nag." He snapped. "And I have had enough!" he grabbed her and forced her over the kitchen table. First he cuffed one wrist to one table leg, and then the other to the other leg.

Debbie cried out as it pulled her tight against the table, the edge of it digging into her crotch painfully.

He came round the back of her and pulled her ankle, cuffing each in turn to the remaining legs.

He eyed her as she was bent spread eagled over his kitchen table her legs pulled wide and his wives clothes all in disarray. It worked better than any of his fantasies ever had, and it excited him beyond belief.

He pulled up her dress and pulled down the over sized knickers. "Now then wife I'm going to teach you a lesson."

"You worthless little runt." She snapped at him. "You couldn't teach a pig how to grunt."

He grinned in delight and then waggled his fingers. "Tut tut tut!" He said.

He left the room for a moment and returned carry a little bag. Debbie eyed it warily but continued to nag at him.

"This one first I think." He murmured holding up a small butt plug for her to see.

She licked her lips nervously "what do you think you're going to do with that!" she snapped.

"Oh just this." He moved behind her and pushed it slowly into her bottom.

Debbie let out a little grunt of discomfort and then forced herself to relax. Mr. Groves pushed it all the way in and she let out a little squeal as she felt the lip of the thing. She gave a little push, well that was that! The thing was in and it was staying in.

She was surprised that it didn't feel that bad. Mr. Groves went back to his little bag of tricks and pulled out something else. "Oh!" Debbie whimpered as her eyes dilated and she licked her lips in anticipation.

"Yes dear." He murmured affectionately as he lovingly stroked the large dildo in his hand. He flicked a switch. "And look it vibrates," he grinned at her as he walked to the back of her, "so let's just get this into you're cunt my darling wife." He paused a moment and Debbie tried to look and see.

He placed his hand down on her bottom and rammed the thing home. He flicked the switch and Debbie started to moan."

"Oh were not done yet dear." He grinned as he went back to the bag. He took something out and came, and reaching under her he tore open the blouse and pulled down her oversized bra. He showed her the peg he was holding and then he forced his hand back under her flattened boob and just managed to clip it to her nipple. He did the same with the other one and Debbie whimpered again as the pinching sensation just went on and on.

He stood watching her for a moment. "Tell me what you feel." He demanded roughly.

"The pegs." She whispered, "The pegs pinch really hard and it hurts all the time."

"And?"

"My bottom feels like it being pulled apart by some huge thing"

"And?"

"And the thing in my pussy is driving me mad with its constant vibrations."

"How do you feel?"

She thought about it for a moment. "Full." She told him. "Full to the brim and in danger of tearing."

"Good." He said his tone ringing with satisfaction. "Now one last thing." He reached into the bag again and pulled out a little silver vibrating bullet. He placed it in her slit and switched it on.

The table kept it firmly in place and her clitoris responded immediately.

He stood watching for a moment his erection straining through his trousers.

"Now for you lesson." He murmured.

He came behind her and slapped her hard on her naked bottom.

"Now then dear don't forget the rules."

Debbie let out a little sob.

Slap "ooww, one, thank you Groves."

Twenty four times he slapped her and every third or fourth she would lose count due to the orgasm she was having.

He stroked her red bottom for a while watching as she was forced into yet another climax.

He gave an evil little snigger and suddenly pulled the giant dildo out of her. As fast as she gasped at the sudden reprieve, she let out a little yell as he rammed his rock hard dick into her.

He pumped as hard as he could, clawing at her hips as he went. "Come on then wife tell me what I didn't do today." He snarled softly.

Debbie whimpered as she had yet another orgasm, her stomach was really starting to hurt her and she wasn't sure how much more she could take.

"You didn't wash the dishes." She scolded. He thrust hard biting at her neck and digging in nails into her soft flesh. "You didn't clean the carpets." She sobbed as he rammed her yet again.

And so it went on, her scolding him tearfully whilst he raped her pussy as hard as he could.

At last with a groan and his fingers gripping cruelly he came inside of her and slumped over her in exhaustion.

"Please," she cried, "please no more."

He pulled out of her and fumbling under her crotched painfully, he removed the bullet. He went around and did the pegs next; seeming to delight in the extra pain he gave her by trying to squeeze his fingers between her and the table top.

As he moved around her undoing the bondage Debbie felt the little plug still pushed into her bottom. She gave a little sob as the last restraint came free and slumped on the floor, totally broken and uncaring over what might happen next.

Mr. Groves stood over her as she curled up on the floor crying and hugging herself.

"Come on Debbie." He said firmly as he grasped her elbow, "up off the floor there's a good girl." He pulled her to her feet and led her to the hall.

"Up to bed with you dear." He said gently as he guided her towards the stairs. "I have a hot night of sex planned for us tonight and we need some rest first."

She climbed the stairs sobbing as she went, the butt plug lying forgotten in her bottom.

He pulled the covers back and told her to undress watching her with dark excited eyes.

Once she was naked he pulled her into the bed and started to stroke her gently. His hand moved softly over her breast and rested over her nipples squeezing and pumping them. His other hand snaked between her legs as he started to finger her poor tortured little pussy. Occasional his knuckles would nudge against the butt plug causing her to squeal.

It seemed to drive him made as he rolled her over onto her back and climbed onto her. He fucked her again, and then a little later he fucked her again. In the early hours he woke her up and forced her head down the bed to suck him off.

Debbie went home the next morning with the butt plug still in place. She stood for more than an hour under the blast of her shower. Numb to everything but the cleansing water pouring over her. The cramping of her stomach muscles reminded her of the plug and she reached between her legs and slowly and shakily pulled it out.

She curled up on her bed and slept the day away.

On Monday after noon soon after her mum had left for work, Debbie made her way round to her next door neighbour. He stood by the side of his shed, and Debbie looked at him in surprise.

He looked clean in a greasy sort of way with his hair slicked back and wearing a suit and bow tie of all things! She looked for a moment not registering what else she could see.

The window had been repaired. She looked with vacant eyes and then turned to Mr. Groves.

He smiled gently at her. "Yes Debbie you are free now."

She started to turn away when he grabbed her and pulled her to the shed wall out of sight of the house. He held her there with his body and she let out a little sob. "Let me go Mr. Groves."

He gently stroked her cheek, looking deeply into her eyes. "Do you think you could call me Robert?" he asked softly with a smile. He lowered his head and his mouth touched hers.

With everything they'd done he had never kissed her, not once. Now he was kissing her like a lover would do his tongue poking at her mouth trying to gain entrance

She put her arms to his shoulder and with all her might she pushed. He moved away slightly but continued to look at her wistfully. "So do you?" he asked quietly.

Debbie squared her shoulders and lifted her head proudly. "No Mr. Groves, I couldn't"

She walked passed him and returned to her home, at last! At last she was free of him.

As I reach the conclusion of The next door neighbor I would like to thank you for not only reading it but also your feedback - it's been wonderful.  
I am currently working on Debbie's Adventures (2) which I hope to start posting in the New Year.  
For now though I would like to wish you all a Merry Christmas and I hope to talk to you in the New Year.

Top of Form

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## The End

# Debbie's Adventures

**Chapter 1**

Debbie sat on the edge of her bed, she was fed up and more than a little bit irritable and she knew that things were starting to go wrong again for her.

For the week or more that she had been the virtual sex slave of her pervy neighbour, Debbie had wished for nothing more than for it to be over. His broken window had been the hold he'd had over her, and until it had been repaired he'd demanded that she make herself available to him for sex and chastisement and anything else he could think up.

His hold had been that he would tell her mother, who had had enough of her twenty two year old daughter, and had warned her that she would tolerate no more.

As her meetings with Mr. Groves (the pervy neighbour), had continued, Debbie had found that for some reason her life away from him seemed to improve. Her mother was happy with her, Debbie was getting so many orgasms that she was chilled and relaxed and happy with life.

A fortnight ago she had gone round to Mr. Groves expecting another encounter with him, only to find that the window had been fixed and he'd told her that she was free.

He'd then kissed her, a passionate kiss, and asked her to call him Robert. She had refused and pushed him away. Now whenever she left the house, she was aware of Mr. Groves watching her, always with a look of longing, but he never spoke to her and she refused to talk to him.

Her mum was on a day shift, and Debbie who was out of work and broke was home alone with nothing to do.

She gave a grunt of irritation and jumped up off the bed; she walked over to her bed room window and looked out. Over the road lived a young man, terribly obese, and from what she could tell, housebound. He would sit in his bedroom and stare across into hers.

Before her encounter with Mr. Groves, Debbie had liked to undress in front of her window knowing that Pete the obese young man would sit and watch her.

Mr. Groves had liked to visit her in her bedroom and she had developed the habit of keeping the curtains closed. After her time spent with Mr. Groves she had continued to keep them closed and her room began to feel stale and gloomy.

With the curtains pulled back, Debbie opened one of the windows and let in some much needed fresh air.

She could feel the eyes of the young man over the road, burning into her, on impulse she looked across and waved. The young man waved back and then seemed to pick something up.

Her phone began to ring and she answered it cautiously.

"Debbie!" she could hear his breath labouring as he panted down the phone.

"Pete? Is that you Pete?" she frowned as she looked across the road into the young man's window.

"Don't you like me any more Debbie?" the voice sounded a little bit sulky and Debbie felt her irritation stirring again.

"We're not children Pete!" she snapped.

He gave a grumpy little snort and hung up the phone.

"Well be like that then." She muttered crossly.

She moved away from the window and back over to her bed.

A moment later the phone rang again.

"Yes." She snapped.

"I could pay you." His breathless offer confused her for a moment.

As realisation dawned her pulse quickened and she felt a dampness begin in her groin.

"Pay me for what?" she asked haughtily.

"I've saved up fifty pounds, and, and I'll let you have it if you come over and visit with me for a bit."

"Visit with you for what?"

"Come over and we can discuss it." He hedged.

"All right, I've nothing better to do right now so, all right."

"Great! Come round the back, the back door should be unlocked and mum's out for the afternoon so we'll have the place to ourselves for a few hours."

Debbie found herself humming as she skipped down the stairs. She snatched her keys from the hall table and left through the front door pulling it too as she went.

There was no one around, but she still glanced about guiltily before scuttling down the garden path and around to the back of the house. Sure enough the back door opened as she turned the knob and she entered the house.

"Pete?" she called as she walked through to the bottom of the stairs. "Pete?"

"I'm up her Debbie; you'll have to come up."

She danced up the stairs feeling happier than she had in days. Pete's door was open and he was sitting in his chair facing her.

As she entered his bedroom she could see his dark eyes staring at her breasts, and her nipples hardened in response.

"Close the door." He voice was low and his breath laboured, and she knew that he was excited.

She closed the door and stood leaning against it.

"What do you want of me?" she asked him calmly.

"I want you to undress for me."

"No."

His eyes widened with dismay.

"Don't you want the money?" he held it out in his fat sweaty hand and Debbie felt the thrill of it all again.

"I'll give you an hour." She relented. "For an hour I will do whatever you want."

"Agreed!"

He held out the money offering it to her and she frowned. "Afterwards, you can give it to me after."

He shoved it on the table next to him and set a clock there as well. The countdown had begun and Debbie struggled not to come there and then.

He turned back to her. "Undress." He ordered thickly.

"What first."

"Your top, unbutton your blouse for me."

Slowly Debbie unbuttoned. From the bottom to the top one button after the other, after the last one she pulled it from her skirt band and left it hanging open.

"Take it off."

She let it fall to the floor.

"Your bra."

She unhooked it at the back but held it with her hands looking to him for the next move.

"Drop it"

It fell on her blouse.

"Your skirt."

"Off, or up?"

He almost came in his pants.

He leant forward eagerly. "Come here." He whispered hoarsely.

She walked over to him and stood in front of him.

"Lift it up for me."

Debbie grabbed the hem of her skirt and lifted it up to her waist.

He just sat there, a look of total euphoria on his face as he sat less than two inches from her panty clad pussy. He breathed in sharply and then looked at her knowingly.

"I want to finger you?"

She opened her legs a little and smiled invitingly.

Pete held out his hand and, pulling her knickers to one side he jabbed his fat fingers into her pussy and started to rub vigorously.

He fumbled at his trousers for a moment, struggling to multitask. In the end Debbie took pity on him and leaned forward to pull out his rather small rather hard dick. She gripped it tight and pulled gently.

His fingers in her pussy, and her little hand tight around his dick, it was all too much for him and he came with a great big sigh.

He closed his eyes as he felt his orgasm, and then opening them again he looked back at Debbie. She didn't say a word just stood with her skirt still held up.

"Take your knickers off Debbie."

She did this surprised that he wanted to carry on. He shoved his hand between her legs and started a sawing motion.

"Tell me you like that. Tell me it feel good."

"Oh Pete," she winced, "oh yeah, that feels so good, don't stop, do it some more."

He carried on and after a while she figured that he wasn't going to stop until either the alarm went on the clock, or she reached an orgasm of her own.

"Oooohhh Pete," she sighed her eyes closing. "Yes Pete." She gasped. "oh! Yes, yes, yessss!"

She squealed out her fake orgasm and gave a gentle little shudder.

After she had quietened down Pete stopped his rubbing and grinned at her.

"Maybe you'll visit me again Debbie." He said handing her the cash. "I'd like to keep your knickers though, if you don't mind?"

Debbie picked them up and held them out to him. He took them and put them to his face breathing in deeply.

"I can smell you." He whispered.

Debbie dressed quickly and then turned to Pete. "Maybe I'll let you watch me sometimes Pete, just til you've got enough money saved up."

His eyes rolled up and he gave a little gurgling noise, and for a moment she though he was going to have a fit or something. The slackness of his jaw made her realise that he'd just come again.

"Bye Pete." She closed his bed room door and skipped down the stairs. She went out the back way slamming the door as she went, she had money in her purse now, but for some reason she was feeling really, really cheesed off.

She scuttled over the road and went round to the back of her house.

"Morning Debbie."

Mr. Groves looked at her over the fence with a knowing little smile.

"Morning Mr. Groves." She responded stiffly.

"What you been doing then Debbie?" he asked with a grin.

"I don't think that's any of your business Mr. Groves." She told him angrily.

He tut tutted a couple of times. "Now then Debbie, don't be like that. Didn't young Pete do a very good job with you then?"

"I don't know what you mean." She tried for outraged innocence, but blushed guiltily.

"Oh come now Debbie, me and you have been through too much to have secrets like that."

Debbie looked at him for a moment, studying and thinking of the things they'd done together. Whatever else had happened, Mr. Groves always made sure she had at least one orgasm with him.

"Would you like to come inside and share a coffee with me?" she asked quietly.

The look on his face made Debbie wonder if she had done the right thing, but the little man had gone and she knew that he would be with her in seconds flat. She opened the back door and stepped into the kitchen.

Leaving the door open she walked over to the kitchen sink to rinse out the kettle. The door shut behind her and the bolt slid across, and Mr. Groves was behind her and lifting her skirt.

He tucked the hem into her skirt belt, and a second later he was deep inside her pumping away as if his life depended on it.

"See you were ready for me weren't you Debbie, no knickers just how I like it. You were being the dirty little slut, first for Pete and now for me."

Debbie leaned forward a little over the sink and stuck her bottom out. Mr. Groves gave a little groan and then his hand came around and a finger started to rub her clitoris. Debbie had been aroused for quite some time now and Mr. Groves inside her and his finger in her clit was just enough to finish her off.

She let out a deep sigh and her muscles gripped at Mr. Groves, hugging him tight as he came inside her spilling his pent up load for all that he was worth.

He staggered away from her and sat down at the kitchen table breathing heavily.

"I think I'd like that coffee now girl." He panted.

"Yes Mr. Groves." Debbie said meekly as she pulled down her skirt and filled the kettle.

She knew that this was not the last time she would be fucked by Mr. Groves, he always seemed to know exactly when to go for her.

As she sat down opposite him she felt a little rush of excitement that this dirty old man kept finding ways to screw her.

## Chapter 2

Posted: January 05, 2010 - 10:42:49 am

Her mum was off out on another hot date, and Debbie was faced with spending the evening on her own.

"You seem to be going out a lot with this new guy?" she asked her mum curiously.

"Yes dear." Her mum said with a dreamy little smile. "I really think he might be something special." She seemed to hesitate for a moment before saying quietly. "Don't wait up for me tonight Debbie I don't think I'll be coming home tonight."

She kissed her daughter hurriedly and left the room to get ready for her evening out.

"That's just great," Debbie muttered grumpily, "I'm only twenty two, I'm the one who's supposed to have the hot dates."

She was feeling irritable and restless again and on an impulse she stepped out into the back garden.

"Afternoon Debbie." Mr. Groves as usual was lying in wait.

Debbie walked over to the fence.

"Afternoon Mr. Groves, what are you doing?" she asked a little bit sulkily.

He looked at her for a moment and then held up a little figure that he was painting. "I like to make little armies, and I paint them in the proper colours.

"That sounds like fun." She muttered sarcastically.

He narrowed his eyes at her. "I gather that your mum's off out tonight Debbie?"

"Yes she's got another hot date and she probably won't be coming home tonight."

"So you're going to be all on your own?"

"Looks like it yes."

"You know Debbie." He said a little shiftily. "I could come over and keep you company for a bit. Bring some of my army and show you what I've been doing since we last fucked."

She blushed a little but her eyes brightened in remembrance of being bent over the sink and fucked from behind by him. That had been two weeks ago, and now she knew she was ripe for a little more action.

"Don't bring your soldiers, bring your other toys." She gave him a coy little smile. "I think that I'm going to be a very bad little girl tonight."

His look of excitement almost proved her undoing, but she just managed to hold herself together.

"Did you know Debbie that my wife is away again this weekend? Would you like to come over to my house?"

She looked at him a little anxiously remembering how badly he had punished and violated her at his house, the time that he had made her dress up like his wife and nag him like his wife.

"I don't think I want to go that far Mr. Groves." She told him warily hoping he would get the message.

He gave a little sigh of disappointment, but leaned forward to talk to her.

"So Debbie, bad girls get spanked. And bad girls get fucked hard with big dildos, and when they have come four of five times they get fucked again by a big hard dick." He looked into her wide blue eyes moist now with lust. "So are you a bad girl Debbie?" he breathed.

She nodded her head, "yes Mr. Groves I'm a very bad girl."

"Have you still got that little black skirt and top?"

She shook her head regretfully, the first thing she'd done when his window had been fixed was to throw those clothes he had liked right into the bin.

Another little grunt of disappoint, followed by a thoughtful look.

"Wait here for a moment." He scuttled off inside his house to reappear a few moments later.

He handed her some notes, about thirty pounds it looked like. "Go and get a new one, and a top if you can find one. You should just have time before the shops close if you hurry."

She did make it to the shops, and she did find exactly what she wanted, but she also missed the bus back and new that there wouldn't be another for at least another hour.

She could get home quicker if she cut through the park, even though it was deserted and a little creepy at this time in the late afternoon.

She hesitated as she came to a fairly sheltered part of the park, it was quiet with no one around, and with a quick look around she shrugged her shoulders and entered the little copse.

"Hello there little girl, aren't you a pretty thing."

It was a couple of tramps, setting up for the night by the looks of things, and they were filthy and smelly and Debbie wrinkled her nose in disgust.

"Would you let me past please, I have some where I need to be." She asked politely.

The two tramps looked at each other and grinned. "What will you give us if we let you pass?" one of them asked with a little smirk.

"I have no money; I just spent it on a new outfit."

"A new outfit you say? Let's have a look then and see what you got."

Debbie sighed in defeat and took the top out of the bag. It was a blouse again in snowy white and so fine it was almost transparent.

"Ooh now that's nice aint it Burt." The first one said.

"Yes very sexy, do you think she's got anything else in that little bag Will?"

They both looked at her questioningly and she gave another little sigh and took out the very short black skirt.

"You know something Burt I think this little girl would like to be a little tart."

"Yes Will I think you're right."

"Please!" Debbie said impatiently, "can I just get past?"

"Oohh I think that that would deserve a kiss little girl." Will said with a smirk.

Debbie looked at these two dirty grubby smelly tramps and knew that they planned to rape her. She decided that they wouldn't.

"Ohh sirs." She said on a little sigh. "I'm not supposed to kiss strange men, but," she said as they moved towards her. "Maybe you could kiss me?"

"That sounds like a very good idea little girl." Burt chuckled. He moved to pulled her to him and she held up her hands.

"Not on my mouth though." She told him.

"Where then?" Will asked impatiently.

Debbie smiled at them innocently and unbuttoned her top to reveal her bra, she pulled it down so that her nipples were out and looked to the two excited men.

"Look one each." She offered.

She was on her back with a tramp on each boob before she could blink.

They suckled and nibbled and licked at her nipples until she thought she would come for them.

Will's hand slid down her skirt and pulled it up. He started to finger at her very wet pussy while he suckled at her breast and pulled at his dick.

Burt was pulling at his own dick and pushed his hand down to join Will's. Two Tramps with their fingers rubbing at her pussy, and suckling at her boobs. Debbie arched her back and enjoyed a long vocal orgasm that had both tramps shooting their loads all over her.

She stood up and straightened her skirt and fastened her top, pulling a face at the icky damp patches on her. She grabbed her bag and backed away from the two men.

"Oh don't worry little girl, we won't hurt you." Will said tiredly.

"What's your name little girl?" Burt asked.

"Debbie, I'm Debbie." She told them with a smile.

"Maybe you'll come and visit us again Debbie?" Will grinned.

Debbie didn't answer; she simply turned around and jogged off. She smiled as she ran, it was always nice to have options, she thought to herself.

She went round to the back of the house, and sure enough Mr. Groves was still there waiting for her.

"You got something then?" he asked with a smirk.

"Yes I got something." She nodded.

He noticed the patches on her top and frowned. "What happened there then?" he asked.

"Oh that, that's where I let two tramps come on me while they sucked my boobs and fingered my pussy." She said carelessly.

"Filthy little whore!" Mr. Groves snapped. "What time is your mum going out?"

"About seven I think."

"Leave the back door open, and I want to find you bent over the kitchen table with your skirt up and your knickers down to your knees. Stay like that until I come to spank you like the nasty little slut that you are." He took something out of his pocket and handed it to her. "Wear this as well, and you are NOT allowed to take it off."

"Yes Mr. Groves." She whispered.

"And Debbie, make sure you take a shower as well."

"Yes Mr. Groves."

Debbie went into her house and since the bathroom was vacant she dove into the shower. She was extremely horny, and tempted to indulge herself, but she decided to save herself knowing that she would enjoy her time with Mr. Groves if she didn't have another orgasm now.

Yes she was going to have a good time with Mr. Groves tonight, and she hummed as she soaped herself down in preparation for him.

"I'm off now Debbie." Her mum called up to her.

"Have a good time mum." She called down.

"Thanks love. See you tomorrow."

Debbie pulled her skirt straight with a shaking hand as she heard the front door slam. A moment later there was the slam of a car door and the engine revved up. The car drove away and Debbie was left alone.

She walked downstairs and made sure that the front door was locked and then went through to the kitchen. She opened the back door, and then she turned around and pulled her knickers down to her knees, she slipped the blindfold, which Mr. Groves had given to her, over her eyes. She bent over the kitchen table pulling up her skirt as she did so and waited.

The house settled into silence, and the light began to fade, Debbie waited.

It got darker and still nothing. Debbie waited.

Finally what seemed like hours later she heard the back door softly close and the bolt slide across.

"Mr. Groves?" she whispered nervously.

SLAP! The pain shot right through her as she yelled out in pain.

"Now then Debbie you know the rules." Mr. Groves whispered as she rubbed her cheeks.

SLAP! "Ooh one thank you Mr. Groves." She called

He rubbed the cheeks and shoved a finger up into her pussy.

"Nice and wet after those tramps aren't you Debbie?" he asked nastily.

"Yes Mr. Groves."

SLAP! "Ouch two thank you Mr. Groves!" she sobbed.

He stopped for a moment and Debbie relaxed. Suddenly she felt something hard pushing against her opening and she knew it was the dildo. She opened her legs wider to better accommodate it and Mr. Groves slapped her hard.

SLAP! "OOhh Three thank you Mr. Groves."

"Whore!" he roared at her. "I didn't say that you could open your legs!" he rammed it inside of her and switched it on. "Now close your legs slut and don't let it slip out."

Debbie clamped her legs together as tight as she could which only served to amplify the sensations going on inside her pussy.

SLAP! "Ouch Four thank you Mr. Groves."

Mr. Groves stopped fooling around and started to spank her hard and fast, so fast that Debbie could barely count and thank him in time. She lost it at about thirteen as she had her first orgasm of the night. She gained at least three extra slaps until she could resume the count.

Finally he was done with one final resounding:

SLAP "ouch ooowww Twenty-four thank you Mr. Groves." Her blindfold was soaking wet from her tears, but it was over at last. She stood up and went to remove the blindfold.

"Leave it!" he snapped. "I didn't tell you to remove it!"

Debbie let the blindfold fall back into place and just stood there waiting.

"I can see your tits through that blouse." He accused in disgust.

"I thought you might like it." She whimpered.

"Huh" he grunted noncommittally.

"What about the skirt? Do you like that?"

"Pull it down and let's have a look then." He ordered bad temperedly.

She straightened the skirt and stood, the blindfold over her eyes, her nipples poking through her transparent blouse, her skirt as short a she could get, and her knickers still around her knees.

"Very nice Debbie." He finally sighed.

He grabbed her by the hand and started to pull her with him. "Make sure you don't lose that dildo Debbie, hold it in with your hand if you have to."

So she waddled along blinded to where he was taking her and with her knickers gradually slipping down until they were around her ankles and the dildo humming away happily inside her.

She had to stop half way as she was racked by another orgasm, this one was intensified by the fact that Mr. Groves suddenly without warning pinched cruelly at her nipples.

They resumed the walk and her senses told her he'd taken her into her front room.

He forced her down onto her knees and told her to open her mouth.

"No suck it you little slut!" he demanded as he rammed his hard dick into her mouth.

He started to fuck her face, his hands either side of her head and his hips thrusting back and forward.

Debbie fought to breathe as he carried out this assault on her and the buzzing inside her pussy just exacerbated the situation for her.

"Enough!" he suddenly called out as he pulled his dick out of her mouth.

He grabbed her elbow and forced her to bend over the sofa with her bottom out in the air. Her cheeks still bright red from his spanking.

He reached between her legs and very slowly pulled out the dildo. As it popped out Debbie shuddered with another little orgasm.

Mr. Groves knelt behind her and thrust his cock inside of her. "You're nothing but a bitch in heat!" he hissed into her ear. "So from now on I'm only ever going to fuck you like the dog that you are!"

Debbie let out a little sob. "What makes you think I'll ever let you fuck me again?" she asked spitefully.

He reached around and fingered her knowing that it would drive her to another climax very quickly.

"Because Debbie, I know how to make you come." He whispered, "And then I can make you come again, and then again."

Sure enough she tensed into another orgasm, and Mr. Groves just kept on pumping and fingering and pumping. She came again, he kept up the pumping and fingering and she came again.

"Please," she whispered "Enough please!"

"Grab my balls Debbie like you did before."

Debbie reached around to squeeze, and squash them, and Mr. Groves gave out a grunt. "That's it girl, dig your nails in, yes, yes Debbie like that! Oh yessss!"

He tensed and sighed as he came deep within her spilling and filling her until it ran down her leg.

As he moved away from her, to collapse on the floor at her feet, Debbie lifted the blindfold.

"So Debbie, will you let me fuck you again?" he asked her breathlessly.

Debbie sat up on the sofa and spread her legs. "That depends Mr. Groves. Will you clean me up first?"

He grinned as he crawled over to her and started to lap at her pussy.

Debbie sat back with a purr of satisfaction as she let the blindfold slip back down.

"Oh yeh Mr. Groves like that." She gasped grabbing his head and spreading her legs wider.

She forced his head further into her pussy as she felt her next orgasm coming on.

Life was so very good! She thought.

This a second installment for Debbie, and I've had fun writing it. I Hope you enjoy reading it.

Angela