**Lisa Got More Than She Asked For**

by emmaadmirer

**Part 1**

This summer, my mother called me 2 days before I went on holidays. I had planned to stay at my parent’s house, while they left for holidays to Greece. She informed me, that the roof got damaged in a storm and there would be workers around, and she wanted me to look after them, so that they would work properly. ” Be strict with them, Lisa, and show them that you are in charge. ” Oh yeah, that will be a fine holiday I thought to myself, knowing that I had problems in being strict and telling others what they have to do. When I arrived, my parents were already gone, but I felt relieved, knowing that my parents would tell me for the xxx time, that at the age of 28 I should be able to “stand my woman”. And like always they would ignore me telling them I was a successful business worker. But they left me a note, describing, what had to be repaired. The workmen would arrive next afternoon and so I had time to relax a little. I opened a bottle of wine to celebrate the evening of my first free day, as many were to come. Later I watched a good movie, and by the end of it the second bottle was nearly empty. I stripped, because that felt more comfortable and soon I fell asleep. Next morning I felt quite disoriented, and when I was under the shower, I heard someone ring at the door. Without a lot of thinking I went to open and I realized it, that I stood wet dripping in front of the workmen, only wrapped in a towel. There were four of them, two somewhere in their 40ies and two teenagers, barely 16. And they all had wide grins on their faces. As I wanted to excuse me for a moment, the first one entered explaining: “We’re already here cos our boobs, ahh boss is leaving (the others giggled at this joke and I blushed deep red) and before that we must call him to tell what we have to do here and how much time it will take. So could you show us, cause we’re in a hurry?” So I had to let them in and walk ahead feeling their stares on my barely clad body. After I led them around for what seemed an eternity (with them looking more at me than at the house) Chad, one of the older ones informed me that the two youngsters were the boss` sons. At the age of 13 and 14, their father wanted them to see a bit of an adult life, and they are here for work. I blushed even more now, knowing how young those smiling brats were and left for some clothes, as they called their boss. “A very good start” I thought when I was downstairs. So much for respect. A bit later I went shopping and crossed the 2 boys in the hallway. They whispered and giggled to which I felt shame building up inside of me. In the car I could not focus on anything else, and it somehow aroused me. Although none of them attracted me, the older ones were a bit fat and they didn’t seem very sober, and the boys seemed the same, only younger, much younger!  The thought of being seen by them not wearing more than a towel and being humiliated by them built a strange feeling inside me. At home I made a plan to be strict, really strict and to use my female weapons to be in charge. I would show them a little (accidentally) and make them feel, they cannot reach, and so they would feel inferior to me. When I went upstairs with beer and coke I wore gym shoes, a short skirt and a tight t-shirt with no bra, what as clearly visible. They immediately stopped working and gathered around me. Steve, the second of the older ones lit a cigarette. This was my moment: “Hey, don’t smoke in here, mister. And never do this again. And I am here to make clear, that you work properly, for as long as you are here, I am the boss, understood?” Then there was a moment of silence, which made me nervous, because Steve looked me up and down and then really stern in the eyes. “So our little show- what- I- have- girl is trying to put us down a peg or two. I think we can do that better” he said very soft, making me gulp. He than told, to one of the boys to show me, what he had found in the hallway. The boy put my bra and panties out of his pocket. They were the ones I stripped yesterday, when I was drunk. I must have forgotten about them lying around and now that little nerd let them run through his fingers. Oh my god, this was so embarrassing and I could not say a word. But again I felt getting aroused, as he treated me like a little girl, “so if you don’t do as I say I let Carl here spank your bare bottom.” In disbelief I looked at the 13-year-old grinning boy. “And, looking at your nipples you seem to enjoy this. How would your parents find this if we told this to many other people in town, that you like showing of to minors?” ” You cannot…” “We will, if you don’t behave.” They had me under their control. Beaten with my own weapons, and they knew I became horny, when they humiliated me. ” So for as long as we are here you will be our helper girl and everyone here is authorized to give you orders, you will obey them, won’t you? I managed to whisper: ” Yesss.” “And by the way you have to address us as Sirs.” “Yes Sir.” “Now get rid of that skirt, for you are going to work now, what’s your first name?” ” Lisa, Sir. ” I said, as I wanted to leave and change into jeans. ” Did I tell you to change into something else Silly Lilly?” ” I hesitated. ” Do you need help?” Sam the 14 year old asked. Blushing, and not wanting that brat to help me, I slowly put my skirt down. I was really ashamed now, but my nipples betrayed me and as they openly laughed, because of my childish panties, with a Mickey mouse on it, and taunted me, that I now looked like an 8 year old, except for my tits, I became wet. Why was I reacting that way I thought and why do I let them treat me like that. I felt a mixture of pure shame and arousal. Then they started to talk about my body, discussing my legs and tits and ass, and the 2 young brats became more and more self-conscious towards me. “We need to see if she is in a good shape,” Sam suggested. “Yeah, give me 20 press-ups Lisa.” was Carl’s instruction for me. It was surreal, I had to follow these young bastards instructions, only for their fun, and I was reacting with arousal to it. But I did not want to give in, and so I told them, I would not go along with any of their pervert games, and they should fuck off. ” Well, then soon your parents and their whole neighborhood will know, who is the real pervert, you stuck up rich bitch.” Chad told me. Thinking about my poor parents I obeyed now. And Carl that bastard said to me that I was a good girl now. They joked about my fat ass and as I was ready I stood up and told them in anger that my ass is not fat. ” I don’t believe her,” said Carl to Sam ” Turn around, panties to your knees and prove it” he almost yelled at me. “Please don’t make me do that, Sir.” I begged that little boy, looking to the 2 older ones for a second, who just smiled, watching an adult woman being the plaything for those boys. They had no mercy and a minute later I stood there with my panties on knee level, showing them my bum. “Hard to say” Sam mocked. I heard them whisper and then Sam announced, “There is only one way to prove. They walked up behind me and started to feel the object of their interest. I shrieked and protested, but my words fell on deaf ears. They made my cheeks wobble and kneaded them, and then told me to shake my bum myself, as the last proof. For the next 3 minutes made a silly looking “dance”, panties down to which they laughed and finally told me I was right, my ass is not fat. At that time a tear came down my cheek, but I was glad that no one said a word as I put my panties up again. Next I was told to run on the spot and they were delighted to see my breasts jump in all directions, reminding me of my lack of a bra. After 15 minutes I was sweating. Chad said: So if you are already sweating, before we start to work, you are still overdressed. Take of your t-shirt and hand it to Carl together with your skirt. “But I don’t wear a bra. You will see my breasts.” ” Now that is not my fault”, Chad replied. Now go on with it. With a last “Pleease!” I took of my t-shirt and handed it together with my skirt, to the young boy, whose eyes were wide open now. I tried to cover my bare breasts as best as I could. In the last hour I was humiliated in ways I couldn’t even imagine before, and now a 13-year-old boy was in charge over my clothes. They had really control now over me and now all I had on was my childish panties and my gym shoes. And now I saw, what I had not realized before: Chad had a camera in his hands. Recognizing my fearful look, he explained: “Just to keep you motivated. Normally we use this camera to take pictures of what we have to repair, so no one can sue us. By the way, some of the pictures show you and the boys, and it seems you enjoy entertaining them. I think you don’t want these pictures to be shown around.” Right at that moment, I heard the front door open. My parents! I felt relief and saw the 2 boys getting panicked, Chad took the clothes, but before he handed them to me, he said: “Remember the photos!” When my parents entered, I was fully dressed again. Inside I thanked them for not believing, that I could handle the workmen. (Oh, if they knew, how right they were!) My mother told us, that they had decided, not to leave, because the travel agency at the airport informed them, that they could have their money back. And, is everything all right here? “Did she make the points clear, you have to work hard, or you will get into trouble!” Steve answered: ” Oh yes she did, in fact, she really made us sweat.” I went downstairs with my parents and then left as soon as I could, not wanting those assholes to have a chance and “play” with me again. My parents were a bit confused, but did not say a word. Actually I lived in the same town and I would not be far away. At home the whole day went through my mind again, and I was glad that this was over. But that night, when I was in bed, my memories became rather arousing, especially when I thought about the 2 boys. And I began to masturbate and imagined, what they would have done to me, if they had more time. The following weekend my mother invited me to a little party. I had no other plans, so I said I would come. When I arrived, my mother was angry, because the other guests had already arrived. She led me into the garden and there were my dad and a couple in their 40ies. As I sat down, they introduced themselves as the Peters. My father said that he was the boss of the workmen, who were here last week, and as Mr. Peters came around to talk to him, they liked each other right from the start. They even shared the same hobby: fishing So after work was done, he invited the Peters for a barbecue. Mrs. Peters then continued: “And our boys, Carl and Sam, said how much fun they had with you, when you were here.” At that I felt a rush of embarrassment. “So we asked your parents to invite you, too.” I think they are inside, and I am sure they are happy to see you again. A few minutes later, they talked about gardening, and I was thinking about how I could avoid seeing those 2 little nerds, when my mother suddenly whispered to me: “Please go inside, and play a little with those nice kids. They were so polite last week and they worked really hard. In fact they saved us a lot of money. I think they really like you, and it would not be polite, if you ignored them. With trembling feet, I made my way inside to look for them. I really did not want, but my mother gave me no choice, not knowing what really had happened last week, but that was the last thing I wanted her to know. I heard them upstairs, followed their voices I found them in my old room. “How dare you!” I spit at them. First they seemed scared but then Sam said, “Ah, it’s only Lisa. Hey, do you want to see some photos? And they handed me some copies of the photos, that showed me behaving myself, as they called it. And really on some of these pictures I seemed to have fun, and clearly visible on those each of them one or both of those teenagers. “We took those from Chad and his mate, the two who were working here with us, and they gave them to us willingly, because they did not want to loose their jobs. They knew, that we have so much influence on our parents. We wanted them, because they told us that if anyone saw them, you would go to jail. And we do not want that to happen. After a short time of silence, I was speechless, Carl continued. “And what about you, Lisa Do you want that to happen? Or will you be a good girl for us, Lisa?” “Oh no, please not to jail, please don’t do that to me. Don’t be so mean to me.” “So will you be a good little girl from now on?” “Yes I will.” I whispered. “Say it properly” this was Sam. “I will be a really good girl,” I added to my shame and the 2 burst out into laughter. Then I had to go downstairs and tell their and my parents that we were playing upstairs and they should shout if they needed something. On my way back upstairs I thought, that now they had plenty of time to play with me and whatever they wanted. I was not much older to them now, I was not the adult, I was their little girl and plaything. When I was back up, they handed me one of my old summer dresses, from when I was about 15 told me to take it on and put my hair in a ponytail. I went into the bathroom, and when I was finished and saw myself in the mirror, my reflection was to ridiculous. When I returned, they giggled and Carl managed to say: “My god, you look so stupid!” and they laughed at me, as I stood with a red face in front of them not knowing what to do. Than they told me I was to be barefoot, and this made me feel rather nude. Their commands, which did not allow me to say no and their way to degrade me made me secretly crave for more and I was becoming wet, although I absolutely did not want to. “Last week you ran away without saying goodbye, is that how a good girl behaves?” “No”, I said, “I am sorry”, because I thought it would be wise to play the game. It felt really strange, when they called me a little girl, and humiliating. “To late, silly girl, we have decided, that you need a good spanking:” said a grinning Carl “now take of your panties and hand me them.” “Please, I will…” “Yes you will, first we thought each of us would spank you for 5 minutes, now it’s 10 minutes. Knowing that any more complaining would only make it worse, I slowly took of my panties and gave it to Sam, who looked at it, as if it was a treasure. They felt it and even sniffed at it, which made me blush again, and there was nothing I could do to stop them. “That’s how girls smell.” said Carl. “I’ll keep it.” he informed me. “Now turn around and lift your cute little dress. It seemed to me as if I had to lift 1000pounds but finally it was high above my waist and I felt their stares on my exposed backside. They let me wait like that for what seemed an eternity, until Carl supposed I should ask for my spanking. How could he be so cruel? “Please, will you spank my bum.” I finally had to say and they threw a coin to see who had his turn first, while I had to wait, holding my foolish dress high in the air, to which they laughed before they finally threw it. A triumphant “Yeah!” from Carl informed me, he was the lucky winner, and I was his 28-year-old semi-nude price. He came up to me and first he began to pat my bum with tenderness. I moaned with surprise, and because I had to let this happen which made them laugh, and one second later I felt the first smack followed by a loud sound. For the next 5 minutes, he reigned smacks on my bum cheeks and it really hurt, when he stopped. But the humiliating sounds of the smacks were even worse, they reminded me, by whom I was letting myself be treated like that. And they found it really amusing. “Look how red I’ve made her bum”, Carl said proudly. “She’s all yours now, Sam. “Please”, I begged, no more, “It really hurts.” “You need a break?” Sam asked. I nodded quickly. “O.k. If you take off your robe and stand in the corner with your hands on your head. If you hesitate, I won’t give you the break.” Only thinking for a second, by bum was on fire, I quickly put the dress over my head and hasted into the corner, where I put my hands on my head. When I was finished, I realized, this was the most humiliating situation, worse than everything before, and now, all that covered me was my bra. The boys found my efforts to be quick very amusing, and they asked me if I felt like a little girl now, and they were not satisfied, until I said: “Yes, I feel like a girl, and I will do whatever you say.” I felt so humiliated now but it was turning me on, and somehow I knew I wanted this, having them treat me like that. Sam now offered me, that he would not spank me (today), if I turned around. I thought about it, and realized, that I wanted to, I wanted them to command me and do all the tricks they told me, I wanted to be the joke for those little nerds. I wanted to be cheap for them, but I did not want them to know. Was I thinking this, because I was so aroused? And on the other hand I did not want it at all I slowly, turned around, after Sam reminded me, it would soon be spanking time, my hands covering my private parts. “I won’t let you get out of it by showing us your hands. Take of your bra with them.” His voice was so stern now. He really mastered me now and I did what he demanded and then handed them my bra, while they started to chew on some chewing gums. I was totally naked now, standing in front of them and they had made themselves comfortable on my old bed. I had to turn around until I faced them again. “Spread your legs!” I was told. “But…” “But leads to spanking” was Sam’s harsh response and they were only satisfied, when my feet were obscenely spread. They were now really aroused, realizing now, that they could do everything with me, which was every boys fantasy, having a woman to torment. Now I heard in shock, that they wanted me to open myself so they could see inside me. I did as they wanted and they kneeled in front of me to get a closer look. I was close to coming, while they took their time to stare at every inch of my wide opened privates. I even felt their breath down there. “Now that’s a view” an overwhelmed Carl whispered I had to watch them watching me, and felt most uncomfortable, seeing their victory expressing faces. “It’s really nice down here, Lisa. And you enjoy it, I see.” Oh my god, I thought, was it so obvious to those brats. “You don’t mind if we explore a bit ourselves.” Sam not asked, but taunted. I looked down, and watched in horror, as one of Carl’s and one of Sam’s, the young teenagers hands came closer and closer to my pussy, and I almost came at the spot, as shaking fingers began touching me. Just at that moment, we heard footsteps on the stairs, and I had to take on the stupid dress, before my mother entered. She told we should come down for a chat, and seeing me in that dress, I quickly mumbled something about an accident and we followed her downstairs. Just before I was outside, Sam grabbed my hand, turned me around, and before I could react, they had forced their chewing gums into my mouth. As I winced silently, they told me I should keep them in my mouth for the rest of the evening. When we walked down the stairs, Sam lifted my dress for the last time, I was still nude underneath,  and gave my bum one last smack. My mother turned around, just after the dress was down again, and I said: “Mosquito.” Outside I had to be careful , because the dress was quite short. And it was humiliating to reexplain my changing into that childish dress. The boys pretended to play something with aliens and quickly disappeared under the table. Involved in a discussion about politics I suddenly felt hands on my legs wandering up into the direction of my sex. First I tried to kick them of but as started continued to pinch me, and it became difficult to keep my voice low I let them have their way, because they would surely make me pay if I said something. Soon they were there, where they had stopped upstairs. And they felt me up in very accurate way, then pinched me tickled me and I had to keep me legs spread for them. Through the table-cloth I saw a light and realized, that they had a flashlight with them, when they spread my pussy lips again. And I had to endure this, getting hot again, talking to their parents, with the boys chewing gums in my mouth. Then, I shrieked, when I recognized, that they inserted something cold inside of me, and it was moving. I didn’t dare moving and explained, that I had thought I had seen a thief, but it had been only a shadow. My Mum asked me to get some drinks. I quickly pulled down the dress and followed her. Inside I excused myself and went to the toilet. Their latest torment was a snail that they had put inside me. There was a knock on the door. I answered. It was Sam. He told me to keep it inside and they would check it later. I and no choice and so I put it back shivering at the touch. When I came back to the kitchen, Mum said, we have moved now to the living room, as the Peters would leave soon. Finally, I thought. And here they could not do tricks with me. Before I entered the living room, I disappeared into the toilet one more time and put out the snail, because it had really driven me crazy with its movements inside me. But in the living room Carl asked me to come outside with them, but it was not really a question. In the backyard, unseen from the house, they checked if my little friend was still there. He was not and therefore I had to be punished. I pleaded them not to be so mean, as I head been a really good girl for them. When they told me to strip right now I was down to tears. Although it was already dark, I told them someone could see me. But half a minute later I was nude and down on all fours. “Today I saw a kennel behind that summer-house. Let’s get over there.” said Sam. When we arrived, me on all fours, he spit at me: In you go, and there you will think about doing as we say!” And then he reigned smacks on my bun until he couldn’t reach it any more, because I was inside the kennel. “Stick your bum out, Lisa. Ha! Ha! This looks really stupid, that naked ass, and then something familiar was put inside me. “Keep it this time?” I was asked back inside “Say it properly”  “Yes, Sir. It is inside Sir.” They laughed. ” You are a sensation, Lisa! We will fetch you then for a goodbye”. I heard Carl say: “This is so cool! A grown up woman. And a dog! They left for the house, laughing. It seemed an eternity, until they came back. I heard the conversation inside, but I was to stay out here in the kennel, because those 2 teenagers wanted me to, naked. First they looked for the snail (which had made me orgasm 2 times but I had not dared taking it out) then patted me on the head, before they let me get up. “Had a nice time?” Carl mocked. “Ask us for the dress.” Sam insisted. “Please, may I have my dress back?” I asked careful to sound as submissive as possible. They giggled, when they gave it back to me. Back in the house, the Peters were just about to leave, and Mrs. Peters asked me at the door: “Before I forget, next week, me and my husband are away for Wednesday night. Could you perhaps be their babysitter? They said you offered it, but when they did, you were gone, some ten minutes ago, so I could not ask you myself. So is it o.k. for you?” Some ten minutes ago I was still naked in the backyard, in a kennel, because of those brats, lady, of course not, I thought. Looking at Sam and Carl, I said: “Of course. That would be fine with me… From that moment, I tried to figure a way to get out of this horrible situation I found myself in, but there was nothing I could do. I did not dare to wait, to see if they really would make those photos public. So, time went on much too fast, and soon it was Wednesday.  I called the Peters, hoping that their parents had changed their plans and stayed at home, but they did not. I was to be there at 6 pm. When I got dressed, it came to me that probably I would not wear those clothes for long. Driving to their place was cruel to me, because it was the last place on earth where I wanted to go. They had a beautiful house, with a big backyard and a large swimming pool. My head was spinning as I rang the bell. I heard footsteps and suddenly feared that one of the boys would open, but it was their dad. “Glad you made it. We would have been in trouble if you had let us down.” (Oh, if only I could.) I realized they were already in a hurry when Mrs. Peters joined us, the two smiling brats following her. “Hi Lisa, it’s really nice of you to help us out.” I managed to say: “Oh, that is absolutely no problem. When will you be back?” “Well, I think, we will be back at 11 in the morning.” That will be 17 hours, I realized to my horror! “O.k., we have to leave now. Sam and Carl, you will not cause any troubles.” “Yes, of course, Mum”, Sam replied.  They really believe their children are as nice as they pretend to be, I thought. Mr. Peters then opened the door and said, “You can use the guest room upstairs; the boys will show you. And feel free to eat and drink what you want. There’s plenty in the kitchen.” And off they went. I looked at the closed door for some time and then turned towards the boys, who already had cruel grins on their faces. “Hi, Lisa,” Carl greeted me. “How do you feel?” “Vulnerable”, I answered honestly.  “She’s quite smart, our ‘babysitter’, or is it our little girl?” Sam asked me. Self-conscious I replied, “Uhm, your little girl”, and back was the red color on my cheeks. “You got it, Lisa! Now come with us”, Carl told me and I followed them upstairs into Carl’s room. What I saw reminded me that they were far from being adults, toys lying around everywhere. “Now, strip and get those clothes over to me.” Perhaps they would listen this time. “Please, you’ve had your fun with me. I did everything you wanted. You’ve even touched me, where boys at your age normally don’t have the chance to touch a woman. Let me go now. I promise, I will never say a word.” “Hey, this is too much fun and, as Carl said, you enjoy it too, to be humiliated. So, we’re just doing you a favor. Now go on with it, or do you want to earn a spanking?” Sam mocked. Beaten by them one more time, I stripped for them, handed them my clothes, and covered myself with my hands. “You shouldn’t make me angry!” the 13-year-old bastard Carl spit at me to make clear that I was not to cover myself. I took my hands away from my breasts and pussy. Our eyes met and he glared triumphantly at me, so I let my head sink and looked, embarrassed, to the floor but, once again, I was slowly becoming aroused, because they weren’t even adults and equals, but kids, who treated me like that. To my horror, Sam put my clothes somewhere in his own room, as if he knew that separating me from my clothes made me feel even more at their mercy. When he came back, I was standing, displayed, in the middle of their room, and Carl had already shown me the digital camera with which they wanted to take more photos of me. “But, first, you need to be reminded of who is in charge and, as you want to be our little girl, as you say — is that right?” “Yes I whispered”, powerless, as was expected of me. Sam continued, “As you want to be our little girl, you are gonna get it over the knee from each of us!” It took some time for me to realize what they had ordered me to endure. And, I knew, I had absolutely no choice. “Not this!” I started to cry, but with an already wet pussy. “Stupid girl. She is still trying to argue with us, Carl.” “Yeah,we should make it harder for her”, suggested his even younger brother. Alarmed by now, and redfaced, I said submissively, “Please, I beg you to spank my bum, because I’ve been a bad girl and I never wanted to annoy you.” All three of us were surprised at what I had just said, then they erupted into loud laughter, encouraged by my deep red face and my self-humiliated fidgeting from one leg to the other. “So, who will be first?” Sam asked. “You, ‘cos I wanna watch those tits bouncing and those legs kicking”, Carl blurted out. I could imagine, in great detail, what a spectacle he was going to see. Well, as I placed myself over Sam’s lap, who had a really hard on, my efforts to retain a little of my dignity were destroyed. I shrieked when I expected his first smack, but his hand only touched my bum. They laughed again, with me staring at the floor, not believing that this was really happening. The position they had me in, over that young boy’s lap, made me really shiver. I could not believe that I let myself be put in this position, as I was the little girl in this room now. Then he started to torment me, and he was putting an effort into being cruel to me, as only boys their age do. After ten minutes of real pain, always reminded by Carl that my breasts were more than entertaining, my bum was nearly as red as my face. Then, they changed places, and the next ten minutes were even worse, because, when my legs were briefly spread, Carl once hit me accidentally on my pussy and, because I screamed a little louder at that, this was his number one target from then on. Finally, I found myself in the corner of the room with my hands on my head and, when I tried to rub my sore bum, Sam told me that, if I wanted to rub it, I had to face them (displaying my front), get on my knees, and spread my legs for them. So, there I was. In the middle of a lot of Lego toys I knelt, spread legged, rubbing my bum. “What about some playing?” Carl asked his brother. At first I was unsure about what was coming next, but soon I realized that they would play with their Lego spaceships and figures, involving me. (Oh,please! No!) Carl flew a spaceship over me after I had laid down on the floor, spreading my legs wide. “Commander Peters to Captain Kirk, the Space Monster is unconscious now, our laser weapons have beaten it, finally. I will further investigate.” The ‘spaceship’ landed on my stomach and the ‘pilot’ inspected my breasts. “Captain, her primal weapon is empty, she cannot kill our people with her mammal poison.” (I wanted to die at that, but I also was again close to orgasm, as they really had no mercy with me, and because they were so childish with their naked toy.) Then the commander further investigated me, finally finding my pussy. “I have to go in there, Captain. This is the source of her power.” “Yes, Commander, and in our minds all the brave men from Space Fed. will follow you.” “It’s wet in here”, the Commander panicked when Carl inserted that little Lego figure in my pussy. I really was wet now, as I was humiliated beyond belief, with them grinning continually. My hands were not allowed to interrupt, because the giant sexy nude alien was seduced. “Commander! Commander! Oh my god, we have to rescue him!” Soon, another spaceship landed on the playground, my body. They shot laser guns at me (which I felt, because they were pinching me cruelly) and then they tortured my pussy, so that I would give my captive free. Well, at least those two nerds were quite inventive. They had a lot of fun at that and, afterwards, they paid me a compliment, saying that I was really worth playing with. I was not really glad for it, but their exploitation of my body brought me nearly over the edge. “You enjoyed this”, Sam smiled at me, showing me the very wet Lego Commander. “Get him clean.” I had to take it in my mouth, tasting my own wetness and swallowing it, until they were satisfied. After that, I was glad that I was allowed downstairs to make them something to eat, although I heard them laughing when they talked about me, as I went downstairs. Naked, I had to stand in the corner, showing them my still very red bum, still feeling their hands everywhere, on and inside of me, while they ate.  I felt somehow like a slave, as they ate their dinner talking about, and not to, me. “She is really obedient now.” “Yes, and the photos will be great. Perhaps we will show some of our friends what we got here.” I gasped at that. “Well, we’ll think about that, Lisa.” Sam was speaking now, “But, Carl, our fucking parents think we need babysitters to get along. I hate that. Look how we can handle that stupid Lisa.”  At which they laughed, looking at my red bum, “What about making our babysitter, here, the one we need to look after.” I froze in fear, as I knew more humiliation was awaiting me.

**Part 2.**

Caveat emptor: hardcore CMNF humiliation fantasies ahead. I was woken up by a cruel pinch from both of my babysitters, that’s what they called themselves. “Hey, we’ve got to find out more about them” Sam enthusiastically suggested. First I thought, I was still dreaming, but soon, it hit me, that this was real. The two boys, Sam and Carl were playing with me, as if I were not, what I was, a 28-year-old woman. They had made me fear meeting them, and I had to do whatever they told me. I was to be their plaything and they were not really reserved at that. Sam, and Carl liked me to feel myself humiliated and they loved their power over me. I knew, that they found, what every boy wants, a woman, who does whatever they want her to. I did not know any more. If it was for the blackmail, why was I so reluctant. Was it, because I got hot several times, when they made me do tricks for them. And I knew, they thought, it was turning me on. These were my thoughts, when I was told to kneel on the bed, as they probed my breasts, squeezing them, kneading them and then to my shame, milking them. “Do you know the sound, cows make”, Carl glared at me, when he said this, ” we can’t hear our silly cow, so come on, try to make us happy!” Red faced I tried to “Muuuuh” for them, from what they took a lot of pleasure. When they were finished, my breasts were red all over. “Make us some breakfast, baby Lisa!” Sam told me, slapping me on my pussy. “It’s still some time, until our parents will come back.” In their kitchen I made a very fine breakfast, hoping, that if they liked it, they wouldn’t be so mean to me. I only wondered, why I had to warm up so much milk. From time to time, it came up to me, that I was cooking there, nude, because I had no choice, and I was to be nude until those two brats would give me something to cover. I still felt their rather small hands on my body, reminding me of my helpless state. I had to focus on something else, because I was getting horny again, what did they have in charge for me next. Carl interrupted my thoughts, when he entered the kitchen, saying: “Hey naked butt, did you make us something, that tastes good, or are you stupid at cooking, too?” Embarrassed, I asked the 13! Year old: “Please, may I have my clothes back. I really suffer from being naked in front of you.” I did not dare to cover myself with my hands, as I said that. I hoped, that if I were honest and reluctant, he would have mercy. But when I was finished, he just burst out into laughter. Carl and Sam had problems with eating their breakfast, as they could not stop laughing about me, slapping my thighs and my tits once and again. They certainly knew how to humiliate me, and I thought, that it was really perfect, that from all those kids, I found two of their age, which were much too inventive for my taste. Feeling the wetness between my legs I had to clean the dining room and wash the dishes. After half an hour, I was ready, with them watching me and laughing at me. If I did not think about my state, they reminded me, with their jokes. When I was finished, I had to follow them into their backyard, cutting of my concern about being seen by the neighbors with some smacks on my backside. Worrying, if I would be seen, I had to lie own on the grass for them to open my legs. “We need to get her clean” Sam informed Carl and soon returned with the hose for the garden. “Oh, not with that, can’t you use something else? Please not!” I cried. Then I shrieked, because of the cold water, that he shot at my pussy and tears I cried, when they used the brush cruelly on my sensitive flesh. After that torment, I curled up like a baby and they left me to get something. I was too exhausted to think about what they had in mind. I just laid there, wondering if the boys realized, that between my cries and sobs I had come to orgasm, and it was the heaviest I ever had, despite my deep humiliation. When they returned after half an hour, in-between I had to lie spread-eagled in the grass, feeling the soft wind all over my body, they were still laughing from how they treated me. Carl asked me, if my pussy was hurting, because they had forced that ugly brush inside and I had kept it in there. The thought of having it inside me made me shiver in disgust, but it was also making me hot, because this thing inside me degraded me to their delight, and even more now, as I had to face their mocking faces. They did not say a word about my orgasm, but they had known, that wetness in my pussy means arousal, so I did not know, if they knew, but I felt even more vulnerable because of that not-knowing. Was that me, who reacted to them that way, now I knew I craved for more, I knew, that I wanted those two children to treat me like shit. And I knew they regarded me as a treasure, a treasure to play with, as they wanted. For the time of my orgasm, I was so motivated for their plans with me (please degrade me more), but as it vanished, my thoughts made me shake with humiliation. Was I really that sluttish, and even worse, did I want to behave myself like that for those two cruel brats. But they did not let me wait too long. Still feeling my orgasm, Sam rubbed the sole of his shoe against my pussy and Carl held one of his over my head: Harshly Carl told me: “One you hump, one you lick!” Later I thought, that I perhaps would have had the courage to say no, but at that time I was in my own world of humiliation and arousal. I licked the shoe clean, as I pressed my pussy against the other shoe, until I came the third time. My head was still spinning, when Sam took off his shoe and laughing told me to lick up the mess, that I had made, from it. They left and told me to follow, when I was ready. With every minute I felt more and more sick at what had just happened. Why had those little nerds the ability to make it worse, when I did not think, it could get worse anymore? Finally I thought the shoe was clean enough for them to be satisfied, so I got inside. I found them stuck to their computer. They showed me the photos, they made today and yesterday evening, when I was “babysitting” them and I gasped in shame at what I saw. How could I have let this! happen. Sam left and came back with my clothes, threw them in my face, and told me, their parents had just arrived. Before letting me get into them, Carl inserted the toy Captain Kirk in my pussy, and he had to stay there until I left. I was downstairs with the boys, just when the front door opened. “Hello” Mr. Peters greeted us “we’re back. Did you enjoy yourself?” he asked “Yes, very much!” Carl said. And, so that only Carl and me heard it, Sam added: “and our baby 3 times.” I blushed, as they smiled towards me. Twenty minutes late I left, assuring that I would love to go camping with the boys in the woods, as they needed an adult with them, and because I was still on holidays. (and all the time I could feel “Captain Kirk” inside of my pussy.) Before I left I had to assure the boys in front of their parents, that we would have a lot of fun next weekend. \*\*\* I could not believe what I had agreed to, before I left the Peters! I would have to fetch the boys on Saturday morning and then we would go to the Hyde Woods, where they’d have the whole weekend to play their humiliating games with me. And last but not least I did not know how I would react. Remembering the shame I had felt, when I came in front of them with them knowing, that it had been because of their humiliating ordeals, I shivered. Without thinking my hand went down between my legs and I began stroking my pussy and asked myself, if I was a submissive, as I laid on my sofa. I never was interested in this kind of eroticism, but was this only, because I was too proud of myself and something like submission was too shameful for me to even think about it. Did I, deep inside, look forward to the camping trip? Suddenly my hand stopped moving. No, I won’t let this happen! I won’t lose my dignity to those ugly boys, well at least not again. I’m trapped by them, but my feelings belong to me. I felt a little safer now and less vulnerable. It was Thursday and I had 2 days now to prepare myself mentally, so I would be able to face those days in dignity. Half an hour later, at 4 in the afternoon, I heard someone at the door. Wondering who it was, I opened and faced Sam and Carl, who entered without my permission. “But…” Sam interrupted me, as he passed me, spanking me once. “Oh we thought, you’d be happy to see us and we wondered, how it looks like here in your flat.” “You cannot stay here now, because my mother will come here in about 10 minutes.” I lied hoping they would leave. And I felt very uncomfortable now, as they just entered my! apartment, the place where I felt save and consoled, since I met the 2 boys for the first time. Why did they know, where I lived? “Oh, what a bad girl you are, lying to us. We just met your Mom and asked her for your address and she gave it to us, because she likes us so much.” Sam taunted me. And he continued, as if he would explain to a child: “And you surely understand, that we have to punish you for misbehaving.” Meanwhile they had taken up residence in my living room and I had followed them, standing in front of them, with their grinning faces. Taking a seat myself, I wanted to answer, when Carl spat at me: “Did we tell you, you could sit down? No stand up straight and answer properly!” Jumping up immediately, I was aware, that they would not let me sit down in my own flat, and that all this happened, although I was twice their age. “Yes, I am a bad girl, and it would only be good, if you taught me a lesson.” They tried to stifle a giggle, but I had only put so much effort in it, so I could ask them not to be so loud, because of my neighbors. “We’ll think about that.” Sam informed me: “but now bring us some beer and some sandwiches, and when you come back you are topless, understood?” I whispered a yes and blushed, before I went into the kitchen. After ten minutes I was ready, hearing them laughing (and I knew, they laughed about me) from time to time. I removed my shirt and my bra, which was not easy for me, because I felt so ashamed, although it was not the first time they saw my breasts. But things do not always become easier when you do them more often. And serving them their meals topless was as if I offered them my body. I found them in my bedroom. Clothes were lying everywhere and they told me to stay out of the way. They were searching for something. Finally they took an old red pointed cap and Carl grinned: “This will do it, and you will clean up this mess later, Lisa!” Back in the living room I had to give them their beers and sandwiches. As I waited to hand Sam his, he quickly grabbed one of my nipples and pinched it. I moaned and knew I had to listen closely to what he was going to say. I also had to look him in the eyes, feeling his hand playing with my nipple. At that point I started getting aroused, because of that humiliating situation he had me in now. And there was nothing I could do to stop it, although I tried so hard. “When you were preparing the sandwiches and yourself for us, my little one, we decided how to punish you. So, as you don’t want your neighbors to know what games you love to play, you will do a little dare for us.” It took me some time to realize, that they expected me to do this dare in my apartment house and I was sure the best I could hope for was, that I would be barely! clad. I dropped to my knees: “Please, not that! You, you can spank me, please spank me over your lap. I am sure you can do this so hard, that I will cry like a baby!” The thought of my neighbors seeing me naked made me nearly panic. There were many people, who I saw frequently. But the 2 little nerds just laughed at me not to be so shy, and Sam now grabbed my other nipple, too and said, that I should not pretend that I did not enjoy it. Carl added: “And don’t worry, we won’t forget that you want your ass to be spanked and that you like to play Baby-Lisa games.” My pinched nipples trapped me with a beer in the one and a sandwich in the other hand, as Carl walked behind me and slid my jeans and my panties down. Sam released my breasts, when I had stepped out of them. I was totally naked now. Sam left the flat for some time and when he came back, he saw me making a handstand against the wall. I was moaning and begging Carl to stop pulling at my pubic hair. “O.k., everything is ready, except Lisa,” he mocked at me. I had to endure 10 minutes of spanking, until they found, that my bum was red enough. Then they gave me the pointed hat to put it on, but they still weren’t finished with their little tart. Carl took a thick pencil and wrote something on my breasts. Then they placed me in front of the mirror. Oh my god, I was only a joke now. The pointed hat, the word “BAD” on my right and the word “GIRL” on my left breast. This must be a nightmare, but the thought of being seen like that by someone I knew aroused me so much! Then they turned me around and I saw, that my bum was really red. They laughed all the time, calling me a priceless toy. Horrified I heard, that Sam had taken my panties to the basement and that he left a note, that they were mine. So if I did not want them to be found, I’d better hurry. They shoved me out of my apartment and when the door was closed, I could still hear their laughter. I lived on the third floor, so it would be a long way. Suddenly every sound was much louder. I heard a TV, some screaming children, but to my relief no steps on the floor. Slowly and carefully listening, I sneaked to the staircase. I opened it carefully, but found it empty. It seemed to take hours until I reached the basement. When I was inside I wondered, where I should search, and I wanted to be back inside my apartment as soon as possible. It was cold, in fact only my bum did not feel cold, which reminded me that my state was far worse than being only naked. Just as I wanted to start my search, the door opened and the only place, where I could hide was the garbage-container. I quickly jumped inside and listened to what was happening outside. I heard footsteps, someone was in here. To my good fortune it did not stink too much in here, but falling inside, I had spread my legs and did not dare to move. I was lying on my front, I felt wetness and some kind of slime everywhere. This was really disgusting and I did not want to think about what things were in here, soaking me (even between my legs). Then I heard the person outside returning to the staircase. The door was opened, closed and then there was silence. After a minute I dared to climb out of the container, wet all over. I looked around for my panties and froze, when I saw the janitor. He was a mean old man, 68, I think. I never liked him and I knew he did not like me either. He was smiling sarcastically, looking me up and down, until I remembered to cover myself with my hands. “Ah, it, it’s a dare between my friends and me” I finally managed to say. He slowly walked around me: “I see.” and after a moment of silence, he added “Bad girl. Does this dare involve some panties?” he asked. As I started to answer, he continued: “But, what makes me wonder even more, why are they so much younger, than you are, those friends?” I did not know, what I should tell him. After he let me wait for a minute, he said: “Yeah, before I forget.” And he handed me a note from Sam, which said: “We thought, we should involve your janitor in this dare. We discussed, that he should have some revenge, because you always act so snobbish, when you talk to him. Do what he tells you and you can come back.” With shock in my eyes I looked at the man. “You really look stupid, Lisa!” Mr. Stephenson, the janitor said. “And you’re a mess. I think, first we should get you clean. He brought me to an empty room and shot cold water from a hose at me. To wash off the dirt, I had to turn around: “I can’t believe it. The toy for these 2 boys. They told me everything. I did not believe them, but now I do, looking at your red bum. Girl, you are shameless.” But shame hit me deep inside and then he wanted to check one thing, he had been told about me. I could not believe, that suddenly I was in this man’s hands. First he dried me with a dirty towel, I had to put my arms behind my head, wondering, what he was going to check. “By the way do you like it, when I dry you like the baby, you want to be?” he taunted me, and I became even more aroused. He told me to suck on my thumb. Then he made me spread my legs, his hand touched my pussy and he said: “They are right, you’re getting hot, when someone humiliates you.” He continued to touch me and then he made me lick his fingers clean. The taste of my own wetness and the sensation of his rough hands on my tongue were very degrading, because I knew I had to do this for a man I had known for 3 years now. Then he patted me on the head and called me a good girl. He pulled a rope out of his pocket and tied my arms behind my back. “Don’t be afraid, Lisa, I don’t want to fuck you. I just want to have a little fun, because you were not very nice to me. Then he turned me around, told me to look into his eyes and he started to rain smacks on my breasts. Although he was an old man, soon they hurt and I pleaded with him to stop, but he had no mercy. Finally he stopped, but only to continue with my pussy, what was even more humiliating. It was difficult to keep my legs spread for his hand and he only stopped, when I was crying. “So will you be a nicer girl in the future?” he asked me. I nodded my head and told him that I would be. I asked him to remove the ropes now, so I could rub my sore flesh. He didn’t, but he offered, that if I asked properly he would give me some relief. To my ultimate shame I asked: “Please Sir, would you pleeease rub my sore pussy, because I need your hand so badly!” He then started caressing me between my legs and I softly moaned with relief, because my pussy was really hurting now. After a few seconds he slowly pulled away his hand, and my hips followed him until his hand cupped my pussy again. He repeated this degrading game some more times, and I could not fight the urge to press myself against his rough hand. He was mean and together with his treatment of my most private part I was hot. So hot, that it nearly brought me over the edge and I had to beg my janitor again and again to touch my pussy. He had brought me so far, that he only held his hand between my legs and I humped it, as if there was no tomorrow and all the time he laughed at me. When I realized not to do it anymore to ease the pain but for my pleasure, it was too late. I screamed, when the orgasm hit me, and he felt me cum, with a really interested look at me. And throughout the whole orgasm, I had to look him in the eyes. He still laughed at my orgasm and I felt humiliated beyond belief. Finally he called me shameless little Lisa. With his hand still between my legs I had to thank him for treating me like I deserved it. He then pulled at my pubic hair and said, rather to himself: “Maybe I should tell the boys to get rid of this.” (I blushed, as he looked at me. He would talk to the boys, deciding how my most private area should look and I would not be asked!) Then he shoved me towards the staircase, my hands still bound behind my back and I had to make my way back to my flat. Mr. Stephenson left me on the first floor saying: “Perhaps we’ll meet again. I’ll ask the boys. Perhaps you will help me with my work.” and off he was. I was really lucky now, because the staircase was empty and when I entered the third floor, no one was around. Being nearly home, I did not listen any more but only tried to return to my apartment as quickly as possible. I ran through the floor, not caring that my breasts now seemed to have a life on their own, jumping in every direction. I did not notice, that my next-door neighbors, a young couple in their early twenties, were leaving their apartment with their dog for a walk. When I realized it, I stood in front of my own door. The dog jumped at me and began licking me between my legs, and I could not avoid it, because my arms were still secured. My two neighbors smiled at me. “Please take your dog away.” I said shamefaced. “Not until you tell us why we see you like THIS!” the woman laughed. A few weeks ago we had a quarrel, because I was so annoyed with their loud music. They couldn’t mean to be so cruel now. The dog still at work between my legs I explained, that I had lost a bet. “And why, do you look, as if you’ve just been fucked?” In shame I said, it had been my boyfriend, and to my distress my voice sounded aroused. “Look, she’s getting hot! Didn’t think, that this bitch has a boyfriend.”, the man said, “Does your boyfriend look a bit like our dog?” His girlfriend giggled: “Yeah, I guess she is dating him in the backyard.” Now that really was mean. “Please.” I begged “Please let me go.” “We will, if you give each of us a lovely kiss. And you’d better be good at it, otherwise we will let Rudolph make you come.” she told me. I had no choice and just hoped that my task would not take to much time. I really would hate to come in front of them. He was first and I really tried hard to satisfy him. When finished, he said: “Well she’s really trying hard.” I was really hot now, as she started kissing me. I knew, if she would not stop soon, I would cum. She must have realized, too, because she started caressing my breasts. It felt so strange, I had never kissed a woman before (well, actually I had never let a dog lick my pussy). I tried to free myself, but she was stronger. So I came with her still kissing me. She smiled cruelly, when she released me. My face was deep red. “Did that teach you a lesson in being a good neighbor, ninny?” she asked me. I nodded my head. “So is your cunt clean from your juices now, or do you want Rudolph to lick it some more.” “Yes, it’s clean, so please pull him away.” I said, exhausted from my orgasm. “Thank you for your funny show, dog bitch. What do you think, Simon, let’s take Rudolph for a walk later.” They reentered their apartment, and I knew they were going to have sex now, because treating me so maliciously had turned them on. I turned around and pleaded the boys to let me in, knowing that they had witnessed the whole conversation. When they let me in Carl asked me, if I enjoyed my trip. I had to tell them, that I had and they were only satisfied, when I told them every detail about it, how Stephenson had treated me. Until I was finished, the boys took pleasure in touching me everywhere. To my good luck it was already late and the boys had to get home. They told me, that they were looking forward to our camping trip. Looking at their faces, when they left, I could figure out, that I would not be bored in the woods… \*\*\* When I arrived at their house to fetch them for our “funny” camping trip, Sam and Carl were already waiting outside with their parents. Parking my car I saw their parents happy smiles and the boys cruel, aroused grins. “Hello Lisa.” their Mom greeted me “It is so nice from you to take our boys with you for the camping trip. But please be strict with them and don’t let them stay up late, so that you have at least a little time on your own. I know, that they are strenuous sometimes.” Oh my, if she knew how strenuous times I had spent with them. And I did not want to think, that if they would stay up late would certainly be the least of my worries. “I’ll be fine. We’ll explore the nature, and I’m sure, that I’ll keep your sons busy, so they will be tired at night.” I responded. When the 2 boys stifled a giggle, I realized, that I just made a very suggestive remark. After we had started our ride, Sam, who sat next to me, told me, that it was cool, that I wore a dress. Grabbing it at waist level he told me to lift myself up, so he could pull it up. After that he pulled down my panties and made me step out of them at the next red light. Now my dress ended at my navel, because I had to lean back. The safety belt fastened it on the front. Then they started talking to me about how the love to be in the woods, what they did with their parents, when they were camping together, and I had to talk to them, as if it was the most normal thing to show them my pussy. Sam lit himself a cigarette and instinctively I told him, that no one smokes in my car. Sam took another cigarette and stuck it into my pussy: “You cannot forbid others to smoke, when you do it yourself.” he chuckled. “And if you don’t behave, then maybe we should make you smoke it, as you already keep it between your lips.” Carl laughed. They continued their jokes until I parked the car in a parking lot. There were three other cars, but no one was around. Carl told me to undress. I pleaded with him at least to wait until the trees surrounded us, it was still half a mile, and I did not want to be seen by anyone else. “Are you trying to argue with me?” the mean boy asked me. I was not able to face his eyes, when I took of my clothes. I looked at the forest in front of us and suddenly realized, that out here I felt even more vulnerable and I would not even have the opportunity to hope for someone to rescue me. There would only be the three of us. Carl opened my rucksack and laughed at Sam: “Look, she’s got plenty of clothes in there.” “Yeah, as if she would wear them.” Sam replied. They threw all of the clothes on the back seat with me standing naked behind them and I could do nothing but watch them. When they were finished, I was told, that I would carry everything. They gave me their rucksacks and told me to put all their stuff in one of them. When I was ready, Sam put a collar around my neck, which was connected to a leash. I was their donkey now, they told me and shamefaced I followed them, carrying a very heavy rucksack. Soon we were in the woods and although I was naked, except for my heavy boots, they had allowed me to wear them, my whole body was soon covered with sweat. “You’re in a bad condition, Lisa” Sam taunted me “You sweat like a pig!” I answered: “But that is because of the weight I have to carry.” “Donkeys like you normally carry much more weight!” Carl laughed. I was now angry: “I AM not a donkey, you little shit!” Carl suddenly seemed very upset. What had I dared. “Oh I’m sorry…Sir!” I submissively said. He took the belt from his trousers and I timorously pleaded: “I’m a donkey. I will play a donkey for you!” The first smack hit my breasts, and he grinned as I said that, but he did not stop until I let them hear my donkey’s voice scream “I-Ah” enthusiastically. I followed them by the leash and from time to time I had to inform them, that I was still there with my I-Ahs, what they found extremely funny. When they found the place, where we would camp, I had to build up the tent, put everything to its right place and collect some wood for our campfire. They just sat down, ate a snack and watched me, their adult girl, doing all the work. The 2 nerds did not hesitate to comment on what a brave working girl I was. “Are you enjoying our trip, little Lisa?” Sam asked me. “Y- Yes, I do!” I answered shamefaced. They laughed and told me not to be so lazy, so I tried to be quicker, when I felt a mosquito bite me. I smacked my own bum to kill it. Carl laughed, but Sam stood up and told me with an angry voice: “Girl, I hate it, when somebody kills animals and you are not to kill one more mosquito. So if they are thirsty, you will let them drink, is that clear?” I apologized, although I had seen them smacking mosquitoes earlier. This was only one of their funny games. When I felt the next mosquito, I had to endure the light pain, I let it “drink” and it was only the first of many. When finally I was finished with the work, I asked them, if I could sit down to rest a bit. “Sure you can, but first, you have to tell us, if you are a slut.” Carl asked me. I knew, what he wanted me to say and the fact, that he did not tell but asked me made it even worse. I pleaded them not to make me say that, but Sam only replied that it was my choice. I would not have to answer, if I did not want to sit down. After some minutes, all the time I stood in front of them with my pussy on eye-level, they were engaged in a conversation. I needed some rest, and so I finally managed to say: “I am a slut, so may I please sit down.” Sam still laughed, when he told me to sit down at their feet, as I am a slut. I had to face them with my legs spread. He than had a “cool” idea, as he said, he took a sausage and without warning forced it inside of me. It slid in easily, showing them that the slut was hot. Carl giggled: “Remember the kennel, Sam? You know, what she is now? Now she is a Hot-Dog-Lisa!” I could not even turn my red face away. After some time Sam explained that I looked really delicious and that I made him hungry again. He knelt down between my legs, lowered his head and bit of the part of the sausage, that had stayed outside. For a moment I felt his lips touching me, so I shivered and moaned. To my humiliation he said that he tasted a little of that awful juices I produced and he cleaned his mouth with my hair. When he sat back, he told me to produce some more juice for my meal. Now I had to masturbate with spread legs in front of the 2 boys and they watched me in a very curious way, but just before I climaxed, Carl told me to start my meal. Frustrated I stopped. I wanted to cum, but I dared not to continue, because they surely would humiliate me even more, teasing me, that I couldn’t control myself. But of course they had something else in store. Carl handed me a piece of bread and told me to dip it every time I took a bite. So I had to push that bread inside my pussy again and again. I was so aroused, that the bread soon was soaked with my juices. They watched me and made me thank them for my delicious meal. After that we started to explore the surroundings. I had to go first and when I was too quick, Sam tugged me back by the lash. When I was to slow, one of them smacked my bum. Of course they altered their speed, so that I was kept busy all the time. Soon my backside was sore and I pleaded them to stop. Their answer was a 5-minutes lasting spanking with me on all fours, my head touching the ground. A little later we found a small river and Sam ordered me: “Take your boots off and get your ass in there, so it’ll cool down!” Stepping inside I replied: “I can’t. It is too cold.” Carl ensured me, that they would beat me with a branch, if I didn’t sit down immediately. Slowly I lowered myself and gasped, as the ice-cold water washed around my waist. When they allowed me out again I walked up to them with chattering teeth. “Does baby Lisa want us to dry her up? Oh, don’t you know, that your little baby ass could get a cold from that water, stupid, stupid girl.” Carl said and grinned. They took off their shirts, told me to spread my legs, while they rubbed me dry. They of course concentrated on my pussy and ass and I had to endure the humiliating words, telling me off like a little child: “Really, Lisa, that was absolutely not necessary.” “If we don’t look after you, you are a mess in 2 minutes.” They continued lecturing me for about 5 minutes. I stood naked in front of them apologizing again and again until I started crying, because of the shame they made me feel. They taunted me for crying like a baby. Carl walked up to me and touched my pussy: “Ha, I knew it!” He showed Sam his wet finger. On our way back I had to walk barefoot, as a punishment for being a silly little girl. It was difficult, because there were many roots and lots of little stones. And the boys did not let me walk slowly enough, so I could avoid my feet from getting hurt. They used branches, which they had cut from a small tree, to make me keep up the speed. “Come on Lisa, we don’t have all day. It’s already getting dark. Hey, look at her ass wobble. Put more effort in it, slave” Sam laughed. Calling me his slave increased my arousal, and although I was treated really badly now, I wished I could hide somewhere to masturbate. They enjoyed my wicked looking walk and sometimes one of them ran a bit ahead to watch my breasts bounce. They told me, that my facial expression with my eyes wide open was too funny. They were also very amused by my nearly constant crying out. Still half a mile away from our tent my pleads for mercy lead to a brief break. I kneeled on the ground with my hands behind my back and breathed heavily between my 2 masters. “Slave, I give you a decision. You may crawl back to where our tent is or we will make you run there and you will run, I promise!” Sam yelled at me tugging on the lash. Humiliated and exhausted I answered: “Please Sirs, will you let me crawl on all fours?” They laughed and Carl added to my shame: “Well if you want to, Hot Dog Lisa, we won’t stop you, you wicked little girl.” It took a long time until we reached our tent and all the time I was guided by their branches. It was already late and throughout almost the whole day I had been aroused. I needed it so badly now. The boys seemed to know, wearing mocking smiles. “Does our Lisa want to cum for us?” “N…no,” I gasped for air “I, I really don’t want.” Sam answered: “Ha, you can’t fool us! But if you are so prude, you will have to wait for a long time, I think. As if he knew my secret plan to wait until they were asleep, he took a rope from the rucksack and tied my hands behind my back. There was absolutely no way for me now to masturbate. My frustration did not last long, as the 2 nerds began to play with my pubes. “Please no!” I moaned, but my hips already responded to their exploring hands. They touched me everywhere and my body cooperated against my will, but just before I came to orgasm they stopped. I was so aroused now, that I pleaded them to make me cum. “Please, I promise to be good and do everything you tell me.” I pleaded. They continued to play with me a little from time to time and finally it was too much. I felt now really like a very bad girl. I let my head sink in shame, as they both smiled at me from a distance and started a little fire. Finally I managed to say: “Please, don’t forget me. I need it so much, please.” Carl came over, took something from his pocket, and when he forced it in my mouth, I realized it was the pacifier. “Now be a good girl and be quiet. You are getting on my nerves. But suck loud, for this is at least something you are good at.” I felt now more used and humiliated than anytime before, but although this is what turns me on, it did not bring me to orgasm. In frustration I started to cry silently sucking on that pacifier. They had had their way and let me suffer now in desire. Half an hour later the boys came over to me, where I was still kneeling, and started caressing me again. Angrily I mumbled something in my pacifier and they laughed at my flush of anger, but soon I was weak-willed again. As they stopped touching me I moaned in despair. They laughed, but to my ultimate relief Sam asked me, if I still wanted to cum. I nodded my head enthusiastically. Carl told me, what I had to do, and although it was the worst thing I could imagine, I willingly agreed. Carl told me to come and kneel in front of him, because it had been his idea. He was very proud of that. Then he put his foot between my legs and allowed me to rub myself against it until I came, like the dog I had already played today. I needed it so badly, that I began to hump his leg right away. Sam and Carl were hysterical with laughter, as they watched me. I had to bark for their fun and then they made me howl like a wolf. I did everything they told me, because I feared that they would not allow me to cum. When it finally hit me, it was the ultimate orgasm. With my hands still bound behind my back, I fell down on the ground and screamed out loud. The waves of this orgasm were so very strong and they seemed to last forever. I must have dozed off, because the next thing I could remember was, that Carl kneeled next to me and the fire had almost burned down. “Time to get you ready for sleep!” he smiled. To weak to plead with them to let me sleep in the tent, they bound me to a tree. They sat me down in front of the tree with my back touching the rough bark, then they wrapped my arms around the trunk and fastened them. Finally they put some rope around each of my ankles and bound the other ends of the ropes to two trees, who stood left and right to where they had set me down. Now my legs were extremely spread. The boys wished me a good night and disappeared into the tent. I felt uncomfortable and although it was very unlikely, I hoped that no one came along. After thinking for a long time about what my arousal had made me agree to, I fell asleep.